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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XII.] JULY, 1877. [No. 1.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

OF course they did not quarrel. We live in the nineteenth century Tolerance of opinion exists in the domestic circle as well as elsewhere; and no reasonable man would like his wife to be that vague and colorless reproduction of her husband which Lady Sylvia, all unknown to Balfour, had striven to be. She ought to have her own convictions; she ought to know how to govern her own conduct; nay, more, he would allow her to do as she pleased. There was but one condition attached. 'You shall have your own way in every thing,' said the man in the story to his wife; 'but you can't expect to have my way too.' Lady Sylvia was welcome to act as she pleased; but then he reserved the same liberty for himself.

This decision he came to without any bitterness of feeling. He was quite anxious to make all possible excuses for her. Doubtless she preferred Surrey to Piccadilly. It is true, he had looked forward to her being a valuable helpmeet to him in his political life; but it was perhaps expecting too much of her that she should at once interest herself in the commonplace incidents of an election. He would be well content if this beautiful, tender-eyed creature, whose excessive sensitiveness of conscience was, after all, only the result of her ignorance of the world, were to wait for him in that sylvan retreat, ready to receive him and cheer him with the sweet solicitude of her loving ways. And in the meantime he would try to make their companionship as pleasant as possible; he would try to make this journey one to be remembered with pride and gratitude. If there were one or two subjects which they avoided in conversation, what of that?

And as soon as Lady Sylvia heard that the Chorleys and Mr. Bolitho had left Mainz, she became more tender and affectionate than ever toward her husband, and would do anything to meet his wishes. Learning that certain of his political friends were at the moment at Lucerne, she offered to go thither at once, so that he might have something to interest him apart from the monotony of a wedding trip; and although,

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of course, he did not accept the offer, he recognized her intention, and was grateful to her. Was it not enough occupation for him to watch the effect on this ingenuous mind of the new wonders that she saw, as they went on to Schaffhausen, and the Tyrol, and Verona, and Venice?

In their hotel at Venice, Balfour ran against a certain Captain Courtenay, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. They had a chat in the evening in the smoking-room.

'Seen Major Blythe lately?' said Balfour, among other things.

'No,' answered the other, somewhat coldly.

'You don't know, I suppose,' asked Balfour, quite unconcernedly, 'how that business at the C—— Club came off?'

The young man with the fair mustache eyed him narrowly. It is not a safe thing to tell a man evil things of his relatives, unless you know how they stand with regard to each other.

'Yes, I do know—eh—an unfortunate business —very. Fact is, Blythe wouldn't explain. I suppose there was some delay about the posting of that letter; and—and —I have no doubt that he would have paid the money next day if he had not been bullied about it. You see, a man does not like to be challenged in that way, supposing he has made a trifling mistake—'

'Yes,' said Balfour, nodding his head in acquiescence; 'but how was it settled?'

'Well,' said the other, with some embarrassment, 'the fact is—well, the committee, don't you know, had to enforce the rules—and he wouldn't explain—and, in fact, he got a hint to resign—'

'Which he took, of course.'

'I believe so.'

Balfour said nothing further; but in his mind he coupled a remark or two with the name of Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe which that gentleman would have been startled to hear.

Then he went up stairs to the sitting-room, and found Lady Sylvia at the open casement, looking out on the clear, blue-green, lambent twilight.

'Well, good wife,' said he, gayly, 'are you beginning to think of trudging home now? We ought to see a little of The Lilacs before all the leaves are gone. And there won't be much to keep me in London now, I fancy; they are getting more and more certain that the government won't bring on the dissolution before the new year.'

She rose, and put a hand on each of his shoulders, and looked up into his face with grateful and loving eyes.

'That is so kind of you, Hugh. It will be so pleasant for us to get to know what home really is—after all these hotels. And you will be in time for the pheasants: I know several people will be so glad to have you.'

Of course the merest stranger would be delighted to have so distinguished a person as Mr. Balfour come and shoot his pheasants for him; failing that, would she not herself, like a loyal and dutiful wife, go to her few acquaintances down there and represent to them the great honor they might have of entertaining her husband?

'I see there is to be a demonstration on the part of the agricultural laborers,' said he, 'down in Somersetshire. I should like to see that—I should like to have a talk with some of their leaders. But I am afraid we could not get back in time.'

'My darling,' she protested, seriously, 'I can start at five minutes' notice. We can go to-night, if you wish.'

'Oh no, it isn't worth while,' said he, absently. And then he continued: 'I'm afraid your friends the clergymen are making a mistake as regards that question. I don't know who these leaders are; I should like to know more precisely their character and aims; but it will do no good to call them agitators, and suggest that they should be ducked in horse-ponds—'

'It is infamous!' said Lady Sylvia. She knew nothing whatever about it. But she would have believed her husband if he had told her that St. Mark's was made of green cheese.

'I mean that it is unwise,' said he, without any enthusiasm. 'Christ meant His church to be the church of the poor. The rich man has a bad time of it in the Gospels. And you may depend on it that if you produce among the poorer classes the feeling that the Church of England is on the side of the rich—is the natural ally of the squires, landlords, and other employers —you are driving them into the hands of the Dissenters, and hastening on the disestablishment.'

'And serve them right too,' said she,

boldly, 'if they betray their trust. When the Church ceases to be of the nation, let it cease to be the national church.'

This was a pretty speech. How many weeks before was it that Lady Sylvia was vowing to uphold her beloved Church against all comers, but more especially against a certain malignant iconoclast of the name of Mrs. Chorley? And now she was not only ready to assume that one or two random and incautious speeches represented the opinion of the whole of the clergymen of England, but she was also ready to have the connection between Church and state severed in order to punish those recusants.

'I am not sure,' said Balfour, apparently taking no notice of this sudden recantation, 'that something of that feeling has not been produced already. The working-man of the towns jeers at the parson; the agricultural laborer distrusts him, and will grow to hate him if he takes the landlord's side in this matter. Now why does not the Archbishop of Canterbury seize the occasion? Why does he not come forward and say: 'Hold a bit, my friends. Your claims may be just, or they may be exorbitant—that is a matter for careful inquiry—and you must let your landlords be heard on the other side. But whatever happens, don't run away with the notion that the Church has no sympathy with you; that the Church is the ally of your landlord; that it is the interest of your parson to keep you poor, ill fed, ill lodged, and ignorant. On the contrary, who knows so much about your circumstances? Who more fitting to become the mediator between you and your landlord? You may prefer to have leaders from your own ranks to fight your battles for you; but don't imagine that the parson looks on unconcerned, and, above all, don't expect to find him in league with your opponents.' Some mischief could be avoided that way, I think.'

'Hugh,' said she, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, 'I will go down to Somersetshire with you.'

'And get up on a chair and address a crowd,' said he, with a smile. 'I don't think they would understand your speech, many of them.'

'Well,' said she, 'perhaps I shall be better employed in making The Lilacs look very pretty for your return. And I shall have those slippers made up for you by that time. And, oh, Hugh—I wanted to ask you—don't you think we should have those cane rocking-chairs taken away from the smoking-room, now the colder evenings are coming in, and morocco easy-chairs put in their stead?'

'I am sure whatever you do will be right,' said he.

'And papa will be back from Scotland then,' said she. 'And he writes me that my uncle and his family are going down for a few days; and it will be so pleasant to have a little party to meet us at the station—'

The expression of his face changed suddenly.

'Did you say your uncle?' said he, with a cold stare.

'Yes,' said she, with innocent cheerfulness; 'it will be quite pleasant to have some friends to welcome us, after our long stay among strangers. And I know papa will want us to go straight to the Hall, and dine there; and it will be so nice to see the dear old place—will it not?'

'No doubt,' said he. And then he added, 'Sylvia, if any invitation of that sort reaches you, you may accept for yourself, if you wish, but please leave me out of it.'

She looked up and perceived the singular alteration in his look; he had become cold, reserved, firm.

'What do you mean, Hugh?' she cried.

'Only this,' said he, speaking distinctly. 'I prefer not to dine at Willowby Hall if your uncle is there. I do not wish to meet him.'

'Why?' she said, in amazement.

'I am not a tale-bearer,' he answered. 'It is enough for me that he is not the sort of person with whom I wish to sit down at table. More than that—but I am only expressing an opinion, mind; I don't wish to control your conduct—I think it might be better if you were to allow your acquaintance with your uncle's family quietly to drop.'

'Do you mean,' said she, with the pale face becoming slightly flushed, 'that I am to resolve not to see those relatives of mine any more—without having a word of reason for it?'

'I wished to spare you needless pain,' said he, in quite a gentle way. 'If you want to know, I will tell you. To begin

with, I don't think your uncle's dealings in regard to money matters are characterized by that precision—that—that scrupulous accuracy—'

'I understand,' she said, quickly, and the color in her face deepened. 'But I did not expect you, of all men in the world, to reproach any one for his poverty. I did not expect that. My uncle is poor, I know—'

'Pardon me, Sylvia, I never made your uncle's lack of money a charge against him: I referred to a sort of carelessness—forgetfulness, let us say—as regards other people's money. However, let that pass. The next thing is more serious. As I understand, your uncle has been involved in some awkward business—arising from whist-playing—at the C—— Club; and I hear this evening that he has resigned in consequence.'

'Who told you that?'

'Captain Courtenay.'

'The gentleman who is staying at this hotel?'

'Yes.'

'Have you any thing else to say against my uncle?' she demanded.

'I think I have said enough; I would rather have said nothing at all.'

'And you ask me,' she said, with some indignation in her voice, 'to cut myself adrift from my relatives because you have listened to some story told by a stranger in a coffee-room. What do I know about Captain Courtenay? How can he tell what explanation my uncle may have of his having resigned that club? I must say, Hugh, your request is a most extraordinary one.'

'Now, now, Sylvia,' he said, good-naturedly. 'You know I made no request; I do not wish to interfere in the slightest way with your liberty of action. It is true that I don't think your uncle and his family are fit people for you to associate with; but you must act as you think best. I, for one, don't choose to be thrown into their society.'

Now Lady Sylvia never had any great affection for her aunt, and she was not likely to hold her cousin Honoria in dear remembrance; but, after all, her relatives were her relatives, and she became indignant that they should be spoken of in this way.

'Why did you make no objection before? Why did you go and dine at their house?'

He laughed.

'It suited my purpose to go,' said he, 'for I expected to spend a pleasant evening with you.'

'You saw nothing wrong in my visiting them then.'

'Then I had no right to offer you advice.'

'And now that you have,' said she, with a proud and hurt manner, 'what advice do I get? I am not to see my own relations. They are not proper persons. But I suppose the Chorleys are: is that the sort of society you wish me to cultivate? At all events,' she added, bitterly, 'my relatives happen to have an *h* or two in their possession.'

'Sylvia,' said he, going over and patting her on the shoulder, 'you are offended—without cause. You can see as much of your uncle's family as you please. I had no idea you were so passionately attached to them.'

That ended the affair for the moment; but during the next few days, as they travelled by easy stages homeward, an ominous silence prevailed as to their plans and movements subsequent to their reaching England. At Dover she found a telegram awaiting her at the hotel; without a word she put it before her husband. It was from Lord Willowby, asking his daughter by what train she and her husband would arrive, so that the carriage might be waiting for them.

'What shall I say?' she asked at length.

'Well,' said he, slowly, 'if you are anxious to see your relatives, and to spend some time with them, telegraph that you will be by the train that leaves Victoria at 5.15. I will take you down to the Lilacs; but I must leave you there. It will suit me better to spend a few days in town at present.'

Her face grew very pale.

'I don't think,' she said, 'I need trouble you to go down with me. I can get to Victoria by myself. 5.15, I think you said?'

She rang for a blank telegraph form,

'What are you going to do?' said Balfour, struck by something peculiar in her manner.

'I am going to telegraph to papa to meet me at the station, as I shall be alone.'

'You will do nothing of the kind,' said he, gently but firmly. 'You may associate with what people you please, and welcome;

only there must be no public scandal as regards the relations between you and me. Either you will go on with me to Piccadilly, and remain there, or I go down with you to The Lilacs, and leave you to go over to the Hall if you wish to do so.'

She telegraphed to her father that they had postponed their return to The Lilacs, and would remain in town for the present. She bought a shilling novel at the station, and silently and assiduously cried behind it the greater part of the journey up to town. Arrived in London, the poor martyr suffered herself to be dragged away to that lonely house in Piccadilly. It was a sorrowful home-coming.

Then the cup of her sorrows was not yet full. With an inhuman cruelty, her husband (having had his own ends served) sought to make light of the whole matter, All that evening he tried to tease her into a smile of reconciliation; but her wrongs lay too heavily upon her. He had even the brutality to ask her whether she could invite the Chorleys to dine with them on the following Friday; and whether they had not better get a new dessert service for the occasion. He did well, she thought, to mention the Chorleys. These were the people he considered it fit that she should meet: her own relatives he would debar.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SOLITUDES OF SURREY.

PARLIAMENT was not dissolved that autumn, and there was no need that Englebury and its twin electors, Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, should interfere with the happiness of Mr. and Lady Sylvia Balfour. Both the young people, indeed, would have scouted the notion that any fifteen dozen of Chorleys could have possessed that power. Surely it was possible for them to construct a sufficiently pleasant *modus vivendi*, even if they held somewhat different views about political matters.

But long before the crisis of a general election occurred, Hugh Balfour had managed to think out very seriously several questions regarding the relations between himself and his young wife. He was determined that he would be largely generous and considerate to her. When he saw how tenderly devoted to him she was, when he got to know more of those clear perceptions of duty and obedience and unhesitating unselfishness that governed her conduct, when he saw how that sweetness and strange sincerity of manner of hers charmed every one who was introduced to her, surely he had every reason to be generously considerate. It is true he had dreamed some sentimental dream of a helpmeet who would be constantly at his side in the rough work of the world; but was not that his own folly? It was a pretty notion, doubtless, but look at the actual facts. Was it desirable that this tenderly nurtured, sensitive girl should plunge into the animosities and anxieties of political life? Her first slight acquaintance, for example, with the ways of a borough election had only shocked and pained her; nay, more, it had very nearly produced a quarrel between him and her. This kind of risk was quite unnecessary. He laughed at the notion of her being an enthusiast for or against the Birmingham League. How could she be deeply interested in the removal of Shrewsbury School, or in Lord Kimberley's relations with the Pacific Railway, or in the expedition of the Dutch against Acheen? Would he gain any more knowledge of the working of the London vestries, supposing he dragged her dainty little feet through the hideous slums of the great city? At this moment he was going off for a riding excursion, after the manner of Cobbett, through Somersetshire. He wanted to find out for himself—for this man was no great enthusiast in politics, but had, on the other hand, a patient desire to satisfy himself as to facts—what were the actual conditions and aspirations of agricultural life there, and he wanted to find out, too, what would be the chances of a scheme of sanitary reform for the rural districts. Now of what possible good could Lady Sylvia be in inspecting piggeries? The thing was absurd. No, no. Her place was in the roomy phaeton he had brought down from town for her, behind the two beautiful black horses which she drove with admirable nerve and skill. She formed part of a pretty picture as we used to see her in these moist and blustering November days. Black clouds behind the yellow elms; the gusty south wind whirling the ruddy leaves from the branches; a wild

glare of light shining along the wet road until it gleamed like a canal of brilliant silver; and in the midst of this dazzling radiance the small figure perched high on the phaeton, clad all in furs, a scarlet feather in her hat, and the sweetest of smiles for known passers-by on the fresh young face. Was it any wonder that he left her to her familiar Surrey lanes, and to the amusement of ordering her small household of The Lilacs, and to the snugness of her father's library in the evening, he going off by himself to that humdrum business of prying about Somersetshire villages?

He was away for about ten days in Somersetshire. Then he wrote to her that he would return to London by way of Englebury; and she was not to expect him very soon, for he might be detained in London by a lot of business. It would not be worth her while to come up. His time would be fully occupied; and she was much better down in Surrey, enjoying the fresh air and exercise of the country.

He had not the slightest doubt that she was enjoying herself. Since her marriage she had not at all lived the secluded life she had led at the Hall. Many a night there were more carriages rolling along the dark and muddy lanes towards The Lilacs than had driven up to the Hall in the previous month. Balfour was the most hospitable of men, now that he had some one to take direction of his dinner parties; and as these parties were necessarily and delightfully small, there was nothing for it but to have plenty of them. The neighbours were convinced there never had been a more fortunate match. Happiness shone on the face of the young house-mistress as she sat at the top of the table which had been florally decorated with her own hands. Her husband was quite openly proud of her; he took not the slightest pains to conceal the fact, as most young husbands laboriously and ineffectually do. And then the wonderful way in which he professed to be interested about those local matters which form—alas!—the staple of talk at rural dinner parties! You would have thought he had no care for any thing beyond horses, dogs, and pheasants. He was grieved to hear that the parson's wife would not countenance the next charity concert; but he was quite sure that Lady Sylvia would win her over. He hoped that it was not true that old Somebody or other was to be sold out of Something farm, after having occupied it for forty years; but feared it was too true that he had taken to drink. And one night, when he heard that a neighbouring master of harriers had intimated that he would cease to hunt if he were not guaranteed a sum of £2000 a year, Balfour declared that he would make up whatever deficit the subscription might show. He became popular in our neighbourhood. He never talked about politics; but gave good dinners instead.

Indeed, there were one or two of us who could not quite reconcile Mr. Balfour's previous history with his present conduct. You would have thought, to hear him speak, that his highest notion of human happiness was shooting rabbits on Willowby Heath, although, as every one knew, he was a very indifferent shot. Then the fashion in which he drove round with his wife, paying afternoon calls! Gentlemen who pay afternoon calls are ordinarily more amiable than busy; and how this man, with all his eager ambitions and activities, could dawdle away the afternoon in a few dull drawing-rooms in the country, was a strange thing to some of us. Was he so proud of this young wife of his that he was never tired of showing her off? Or was it—seeing that by-and-by he would be away in the hurry and worry of an election, and perhaps locked up for six months in the close atmosphere of the House of Commons—was it that he wished Lady Sylvia to have as many friends as possible down in these rural solitudes, so as to lighten the time for her?

At all events, she seemed to enjoy her married life sufficiently well. This neighbourhood had always been her home. She was within easy driving or riding distance of the Hall, and could see that things were going straight there. She had many friends. When her husband left her for a week or two to her own devices, he had no doubt at all but that her time would be fully occupied, and that her life was passing as pleasantly as could be desired.

When Lady Sylvia got that letter, saying he would return from Somersetshire by way of Englebury, and would remain a few days in London, she was sitting at one of the French windows of The Lilacs, looking out on a dismal December afternoon, the rain slowly drizzling down on the laurels

and the wet gravel-paths. She took it from the servant, and opened it with much composure. She had been schooling herself for some time back.

She read the letter through with great calmness, and folded it again, and put it in her pocket. Then she thought she would go and get some needle-work, for it was a melancholy business this staring out at the rain. But as she rose to pass through the room, the sensitive lips began to tremble strangely; and suddenly, with a passionate abandonment of despair and grief, she threw herself on a couch, and hid her face in the cushion, and burst into a long and bitter fit of crying. The proud, hurt soul could no longer contain itself. It was in vain that she had been training herself to play the part which he had seemingly allotted her. She saw her husband being removed further and further from her; his interests and occupations and hopes were becoming more and more a matter personal to himself; their lives were divided, and the barrier was daily growing more hopelessly obvious and impassable. Was this, then, the end of those beautiful dreams of what marriage was to make their future life together? Was she already a widow, and forsaken?

Then this wild fit of despair and grief took another turn, and her heart grew hot with anger against those things that had come between her husband and herself. Once or twice, in her courtship days, she had entertained a passing feeling of resentment against the House of Commons, for that it took from her so much of her lover's thoughts; but now a more vehement jealousy possessed her, and she regarded the whole business of public life as a conspiracy against domestic happiness. The Chorleys? No, not the Chorleys. These people were too contemptible to come between her husband and herself. But they were a part of that vulgarising, distracting, hateful political life, which was nevertheless capable of drawing a man away from his wife and home, and filling his mind with gross cares and mean ambitions. The poor, spoiled, hurt child felt in her burning heart that the British Constitution had cruelly wronged her. She regarded with a bitter anger and jealousy the whole scheme of representative government. Was it not those electioneering people, and the stupid labourers of Somersetshire, and the wretched newspapers that were writing about dozens of subjects they did not understand, who had robbed her of her husband?

A servant tapped at the door. She jumped up, and stood there calm and dignified, her back to the window, so that her face was scarcely visible in the shadow. The man only wanted to put some coals on the fire. After he was gone, Lady Sylvia dried her eyes, sat down once more at the window, and began to consider, her lips a trifle more firmly put together than usual.

After all there was a good deal of womanly judgment and decision about this girl, in spite of all the fanciful notions and excess of sensitiveness that had sprung from her solitary musings. Was it seemly that she should fret like a child over her own unhappiness? Her first duty was her duty as a wife. If her husband believed it to be better that he should fight his public life alone, she would do her best in the sphere to which she had been relegated, and make his home as pleasant for him as she could. Crying, because her husband went off by himself to Englebury? She grew ashamed of herself. She began to accuse herself with some indignation. She was ready to say to herself that she was not fit to be anybody's wife.

Full of a new and eager virtue, she hastily rang the bell. The man did not fall down in a fit when she said she wanted the phaeton sent round as soon as possible, but he gently reminded her ladyship that it was raining, and perhaps the brougham—But no; her ladyship would have the phaeton, and at once. Then she went up stairs to get dressed, and her maid produced all sorts of waterproofs.

Why so much haste? Why the eager delight of her face? As she drove briskly along the wet lanes, the rain-drops were running down her cheeks, but she looked as happy and comfortable as if it had been a breezy day in June. The horses splashed the mud about; the wheels swished through the pools. In the noise, how could the man behind her hear his young mistress gayly humming to herself,

> 'Should he upbraid,
> I'll own that he'll prevail!'

He thought she had gone mad, to go out on a day like this, and no doubt made some

remarks to himself when he had to jump down into the mud to open a certain iron gate.

Now there was in this neighbourhood a lady who had for many a day been on more or less friendly terms with Lady Sylvia, but who seemed to become even more intimate with her after her marriage. The fact is, Mr. Balfour appeared to take a great liking to this person, and was continually having his wife and her brought together. Those who know her well are familiar with her tricks of manner and thinking—her worship of Bishops, her scorn of husbands in general, and her demeanor of awful dignity, which has gained for her the style and title of Our Most Sovereign Lady Five-foot-three; but there is no denying the fact that there is about her eyes a certain pathetic, affectionate look that has an odd power over those who do not know her well, and that invites these people to an instant friendliness and confidence. Well, this was the person whom Lady Sylvia now wished to see; and after she had taken off her wet waterproofs in the hall, and dried her face, she went straight into the drawing-room, and in a minute or two was joined by her friend.

'My dear Lady Sylvia,' cried her Most Gracious Majesty, kissing the young thing with maternal fondness, 'what could have brought you out on such a day—and in the phaeton, too?'

Lady Sylvia's cheeks were quite rosy after the rain. Her eyes were bright and glad. She said, blithely,

'I came out for the fun of it. And to beg you to give me a cup of tea. And to have a long chat with you.'

Surely these were sufficient reasons. At least they satisfied the elder woman, who rang for the tea, and got it, and then assumed a wise and confidential air, in order to hear the confessions of this gushing young creature. Had she formed some awful project of going up to London on a shopping excursion in the absence of her husband? or had the incorrigible Blake been grumbling as usual, and threatening to leave?

Nothing of the kind. It was the elder woman who was to be lectured and admonished—on the duty of wives, on the rights of husbands to great consideration, and so forth, and so forth. Of course the lecture was introduced by a few playful and preliminary bits of gossip, so as to remove from the mind of the listener the notion that it had been premeditated; nevertheless, Lady Sylvia seemed to be very earnest on this matter. After all, said she, it was the lot of women to suffer. Those who seemed to be most fortunately placed in the world had doubtless their secret cares; there was nothing for it but to bear them with a brave heart. A wife could not lessen the anxieties of her husband by sharing them; she would more probably increase them by her womanly fear and exaggeration. It was not to be expected that a woman should be constantly intermeddling in affairs of which she could not possibly be a fair judge. A great many wives thought they were neglected, when it was only their excessive vanity that was wounded: that was foolish on the part of those wives. *U. s. w.* Lady Sylvia talked bravely and gladly. She was preaching a new gospel; she had the eagerness of a convert.

Her listener, who, notwithstanding that sham dignity of hers, had a great deal of womanly tact and tenderness, merely listened and smilingly agreed. But when Lady Sylvia, after refusing repeated entreaties that she should stay to dinner, drove away in the dusk and the rain to her solitary home, it was observed that her friend was unusually thoughtful. She scarcely said any thing at all during dinner; although once, after an interval of profound silence, she startled us all by asking, abruptly,

'Why does not Mr. Balfour take Lady Sylvia up to his house in Piccadilly?'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CANDIDATE.

ON that same afternoon Mr. Hugh Balfour was also out driving—in a dog-cart—and his companion was Mr. Bolitho, whom he had picked up at an out-of-the-way station, and was conducting to Englebury. It was a dismal drive. There was not the rain here that there was in Surrey, but in its place there was a raw, damp, gray mist that hung about the woods and fields, and dripped from the withered briars in the hedges, and covered the thick

top-coats of the two men with a fur of wet. Neither cigar nor pipe would keep alight in this cold drizzle. Balfour's left hand, the fingers closed on the spongy reins, was thoroughly benumbed, Even the bland and cheerful Billy Bolitho had no more jokes left.

'I suppose,' said Balfour at last, amid the clatter of the cob's hoofs on the muddy road—'I suppose we might as well go up and see the Chorleys this evening?'

'I would rather say the morning,' answered Mr. Bolitho, looking mournfully out from between the points of his coat collar at the black stump of his cigar. 'Chorley is one of those uncomfortable people who dine about five and have prayers about nine.'

It was wrong of Mr. Bolitho to make this random charge against the Englebury solicitor, for he knew absolutely nothing about the matter. He was thoroughly uncomfortable. He was cold, damp, and hungry. He had visions of the 'Green Man' at Englebury, of an ample dinner, a warm room, and a bottle of port-wine. Was he going to adventure out again into this wretched night, after he had got thoroughly dry and comfortable, all because of a young man who seemed to pay no heed to the requirements of digestion?

It was quite dark when they at last drove over the bridge and up into the main thoroughfare of Englebury, and right cheerful looked the blazing shops of the small town. They passed under the sign of the 'Green Man,' into the spacious archway; the great bell summoned the hostler from out of the gloom; they jumped down and stamped their feet; and then they found themselves face to face with a very comely damsel, tall and slender and dark of face, who, in the absence of her sister, the landlady, wanted to know if the gentlemen would order dinner before going up stairs to their rooms. As she made the suggestion, she glanced up at a goodly row of joints and fowls that were suspended from the roof of the central hall, outside the capacious, shining, and smiling bar.

'You order the dinner, Bolitho,' said Balfour, 'I'm going to see that the cob is looked to.'

'Confound the cob!' said the other; but Balfour had already disappeared in the darkness. So he turned with great contentment to the distinguished-looking and gracious young person, and entered into a serious consultation with her. Mr. Bolitho was not in the habit of letting either cobs or country solicitors stand in the way of his dinner.

And a very sound and substantial dinner it was that they had in the snug little room on the first floor, after they had got on some dry clothing and were growing warm again. There was a brisk fire blazing in the grate; there were no fewer than four candles in the room, two on the table and two on the mahogany sideboard. Balfour laughed at the business-like manner in which Mr. Bolitho ploughed his way through the homely feast; but he was sharply hungry himself, and he so far departed from his ordinary habits as to call for a tankard of foaming stout. The agreeable young lady herself waited on them, although she did not know as yet that one of the strangers wished to represent her native town in Parliament. She seemed a little surprised, however, when, at the end of dinner, the younger gentleman asked whether she could send him up a clay pipe, his own wooden one having gone wrong. She had heard the two friends talking about very great persons indeed as though they were pretty familiar with them, and a fourpenny cigar from the bar would, she considered, have been more appropriate. But the other gentleman redeemed himself in her eyes by ordering a bottle of the very best port-wine they had in the house.

'Gracious goodness!' cried Balfour with a loud laugh, 'what do you mean, Bolitho?'

'I mean to make myself comfortable,' said the other, doggedly.

'Oh, it's comfortable you call it,' remarked the younger man. 'Well, it is a good phrase.'

'Yes, I mean to make myself comfortable,' said Mr. Bolitho, when he had drawn in his chair to the fire, and lit a cigar, and put a glass of port on the mantelpiece 'and I also mean to give you some advice—some good and excellent advice—which is all the more appropriate since you may be said to be beginning to-day your canvass of the borough of Englebury. Well, I have had to do with a good many candidates in my time; but I will say this for you, that you are just about the last man in the world I would choose to run for a seat if I had any choice.'

'That is cheerful, at any rate,' said Balfour, who had lit his long clay, and was contentedly stretching out his legs to the fire. 'Go on.'

'I say it deliberately. If you get in at all, it won't be through any action on your own part. I would almost rather fight the election for you in your absence. Why, man, you have no more notion of conciliating any body than an arctic bear has. Don't you know you are asking a great favor when you ask people to return you to Parliament? You don't suppose you can cheek every constituency as you cheeked those poor wretches at Ballinascroon?'

'My dear philosopher and friend,' said the culprit, 'I am not aware of ever having addressed a word to any elector of Englebury, barring your Mr. Chorley.'

'I don't mean here or now,' said Bolitho, who thought he would read this young man a sound lesson when he was about it. 'I mean always and everywhere. A man can not get on in politics who blurts out his opinions as you do yours. You can't convince a man by calling him a fool. You have been spoiled. You got your first seat too easily, and you found yourself independent of the people who elected you. If you had had to conciliate your constituency as some men have, it would have been useful practice for you. I tell you a member of Parliament can not afford to be continually declaring his opinions, as if he had all the wisdom in the world—'

Here the culprit, far from being meek and attentive, burst out laughing.

'The fact is, Bolitho, all this harangue means that you want me to be civil to Chorley. Doesn't it, now?'

Mr. Bolitho, being in a pleasant humor, suffered a shrewd, bland smile to appear about the corners of his mouth.

'Well,' said Balfour, frankly, 'I mean to be enormously civil to old Chorley—so long as he doesn't show up with some humbug. But mind you, if that old thief, who wants to sell the borough in order to get a good price for his filched common, begins to do the high virtuous business, then the case becomes altered? Civil? Oh yes, I shall be civil enough. But you don't expect me to black his boots?'

'You see,' said Mr. Bolitho, slowly, 'you are in rather an awkward position with regard to these two people—I will tell you that honestly. You have had no communication with them since you first saw them in Germany?'

'No, none.'

'Well, you know, my gay young friend, you pretty nearly put your foot in it by your chaffing old Chorley about selling the piece of green. Then no sooner had they got over that than Lady Sylvia—You know what I mean.'

Balfour looked a bit annoyed.

'Leave Lady Sylvia out of it,' said he. 'She does not want to interfere in these things at all.'

'No,' said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously; 'but you see there is the effect of that—that remark of hers to be removed. The Chorleys may have forgotten; they will make allowances—'

'They can do as they like about that,' said Balfour, bluntly; 'but Lady Sylvia won't trouble them again. Now as to the bit of common?'

'Well, if I were you, I would say nothing about it at present.

'I don't mean to, nor in the future either.'

'You don't intend to make him an offer?'

'Of course not.'

Mr. Bolitho looked at the young man. Had he been merely joking when he seemed to entertain seriously the project of bribing Mr. Chorley by purchasing his land from him? Or had some new and alien influence thwarted his original purpose? Mr. Bolitho instantly thought of Lady Sylvia.

'Perhaps you are right,' said he, after a second or two. 'Chorley would be shy of taking an offer, after you had directly described the thing as bribing the town. But all the more you should be conciliatory to him and his wife. Why should they fight for you?'

'I don't know.'

'What have you to offer them?'

'Nothing.'

'Then you are asking a great favor, as I said before.'

'Well, you know, Bolitho, Englebury has its duty to perform. You shouldn't make it all a matter of private and personal interchange of interests. Englebury has its place in the empire; it has the proud privilege of singling out a faithful and efficient person to represent it in Parliament; it has its relations with the British Constitution;

and when it finds that it has the opportunity of returning so distinguished a person as myself, why shouldn't it jump at the chance? You have no faith in public virtue, Bolitho. You would buy land, and bribe. Now that is wrong.'

'It's all very well for you to joke about it,' said Mr. Bolitho rather gloomily, 'but you'll sing a different tune if you find yourself without a seat after the next general election.'

On the following morning they walked up through the town which Mr. Balfour aspired to represent, toward Mr. Chorley's house. It was a bright morning after the rain; the sun shining pleasantly on the quaint old town, with its huddled red-and-white houses, its gray church, its high-arched bridge that spanned a turbidly yellow river. Mr. Chorley's house stood near the top of the hill—a plain, square, red brick building, surrounded by plenty of laurels and other evergreens, and these again inclosed by a high brick wall. They were ushered into a small drawing-room, stuffed full of ornaments and smelling of musk. In a few moments Mr. and Mrs. Chorley entered together.

Surely nothing could be more friendly than the way in which they greeted the young man. The small, horsy-looking solicitor was prim and precise in his manner, it is true; but then he was always so. As for Mrs. Chorley, she regarded him with a pleasant look from over her silver spectacles, and begged him and Mr. Bolitho to be seated, and hoped they had an agreeable drive on that bright morning. And when Mr. Bolitho explained that they had arrived on the previous evening, and put up at the 'Green Man,' she was good enough to express her regret that they had not come right on and accepted the hospitality of herself and her husband for the night.

'But perhaps,' said she suddenly, and with an equally sudden change in her manner—'perhaps Lady Sylvia is with you?'

'Oh dear no!' said Balfour, and he instantly changed the subject by beginning to talk about his experience down in Somersetshire, and how he had heard by accident that Mr. Bolitho was in the neighborhood of Englebury, and how he had managed to pick him up. That alarming look of formality disappeared from Mrs. Chorley's face. Mr. Chorley suggested some sherry, which was politely declined. Then they had a talk about the weather.

But Balfour was not a timid man, and he disliked beating about the bush.

'Well, Mr. Chorley,' said he, 'how are your local politics? Government very unpopular? Or rather I should ask—as interesting me more nearly—is old Harnden still unpopular?'

'Mr. 'Arnden is not very popular at present,' said Mr. Chorley, with some caution. 'He does his duty well in Parliament, no doubt; but after all, there are—certain courtesies which—which are due to one's constituents—'

'Exactly,' said Balfour. 'I have discovered that in the case of the place I represent. The courtesies that pass between me and the people of Ballinascroon are almost too beautiful. Well, what about the chance of a vacancy at the next general election?'

In reply to this blunt question Mr. Chorley regarded the young man with his shrewd, watchful, small blue eyes, and said, slowly.

'I don't know, Sir, that Mr. 'Arnden has any intention at present of resigning his seat.'

This guardedness was all thrown away on Balfour.

'What would be my chances,' said he, curtly, 'if I came down and contested the seat?'

Here Mrs. Chorley broke in. From the moment they had begun to speak of the next election, the expression of her face had changed. The thin lips were drawn more firmly together. Instead of the beaming maternal glance over her spectacles, there was a proud and cold look, that was at once awful and ominous.

'If I may be allowed to speak, Mr. Balfour,' said she, in lofty accents, 'I would say that it is rather strange that you should mention any such proposal to us. When you last spoke of it, you will remember that some remarks were applied to us by Lady Sylvia, which were never apologized for—by her, at least. Have you any explanation to make?'

There was a sudden flash of fire in the deep-set gray eyes. Apologize for his wife to such people as these?

'Explanation?' said he; and the tone in which he spoke caused the heart of Mr. Bolitho to sink within him. 'If Lady Sylvia spoke hastily, that only convinced

me the more of the folly of allowing women to interfere in politics. I think the business of an election is a matter to be settled between men.'

There was a second or two of awful silence. A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen. Mrs. Chorley rose.

'I, at least,' said she, in majestic accents, and with an indescribable calm, 'will not interfere in this election. Gentlemen, good morning. Eugenius, the chaise is at the door.'

With that she walked in a stately manner out of the room, leaving the burden of the situation on her unfortunate husband. He looked rather bewildered; but nevertheless he felt bound to assert the dignity of the family.

'I must say, Mr. Balfour,' said he, rather nervously, 'that your language is—is unusual. Mrs. Chorley only asked for—for an expression of regret—an apology which was only our due after the remarks of—of Lady Sylvia.'

By this time, Balfour had got on his feet, and taken his hat in his hand. All the Celtic blood in his veins was on fire.

'An apology!' he said. 'Why, man, you must be mad! I tell you that every word my wife said was absolutely true; do you expect her to send you a humble letter, begging for your forgiveness? I apologized for her hastiness at the time; I am sorry I did. For what she said then, I say now—that it is quite monstrous you should suddenly propose to use your influence in the borough on behalf of a man who was an absolute stranger to you; and if you imagined that I was going to bribe you by buying that waste land, or going to bribe the borough by giving them a public green, then get that notion out of your head as soon as possible. Good-morning, Mr. Chorley. Pray tell Mrs. Chorley that I am very sorry if I have hurt her feelings; but pray tell her too that my wife is not conscious of having said anything that demands an apology.'

And so this mad young man and his companion went out, and walked down the main street of Englebury in the pleasant sunshine. And it was all in vain that Mr. Bolitho tried to put in his piteous prayers and remonstrances. The borough? He would see the borough sink into the bottomless pit before he would allow his wife to apologize for a speech that did her infinite honor! The election? He would fight the place if there were ten thousand Chorleys arrayed against him!

'I tell you you have gone stark staring mad,' said the despairing Mr. Bolitho. 'Chorley will immediately go over to Harnden—you will see. His wife will goad him to it. And how can you think of contesting the seat against Harnden and Chorley combined?'

Nature had not conferred a firm jaw on Mr. Hugh Balfour for nothing.

'I tell you in turn,' said the young man, who was neither to hold nor to bind, simply because something had been said about his wife—'I tell you in turn that I mean to contest the seat all the same; and, what is more, by the Lord Harry, I mean to win it!'

CHAPTER XX.

AT A CERTAIN CLUB.

'BOLITHO,' said Mr. Hugh Balfour, as the two companions were preparing to leave for the London train, 'when you see my wife, don't say any thing to her about this affair. She would only be annoyed to think that she was in any way connected with such a wretched wrangle. Women are better out of these things.'

Now Mr. Bolitho was somewhat vexed. The guiding principle in life of this bland, elderly, easy-going gentleman was to make friends every where, or at least acquaintances, so that you could scarcely have mentioned to him a borough in England in which he did not know, more or less slightly, some man of influence. And here he had been involved in a quarrel—all because of the impetuous temper of this foolish young man—with the ruling politician of Englebury!

'I don't think,' said he, with a wry smile, 'that I am likely to see Lady Sylvia.'

'What do you mean?' Balfour asked, as they set out to walk to the station.

'Oh, well, you know,' replied the astute Parliamentary agent, with this sorry laugh still on his face, 'I have a strong suspicion—you will correct me if I am wrong—that Lady Sylvia looks on me as a rather dan-

gerous and disreputable person, who is likely to lead you into bad ways—bribery and corruption, and all that. I am quite sure from her manner to me at Mainz that she considered me to be the author of an abominable conspiracy to betray the people of Englebury.'

'Yes, I think she did,' Balfour said, with a laugh, 'and I think she was right. You were the author of it, no doubt, Bolitho. But then it was all a joke; we were all in it, to the extent of talking about it. What I wish to impress on your young mind is that women don't understand jokes of that sort, and—and it would have been wiser to have said nothing about it before Lady Sylvia. In fact,' he added, with more firmness, 'I don't wish my wife to be mixed up in any electioneering squabble.'

'Quite right, quite right,' responded Mr. Bolitho, with grave suavity; but he knew very well why Mr. Hugh Balfour had never asked him to dine at The Lilacs.

'Now,' said Balfour, when they had reached the station and got their tickets, 'we shall be in London between six and seven. What do you say to dining with me? I shall be a bachelor for a few evenings, before going down to the country.'

Mr. Bolitho was nothing loath. A club dinner would be grateful after his recent experience of rural inns.

'At the Oxford and Cambridge, or the Reform? Which shall it be?' asked the young man, carelessly.

But Mr. Bolitho regarded it as a serious matter. He was intimately acquainted with the cooking at both houses—in fact, with the cooking at pretty nearly every club in the parish of St. James's. After some delay, he chose the Reform; and he was greatly relieved when he saw his companion go off to telegraph to the steward of the club to put down his guest's name in the books. That showed forethought. He rather dreaded Mr. Balfour's well-known indifference about such matters. But if he was telegraphing to the steward, surely there was nothing to fear.

And when at length they reached London, and had driven straight on to the club, the poor man had amply earned his dinner. He had been cross-examined about this person and that person, had been driven into declaring his opinion on this question and that, had been alternately laughed at and lectured, until he thought the railway journey was never going to end. And now as they sat down at the small white table Mr. Balfour was in a more serious mood, and was talking about the agricultural labourer. A paper had just been read at the Farmers' Club which would doubtless be very valuable as giving the employers' side of the question; did Mr. Bolitho know where a full report of that address could be got?

Mr. Bolitho was mutely staring at the framed bill of fare that the waiter had brought to the table. Was it possible, then, that Balfour had ordered no dinner at all? Was he merely going to ask—in flagrant violation of the rules of the club—for some haphazard thing to take the place of a properly prepared dinner?

'Will you have some soup? Do you ever take soup?' asked his host, absently; and his heart sank within him.

'Yes, I will take some soup,' said he, gloomily.

They had the soup; Mr. Balfour was again plunged in the question of agricultural labour. He did not notice that the waiter was calmly standing over them.

'Oh,' said he, suddenly recalling himself—'fish? Do you ever take fish, Bolitho?'

'Well, yes, I will take some fish,' said Mr. Bolitho, somewhat petulantly: at this rate of waiting they would finish their dinner about two in the morning.

'Bring some fish, waiter — any fish — salmon,' said he, at a venture; for he was searching in a handful of papers for a letter he wished to show his guest. When he was informed that there was no salmon, he asked for any fish that was ready, or any joint that was ready; and then he succeeded in finding the letter.

They had some fish too. He was talking now about the recently formed association of the employers of labor. He absently poured out a glass of water and drank some of it. Mr. Bolitho's temper was rising.

'My dear fellow,' Balfour said, suddenly observing that his guest's plate was empty, 'I beg your pardon. You'll have some joint now, won't you? They always have capital joints here; and it saves so much time to be able to come in at a moment's notice and have a cut. I generally make that my dinner, Waiter, bring some beef, or mutton, or whatever there is. And you

were saying, Bolitho, that this association might turn out a big thing ?'

Mr. Bolitho was now in a pretty thoroughgoing rage. He had not had a drop of any thing now—not even water. He would sooner parch with thirst. But if ever, he vowed to himself—if ever again he was so far left to himself as to accept an invitation to dine with this thick-headed and glowering-eyed Scotchman, then he would allow them to put strychnine in every dish.

If Mr Bolitho had not got angry over the wretched dinner he was asked to eat, he would frankly have reminded his host that he wanted something to drink. But his temper once being up, he had grown exceedingly bitter about the absence of wine. He had become proud. He longed for a glass of the water before him, but he would not take it. He would wait for the satisfaction of seeing his enemy overcome with shame when his monstrous neglect was revealed to him. Temper, however is a bad substitute for wine when a man is thirsty. Moreover, to all appearance, this crass idiot was likely to finish his dinner and go away without any suspicion that he had grievously broken the laws of common decency and hospitality. He took a little sip of water now and again as innocently as a dipping swallow. And at length Mr. Bolitho could bear it no longer. Thirst and rage combined were choking him.

'Don't you think, Balfour,' said he, with an outward calm that revealed nothing of the wild volcano within—'don't you think one might have a glass of wine of some sort ?'

Balfour, with a stare of surprise, glanced round the table. There certainly was no wine there.

'My dear fellow,' said he, with the most obvious and heartfelt compunction, 'I really beg your pardon. What wine do you drink ? Will you have a glass of sherry ?'

Bolitho was on the point of returning to his determination of drinking nothing at all; but the consuming thirst within was too strong for him. He was about to accept this offer sulkily, when the member for Ballinascroon seemed to recollect that he was entertaining a guest.

'Oh no,' he said, anxiously; 'of course you will have some Champagne. Waiter, bring the wine list. There you are, Bolitho; pick out what you want, like a good fellow. It was really very forgetful of me.'

By this time they had got to the celery and cheese. Mr. Bolitho had scarcely had any dinner; his thirst had prevented his eating, and his anger had driven him into a most earnest and polite attention to his companion's conversation. But when the Champagne arrived, and he had drunk the first glass at a draught, nature revived within him. The strained and glassy look left his eyes; his natural bland expression began to appear. He attacked the cheese and celery with vigor. The wine was sound and dry, and Mr. Bolitho had some good leeway to make up. He began to look on Balfour as not so bad a sort of fellow, after all; it was only his tremendous earnestness that made him forgetful of the smaller things around him.

'And so,' said he, with a dawning smile breaking over his face, 'you mean to go, unaided and alone, and fight the whole faction of your enemies in Englebury—the Chorleys, old Harnden, Reginald Key, and the hunting parson—all together ?'

'Well,' said Mr. Balfour, cheerfully, 'I sha'n't try it if I can see an easier chance elsewhere. But I am not afraid. Don't you see how I should appeal to the native dignity of the electors to rise and assert itself against the political slavery that has been imposed on the borough ? Bolitho, Englebury shall be free. Englebury shall suffer no longer the dictation of an interested solicitor.'

'That's all very well,' said Mr. Bolitho; 'but Chorley owns half the *Englebury Mercury*.'

'I will start the *Englebury Banner*.'

'And suppose Harnden should resign in favor of Key ?'

'My dear friend, I have heard on very good authority that there is not the least chance of Key being in England at that time. The government are sure to try the effect of some other malarious place. I have heard several consulships and island governorships suggested; but you are quite right—he is a hard man to kill; and I believe their only hesitation so far has been owing to the fact that there was no sufficiently deadly place open. But they will be even with him sooner or later. Then as for your hunting parson—I could make friends with him in ten minutes. I never saw a hunting parson; but I have a sneaking liking for him. I can imagine him—a

rosy-cheeked fellow, broad-shouldered, good-humored, a famous judge of horseflesh aud of port-wine, generous in his way, but exacting a stern discipline in exchange for his blankets and joints at Christmas. He shall be my ally—not my enemy.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Bolitho, with a sentimental sigh, 'it is a great pity you could not persuade Lady Sylvia to go down with you. When a candidate has a wife—young, pretty, pleasant-mannered—it is wonderful what help she can give him.'

'Yes, I dare say,' said Balfour, with a slight change in his manner. 'But it is not Lady Sylvia's wish—and it certainly isn't mine—that she should meddle in any election. There are some women fitted for that kind of thing (doubtless excellent women in their way), but she is not one of them, and I don't particularly care that she should be.'

Mr. Bolitho felt that he had made a mistake, and he resolved in future not to mention Lady Sylvia at all. This wild adoration on the part of the young man might even pass away before the general election came on, in which case Balfour might not be averse from having her pretty face and serious eyes, to win him over a few friends. In the meantime Mr. Bolitho hinted something about a cigar, and the two companions went up stairs.

Now when Balfour drove up that night to his house in Piccadilly, he was surprised to see an unnecessary number of rooms dimly lighted. He had telegraphed to the housekeeper, whom they always left there, to have a bedroom ready for him, as he intended to have his meals at his club during his short stay in town. When he rang, it was Jackson who opened the door.

'Hallo, Jackson,' said he, 'are you here?'

'Yes, Sir. Her ladyship sent us up here two days ago to get the house ready. There is a letter for you, Sir, up stairs.'

He went up stairs to his small study, and got the letter. It was a pretty little message, somewhat formal in style, to be sure, but affectionate and dutiful. Lady Sylvia had considered it probable he might wish to have some gentlemen friends to dine with him while in town, and she had sent the servants up to have everything ready, so that he should not have to depend entirely on his club. She could get on very well with Anne, and she had got old Blake over from the Hall to sleep in the house. She added that as he might have important business to transact in connection with his visit to Englebury, he was on no account to cut short his stay in London prematurely. She was amusing herself very well. She had called on So-and-so and So-and-so. Her papa had just sent her two brace of pheasants and any number of rabbits. The harriers had met at Willowby Clump on the previous Saturday. The School Board school was to be finished on the following week—and so forth.

He put the letter on the table, his eyes still dwelling on it thoughtfully; and he lit his pipe, and sank into a big easy-chair.

'Poor old Syllabus," he was thinking—for he caught up this nickname from Johnny Blythe—'this is her notion of duty, that she should shut herself up in an empty house!'

And indeed, as he lay and pondered there, the house in which he was at this moment seemed very empty too; and his wife, he felt, was far away from him, separated from him by something more than miles. It was all very well for him to grow proud and reserved when it was suggested to him that Lady Sylvia should help him in his next canvass; it was all very well for him to build up theories to the effect that her pure, noble, sensitive mind were better kept aloof from the vulgar traffic of politics. But even now he began to recall some of the dreams he had dreamed in his bachelor days — in his solitary walks home from the House, in his friendly confidences with his old chum at Exeter, and most of all when he was wandering with Lady Sylvia herself on those still summer evenings under the great elms of Willowby Park. He had looked forward to a close and eager companionship, an absolute identity of interests and feelings, a mutual and constant help-giving which had never been realized. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, and began to walk up and down the room.

He would not give himself up to idle dreams and vain regrets. It was doubtless better as it was. Was he a child, to long for sympathy when something unpleasant had to be gone through? She herself had shown him how her quick, proud spirit had revolted from a proposal that was no uncommon thing in public life; better that

she should preserve this purity of conscience than that she should be able to aid him by dabbling in doubtful schemes. The rough work of the world was not for that gentle and beautiful bride of his; but rather the sweet content and quiet of country ways. He began to fret about the engagements of the next few days to which he had pledged himself. He would rather have gone down at once to The Lilacs, to forget the babble and turmoil and vexations of politics in the tender society of that most loving of all friends and companions. However, that was impossible. Instead, he sat down and wrote her an affectionate and merry letter, in which he said not one word of what had happened at Englebury, beyond recording the fact of his having been there. Why should he annoy her by letting her suppose that she had been mixed up in a squabble with such a person as Eugenius Chorley?

CHAPTER XXI.

HIS RETURN.

IT was with a buoyant sense of work well done that Balfour, on a certain Saturday morning, got into a hansom and left Piccadilly for Victoria Station. He had telegraphed to Lady Sylvia to drive over from The Lilacs to meet him, and he proposed that now he and she should have a glad holiday time. Would she run down to Brighton for the week preceding Christmas? Would she go over to Paris for the New-Year? Or would she prefer to spend both Christmas and New-Year among the evergreens of her English home, with visits to neighbouring friends, and much excitement about the decoration of the church, and a pleased satisfaction in giving away port-wine and flannels to the properly pious poor? Anyhow, he would share in her holiday. He would ride with her, walk with her; he would shoot Lord Willowby's rabbits, and have luncheon at the Hall; in the evening, in the warm, hushed room, she would play for him while he smoked, or they would have confidental chatting over the appearance and circumstances and dispositions of their friends. What had this tender and beautiful child to do with politics? She herself had shown him what was her true sphere; he would not have that shy and sensitive conscience, that proud, pure spirit, hardened by rude associations. It is true, Balfour had a goodly bundle of papers, reports, and blue-books in his bag. But that was merely for form's sake—a precaution, perhaps, against his having to spend a solitary half hour after she had gone to bed at nights. There could be no harm, for example, in his putting into shape, for future use, the notes he had made down in Somersetshire, just as occasion offered. But he would not seek the occasion.

And all things combined to make this reunion with his wife a happy one. It was a pleasant omen that, whereas he had left London in a cold gray fog, no sooner had he got away from the great town than he found the country shining in clear sunlight. Snow had fallen over night; but while the snow in Buckingham Palace Road was trampled into brown mud, here it lay with a soft white lustre on the fields and the hedges and the woods. Surely it was only a bridal robe that Nature wore on this beautiful morning—a half-transparent robe of pearly white that caught here and there a pale tint of blue from the clear skies overhead. He had a whole bundle of weekly newspapers, illustrated and otherwise, in the carriage with him, but he never thought of reading. And though the wind was cold, he let it blow freely through the open windows. This was better than hunting through the rookeries of London.

He caught sight of her just as the train was slowing into the station. She was seated high in the phaeton that stood in the roadway, and she was eagerly looking out for him. Her face was flushed a rose-red with the brisk driving through the keen wind; the sunlight touched the firmly braided masses of her hair and the delicate oval of her cheek; and as he went out of the station-house into the road, the beautiful, tender, gray-blue eyes were lit up by such a smile of gladness as ought to have been sufficient welcome to him.

'Well old Syllabus,' said he, 'how have you been? Crying your eyes out?'

'Oh no, not at all,' she said, seriously. 'I have been very busy. You will see what I have been doing. And what did you mean by sending the servants down again?'

'I did not want to have you starve, while I had the club to fall back on. Where the—'

But at this moment the groom appeared with the packages he had been sent for. Balfour got up beside his wife, and she was about to drive off, when they were accosted by a gentlemanly-looking man who had come out of the station.

'I beg your pardon—Mr. Balfour, I believe?'

'That is my name.'

'I beg your pardon, I am sure; but I have an appointment with Lord Willowby —and—and I can't get a fly here—'

'Oh, I'll drive you over,' said Balfour, for he happened to be in an excellent humor: had he not been, he would probably have told the stranger where to get a fly at the village. The stranger got in behind. Perhaps Lady Sylvia would, in other circumstances, have entered into conversation with a gentleman who was a friend of her father's; but there was a primness about his whiskers and a certain something about his dress and manner that spoke of the City, and of course she could not tell whether his visit was one of courtesy or of commerce. She continued to talk to her husband so that neither of the two people behind could overhear.

And Balfour had not the slightest consciousness of caution or restraint in talking to this bright and beautiful young wife of his. It seemed to him quite natural now that he should cease to bother this loving and sensitive companion of his about his anxieties and commonplace labours. He chatted to her about their favorite horses and dogs; he heard what pheasants had been shot in Uphill Wood the day before; he was told what invitations to dinner awaited his assent; and all the while they were cheerfully whirling through the keen, exhilarating air, crossing the broad bars of sunlight on the glittering road, and startling the blackbirds in the hedges, that shook down the powdery snow as they darted into the dense holly-trees.

'You have not told me,' said Lady Sylvia, in a somewhat measured tone, though he did not notice that, 'wheth your visit to Englebury was successful.'

'Oh,' said he, carelessly, 'that was of no importance. Nothing was to be done then. It will be time enough to think of Englebury when the general election comes near.'

Instead of Englebury, he began to talk to her about Brighton. He thought they might drop down there for a week before Christmas. He began to tell her of all the people whom he knew who happened to be at Brighton at the moment. It would be a pleasant variety for her; she would meet some charming people.

'No, thank you, Hugh,' she said, somewhat coldly; 'I don't think I will go down to Brighton at present. But I think you ought to go.'

'I? said he, with a stare of astonishment.

'Yes; these people might be of use to you. If a general election is coming on, you cannot tell what influence they might be able to give you.'

'My dear child,' said he, fairly astonished that she should speak in this hard tone about certain quite innocent people in Brighton, 'I don't want to see those people because they might be of use to me. I wanted you to go down to Brighton merely to please you.'

'Thank you, I don't think I can go down to Brighton.'

'Why.'

'Because I can not leave papa at present,' she said.

'What's the matter with him?' said Balfour, getting from mystery to mystery.

'I can not tell you now,' she said, in a low voice. 'But I don't wish to leave The Lilacs, so long as he is at the Hall; and he has been going very little up to London of late.'

'Very well; all right,' said Balfour, cheerfully. 'If you prefer The Lilacs to Brighton, so do I. I thought it might be a change for you—that was all.'

But why should she seem annoyed because he had proposed to take her down to Brighton? And why should she speak despitefully of a number of friends who would have given her a most hearty welcome? Surely all these people could not be in league with the British House of Commons to rob her of her husband.

In any case, Balfour took no heed of these passing fancies of hers. He had registered a mental vow to the effect that, whenever he could not quite understand her, or whenever her wishes clashed with his, he would show an unfailing consideration and kindness toward this tender soul who had placed her whole life in his hands.

But that consideration was about to be put to the test of a sharp strain. With some hesitation she informed him, as they drove up to the Hall, that her uncle and aunt were staying there for a day or two. Very well; there was no objection to that. If he had to shake hands with Major the Honourable Stephen Blythe, was there not soap and water at The Lilacs? But Lady Sylvia proceeded to say, with still greater diffidence, that probably they would be down again in about ten days. They had been in the habit of spending Christmas at the Hall; and Johnny and Honoria had come too; so that it was a sort of annual family party. Very well; he had no objection to that either. It was no concern of his where Major Blythe ate his Christmas dinner. But when Lady Sylvia went on to explain, with increasing hesitation, that herself and her husband would be expected to be of this Christmas gathering, Mr. Balfour mentally made use of a phrase which was highly improper. She did not hear it, of course. They drove up to the Hall in silence; and when they got into the house, Balfour shook hands with Major Blythe with all apparent good-nature.

Lord Willowby had wished the stranger to follow him into the library. In a few moments he returned to the drawing-room. He was obviously greatly disturbed.

'You must excuse me, Sylvia; I can not possibly go over with you to lunch. I have some business which will detain me half an hour at least—perhaps more. But your uncle and aunt can go with you.'

That was the first Balfour had heard of Major Blythe and his wife having been invited to lunch at his house; but had he not sworn to be grandly considerate? He said nothing. Lady Sylvia turned to her two relatives. Now had Lord Willowby been going over to The Lilacs, his brother might have ventrued to accompany him; but Major Blythe scarcely liked the notion of thrusting his head into that lion's den all by himself.

'My dear,' said the doughty warrior to his wife, 'I think we will leave the young folks to themselves for to-day—if they will kindly excuse us. You know I promised to walk over and see that mare at the farm.'

Balfour said nothing at all. He was quite content when he got into the phaeton, his wife once more taking the reins. He bade good-by to Willowby Hall without any pathetic tremor in his voice.

'Hugh,' said Lady Sylvia, somewhat timidly, 'I think you are prejudiced against my uncle; I am very sorry—'

'I don't look on your uncle,' said Balfour, with much coolness, 'as being at all necessary to my existence, and I am sure I am not necessary to his. We each of us can get on pretty well without the other.'

'But it is dreadful to have members of one family in—in a position of antagonism or dislike to each other,' she ventured to say, with her heart beating a trifle more rapidly.

'Well, yes,' he said, cheerfully. 'I suppose Major Blythe and I are members of the same family, as we are all descended from Adam. If that is what you mean, I admit the relationship; but not otherwise. Come, Sylvia, let's talk about something else. Have you seen the Von Rosens lately?'

For an instant she hesitated, eager, disappointed, and wistful; but she pulled her courage together, and answered with seeming good-will.

'Oh yes,' she said. 'Mr. Von Rosen called yesterday. And the strangest thing has happened. An uncle of his wife has just died in some distant place in America, and has left a large amount of property to Mrs. Von Rosen, on condition she goes out there some time next year and remains for a year at the house that has been left her. And she is not to take her children with her. Mrs. Von Rosen declares she won't go. She won't leave her children for a whole year. They want her to go and live in some desert place just below the Rocky Mountains.'

'A desert!' he cried. 'Why, don't you know that the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains has been my ideal harbor of refuge whenever I thought of the two worst chances that can befall one? If I were suddenly made a pauper, I should go out there and get a homestead free from the government, and try my hand at building up my own fortunes. Or if I were suddenly to break down in health, I should make immediately for the high plains of Colorado, where the air is like champagne; and I would become a stock-raiser and a mighty hunter in spite of all the bronchitis or consumption that could attack one.

Why, I know a lot of fellows out there now; they live the rudest life all day long—riding about the plains to look after their herds, making hunting excursions up into the mountains, and so forth; and in the evening they put on dress-coats to dinner, and have music, and try to make themselves believe they are in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. Who told her it was a desert?'

'I suppose it would be a desert to her without her children,' said Lady Sylvia, simply.

'Then we will go over after lunch and reason with that mad creature,' said he. 'The notion of throwing away a fortune because she won't go out and live in that splendid climate for a single year!'

What the result of this mission of theirs was, need not be stated at present. Enough that Balfour and his wife, having spent the best part of the afternoon with these neighbouring friends of theirs, went home to dine by themselves in the evening. And Balfour had been looking forward during this past fortnight to the delight of having his wife all to himself again; and he had pictured the still little room, her seated at the piano, perhaps, or perhaps both seated at the fire, and all troubles and annoyances hunted out into the cold winter night. This was the new plan. When he looked at her—at the true, sweet, serious, trusting eyes, and at the calm, pensive, guileless forehead—he began to wonder how he could ever, in his selfish imaginations, have thought of having her become a sort of appanage of himself in his public life. Would he wish her to become a shifting and dextrous wire-puller, paying court to this man, flattering another, patronizing a third, all to further her husband's interests? That, at all events, was not what he wished her to be now. He admired her for her courageous protest against that suggested scheme for the bribing of Englebury. Not for a hundred seats in Parliament would he have his wife make interested professions of friendship for such people as the Chorleys. The proper place for the high-souled young matron was the head of her own table, or a seat by the fire in her own drawing-room; and it was there that he hoped to gain rest, and sweet encouragement, and a happy forgetfulness of all the vulgar strife of the outside world.

'Sylvia,' he said, suddenly, at dinner, 'why do you look so depressed? What is the matter with you?'

'Oh, nothing,' she said, rousing herself, and making an effort—not very successful—to talk about this American trip. Then she relapsed into silence again, and the dinner was not a cheerful feast.

'Are you tired?' he asked again. 'Perhaps you had better go and lie down for a while.'

No, she was not tired. Nor did she go, as was her wont after dinner, into the next room and begin to play a few of the airs and pieces that he liked. She sat down by the fire opposite him. Her face was troubled, and her eyes distant and sad.

'Come, Sylvia,' he said as he lit his pipe, 'you are vexed about something. What is it? What is the trouble?'

'I am not vexed, really. It is no matter,' she again answered.

Well, as his motto was 'Live and let live,' he was not bound to goad her into confidences she was unwilling to make; and as the enforced silence of the room was a rather painful and lugubrious business, he thought he might as well have a look at one or two of the papers he had brought down. He went and fetched his bag. He sat down with his back to the light, and was soon deep in some report as to the water supply of London.

Happening to look up, however, he found that his wife was silently crying. Then he impatiently threw the book on the table, and demanded to know the cause. Perhaps there was some roughness in his voice; but, at all events she suddenly flung herself down before him, and buried her face on his knees, and burst into a fit of wild sobbing, in which she made her stammering confession. It was all about her father. She could not bear to see him suffering this terrible anxiety. It was killing him. She was sure the man who had come down in the train had something to do with these pecuniary troubles, and it was dreadful to her to think that she and her husband had all they could desire, while her father was driven to despair. All this and more she sobbed out like a penitent child.

Balfour put his hand gently on her soft brown hair.

'Is that all, Sylvia?' he said. 'If it is only money your father wants, he can have that. I will ask him.'

She rose—her eyes still streaming with

tears—and kissed him twice. And then she grew gayer in spirit, and went and played some music for him while he smoked his pipe. But as he smoked he thought, and his thoughts were rather bitter about a man who, wanting money, had not the courage to ask for it, but had degraded his daughter into the position of being a beggar for it. And as Mr. Balfour was a business-like person, though he had not been trained up to commerce, he determined to ascertain exactly how Lord Willowby's affairs stood before proffering him this promised help.

CHAPTER XXII.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

THERE was a brisk fire in the breakfast-room at The Lilacs, and the frosty December sunlight, streaming through the window, touched the white table-cloth with a ruddy and cheerful glow. A man of about thirty, tall, stalwart-looking, with a huge brown moustache and a partially cropped beard, light blue eyes, and a healthy complexion, stood on the hearth-rug with his hands fixed complacently in his fixed in his pocket. This was Count—or rather as he had dropped his courtesy title since settling down in England, Mr.—Von Rosen, who had served as lieutenant in the Franco-German war, and had subsequently fallen in love with and married a young English lady, who had persuaded him to make England his home. He was a young man of superflous energy, of great good humor and good spirits, who made himself a nuisance to the neighborhood in which he lived by the fashion in which he insisted on other people joining him in his industrial idleness. For example, he had on this very morning, at seven o'clock, sent a letter to Mr. Hugh Balfour, of whose arrival at The Lilacs he had only heard on the previous night, urging him to join a certain shooting party. Lady Sylvia was to drive over with them, and spend the day with two ladies whom she knew. He himself would call at nine. And so he stood here with his hands in his pocket, apparently quite contented, but nevertheless wondering why English people should be so late with their breakfast.

'Ah,' said he, with his face brightening, as Balfour entered the room. 'You are ready to go? But I have to beg your pardon very much. My man says you were not awake when he brought the letter; it was stupid of him to send it to your room.'

'On the contrary,' said Balfour, as he mechanically took up a handful of letters that were lying on the table, 'I have to beg your pardon for keeping you waiting. I thought I would put on my shooting boots before coming down. Lady Sylvia will be here presently. Come, what do you say to having some breakfast with us?'

He was scanning the outside of the various envelopes with something of an absent air. There was nothing meditative about the German ex-lieutenant. He had once or twice allowed his highly practical gaze to fall on a certain game pie.

'A second breakfast?' said he. 'Yes, perhaps it is better. My first breakfast was at six. And in these short days it is foolishness to waste time at the luncheon. Oh yes, I will have some breakfast. And in the meantime why do you not read your letters?'

'Well, the fact is,' said Balfour, 'my wife thinks I should have a clear holiday down here, and I have been wondering whether it is any use—'

But quite mechanically, while he was speaking, he had opened one of the letters, and he paused in his speech as he read its contents.

'By Jove,' said he, partly to himself and partly to his companion, 'they must be pretty certain that I shall be in the next Parliament, or they would not offer to put this in my hands. Perhaps they don't know that I am sure to be kicked out of Ballinascroon.'

At this moment Lady Sylvia entered the room, and that young lady went up to the German lieutenant in the most winning and gracious way—for he was a great friend of hers—and thanked him very prettily for the trouble he had taken about this invitation.

'Trouble?' he said, with a laugh. 'No, no. It is a good drive over to Mr. Lefevre's, and I shall have nice company. And you will find him such a fine fellow—such a good, fine fellow—if you will meet him some night at our house, Lady Sylvia; and your husband will see, when we begin the shooting, that there is no selfishness in him at all—he will prefer that his friends have more shooting than himself, and his

keepers they know that too—and my wife she says if you will be so good as to stay with her all the day, we will come back that way in the afternoon—and it is better still, a great deal better, if you and Mr. Balfour will stay to dine with us.'

Lady Sylvia was very pleased and grateful. Apart from her personal liking for these friends of hers, she was glad to find her husband taking to the amusements and interests of this country life. She said that Mr. Van Rosen's plan would be very agreeable to her if it suited her husband; and then she turned to him. He was still regarding that letter.

'What do you say, Hugh?' she asked.

'Oh yes,' he answered as if startled out of some reverie. 'That is very kind of you, Von Rosen. It would be a delightful day. The fact is, however, I am not quite sure that I ought to go, though nothing would give me greater pleasure, as I have just got an offer here that is rather flattering to a young member who has not done much work in the House. It is rather an important measure they propose to put into my hands. Well, I suppose I shall only be a sort of junior counsel to Lord ——; but at least I could get up his case for him. Well, now, I must see these two men at once. Sylvia,' he continued, turning to his wife, 'if I ask these two friends of mine to run down here to-morrow to dinner, I suppose you could put them up for the night?'

All the glad light had gone from her face. They had sat down at the table by this time; and before answering him, she asked Mr. Von Rosen whether he would not help himself to something or other that was near him. Then she said, in a somewhat precise fashion,

'I think it would look rather singular to ask two strangers down here for a single night at the present time.'

'Why singular?' said he, with a stare.

'So near Christmas,' she continued in the same proud and cold way, 'people are supposed to have made up their family parties. It is scarcely a time to invite strangers.'

'Oh, well.' said he, with a good-natured laugh, 'I did not mean to offend you. I dare say you are right; an evening devoted to talking about this bill would not have been lively for you. However, I must see my two patrons, and that at once. Von Rosen, would you mind saying to Mr. Lefevre how much I thank him for his friendly offer. I fear I must let you have your drive over by yourself.'

It was by the merest accident that he happened to notice his wife's face. When he saw the look of pain and disappointment that passed over it, he did not quite know what he had done to produce that feeling, but he altered his determination in a second.

'By-the-way,' said he, 'I might as well go up to London to-morrow. Yes, that will be better. I will telegraph for them to dine with me at the club; and to-day I can give up to your first-rate little arrangement. Come, Von Rosen, you have not finished already?'

'I do not wish to waste time,' said that inveterate idler. 'The daylight is very short now. You have finished too.'

And so they set out, Lady Sylvia having promised to go over to Mrs. Von Rosen during the day and remain until the evening. As they drove off in the dog-cart, Balfour seemed rather preoccupied. When he remarked, 'Things have come to a bonny cripus!' what was his companion to make of that absurd phrase? Von Rosen did not know the story of the small boy in northern parts who was found bitterly sobbing, and digging his knuckles into his eyes; and who, on being asked what was the matter, replied, in language which has to be softened for southern ears, 'Things have come to a bonny cripus; I only called my father an old fool, and he went out and kicked me behind.' It was the introductory phrase of this insulted boy that Balfour used. 'Things have come to a bonny cripus,' said he.

They drove along the crisp and crackling road. The hoar-frost on the hedges was beginning to melt; the sunlight had draped the bare twigs in a million of rainbow jewels; the copper-colored sun shone over the black woods and the dank green fields.

'Women are strange creatures,' said Balfour again; and this was a more intelligible remark.

'Why do you say that?' asked the simple lieutenant, who had noticed nothing at breakfast beyond the coffee and the game pie.

'I do believe,' said Balfour, with a smile which was not altogether a glad one, 'that my wife is beginning positively to hate

every body and every thing connected with Parliament and politics; and that is a lively look-out for me. You know I can't go on staying down here. And yet I shouldn't wonder if, when Parliament meets, she refused to go up to London.'

'No, no, no,' said the lieutenant; 'there you are very wrong. It is not reasonable—not at all reasonable. She may like the country better, but it is not reasonable. That is what I tell my wife now. She declares she will not go to live in America for a year, and leave her children; and I say to her, "You will think again about that. It is a great trouble that you will leave your children; it will be a great sorrow for a time; but what will you think of yourself after, if you do not do what is right for them? When they grow up, when they want money, what will you think if you have thrust away all that property—and only for a single year's absence?"'

'And has your wife proved reasonable? has she consented to go?' asked Balfour.

Von Rosen shrugged his shoulders.

'No—not yet. But I will not argue with her. I will leave her to think. Oh, you do not know what a woman will do, if she thinks it is for the good of her children. At present it is all "Oh, never, never! Leave my darling little girl, so that she won't know me when I come back? Not for all the money in America!" Well, that is natural too, though it is foolishness. You would not like to have your wife with too hard a heart. And I say to her, "Yes, I will not ask you. We are not so very poor that you must suffer great pain. If you will give up the American property, give it up, and no more to be said." But I know. She is reasoning with herself now. She will go.'

'Do you think she will?' said Balfour, thoughtfully. 'Do you think she will give up so much of her own feeling if she thinks it right?'

'Know?' said the tall young German, with one of his hearty laughs. 'Yes, I know that very well. Oh, there is no one so sensible as my wife—not any one that I know any where—if you can show her what is right. But if you ask me what I think of her uncle, that will cause so much trouble all for his nonsense, then I think he was a most wretched fellow—a most wretched and pitiable fellow.'

Here occurred a most unintelligible growl, whether in German or English phraseology his companion could not say; but doubtless the muttered words were not polite. Another man would probably have given additional force to this expression of feeling by twitching at the reins; but Von Rosen never vented his rage on a horse.

They had a capital day's sport, although Balfour, who was evidently thinking of any thing in the world rather than pheasants, rabbits, and hares, shot very badly indeed. Their luncheon was brought to them at a farm-house, the mistress of the farm giving them the use of her sacred parlour, in which all the curiosities of ornament and natural history contributed by three generations were religiously stored. They got back to Von Rosen's house about six; just in time for a cup of tea and a chat before dressing for an early country dinner.

Surely, one or two of us who were sitting round the table that evening must have thought—surely these two young people ought to have been happy enough, if outward circumstances have any thing to do with content of mind. There was he, in the prime of youthful manhood, with strength written in every outline of the bony frame and in every lineament of the firm, resolute, and sufficiently handsome head, rich beyond the possibilities of care, and having before him all the hopefulness and stimulus of a distinguished public career; she, young, high-born, and beautiful, with those serious and shy eyes that went straight to the heart of the person she addressed and secured her friends everywhere, also beyond the reach of sordid cares, and most evidently regarded by her husband with all affection and admiration. What trouble, other than mere imaginary nonsense, could enter into these linked lives? Well, there was present at this dinner that Cassandra of married life who was mentioned in the first chapter of this highly moral and instructive tale, and she would have answered these questions quickly enough. She would have assumed—for she knew nothing positive about the matter—that these two were now beginning to encounter the bitter disillusionizing experience of post-nuptial life. The husband was beginning to recognise the fact that his wife was not quite the glorious creature he had imagined her to be; he was looking back

with a wistful regret to the perfectly false ideal of her he had formed before marriage; while she, having dreamed that she was marrying a lover, and having woke up to find she had only married a husband, was suffering untold and secret misery because she found her husband's heart transferred from her real self to that old ideal picture of herself which he had drawn in the dreamlike past. This was what she would have said. This was what she was always preaching to us. And we generally found it best in our neighborhood to give her Most Gracious Majesty her own way; so that this theory, as regarded the conjugal relations of nearly every body we knew, was supposed to be strictly accurate. At least nobody had the temerity to question it.

'Lady Sylvia,' said this very person, 'why don't you ever go up to London? Mr. Balfour must think he is a bachelor again when he is all by himself in Piccadilly.'

'I don't like London much,' said Lady Sylvia, with great composure. 'Besides, my husband is chiefly there on business matters, and I should only be in the way.'

'But you take a great interest in politics,' observed this monitress, who doubtless considered that she was administering some wholesome discipline.

'My wife may take some interest in politics,' said Balfour, 'but she has no great love for politicians. I confess they are not picturesque or interesting persons, as a rule. I am afraid their worldly wisdom, their callousness, is a trifle shocking.'

'Well, at all events,' said our Most Gracious Lady—for she was determined to put in a little bit of remonstrance, though she would gravely have rebuked any body else for daring to do so—'you have not much political work to distract your attention at present, Parliament not sitting, and all that excitement about a dissolution having passed away.'

'My dear Mrs. ——,' said he, with a laugh, 'now is the worst time of all; for a good many of us don't know whether we shall be in the next Parliament, and we are trying what we can do to make our calling and election sure. It is a disagreeable business, but necessary. To-morrow, for example, I am going to town to see two gentlemen about a bill they propose I should introduce; but I shall have to ask them first what is the betting about my being able to get into Parliament at all. My present constituents have proved very ungrateful, after the unfailing attention and courtesy I have lavished upon them.'

Here the German ex-soldier burst into a great roar of laughter, as if there was anything amusing in a young man's throwing contumely on a number of persons who had done him the honor of returning him to the House of Commons.

But, after all, it was not our business at this little dinner party to speculate on the hidden griefs that might accompany the outward good fortune of these two young people. We had more palpable trouble near at hand, as was revealed by an odd little accident that evening. Our hostess had a great affection for two boisterous young lads, who were the sons of the august little woman just referred to, and she had invited them to come into the dining-room after dessert. Surely a mother ought to teach these young brats not to make remarks on what does not concern them? Now, as we were talking in an aimless fashion about the Ashantee war, the recent elections, and what not, a sudden sound outside stilled us into silence. It was the children of the church choir who had come up to sing us a Christmas carol; and the sound of their voices outside in the still night recalled many a vivid recollection, and awoke some strange fancies about the coming year. What were most of us thinking of then? This young ass of a boy all at once says, 'Oh, Auntie Bell, where will you be next Christmas? And do they sing Christmas carols far away in America?' And Auntie Bell, being taken rather aback, said she did not know, and smiled; but the smile was not a glad one, for we knew that sudden tears had started to the soft and kindly eyes. We were not quite so happy as we went home that night. And when some one remarked to the mother of those boys— But there, it is no use remonstrating with women.

(To be Continued).

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

A REPLY TO FIDELIS.

IT would be well if we could recognize the truth, that there are evils incident to humanity, which can only be remedied or much modified by those changes in the conditions of our life and improvements of our constitution, moral, emotional, and structural, which the long, slow process of Time can alone effect, but which the remedies proposed, like the nostrums of our quack doctors, often tend only to aggravate.

The way in which any measure will affect a being so complex as man in his individual and social capacity, cannot be worked out like a problem in mechanics, nor can its consequences be predicted with certainty by any method of à priori reasoning. Such a measure can only properly be regarded as simply tentative.

Still it is only natural that, when a great, hideous monster, like intemperance, forces itself on our view, our first rough-and-ready thought is to strike it down ruthlessly with the nearest weapon to hand. But there is, we fear, no short-cut to morality and wide social improvement. It was once thought (and acted on) that the shortest way to preserve religion was to destroy the misbeliever and thus silence his heretic tongue; but the idea, though breaking out occasionally, like an epidemic, at unhealthy times and in unhealthy minds, is being generally abandoned as the remedy of an ignorant and barbarous age. And I fear that the rough-and-ready way of partial or total prohibition, by substituting physical force for moral suasion, and constraining the best portion of society to forego their gratifications—and life has not too many of them—may not, in the long run, prove the best. It proceeds upon the principle of benefiting the individual and society, by substituting a world without temptations for the kind of world in which we live and in which temptations abound. But if it be true that temptations overcome, strengthen the moral economy and the power of resistance, the conflict and the victory may be but the means to fortify and elevate us; and though the wheels of this Juggernaut may be crushing human hearts, and though I deeply sympathize with the noble men and women who would fain stamp out the human misery which intemperance has strewn broadcast through the land, yet I do not feel that the end would justify the means, or that the liberty of the subject to exercise properly any legitimate calling ought to be denied him; for I hold that it is of the essence of liberty that every one may do as he pleases, so long as his doing so does not collide with the equal right of every other man to do as he pleases; and I doubt if there are many persons so sure of their position as to affirm that the calling of a hotel-keeper who supplies a dinner and, when requested, a glass of beer or wine, is in itself absolutely wrong, but only in the abuse of it; and I think that no one not absolutely fanatical and despotic, would in such a case, even if he had the power, feel at liberty to step in between the man and his conscience and say to him, 'You must do as my conscience dictates and not as yours.' And if I, as an individual, have no right to say to a man, you must not engage in such and such a calling, a Government has no right to do so; for a Government has no rights except such as have been delegated to it by the individual members of society; and if it had the right and exercised it, I hope to show in the sequel, that it would prove anything but advantageous: for I believe, as I said, in no short-cuts to morality, but that humanity has to travel the old, long and weary way, through besetments from within and from without, and can only attain its scant measure of happiness, or escape the whole burden of the misery of our common lot, not by legal prohibition or keeping temptation out of their reach, but by a higher and a nobler training than they have ever yet received, by the better example of home

and an improved society abroad, and by appeals to their emotions and consciences and reason from high-souled and high-hearted men and women whose approbation they covet and whose disgust they shrink from.

But the eager philanthropist, nobly impatient of human misery, cannot await all this; he would stamp it out by prohibition, or at least curtail it by the statute as it stands. And yet he ought to remember that he has not been constituted the admeasurer or controller of other men's pleasures or the judge of their conduct, of what they should deem desirable either for their health or their gratification.

It is an old saying, that the longest way round is often the shortest way home, and I fear that our short-cuts may only land us in thickets and morasses and quicksands, in which they have so often landed the most eager and noblest spirits of the past. And I think we are justified in regarding it as a principle, that that legislation is always open to suspicion, which, to provide for the good, real or seeming, of a few, becomes tyranny to the many. Nor is this fact weakened by the consideration, that such legislation tends to defeat, by artificial obstruction, the great winnowing processes of nature to sift out the weak.

It is a doctrine fraught with enormous dangers, and belongs to the now generally exploded or dying-out dogma of the paternality of governments. In short the whole present movement—of the mode of licensing, of Dunkin Bills, and of Prohibitions, appears to me to be retrograde rather than progressive.

But I believe the time is coming when it will be recognized, that the main duty of a Government, if not its only duty, is to see that A does not injure B, and *vice versâ*, and that it has nothing to do (save this) with interfering with human liberty, or with suppressing or patronizing or cherishing anything. I believe that public spirit and individual effort and social organization for good are damped and even paralysed by governmental substitution, and that we had better revert to the principle underlying a saying attributed to Cromwell, when called upon to interfere in a case deemed meet for suppression, 'Why, gentlemen, I am a constable to keep the peace.'

This whole article by FIDELIS is a most eloquent appeal, impassioned, compact, ornate, orderly, and, if we admit the author's premises, most convincing. These premises are:—1st. That a Government is entitled to curtail the rights of A, if it conceives that thereby it will benefit B, though A may be the better member of society. 2nd. That it is likewise entitled, if it deems proper, to take of the goods or earnings of A in order to carry out its system of benefiting B—B disclaiming all the time against being so benefited, and A opposing the plan as essentially unjust. 3rd. That a system of things characterised by the absence of temptations leading the weak to transgress, would be a far better system of things than that under which we live. 4th. That the principles of Prohibitionists harmonise with those of Christianity, though not with the actual practice of Christ. 5th. That restrictive measures—Gothenburg systems and such—as actually tried, have effected the good so sanguinely anticipated by their authors. 6th. That they have effected this without greater or equal countervailing disadvantages in any other direction. 7th. That we can predict with certainty the future effects of a measure on a being so complexly organised and conditioned as man. 8th. That the Mohammedan system which puts at once a strait-waistcoat on the will, far transcends the Christian, which leaves the will free to use but not to abuse. 9th. That the tendency of advancing civilization towards greater and greater freedom of the individual is a tendency in the wrong direction, and ought to be substituted by the doctrine of the paternality of Governments. 10th. That it is the duty of a Government to punish, not only for actual crime, but for vices and failings and that, in addition, it is incumbent on it to relieve society, as far as possible, of the temptations to go wrong. 11th. That natural selection—the survival of the fittest—ought to be cheated in its operation by a universal artificial system of preserving the constitutionally weak, to propagate their weaknesses and uncontrol; instead of endeavoring—by appeals to reason, to the sense of right, to the affections, to self-interest—to rouse the sluggish will and invigorate self-control, and, thus, constituting this the test of their improvability and of their title to survive. 12th. That a Government possesses rights of a kind quite distinct from those possessed by individuals.

These, I conceive, all or most of them, must be postulated to make the argument of 'Fidelis' other than a passionate, but condensed and powerful, appeal.

I can imagine the effect of the article of FIDELIS on partial and impassioned readers by its effect upon myself. When reading it I am swept along by the torrent and vehemence of her eloquence—the symbols of the impatient, burning, humanity-loving soul, that by sheer energy of will would fain force us to her conclusion in spite of and over all the barriers of logic and reason and sense. But in the cool afterthought, I ask myself, what does it all amount to? To little or nothing! That in a society of a hundred persons, because three of them, in using, are liable to abuse something, the remaining ninety-seven shall be forced to forego its use. This looks monstrous! But to the eye of reason, the argument is not weakened if you reverse the numbers. We may waive our rights if we choose. If good men, in the interest of humanity, we often have to do so. But neither majorities nor minorities have any right—and the true thinker always confines himself to rights—to prevent me, a free human being, from doing what I like, so long as my doing so does not interfere with the equal right of every other man to do what he likes. And we are travelling towards this in spite of all obstructions and retrogressions. A majority have no right to act against right, though they may have the power.

Though drunkenness is denounced in the Bible as a debasing and enormous crime, and though men were wont in the days of Christ to indulge in drunken debauches, yet, in the full view of all this, Christ drank wine himself, made it for others to drink, and never in any case forbad its use, but only its use in excess. And if Christ left the will free, then what grounds have we for thinking that he would hedge it round now with cast-iron impossibility. I say this because on former occasions, much more than in the present, the Scriptures had been pressed by FIDELIS into the service of her argument.

Mohammed, indeed, made what he conceived to be an improvement on Christianity by enacting a Maine liquor law. And if a teetotaler wants something stringently prohibitive, he will find his beau ideal of a legislator there. There he will enjoy a religion that not only prohibits the abuse, but the use, of wine. But in exchanging Christ for Mohammed, he will exchange the far-sighted legislator who touches the springs of human action, for the dogmatic prohibitionist who substitutes for pregnant principles a code of unbending rules, and who, though lopping off the branches, touches not the root.

But what an array of figures! Surely they must convince! And yet they do not. But 'facts are stubborn things.' No: they are, on the contrary, the most soluble things in the world—melt away faster often than sugar in water. What are named facts may be only the appearances of facts, as, in a mirage we see trees and ships in the sky. Every day I hear sensible people speak of facts which are no facts at all. I have a great respect for facts and statistics when collected with the scrupulous care of truth-loving and impartial minds, but when pitchforked at us in slovenly round numbers of millions, with no basis for the calculations supplied us—statistics I know not how compiled, possibly in the interest of the theory to be established, by some zealot, who, having received a mental bent through religious or social influence, has, like the leaning tower of Pisa, never been able to grow straight again—for such statistics—and they are most general—I have the smallest possible respect.

But, statistics or no statistics, liberty of speech and of action has been purchased at too high a price—by the blood and mortal agonies of whole armies of the martyrs of humanity—to be bartered for pelf or balanced against a money consideration. Still I hope to be able to show that the argument on the ground of expenditure lies quite the other way. But it is the old question belonging to the tribe-times of the world, and which ought to be relegated to the Sioux and the Blackfeet, or to Sparta and early Rome, whether the individual exists for the State or the State for the individual; whether we are Spartans or men; whether, in short, we belong to ourselves or to other people. It is at bottom a very funny idea, indeed.

But let it come once to be established as a principle that a government or a majority (of one or one million, matters not) may, for the sake of a supposed present or pros-

pective good, curtail our rights or restrict our liberties, and we make a breach in the embankment through which the waters may rush in and destroy us. For instance, it might be argued that, inasmuch as scrofula and consumption and hereditary insanity are filling our hospitals and poor-houses and asylums, and since the orphans of such become a burden on society, increasing our taxes and emptying our pockets; and since women's love of dress and show and trinkets has, physicians tell us, taxed their husbands' brains to their utmost tension and beyond it, rendered their lives a miserable struggle and cut them short in mid-career, plunging many of them into drinking and gambling, brain-softening and insanity; and since imprudent and silly marriages are a pregnant source of misery, and throw so many miserable, draggled wives and orphans unprovided for, on charity and the public purse;—I think the motto of each of us ought to be '*excussus propriis aliena cura*,' and that a government of force ought to shut up the scrofulous, consumptive, and insanity-tainted, lest, in propagating their kind and spreading disease broadcast throughout the land, and filling our hospitals and asylums, ever necessarily enlarged, and in leaving their more and more numerous offspring a charge on the public, we become by-and-by pauperised and bankrupt. The vicious, too, ought to be confined; for there is nothing more certain than that vice runs in certain families. The women likewise will have to be looked after, and the sumptuary laws re-enacted. In such a state of things, the magistrates and parliaments will have to regulate the marriages and say who shall marry whom. I think their hands will be pretty full, and that with our beautiful new system of universal intermeddling—of every one interfering with every one; and with a head-censor, and his censors and sub-censors and sub-sub-censors, and a whole army of spies and runners—I think, I say, that FIDELIS, no less than the rest of us, will wish herself well rid of our beautiful system, especially when the tax-collector hands us in from time to time, 'his little bill' for the maintenance of the hobby-horse.

I once heard a preacher say, 'things go on slowly in God's world.' Of the whole sermon this only remains with me. But when pained with wrong-doing, and impatient of the injustice, and sick of the intrigues and littleness of our poor small life, I recall the words, and they act as a tonic on my mind.

And let our good, earnest 'Fidelis' remember '*festina lente*'—the '*lente*' being as necessary to progress as the haste. But Prohibition, or the Mohammedan thou-shalt-not-use, ought never to be substituted for the Christian thou-shalt-not-abuse.

FIDELIS argues that we are bound to obey 'the divine morality which teaches, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."' But if by this FIDELIS means that it is our duty neither to drink a glass of wine nor give it to another to drink, then she is quoting what she conceives to be the principles of Christianity against the practice of Christ, and which therefore are not his principles at all, but an entire misapprehension of them.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'glancing at the present extent of the agitation, we find that distant Sweden seems to have taken the lead, and having tried her "Gothenburg system" for more than ten years in some parts of her dominion, is now, encouraged by the success which seems to have attended it there, endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom.' FIDELIS is, of course, honest in her statement here. But

'Audi et alteram partem.'

In the English House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain, the advocate of the Gothenburg system, made a speech in its favor which was pronounced a 'decided success, and resumed his seat amid general cheering.' His motion was seconded by Sir John Kennaway . . . but was opposed by a formidable array of unfavorable statistics by Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson. 'The latter saw great difficulty in the way of adopting the Gothenburg system in this country. All parties in that House desired the reduction of crime and drunkenness. But what were the facts of the case at the model town cited by the hon. member? In Gothenburg convictions for drunkenness were certainly reduced from 2161 in 1865 to 1320 in 1868; but from 1869 to 1872 these convictions had increased to 1581, and in 1874 to 2234—a number larger than before the introduction of the system. Were this system to be tried in England, the great expense of compensating existing publicans

would soon extinguish any enthusiasm the public might display for the Gothenburg plan, his objections to which had been strengthened by a letter he had received from Consul Duff, at Gothenburg. Mr. Duff wrote :—

> The Gothenburg Licensing Company had a good object in view when established, but the system, it appears, has proved a failure owing to the way in which it has been carried out, and is at present only a money-making concern, realising a large amount annually, which forms a considerable income to the town. The drunkenness in Gothenburg is great even among the better classes, and the lower orders consider the company's retail shops as their privileged resort. These shops are situated in the most frequented thoroughfares, right in the face of laborers and seamen, and I consider are a great temptation to drinking.

Finally, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson said that the consumption of spirits in Gothenburg had risen in ten years from 66,169 gallons to 329,982 gallons. These figures did not favor the belief that the Gothenburg system would diminish drinking in this country.' Need I add comment?

With regard to the Dunkin Bill and the new license laws, proceeds FIDELIS, 'there is little doubt that the more thorough-going measure of Prohibition would be at once a more effectual and, taking all things into consideration, a fairer measure than the one that seems to press unequally on the poor and the rich, or than one which privileges a certain class to sell liquor and declares that others may not;' and adds, 'the unsatisfactoriness of all license laws has been shown by the almost incredible number which have been successively tried in Britain without solving the difficult problem.' FIDELIS also admits that 'the report of Mr. Totten as to the working of the Dunkin Act is unfavorable;' but this is, as always in similar cases, sought to be accounted for in 'the lack of sufficient machinery,' for

> 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is, but always to be, blest.'

If we fail, there is always some screw loose; and there always is, always must be. For the jars of the human system will shake loose the screws of any machinery you can devise, when that machinery is not in accord with the fundamental principles which govern the nature of the being with whom you deal; and no law that is founded on injustice and ignorance of man and society can eventually succeed. We must commence lower down, do what good we can, organized or alone, and wait. 'Either make the tree good and its fruit good, or the tree corrupt and its fruit corrupt.' 'New wine must be put in new bottles.' Man himself must be reformed by the slow process of evolution, his higher powers developed, his tastes improved, his feelings refined, his self-control strengthened, his conscience sensitised, before a state of society can exist for which the best and the strongest are scarcely fitted yet. And there *is* hope for humanity. In his native condition, the savage is roused only by the strongest excitements, as of war, the chase, etc., and is incapable generally of resisting the appetite for strong drinks, yielding himself almost always and without control to their influence. But this is true of only the exceptions amongst civilized men. Agriculture, mechanics, the arts, gentle games, reading, social intercourse, music, science, philosophy, etc., afford in general adequate excitements to the modified and improved brains of those who have advanced so far on the road of progress out of the primitive state of savagery. Among such the persons who cannot resist the inordinate appetite for alcoholic excitements or the thirst for strong drinks are relatively few, and are destined, we think, to be fewer still, now that the drinking habits of the upper and middle classes of society have so much improved and are improving, and since it is more a disgrace than in past times to be seen drunk. Hence it becomes the duty of every one of us—but without the assumption of any airs of superiority which so ill becomes us—to try, by the exhibition of a good example, by gentle appeals to the conscience and emotional nature, by arguments addressed to the reason, by kindly words of warning and Christian treatment, to elevate those with whom we are brought in contact, and to seek to strengthen them in habits of self-control, and all this in a kindly, natural, and genial way.

But though 'the unsatisfactoriness of all license laws has been shown;' though, so so far, the Dunkin law has proved a failure; 'Prohibition, at least, cuts the Gordian knot.' So says FIDELIS; and I wholly agree with her. But have we not had too many knots, which refused to be untied, cut by impatient violence—from Alexander's famous feat to the present proposed Prohibition Bill? Thus: He is a heretic.

Waste not words in reasoning with him. Kill him and so stop for ever his pestilent tongue. That will prove effectual. She is a witch. No sorcery here, please! burn or hang her. What more easy? The world, this fellow says, goes round; let him stop his nonsense or take the consequences. *He* opposes the Gods. Hand him the cup of hemlock. This will settle the matter with him. So, again and again, has the knot been cut by those who were quite sure that they knew all about it; but has the modern world's 'Amen' ratified these strange goings on—this knot-cutting of the past.

But that the reader may be enabled to judge for himself, I shall now introduce him to a few passages from the writings of one, who, with the profoundest capacity for the great work he has undertaken, has given more thought to the subject of man, considered socially, than any one dead or living, and deserves the thanks of mankind for the enormous industry displayed by him as well as for the intellectual force put forth in the elucidation of his subject. Need I name Mr. Herbert Spencer?

Not to dwell upon 'the rigorous' but unavailing measures in Scotland in 1617 'for the restraint of the vile and detestable vice of drunkenness daily increasing,' he restricts himself to the Act, 9 Geo. II. chap. 23, 'for arresting the sale of spirituous liquors (chiefly gin) by prohibitory licenses.'

'Within a few months after it passed . . . the commissioners of excise themselves became sensible of the impossibility or unadvisableness of carrying it rigorously into execution. . . . . Smollett, who has drawn so dark a picture of the state of things the Act was designed to put down, has painted in colors equally strong the mischiefs which it produced:—"The populace," he writes, "soon broke through all restraint. Though no licence was obtained and no duty paid, the liquor continued to be sold in all corners of the streets; informers were intimidated by the threats of the people; and the justices of the peace, either from indolence or corruption, neglected to put the laws in execution." In fact, in course of time, "it appeared," he adds, "that the consumption of gin had considerably increased every year since those heavy duties were imposed."'

When in 1743, this Act was repealed, it was shown during the debates that 'the quantity of gin distilled in England, which in 1684, when the business was introduced into the country, had been 527,000 gallons, had risen to 948,000 in 1694, to 1,375,000 in 1704, to 2,000,000 in 1714, to 3,520,000 in 1724, to 4,947,000 in 1734, and to not less than 7,160,000 in 1742. . . . Retailers were deterred from vending them [spirituous liquors] by the utmost encouragement that could be given to informers. . . . . The prospect of raising money by detecting their [unlicensed retailers'] practices, incited many to turn information into a trade; and the facility with which the crime was to be proved encouraged some to gratify their malice by perjury, and others their avarice; so that the multitude of informations became a public grievance, and the magistrates themselves complained that the law was not to be executed. The perjuries of informers were now so flagrant and common, that the people thought all informations malicious; or, at least, thinking themselves oppressed by the law, they looked upon every man that promoted its execution as their enemy; and therefore now began to declare war against informers, many of whom they treated with great cruelty, and some they murdered in the streets.' (The reference is to Craik's Pict. Hist., vol. iv., p. 853). 'Here, then,' says Mr. Spencer, 'with absence of the looked-for benefit there went production of unlooked-for evils, vast in amount . . . . the original warp, instead of being made less by these direct blows, was made greater; while other distortions, serious in kind and degree, were created. And beyond the encouragement of fraud, lying, malice, cruelty, murder, contempt of law, and the other conspicuous crookednesses named, multitudinous minor twists of sentiment and thought were caused or augmented. An indirect demoralization was added to a direct increase of the vice aimed at.'

By the advocates of Prohibition it seems generally to be assumed that intemperance in its magnitude or extent is a peculiarity of the present, and our warm-hearted FIDELIS speaks of it as 'an enemy whose deadly work has attained proportions so menacing to the public weal,' that the Government ought to step in to save society. This is natural and, to some extent, excusable. Things of the present which we are constantly seeing and hearing are realised by

us with a vividness and force with which the occasionally-read history of the dim, uncertain past never affects us. Near objects are seen in their full magnitude, while the distant moon looks no bigger than a dinner plate. But here again, we must refer to Mr. Spencer. 'As witnesses of social phenomena, men thus impressed by facts which did not before impress them, become perverters of evidence . . . . and so are led to regard as a growing evil or good, that which is very likely a diminishing evil or good. Take an example or two.

'In generations not long passed away, sobriety was the exception rather than the rule: a man who had never been drunk was a rarity. Condiments were used to create thirst, glasses were so shaped that they would not stand, but must be held till emptied; and a man's worth was in part measured by the number of bottles he could take in. After a reaction had already diminished the evil among the upper and middle classes, there came an open recognition of the evil, resulting in temperance societies, which did their share towards further diminishing it. Then came the teetotal societies, more thorough-going in their views and more energetic in their acts, which have been making the evil still less. Such has been the effect of these causes, that for a long time past among the upper classes, the drinking which was once creditable has been thought a disgrace; while among the lower classes it has greatly decreased, and come to be generally reprobated. Those, however, who, carrying on the agitations against it, have had their eyes more and more widely opened to the vice, assert or imply in their speeches and petitions, that the vice is not only great but growing. Having in the course of a generation much mitigated it by their voluntary efforts, they now make themselves believe, and make others believe, that it is too gigantic to be dealt with otherwise than by repressive enactments—Maine laws and Permissive Prohibitory Bills.'

I have heard or read so many contradictory statements regarding the operation of the Maine liquor law, that I hardly know what conclusion to come to, whether it be productive of the apparent benefits or real evils equally and as vehemently maintained by its advocates or enemies. It is so hard to get unbiassed testimony to the simplest fact where the interests or passions of the parties testifying are enlisted on either side. But though aware, as I am, of the warping influence of such feelings, I can scarce refuse to accept the report of such a man as Dr. Bacon for so much as his statement covers. Yet when he wrote, the question had been but a brief period on trial and was still surrounded by a halo of novelty and expectation. The experience of a few years may be productive of results as unsatisfactory as those now realised in Gothenburg, though at first ushered in by such a flourish of trumpets. It may yet be found, that, so long as character remains unaffected, we only exchange one form of vice or crime for some other; or that alcoholic drinks which had once been taken openly, will now be privately indulged in; and if I know anything of human nature, there is nothing which deteriorates a man, which withers up all nobleness, which eats like dry-rot into the soul, like the stealthy indulgence in a secret vice—the solitary sot sneaking off slily into some private corner to indulge unseen. He either looks upon the law as tyranny, and frets and vexes his soul with an indignant sense of its usurpation; or he acquiesces in its general propriety, but, being led by temptation to violate it (though not to any personally-injurious extent) secretly, its very stringency in matters confessedly immaterial induces a spirit and habit of illegality, which follows him into other departments of life.

But, thinks FIDELIS, 'if a majority desire' it . . . . 'the minority . . . . must just submit.' This is, I believe, a very general way of looking at things—divinest wisdom by a count of heads. Of course, I know all about majorities. I know, too, that majorities crucified Christ and murdered Socrates and did many other not overwise things; but they never made justice to be more or less than justice yet. Justice is what it is, whether a majority or a minority decides it to be such. Indeed, majorities, after all, are only a clumsy, roundabout way (albeit, as things go, indispensable) of reaching a conclusion as to what ought to be done or not done. By-and-by, things may be decided wholly on their merits as just or unjust. And what a world of toil and trouble it will save our Parliamentarians and argumentarians, if forced to confine their reasonings to this simple considera-

tion, instead of wandering at large and trying to grope their way through the long, tortuous by-paths of expediency.

But to very many—and FIDELIS is not quite excluded—Government is a kind of abstract entity with inherent rights and extra-human knowledge, which is bound to be always doing something, and may impose its sense of fitness on you and me, as apart and distinct from it—an entity outside an entity—and may take our money to do its will. In short, it is the old idea of which so many who ought to know better cannot divest themselves, but which, like so much else, is gradually becoming obsolete and dying out. Whereas Government is but the creature and representative of you and of me and of the rest of us, and possesses only such powers as we possess in our individual capacity and delegate to it. But as we possess no power to 'meddle and muddle,' neither does it.

But this, it will be said, is radicalism pure and simple. So it is, for all reasoning must go to the root of things. But it is conservatism, too: for right is the only true conservator; and he who builds on anything else may find, sooner or later, that he has not been building on a rock.

In fine, I stand by myself, and you stand by yourself. I take care of my individuality and you take care of yours. But if you interfere with me or I with you, then Government, of right, steps in and says: 'Gentlemen, you must not tread on one another's toes. The world is wide enough for you both; keep apart, please. I must see fair play done; for "I am a constable to keep the peace."'

Nor does this at all exclude the idea of sympathy or pity or help to others, or of any gentle or generous or noble human feeling. On the contrary it strengthens it. But it puts every virtue into its proper place, with justice, the foundation, chief and first of all.

But how could such a system be carried out? It is perfect Utopia!

Gentlemen, let us make ourselves familiar with the idea first.

J. A. ALLEN.

ACROSS AFRICA.*

TO have accomplished that which others desire to have done but which no one has done is a just passport to fame. That the only two white men who have, as far as is known, traversed Africa from the Indian to the Atlantic coast are both Englishmen, is a fact of which we are all proud; proud, not only because of the endurance and daring to which such a feat bears testimony, but also because it seems to us but another proof how strangely the destinies of England and that great continent are being bound up together. How it has come about, why it has come about, we do not know, but no one who has paid even a superficial attention to African history and African discovery can fail to be struck with the prominence which English enterprise, English trade, English habits, and English religion are assuming in all quarters of Africa. From Alexandria to the Cape, from Zanzibar to Benguela, and thence up again to Gibraltar, England is the one spot of the outside world of which the natives have some cognizance. It is true, of course, that the French hold Algiers and certain settlements on the Gold Coast; but France never has been and never will be a successful coloniser, and to-day, outside the range of the rifles of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the position of the Algerian colonists is not so very different from the sketches with which *Punch* ridiculed Louis Philippe's African enterprise thirty years ago, when the cows all carried small howitzers on their backs. In the Northern and North-Western deserts German *savans* have sacrificed their lives nobly in the cause of geographical and physical science, and the king of the Belgians is now prominently taking up the cause of African discovery,

*ACROSS AFRICA. By Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B. D.C.L., Commander R. N. Gold Med. Ilist Royal Geographical Society, etc. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

but it is only on the lines already laid down by the English. Were it not for the trouble in the Transvaal Republic we should almost forget that the Dutch ever held a footing in Africa, while it would be well for the credit of Portugal if we could altogether put out of sight her great opportunities and the manner in which she has misused them. With a clear start in the race, with a clear opening under the noble ambition of Prince Henry, Portugal might have, and for a time did, distance all Europe in competition for the position of being the first African power. To what she has sunk, to what a miserable, debased system of slave-trading her policy has degenerated, a very small acquaintance with her possessions, either on the E. or W. coast will amply testify. As far as present indications go, England seems destined to make the greater part of Africa her own. Leaving out of consideration the aggregation of colonies at the southern extremity, look only at the effect which such journeys as those of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Baker, and Cameron must have on the natives; look at 'Chinese' Gordon's position and exploits on the Upper Nile; look at the persistent efforts at evangelization made up the Zambesi, at the Presbyterian station on Lake Nyassa, in the attempt to reach and win king Mtesa, and by the Universities' Mission that is working westward from Zanzibar. It is not merely a strange fascination that the mysterious continent exercises over Englishmen. There is an underlying deep conviction that, as we believe, for some good Providential purpose, the destinies of the two countries are bound up together; and it is this which creates so deep an interest in achievements such as that of Commander Cameron, and in such a book as the one now before us.

The actual detail of daily journeying in Africa is singularly dull and wearisome. It was, if we remember right, Richard Burton who among the illustrations of one of his books inserted a sketch entitled 'African Travel.' A monotonous undulating landscape, a long straggling line of porters, followed by a listless traveller on a bare-backed donkey—the whole caravan plodding along under a pitiless sun at the rate of 1½ miles an hour—such was the uninviting, and yet very faithful, picture. The narration, however, of a journey, if details are not wearisomely repeated, need not be dull, as this book testifies; for the author's plain but graphic account of his exploits is deeply interesting. And so we will try to give to those to whom the book itself is not accessible, some idea of what Cameron did and how he did it.

Disappointed in his application for employment on the first Livingstone Search Expedition, Cameron, intent on African travel somehow or other, devoted his spare time to the study of the Suahili language; but six months later, in November, 1872, a new expedition was planned and he was offered the command. Passing over the details of the preliminary arrangements, we will take up the story at the time, March, 1873, when the trouble of hiring guides, soldiers, and porters, of arranging terms, of laying in stores, and of getting everybody and everything under weigh, having been finally surmounted, the expedition, consisting of Cameron, Dr. Dillon, R.N., and Lieut. Murphy, R. A., finally left Bagamoyo, the mainland port of Zanzibar, and started for the West. The route from the coast to Lake Tanganyika, thanks to Burton, Speke, Stanley, &c., is now comparatively well known, and need not be dwelt upon in detail. It possesses at the best very few features of interest, very little scenery that is striking, and very little land that is suitable for settlement. Thanks to the slave-traders, along a great portion of it chronic warfare is the order of the day; in fact, throughout every route along which Arab caravans have travelled, every man's hand is against every man. In the track of the traders, peace is replaced by war, security by rapine and anarchy, and unsuspecting confidence by well-grounded suspicion. Travelling consequently is no easy or holiday task, but requires tact, courage, patience, and energy. To know when to yield, when to resist the demands for black mail, when to conciliate, when to carry things with a high hand, is a gift which few possess, but which Cameron evidently has to perfection. It is not only exceedingly difficult to make the natives understand the possibility of any one travelling without the obvious inducements of trade or plunder, but at times it is necessary for the traveller to ally himself to caravans even of slave-traders, when to stand aloof from your companions, still more to avoid being compromised by their misdeeds, is well nigh impossible. It cannot be too often remembered

that in Livingstone's last tramp, extending over many years and thousands of miles, he never drew trigger himself nor allowed a shot to be fired in his defence; while throughout Cameron's march from sea to sea, from March 1873, to November 1875, twice only were his guns used; and then not with fatal effect. On one occasion a very sudden and unprovoked attack was made on the party, and an arrow glanced off Cameron's shoulder, who, catching sight of the fellow who had shot at him lurking behind a tree —shot him? no: 'I dropped my rifle and started in chase. Fortune favoured me, for my enemy tripped and fell, and before he could regain his feet I was down on him, and, after giving him as sound a thrashing as he ever had in his life, smashed his bow and arrows. This finished, I pointed to some of his friends who were now in view, and considerably assisted him to join them by means of stern propulsion, the kick being a hearty one.' One cannot help contrasting the vigorous but humorous way in which the English sailor protects his life, with the blood-and-thunder progress of Mr. Stanley, who, if his own statements are to be believed, thinks nothing of shelling a village and picking off the inhabitants to rehabilitate his own offended dignity, and to make sensational paragraphs for the glorification of his employers. Delays are, however, a more conspicuous feature of African travel than even dangers. No man, unpossessed of unlimited patience, should set foot in Africa. Livingstone's journals are full of the wretched delays imposed on him by his own followers, by wars, by illness, or by too hospitable entertainers. At his most westerly point he was laid by through sickness for months. And on one occasion Cameron seems to have been detained in honourable *quasi* captivity by a dusky potentate named Kasongo, from October 1874 to June 1875, having eventually to build a house for that personage before he could proceed westwards. Even the daily start of a caravan is an affair of hours; the donkeys, if any remain alive, have strayed; or five or six porters have run off; or a few *askari* or soldiers have indulged in too much *pombé* and are consequently incapacitated for active labour. And if one of the caravan has a friend in a village, that is quite sufficient excuse for a debauch for two or three days, while the luckless traveller is absolutely unable to do anything but wait.

The route to Ujiji was marked by painful incidents. A grandson of Dr. Moffatt, a nephew to Livingstone, was sent by his mother from Natal to join the expedition. On one occasion the caravan was divided and Moffatt and Murphy were left behind. A few days afterwards, when the rear party came in sight, only one white man was visible. '"Where is the other?" was the simultaneous ejaculation of Dillon and myself, "and who is the missing one?" At last, unable to bear the suspense, I limped down the hill. I then recognized Murphy, and to my question, "Where is Moffatt?" the answer was, "Dead!"' Worse, however, was in store. Few understand the terrible power of African fever. In September, six months after starting, Cameron says, 'out of forty-five days I have had one fever of eight days, one of seven, one of five, one of four, and am now just getting well from a violent headache which lasted for five days.' 'None but those who have experienced this fever can realize the extraordinary fancies that take possession of the mind. At times I have imagined, altho' not entirely losing my consciousness, that I had a second head, and that I could not live in this state.' Again, on lake Tanganyika, he writes: 'I experienced a complete sense of of duality. I imagined that another person, a second self, was lying on the opposite side of the boat. I thought, too, that the tea-pot of cold tea, which had been placed on that side of the boat, was for his sole benefit, and when, in my tossing about, I rolled over to that side, I seized the tea-pot and drank like a whale, and chuckled at the idea of the other thirsty mortal being done out of some of his "tipple."' While in Unyanyembe, the chief seat of this fever, and when all were down with it, Jacob Wainwright's letter telling of Dr. Livingstone's death arrived, but neither Cameron nor Dillon could command their brains enough to understand what they read. However, in a day or two, the faithful servants came with the dead traveller's body. Suddenly, therefore, the reason for continuing the Expedition, had been taken away; and what was to be done? Cameron decided to go on, at least to Ujiji and recover Livingstone's papers. Dillon agreed to accompany him, Murphy elected to go back to the coast in

charge of the body. Dillon, however, became so ill that a return to the sea was the only chance of saving his life, and then Cameron was left alone. They separated; the one party for Zanzibar, the other for the unknown West. For a few days their routes lay nearly parallel, and one day a messenger came across country from Murphy with the painful news that in an agony of fever poor Dillon had shot himself. What must have been the loneliness of the man who, receiving this dreadful news, was then a third of the way across Africa and had set himself to accomplish the other two-thirds, without the possibility of meeting one white face till he accomplished his task or, as was most probable, perished himself in the attempt?

After leaving the unhealthy Unyanyembe, however, his health much improved, though he frequently suffered from sprains and bruises. At Ujiji he found and despatched to the coast Dr. Livingstone's papers, and then, chartering and rigging two small boats which he named 'Betsey' and 'Pickle,' he started on an exploratory survey of Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone went on foot along the lower half of the eastern shore of the lake, and he coasted along a small part of the western side, as well as along the east coast, between Ujiji and its northern head; but Cameron sailed and mapped as he went, the whole length of both shores, from Ujiji to the south end and back again. We are told that Mr. Stanley has since circumnavigated the whole lake, but the details of his journey are not before us. The mystery of the outlet, if there be any, of Tanganyika is not yet wholly cleared up. Several large rivers enter it, and down its rocky sides countless torrents pour in the rainy season, and the question arises, is the evaporation from its long but narrow surface sufficient to account for all the water it receives. Livingstone was confident that he detected a northerly flow in the lake, and he placed the possible outlet at a point on the western shore nearly opposite Ujiji. This conjecture seems to be disproved. Cameron found, about 80 miles further south, a large river called Lukuga, flowing out of the lake through the only gap in the surrounding mountains. He sailed three or four miles down this stream until his course was arrested by the floating vegetation which completely choked the passage, very much as Sir Samuel Baker was thwarted in his ascent of the Nile above Khartoum. The first block was said to continue four or five miles, and then alternate portions of clear water and choking weed occurred for a great distance. The local chief said that his people had travelled for more than a month along its banks, and that it eventually fell into a great river, the Lualaba. Stanley, however, affirms that he followed the Lukuga for several miles, when it gradually thinned out and ended in a small stream running *into* the lake. Cameron on the other hand distinctly saw driftwood and vegetation carried by the stream *out* of the lake into the mouth of the Lukuga, and growing weeds were all turned in the same direction. Were it not for Baker's experiences on the Nile we should attach more weight to Stanley's investigation, but we know from those how impossible it is to trace the course or the very existence of such a vast river as the Nile itself, under the matted conglomeration of tropical vegetation; so it is still *possible* that the Lukuga may yet flow to the westward, though Stanley could not detect its course. Or, again, it is possible that it is an intermittent outlet, necessary only when the lake has received in the rainy and cloudy season more water than its surface can evaporate. If it is a little disappointing to find that the Tanganyika problem is still unsolved, we must remember that it is only eighteen years since Burton first set eyes upon that unknown lovely strip of water, lying embosomed in steep mountains and bordered by some of the grandest cliff scenery in the world.

Having returned to Ujiji and despatched Livingstone's papers and his own journals and maps to the coast, Cameron, after the usual delays and difficulties, ferried his party across the lake, and thence began his real tramp to the Atlantic coast. To reach his first objective point, Nyangwe, which was also Livingstone's furthest point west, he followed nearly in his predecessor's steps, 'whose peaceful and unoffending progress through this land has tended to make an Englishman respected by the natives.' Manyuema, as we learnt from Livingstone's last journals, is one of the most promising districts in Central Africa. Its people, naturally, are orderly and, by comparison with their neighbors, civilized,

albeit in parts cannibalism is practised. Cameron on one occasion was 'entertained by a song setting forth the delights of cannibalism, in which the flesh of men was said to be good, but that of women was bad, and only to be eaten in time of scarcity; nevertheless, it was not to be despised when man-meat was unattainable.' In this country there is a good deal of iron ore near the surface, and foundries of an exceedingly simple plan are numerous. At Urua copper is melted and cast into pieces like a St. Andrew's cross, weighing from two to three pounds, which practically represent certain standards of value; and evidently, from the sketches given of arms and ornaments, the artizans of Manyuema are not to be lightly esteemed as workers in metal. Other manufactures cannot be said to exist here or elsewhere in Central Africa, for beyond a very coarse sort of grass-cloth, the natives are entirely dependent on outside production for the very scant amount of clothing with which they cumber their persons. In that latitude, however, fashion wisely conforms itself to the exigencies of the situation on the one hand, and avails itself of the advantages of a genial climate on the other. Bodies absolutely nude our traveller did not come across, though he heard on one occasion that at a point a little further west, the people are perfectly nude, but that they managed, by constant manipulation when the children were very young, to cause the fatty covering of the lower part of their bellies to hang down like an apron almost to the middle of the thigh; and this is allowed to answer the purpose of dress. The average amount of garment seems to have been a very minute apron, sometimes of grass, or cloth, or leather, hung round the waist by a leather string. 'The front one was about the size of a half sheet of ordinary note paper, and that behind only a trifle larger. Notwithstanding their small dimensions, these aprons were often elaborately stitched and ornamented with beads and cowries; and when the women went working in the fields or fishing in the streams, they took off these gay clothes for fear of spoiling them, and replaced them with a small bunch of leaves.' On another occasion he says a piece of red tape would have made clothing for all the women in the village. But, lest it should be imagined that woman in the wilds is careless of her personal appearance, let us quote the description of the dress of a wife of a chief called Pakwanywa in Manyuema. 'She is a very dressy body, double row of cowries round her head, besides copper, iron, and ivory ornaments stuck in her hair, and just above and in front of each ear, a little tassel of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells round her neck, and round her wrist a string of opal-coloured singo-mazzi, and a roll made of strings of a dull red-coloured bead. Her front apron was a leopard skin, and the rear one of a coloured grass-cloth, with its fringe strung with beads and cowries strung on it in a pattern; bright iron rings round her ankles, and copper and iron bracelets on her arms. Her hair was shaved a little back from her forehead, and three lines, each about a quarter of an inch wide, painted below it. The one nearest the hair is red, the next black, and the next white, and, to crown all, she was freshly anointed with mpafu oil, and looked sleek and shiny.' But, if garments were scanty, an immense amount of time and labour was bestowed on hair-dressing, which was considered in many districts the most important part of the toilet. 'It was arranged most elaborately, and, when finished, was plastered with grease and clay, and made smooth and shiny. Some formed it into a number of small lumps like berries, others into twisted loops, or into a mass of stout strings, projecting an inch or two beyond the poll, the ends being made into a kind of raised pattern. Women often plaited in small bark fibres with their natural hair [a practice not altogether alien to some with which we are ourselves acquainted]; and some, on Lake Tanganyika, draw it over pads, making the ends into four plaits, with the assistance of false hair when necessary. The plaits are plastered and smoothed with red earth and oil, and altho' the effect is striking, the fashion is dirty.' In another place, the women's hair was 'worked into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet, deeply shading the face, while ringlets flowed down the back.' At another it was 'plaited into a kind of pattern, and plastered with mud and oil, and looked almost as if carved out of wood.' Evidently there are depths in the art of hair-dressing which our modern fashion-leaders have not sounded, and which we

may also hope they never will sound. Cameron's sketches and descriptions, however, give ample confirmation of the truth of the old representations of Assyrian and Egyptian head-dresses, which often have struck us as being erections impossible of execution.

Having made this digression upon the dress of the natives of equatorial Africa, let us consider what can be said about their morals and religion. The testimony which Cameron bears on these points is not very full, his references being rather incidental than direct. In several districts idols were noticed, generally having more or less resemblance to human beings. In Warua country, the religion is a mixture of fetichism and idolatry. All villages have devil-huts and idols before which offerings of pombé, grain, and meat are placed, and nearly every man wears a small figure round his neck or arm. But the great centre of their religion is an idol named Kungwhè è. Banza, which is supposed to represent the founder of Kasongo's family, and to be all-powerful for good and evil. This idol is kept in a hut situated in the midst of a dense jungle, and always has the sister of the reigning chief as its wife. In most districts, 'medicine men' were the recognized interpreters of the will of the Supreme Being, and a good trade they seem to drive by the sale of charms and by telling fortunes; their tricks, as well as their medicines being of the most ludicrous, and obviously simple kind, sufficient, however, to impose upon the credulity of a simple people. That the belief in a real devil or evil spirit is entertained, may be argued from the employment in some districts of 'sham devils,' fetich-men dressed up in quaint costume, who claim to have the power to expel the real devils from their haunts, and are accordingly paid for their trouble. It does not appear that, with a few exceptions, the influence of the Portuguese in the country adjacent to the Atlantic coast, has been at all beneficial in its effects either on religion or morals. The latter must, throughout the continent, be set down decidedly as lax. But yet wherever the slave-traders have not penetrated—and there are unfortunately few such districts—there would seem to exist feelings of kindness, trust, and honour which, under favourable influences and conditions, might be developed into true nobility of character. But how terrible is the curse of the slave trade! The more we know of it, the more heartily must it be condemned. In former times little came before the public but the horrors of the middle passage and the cruelty of American slave owners. Now, however, we are able to go further behind the scenes. We have some idea of the extent of the inland slavery, where the victims never come to the sea-coast, cannot be reached by any national interference, and have not the remotest chance of being brought by their misery nearer to civilization or to Christianity. 'The greater part of those captured [to the west of Manyuema] are not taken to the coast but to Kaffir countries, where they are exchanged for ivory. I should not be at all surprised to hear that much of the "labour" taken to the diamond fields by the Kaffirs is obtained from this source.' We know to the full the terribly debasing influence which slave hunting has upon all who follow it as a profession; and we have ample evidence of the effect upon the agricultural, commercial, and moral prosperity of Central Africa, which the ravages of those desolating marauders and men-stealers inevitably produce.

Readers of Dr. Livingstone's journals do not require more information on this subject; but as there are some who regard Livingstone as an enthusiast, and even a monomaniac on the subject of slavery, let us give Cameron's own evidence on this point. The frank English sailor is singularly free from sentiment, and there is not a word of maudlin goodiness in his pages; so his testimony is quite unimpeachable. 'Passing through the ruins of so many deserted villages, once the homes of happy and contented people, was indescribably saddening. Where now were those who built them, and who cultivated the surrounding fields? Where? Driven off as slaves, massacred by villains engaged in a war in which those poor wretches had no interest, or dead of starvation and disease in the jungle. Africa is bleeding out her life-blood at every pore. A rich country, requiring only labour to render it one of the greatest producers of the world, is having its population—already far too scanty for its needs—daily depleted by the slave-trade and internecine war. Should the

present state of affairs be allowed to continue, the country will gradually relapse into wilds and jungles, and will become more and more impenetrable to the merchant and traveller. That this should be a possibility is a blot on the boasted civilization of the 19th century; and should England, with her mills working half-time, and with distress in the manufacturing districts, neglect the opportunity of opening a market which would give employment to thousands of the working class, it will ever remain an inexplicable enigma. Let us hope that the Anglo-Saxon race will allow no other nation to outstrip it in the efforts to rescue thousands—nay, millions—of fellow creatures from the misery and degradation that must otherwise inevitably fall to their lot.'

Our author is not writing a book on slavery, but such passages as the foregoing and the following seem necessarily to form part of his narrative. 'These poor creatures [on the shores of Tanganyika] were doomed to a miserable existence, owing to the few strong villages hunting down their weaker neighbours, to exchange them with traders from Ujiji for food which they are too lazy to produce for themselves.' 'The inhabitants constantly come into camp with slaves and ivory for sale. Slaves were usually gagged by having a piece of wood, like a snaffle, tied into their mouths. Heavy slave irons were placed on their necks, and their hands were fastened behind their backs. They were then tied to their vendor's waist.' 'Graves and numerous skeletons testified to the numbers whose lives had been sacrificed on this trying march, while slave-clogs and forks, still attached to some bleached bones or lying by their sides, gave only too convincing proof that the demon of the slave-trade still exerted his influence in this part of Africa.' And it must be confessed and recorded that the Portuguese throw all their influence on the side of the slave-dealers. The first persons whom Cameron met with who had visited the Atlantic coast were the agents of Portuguese subjects, all engaged in slavery. True, the first white man, Senhor Goncalves, was a good type of a European, and Cameron firmly believes that, 'if more men such as Senhor Goncalves were to take advantage of the Portuguese dominions on the coast, and settle in the healthy uplands of Bihé, much might be done towards opening up and civilizing Africa.' But of his host the next day, one Joao Baptista Ferreira, he is 'constrained to declare that he is anything but the right kind of man to create a good impression in Africa. He was openly engaged in the slave-trade, notwithstanding his holding a commission from the Portuguese Government as a district judge, and slaves in chains were seen in his settlement.' 'The Portuguese hold the keys of the land route from Loanda and Benguela and keep out foreign capital and enterprise and are morally accomplices of slave-traders and kidnappers. A blind system of protection, carried on by underpaid officials, stifles trade, and renders these places hot-beds of corruption.'

Let us now briefly consider what, geographically considered, Cameron went to do, and what he did accomplish. His object in pushing on to Nyangwe was to descend the mighty and mysterious Lualaba from that point to the sea. The Lualaba, it will be remembered, has its S. E. source in the vast marshes of Lake Bangweolo, in investigating which poor Livingstone died. Its S. W. source is still unknown. At Nyangwe it is a grand stream about a mile wide. Livingstone at one time had a suspicion that the Lualaba, into which he was certain that the outflow of Tanganyika made its way, swept round to the north of that lake, and, entering the Albert Nyanza, delivered its water into the Nile; and it was on the supposition that this might be the real southern source of that river, that he turned his steps southwards to complete the investigation of the extreme limits of the imagined Nile basin and in the investigation lost his life. We know now by elevations taken carefully on Tanganyika and at Nyangwe, that both are below the level of the Albert Nyanza and consequently cannot possibly belong to the Nile system. Besides, 'the volume of water passing Nyangwe is 123,000 cubic feet per second in the dry season, or more than five times greater than that of the Nile at Gondokoro, which is 21,500 feet per second. This great stream must be one of the head waters of the Kongo, for where else could that giant among rivers, second only to the Amazon in its volume, obtain the two million cubic feet of water which it unceasingly pours each second into the Atlantic?'

For the present we must be content with this inference, for the difficulties which foiled Livingstone, foiled Cameron also, and both had the mortification of having to turn away from the Lualaba without practically solving the problem of its destiny. Waiting at Nyangwe, Cameron obtained much information as to the countries through which some of the traders had travelled, hearing, for instance, from some of a district to the north-east to which came travellers wearing long white clothes and using beasts of burden, no doubt Egyptian traders from the Soudan, and of a large lake to the N. W. into which the Lualaba fell, and to which came people selling cloth and cowries in ships capable of holding two hundred persons, statements very tantalizing to a traveller who was prevented from proving their accuracy.

It being absolutely impossible to obtain either canoes or guides down the Lualaba, Cameron had to follow the course of trade towards the W. coast. Hitherto his route from Bagamoyo to Nyangwe had been W. N. W., the former lying in lat. 6′ 30″ and the latter in about 4′ 10″ S., with a difference of 12½° of longitude. Now, however, he had to descend again 4° due South, and then to follow a line S. W. which led him to the sea at Benguela, which lies in 12′ 40″ S. and 13′ 20″ W. longitude, or 6° S. of the mouth of the Kongo. This route, however, was exceedingly interesting, lying as it did along the watershed of several rivers, and enabling our traveller accurately to map out the several systems of the southern affluents of the Kongo, the Kwanza, and the Zambesi. It seems odd to read that in August in equatorial Africa, 'in my tent the minimum thermometer stood at 33° Fahrenheit, and on descending into the dip the ground was frozen and the pools covered with ice.' In these upland plains the line of demarcation between the waters flowing to the Atlantic in latitude 6° S. and longitude 12° W., and those reaching the far off Mozambique Channel in 18° S. and 36° W., is hardly perceptible. 'Indeed the systems of the Kongo and the Zambesi lock into each other in such a manner that, by some improvement in the existing condition of the rivers and by cutting a canal of about 20 miles through level country, they might be connected, and internal navigation be established from the east to the west coast. Some of the plains are flooded in the rainy season to the depth of two or three feet, when the water extends completely across the watershed between the Zambesi and Congo.' It is by utilizing these magnificent rivers and by constructing a cheap railway between Tanganyika and the coast that southern equatorial Africa is to be opened up to civilization.

Near Lake Dilolo, at an altitude of 4,700 ft., Cameron crossed the line of Dr. Livingstone's celebrated march up the Zambesi to St. Paul de Loanda; but the old chief Katende could remember no more of the great traveller, than the fact that he rode on a bullock. Thenceforward Cameron had to press on to the coast with all possible despatch, for his supplies failed. A two months' tramp was still before him and he had nothing wherewith to buy food for his followers, but two *viongwa*, or shell ornaments, and half a dozen baskets of dried fish. And indeed the passage of the mountain range that intervenes between the valley of the Kwanza and the sea, was one, under the circumstances, of extreme difficulty and danger. The country seems to be very much of the character of the Cascade range in British Columbia, hills in extraordinary plenty and in admired confusion. So worn out did the caravan become from difficult travelling—on one occasion their camp was 5,800 ft. above the sea—and short rations, that Cameron came to the determination that, to save the lives of his followers, it was necessary to make a run for the coast, then 125 miles distant in a straight line, with the few men who were still able to march, and thus, if possible, obtain assistance for the others; and this five days march—literally a march for life—was the most extraordinary feat of the whole journey. Nothing but the consciousness of having just accomplished his purpose, could have kept up Cameron's strength and spirits; and without his vigour to urge them on, his men would undoubtedly have succumbed. What must have been his feelings when on the afternoon of the fourth day he reached the summit of the range; and 'what was that distant line upon the sky? We all gazed at it with a strange mingling of hope and fear, scarcely daring to believe it was the sea. But looking more intently at that streak, left no room for doubt. It was the

sea ; and Xenophon and his ten thousand could not have welcomed its view more heartily than did I and my handful of way-worn followers.' But having seen the sea, it almost seemed that none of them would reach its shore. Fortunately two of the party had strength enough to push on to the settlement with an earnest appeal for food and help. The help was sent, and by its aid the small party reached the coast. Before arriving at Katombela, a village 12 miles from Benguela, there were seen 'a couple of hammocks covered with awnings, followed by three men carrying baskets, and on meeting this party, a jolly-looking little Frenchman jumped out, seized the baskets, and instantly opened a bottle to drink "to the honour of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa, from East to West."' But, having accomplished that unexampled feat, Cameron's life was well-nigh forfeited. The illness with which he had been suffering for several days proved to be a most violent attack of scurvy, and if the crisis had come two days earlier nothing could have saved him. As it was, for forty-eight hours he was in extreme danger, but a strong constitution, the kindness of his new friends, and the skill of the Portuguese doctor, pulled him through, and preserved a life which we may feel confident will be devoted like those of so many other noble Englishmen, to the cause of Africa.

A VOICE.

I HEARD a voice, 'twas low and sweet.
Had I not heard that voice before?
Softly its tones my sense did greet
Like half-remembered songs of yore.

Why rose the tears within mine eyes?
Why did I see my mother's smile?
Why did life's fair forgotten flowers
Breathe fragrance for a little while?

I cannot tell—soul speaks to soul
When stranger eyes perceive it not;
A single glance, a tone, a smile,
Oft bears the burden of a thought.

* * * * *

As one who from the blatant street
Turns wearied to the sacred aisle,
Where silence dwells alone with God,
To feed on angel's food awhile;

I now can turn from care and strife
To that sweet voice—tis *mine* alone:
It sings a wee one's lullaby
Within the shadow of my home.

S. K.

SCHOOLS OF ITALIAN ART.

III. THE VENETIAN SCHOOL.

'Believe me, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art; the soldiership of early Greece; the sensuality of late Italy; the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy and beauty of Venice.'—J. RUSKIN.

THIS school contains many well-known names, perhaps more so than any other. It flourished through five centuries, beginning in the 13th, and was marked by its attention to colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that the style of the Venetians was not fitted for heroic subjects, the colouring being too brilliant and harmonious. He himself inclines to the simplicity and grandeur of the Roman School, though he admires the Venetians for their 'fascinating perfection.' Ruskin, on the other hand, himself the expounder of the Venetian painters, apparently cannot speak too highly of their style, praising their honesty of work and accurate rendering of detail. This delicacy of detail was true of the Venetian School only when it was at its height, for after the time of Tintoretto and Veronese the grand fullness of the Venetians was exchanged for carelessness and hastiness of manner, and all deep study was neglected in order to give attention to the free handling of the brush.

Of the long list of painters of this school, we will mention only Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese.

GIOVANNI BELLINI was born at Venice, about 1426. Both his father and brother were painters of some note, but Giovanni soon eclipsed them. His works have been much admired, and he is considered to be the most celebrated artist of the *quattrocentisti*, or painters of the 15th century, at Venice. It has been said that his style was an aggregate of all that was beautiful in painting at that time; but he certainly is best remembered by his discovery of the mode of mixing colours with oil. The use of oil with paint, or rather the improved use of it, is attributed to a Flemish painter, Jan Van Eyck, and was taught by him to Antonello da Messina. When quite young Giovanni worked, like his father before him, in *tempera*, but he happened to see some paintings of Antonello's executed in oil-colours, and was desirous of finding out the secret. This was no easy thing to do, for any knowledge of mixing colours or using different vehicles was kept as jealously as the Doge and the Council of Ten would have kept a state secret. However, he accomplished his design by dressing himself up as a *cavaliere* and desiring Antonello to paint his portrait, and while this was being done, he carefully watched all the proceedings and went away highly delighted at having learned all he wanted. All Bellini's best works are in oil, and are paintings of the Madonna and portraits. Not many are now in existence, a great number which were much extolled by Vasari having been destroyed by fire. Venice contains the best collection of his works. In the Academy of Fine Arts there are five Madonnas, all being represented in a state of glory. One of his best known paintings is a Bacchanalian piece executed for Alfonso I. of Ferrara, and which he never completed, but which was afterwards finished by Titian. In the National Gallery, England, are two paintings by Bellini, a portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano in his state robes, most carefully executed, and a Madonna and Child. He lived to an advanced age, and died in 1516. He enjoyed a high reputation, and one of his contemporaries, no less a person than Albrecht Dürer, wrote of him, that he was the best of all the Venetian painters.

GIORGIO BARBARELLI, called GIORGIONE

from his height and handsome appearance, was the pupil of Bellini and the fellow student of Titian. It has been said he was to colour what Michel Angelo was to design, and it is impossible to conceive what he might have achieved had he lived long enough. He died when only thirty-four from grief caused by the fickleness of the woman he loved, and therefore left but few works behind him. He truly taught the Venetians their worship for colour, their bright lights and deep shadows, and all the luxury and magnificence displayed in their paintings. Titian was jealous of him, and with good reason, but Titian would never have attained the reputation he has, but for Giorgione.

His life was a romantic one in many ways. He seems not to have been understood and appreciated in Italy and especially in Venice, where there is not a single picture of his in any church or palace, and his glorious colouring and chiaroscuro may better be studied in Madrid than anywhere else. Giorgione took a peculiar method of making himself known, and what to our modern ideas seems like an advertising puff: he painted the front of his house in Venice with subjects in fresco, which caused him to be employed on works of the same kind.

All his frescoes have unfortunately perished, and he is now best known by his portraits. The Louvre contains two specimens of this master,—'A Rural Concert' and 'A Holy Family.' He was very musical himself and loved to depict concert scenes. He was much favoured by the Venetians on account of his fine voice and his talent for playing on the lute. In England there are also two pictures by Giorgione—the 'Death of Peter the Martyr' and 'A Knight in armour.' Giorgione died in 1511; he left behind him many scholars and imitators, the greatest being Sebastiano del Piombo and Giovanni da Udini, but next to him in point of time came Titian.

TITIAN was born in 1477, at Capo del Cadore in the territory of Venice. His first masters were Zuccati and Gentile Bellini, but he subsequently studied under Giovanni Bellini, having Giorgione for a fellow pupil. Titian first distinguished himself at the court of Alfonso I., Duke of Ferrara, where he painted amongst other pictures his 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' now in the National Gallery. Bacchus is represented as just leaping from his chariot to approach Ariadne; he is followed by a boisterous train. Ruskin admires this picture very much, and in one of his notes calls attention to the leaves which crown the Bacchus and the little dancing faun 'in which every turn of the most subtle prespective, and every gradation of colour, is given with the ease and power of the consummate master.'

The Venetians were particularly noted for the carefulness of their painting, seeking to accept nature as their teacher in the minutest part as well as in the most important, and to quote Ruskin again, their great secret was their simplicity; they were great colourists, not because they had peculiar secrets about oil and colour, but because 'when they saw a thing blue, they painted it blue; and when they saw it red, they painted it red; and when they saw it distinctly, they painted it distinctly.' While at the court of Alfonso, Titian also painted the portrait of Ariosto. He executed a great many portraits, and is considered the greatest portrait painter that ever lived.

It is a mistake to suppose no great art is necessary to enable a person to paint a portrait well. Invention and imagination are both required, where the likeness is to be a true one. It is no doubt easy to paint a portrait like enough to be taken for the sitter and for no one else, but something higher than this ought to be aimed at by the artist. 'In a true portrait,' says F. T. Palgrave, 'not only should we have severity of design and beauty of colours, but the likeness, in common with those which are drawn in words by the greatest masters of the craft, must be one that in some mysterious way, gives not only the man as he may look in common life, when he comes into a room or stands by his hunter, but the whole substance of his character, the "form and pressure" of his mind, so far as these inner features are stamped on the outward man.' The best known of Titian's portraits are those of Andreas Vesalius, the great physician and anatomist, Pietro Aretino, the poet, Luigi Cornaro, and the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici. These portraits, for effects of light and shade, for expression of life and

for grace, have never been surpassed, and rank first among the whole of Titian's works.

Titian enjoyed the favour of emperors and popes and had many high honours bestowed upon him. The Emperor Charles V. of Spain, made him a Count Palatine of of the Empire and a Knight of the order of St. Jago. Some say he accompanied the Emperor into Spain, but this is denied by Italian writers. At all events Madrid contains a number of his works, and he painted three portraits of the Emperor, one of which was so much like him that it is pretended that, it having been placed on a table, the son of the Emperor approached it in order, as he supposed, to converse with his father. Many of Titian's pictures at Madrid have perished; one—a 'Last Supper'—was mutilated and torn to pieces by impious hands. Titian was seven years at this painting and he considered it the best of his works.

There are also in the same city, an 'Ecce Homo,' a 'Mater Dolorosa,' two 'St. Margarets,' the 'Daughter of Herodias,' and many others. The last named is a most wonderful picture, the flesh painting being extremely fine, recalling Tintoretto's remark on Titian that he painted with pounded flesh. Herodias is in the act of receiving the head of St. John the Baptist on a silver charger, from her daughter. Titian made only one visit to Rome, and stayed but a short while; here he met Michel Angelo, who, though he admired the rich colouring of the Venetian, severely criticised his drawing, saying, 'It is a pity that at Venice they do not make it a rule to draw well; this man would have no equal if he had strengthened his natural genius by the knowledge of drawing.' Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, himself a great colourist, doubts whether the different styles of the Venetian and Roman schools could ever be blended together.

Only a few of the masterpieces of Titian are to be found at Rome. He may best be studied at Venice and Madrid. At Venice there are thirty-three of his works, and there may be seen the earliest existing painting by his hand, a 'Visitation of Saint Elizabeth,' and the last picture he ever worked upon—a 'Descent from the Cross,' and which being incomplete on his death was finished by the elder Palma. There, also, are two large pictures representing the commencement and close of the History of the Virgin—her 'Presentation in the Temple,' and her 'Assumption to Heaven.' The 'Assumption' is a magnificent picture. For some time it was lost, but at last was fortunately discovered on a high wall in the church of the Frari, much smoked; it was taken down and placed in the Academy of the Fine Arts, where it now is. A chef-d'œuvre of Titian's—'The murder of Saint Peter the Martyr'—was also at Venice, but quite recently, in company with a Madonna by Bellini, was destroyed by fire. It was much thought of at the time it was painted, and the Senate of Venice, having heard that some one was about to purchase and carry it away, forbade the Dominican monks to whom it belonged to allow it to leave the republic on pain of death. But when Venice was conquered it was brought to Paris, and being in need of restoration, it was taken off the worm-eaten wood, and placed upon canvas. Many of the Venetian nobles have examples of this great master in their collections.

In the Barbarigo palace are the 'Magdalen,' a 'Venus,' and a 'St. Sebastian.' The 'Magdalen' was a special favorite of the painter, who during his life would never part with it, using it as a model. The 'Venus' has, unfortunately, been utterly spoilt by some over-virtuous idiot, who insisted upon clothing it. The two most celebrated Venuses of Titian are at Florence. Both are perfectly nude, and are striking examples of Titian's mastery in flesh-colouring. One especially has been considered worthy of ranking with the Venus de Medici, so delicate and beautiful is it. In England, we have the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' already mentioned, a 'Venus and Adonis,' a 'Holy Family,' 'The Rape of Ganymede,' 'A Concert,' 'The Tribute Money,' and 'Noli me tangere,' or Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen after His resurrection. Titian died at Venice, of the plague, in the year 1576, at the extreme age of ninety-nine years. His pictures are very numerous, and are widely known by photographs and engravings. His aim was high and he achieved much, so that he is considered the chief of the Venetian School. Ruskin says—'a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses

delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels.'

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO was born at Venice, in 1485. He received the name of Piombo from the office he held, being keeper of the Leaden Seal. He studied under Giovanni Bellini and Giorgione, and had the advantage of a close friendship with Michel Angelo. He united in some degree the Florentine and Venetian styles, the colouring and chiaroscuro of Giorgione and the severity of design belonging to Michel Angelo. His works are very rare, as he was not an industrious man ; he loved his pleasures and his ease, and he had so good an income from his office, which entailed little or no work, that he was not inclined to devote his life to his art. His two most famous pictures are the 'Raising of Lazarus,' and the 'Descent into Hades.'

The 'Raising of Lazarus' is now in the National Gallery, England. It was originally painted for Giulio de' Medici as an altar-piece for the Cathedral at Narbonne, to take the place of Raffaello's 'Transfiguration' which was to have been placed there. But Giulio, not wishing to deprive Rome of this masterpiece, employed Sebastiano to execute one. Michel Angelo was so much pleased to see any one else chosen as a rival in any way to Raffaello that he himself gave great aid in the work, and Sir Thomas Lawrence possessed several sketches of parts of the picture by the great Florentine, including two studies of the figure of Lazarus. Various have been the criticisms upon the picture. English critics, possibly because they possess the painting, extol it to the skies, and call it Sebastiano's masterpiece. On the other hand it has been said that the chiaroscuro is so violent, that the personages look like mulattoes, and the entire scene might be supposed to have taken place in Ethiopia, and that it is a collection of noble parts, rather than one fine composition. It was purchased by the Duke of Orleans, from whom it passed into the hands of the English at the time of the sale of the Orleans' gallery. The other important picture, 'The descent into Hades,' is at Madrid. It has fewer figures than the 'Raising of Lazarus,' but it is a nobler picture, being less cramped in perspective and less exaggerated in its effects of light and shade, having more of the colouring and animation of his master, Giorgione. Sebastiano del Piombo also painted several portraits and he is much praised by Vasari for his great skill in painting a head and hands. In the National Gallery is a portrait of the lovely and holy Giula Gonzaga of Mantua. She is painted with a nimbus round her head as if she were a saint. In Rome is his picture of Andrea Doria, which is the most celebrated of his portraits. Sebastiano died at Rome in 1547, in the sixty-second year of his age.

JACOPO ROBUSTI, commonly called TINTORETTO from the fact of his father being a dyer (Tintore), was born at Venice in 1512. Ruskin considers him not only the greatest of the Venetians, but also the greatest painter that ever lived. He may be said to have been self-taught, for all the teaching he ever had was ten days pupilage under Titian. At the end of these ten days Titian, seeing some clever drawings of his lying about, asked who had done them, and upon being informed it was the new scholar, gave orders that the boy should be immediately taken home. This strange jealousy, which Titian made amends for in after life, worked no harm to the energetic Tintoretto, for instead of being merely an imitator, he struck out a new path for himself, determining to acquire the drawing of Michel Angelo and the colouring of Titian. For this purpose he bought casts from the antique and from the works of Michel Angelo, and devoted the day to painting and the night to drawings from the casts. He was so indefatigable that he gladly painted pictures merely for the cost of the material. His perseverance was crowned with success, for before he was forty he was considered the rival of Titian. He worked so rapidly and executed so much that he was nick-named *il Furioso*, and Sebastiano del Piombo said that Tintoretto could paint as much in two days as would occupy him two years. His style was full of animation and life, and Italians consider that movement must be studied by close examination of his works. Unfortunately he was very unequal, and his fellow-countrymen also say of him, that he had three pencils to work with—one of gold, one of silver, and a third of iron. Tintoretto seems to have lived and died at Venice, where all his best pictures are, very few of his works being dispersed about the continent.

The finest picture of his is the 'Miracle of St. Mark,' which is so beautiful a conception that it has been called the Miracle of Tintoretto, and it certainly must have been painted with his golden pencil. The scene is in the open air, and represents the deliverance of a slave, condemned to death, by the miraculous intervention of Venice's patron Saint. The slave is lying in the midst of a group of persons, and his figure stands out white against the dark robes around him. In this picture we have wonderful power of touch, harmony, and delicacy of colour and the dispositions of light and shade are all carried to their highest extreme. Others of his best pictures are the 'Exhumation of the body of St. Mark at Alexandria,' the 'Transport of the body to the ship,' and the 'Miraculous Preservation of the Saracenic sailor at sea, by the Saint.' Some of Tintoretto's finest works suffered very much from the Austrian shells during the last war for the freedom of the Republic. There is a portrait of this master in the Louvre, taken when he was an old man, and after the death of his much loved daughter, Marietta, who herself was an excellent portrait painter. Tintoretto died at Venice in 1594, aged eighty-two, passing his long life in active work, and leaving behind him an immense number of works.

PAOLO VERONESE was born at Verona in 1528, and acquired there the first principles of his art under his father and uncle, the one being a sculptor and the other a painter. After painting several pictures at Verona and Mantua, he settled in Venice, and became the rival of Titian and Tintoretto. His pictures are numerous, the best and the largest number of them being at Paris. Here are two of his famous 'Feasts,' one of which, the 'Feast in the House of the Pharisee,' was presented to Louis XIV. by the Senate of the Republic of Venice, the other and most celebrated, the 'Marriage at Cana,' was exchanged by the Austrian commissioners for a picture of a similar subject by Charles Lebrun. The other two 'Feasts,' the 'Supper in the house of Simon the Leper' and the 'Feast given by Levi,' are at Venice. All the figures in these paintings are dressed in the Venetian costume of the 16th century, and the architecture and all the details, such as pages, children, dogs, cats, fruits, and flowers, are all purely Venetian. The personages represented (120 in number) are portraits of the then living celebrities, which, though doubtless adding to the historical interest, is injurious to the solemnity and grandeur required in the treatment of sacred subjects. In the 'Marriage at Cana,' which is the largest easel picture ever painted, may be recognized Veronese himself, his brother, Titian, and Tintoretto, disguised as musicians. In many other works Veronese has clothed his figures in the modern dress, and handled the subject in a modern manner. Yet in spite of this extravagance, which was common enough in those days, he was undoubtedly a great painter, having fertility of invention, noble fancy, and a deep practical knowledge of the true principles of art. England has four pictures by Veronese in the National Gallery, the most famous of which is the 'Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander.' This picture was executed while the painter was detained at the house of a friend, and on his leaving the family he told them he had left behind him that which would defray the expenses they had incurred for him. Indeed, it must have more than satisfied them if they sold it for one quarter of what it was purchased for by the British Nation. The English obtained it for the enormous sum of £14,000. The principal figures are portraits of the Pisani family. The captive family are kneeling, superbly dressed in Venetian costume. Rumohr says of it that 'the treatment of colour, especially in the flesh, and the excellence of the execution, are such as to render us almost unjust to other great colourists.' Paolo Veronese died in 1588, at Venice, and was buried in the church of San Sebastiano, in which he had painted some of his finest pictures. With him ended the true glory of the Venetian School; after his time it became degraded by carelessness, and lost its 'human energy' and all the high characteristics of true art. The names of the grand old Venetian masters will always be venerated by every student and admirer of painting for—

> 'These also fill their places
> As the pioneers to faith,
> Clearing paths for higher Powers,
> When they give the fleshly clod
> An upward gaze, through beauty
> Unto Goodness, unto God.'

AMY RYE.

LITTLE RAINDROP.

WHEN it rains in London, which is not seldom, it *does* rain—there is no mistake about it; in the true city spirit it means business. Your genuine Londoner will defend the great city's smoke and its fogs as being the natural accompaniments of its exceptional greatness, and pride himself on their prodigious nastiness as evidence of a prodigious prosperity: but as for its partiality for waters by the bucket, by the spout, by the deluge, no voice is raised in defence.

Out of the way of the mud, and the roof sheddings, and cab splashings, and umbrella drippings of the streets, the leafy trees of St. James's Park, beneficent Nature's own shelter for the umbrellaless, offer a kindly refuge; at least so, apparently, thought Hugh Vivian, ex-captain of Her Majesty's —nth regiment of foot, and present very empty private, still in a regiment of foot, but one without number, and without anything else to speak of save the unsatisfactory impedimenta of 'poverty, hunger, and dirt.'

So big is the giant city, that few feel the pulsations which stir the puny atoms far down the depths of its vast mass; the throbs which feebly vitalize the 'great unwashed,' the great unfed, the homeless, the hopeless of London. To this ignoble army of atoms belonged Hugh Vivian, 'gentleman,' ex-captain, ex-pride of his regiment, ex-pet of the drawing room, 'Handsome Hugh'; now penniless, homeless, hungry Hugh. What matters it much how he came down in the world? Expensive education, expensive tastes, a crack regiment, and high life on a younger son's inheritance have but one issue; and the day came when to meet the pressing call of a very 'ugly' book on the Goodwood, he had to sell out, at the shortest notice, to clear his honour and maintain that of the regiment. Gentle by birth and breeding, and a soldier by instinct, he determined to obey where he could no longer command, and enlisted at once in a regiment ordered on foreign service. Here he found oblivion, and lost hope as the years went on; and by way of accelerating his progress to the dogs, he must needs take to himself in Madras, a wife, an actress at the theatre, a pretty delicate girl, who died, leaving him with the incubus of a son. How the youngster got dragged up anyhow, in the rude atmosphere of barrack and camp, and how ultimately the poor father, horror-stricken at the prospect such a life offered for the boy, sent him, with infinite self-denial, to school in England, he having long passed the age when school discipline would sit kindly upon him, and how, finally, the lad, smarting under the infliction of well-deserved punishment, and pining for lost freedom with the natural yearning of a wild bird, vanished from the eyes of his guardians, may all be more easily imagined than briefly described. For fifteen years, up to the time when the wounded discharged soldier, careworn, heart-broken gentleman, and penniless, homeless 'vagabond,' sat on the bench beneath the trees of the 'Mall,' he had had no tidings of his boy. How had he lived? Well, as the sparrows live, seeking his daily bread, and not knowing where he should find it. While health and strength lasted he had found no great difficulty in this, wandering from land to land, till at last, with the old home instinct which takes the lion to its own cave to die, he had drifted back to the old shore, and the lonely companionship of the busy London world. Here, at first, he had slunk through the streets, by night chiefly, carefully avoiding the neighbourhood of old haunts, dreading the possibility of some friendly greeting from hand or voice of bygone associates. The dread was idle. A man who has sunk as low as he, need have no fear of recognition from past intimates, however warm, of the days of his prosperity. A shabby coat and a hungry look are as effectual as a brick wall—he was never recognized.

As a worker in the world now, he was a failure. In unloading ships at the docks, the occupation to which he had taken as being most surely removed from the chances of discovery, he was too old and too broken

in health to contest with the young broad-shouldered natives of that rough and ready locality, and a severe attack of illness which kept him helpless to his bed for a while, stretched the point of indebtedness so far that his lodging-house keeper, who 'didn't want no pottering old men about her place,' turned him out into the streets, to play—as with a delicate sense of humour she phrased it—'old soldier' somewhere else. What was Hecuba to her, or she to Hecuba! She had to pay rent and taxes, and to make both ends of a very limited income meet; and Achilles, Ajax, and Agamemnon, and a whole Iliad of heroes would have been to her nothing but lodgers who were either good or bad pay. Such is the prose versus the poetry of life.

And so he joined the army of the 'homeless;' and this brought him into some queer company, introducing him to gatherings of the *ex*tinguished, where *costume de rigueur* has a meaning more literal than fashionable, and manners are as easy as life is difficult. The various hotels which provide gratis lodging, without favor and without disgrace, in London, are numerous enough. To say nothing of the thousand and one odd corners which are the reward of patient careful search, there are the benches under the trees in the public parks, the stone seats on the bridges, the empty baskets in Covent Garden market, and the Adelphi Arches. Such is the necessity for grades in society, that even amongst this lower million or so there is an upper ten, and the sordid, huddled misery and dirt of the 'Arches' was a bottomless pit into which Hugh Vivian would never fall. He used to patronise the benches of the Park, where, at least, the air was pure, where his apartment, if not luxurious, was spacious and clean, *and* he was left to his own company. In the warm summer nights the great 'homeless' have no bad time of it in the matter of this said hotel accommodation, with its cool air and soft rustle of leaves, with the moon and the stars for candles, Nature for chambermaid, and God over all for host—few of those who have had this practical experience, however, have much faith in the latter clause. It is scarcely to be wondered at perhaps, all things considered. When day was sufficiently advanced to justify such a proceeding, he would make his way, cold, hungry, and footsore, to some such home of rest as the British Museum, and there, under the kindly shelter of Assyrian bulls, watched grimly by the stony glare of Amon's eye, and surrounded by the fantastic contortions of Babylonian inscriptions, he would fall into a sleep far too heavy for even dreams, the one God-sent blessing left to his poor shadow of a life. Yet despite all, he did not thieve, he did not beg, he shed no self-pitying tears; he could as soon have dropped a pearl as a tear; he only—starved—quietly, unobtrusively, starved. Cold, hunger, and exposure, and the ceaseless gnawing of a mind which has but its own misery ever before it, were all telling on him; he was dying by inches.

Looking at him now as he sits aslant his bench, supported by its friendly wooden arms, his much worn hat well over his eyes, and a shabby brown overcoat (he has no under, *that* has been eaten long ago, after undergoing the necessary chemic change at the pawnbroker's) covering his tall gaunt form, the curious passer-by would see a seamed and wrinkled face with grizzled beard, hollow cheeks, and deep-sunk eyes; the face of a man of some sixty years.

But the passer-by on this wet, cold November night, with the boom of 'Big Ben' overhead in the darkness announcing midnight, would not be curious. If he were kind—which is not too probable,—or if he gave the figure a thought—which is not at all likely,—he might mutter, as he hurried home to his comfortable fire and bonny wife, 'Poor devil!' a term which expresses a warm degree of interest and sympathy without costing a farthing.

Yes, that was just it—'poor devil.' He was munching a penny roll, conjoined with that Teutonic and mysterious article of food known as a 'saveloy,' popularly supposed to be of equine origin, but filling at the price; an extravagance, this, justified only by the pressing calls of hunger, and obtained by the sale of a waistcoat. The captain was very low indeed in the world now. He was not alone. At the further end of the bench sat, or rather half reclined, a female, wrapped up in an old shawl which evidently also covered a child. Neither had stirred whilst he had been sitting there. The spectacle was too common a one to attract more than a passing glance, and, as time went on, he only

envied them the deep sleep which they were enjoying. At last there came a movement in the bundle, and the voice of a child, querulous but not unmusical, called out with half a sob, 'Muzzer! muzzer! wate up, do! I'se so hundery.'

Then came a pause, during which the little one was evidently considering the situation. Presently, a curly-headed figure struggled free of the wraps, and putting its arms round the woman, repeated its pathetic little formula, but without effect. Even the added assurance that 'Ada's so told,' failed to move her mother. Ex-captain Vivian was interested and touched. He held out the remains of his roll and savoury saveloy.

'Here, little one,' he said, 'eat this; mother's asleep; don't wake her. She's tired.'

The baby looked round at him for a moment, and then turned shyly away, with a burst of tears, and hid her face in her mother's breast. There was clearly something wrong, the woman made no response to the appeal of her child. Helplessness at one end of the bench got up to aid helplessness at the other. At this moment, there flashed upon the group the bull's-eye of a policeman, and a big waterproof-caped figure emerged from the gloom and rain. This was all quite in the way of business, and he sharply shook the woman's shoulder; not unkindly, but with the well known decision of the force. 'Now, then! come!' he said, 'wake up!' Then, as the light fell on a pale face, with disordered hair, lying supinely on her breast, he muttered, 'drunk!'

'Not drunk, I think,' said quietly Captain Vivian, who had read the look on the face with well trained eyes. 'Not drunk; poor soul!'

The policeman bent over her a moment.

'You're right, sir. Dead it is!'

And dead it was.

By what instinct was it that the little one, with the light flashing on its dead mother's white face, felt some share of the awe and repugnance which Nature has implanted in humanity towards the mere bodily substance divested of vitality? It made no objection now when Captain Vivian raised it, and opening the folds of his great-coat shared the warmth of his own weak vital spark with something weaker and colder. The indigent cherished the helpless. The little girl now, with a grateful sense of warmth, ceased crying; hope had come back to her.

'Mother's gone fast asleep,' said her new nurse, with the consciousness that he uttered no fiction. 'We must'nt wake her, you know.'

'No, must-tent wate her,' echoed the little voice, evidently relieved by the assurance that her mother's peculiar stillness arose from no unnatural cause.

'Will you stay here while I go and get some help?' said the policeman.

'Yes, we'll stay. You wont be long?'

'Ten minutes. I'll bring a stretcher back with me;' and into the darkness and gloom splashed the heavy steps. The Captain moved to the other side of the tree with his charge, leaning against the friendly trunk.

'Tant we do on soon?' she began, after a pause. 'Is'nt it nearzy breffast time? I'se so hundery.'

He bethought him of the rejected roll; this time she accepted the beneficence, and was soon contentedly munching it with an eagerness which showed she had long been without food.

'What's your name, pretty?' he queried presently.

'Ada. I'se four years old. Muzzer's doin to div me a dolly some day.' She spoke with a delicacy of intonation which showed her to be the child of gentle parents. He stepped round and took another glance at the silent figure. It was too dark to distinguish the features of the dead.

'Muzzer's still aseep?'

'Still asleep, my pretty,' he said, resuming his place at the other side of the tree. 'So your name is Ada; and where does Ada live?'

The child pointed with a finger so strictly impartial that it embraced all points of the compass, and thus went on with growing confidence to tell a rambling child's tale, which left the hearer no wiser than before, save that they had clearly lately crossed the ocean in a 'big, big ship,' but 'whither away' it was impossible to discover. In the midst of her tale back came the friendly bull's-eye and its bearer, accompanied by two other caped and helmeted figures carrying a stretcher and a tarpaulin. As the men were placing the body upon this, and covering it from the rain with the tarpaulin, the one who had first appeared said:

'You'd better come along with us, sir, we'll want your evidence. I've brought a spare cape to cover the little one.' And the kindly, rough fellow fastened the waterproof so as to serve a double duty. To a man without a home on a wet cold night, there are worse places than a warm fireside, and so the curious procession went its way into the slush and the cold.

'I've seen you here before, sir,' said the policeman as they trudged steadily on.

'I—I dare say. I don't sleep very well. I like to come and take the air here sometimes.'

'Yes, sir, a good many gents does. It's cool and fresh like in the mornings early.'

Kind-hearted but illogical policeman! the seductive charms of early summer mornings are not those of raw November nights! But the situation was no novelty to him; he had seen the same story too often repeated on those very benches. He took it in at a glance.

'Let me carry the little un,' he said presently, as after several laboured breathings, caused by the unwonted burden and his own weakness, the Captain stumbled and would have fallen but for the strong arm of his companion.

'Thank you, if you will. I am so weak. I did'nt know how weak I was till now.'

The transfer was effected, and the child, lulled by the steady motion, was soon fast asleep.

'A pretty child she is too,' said her bearer, stopping under a gas light. And she was, with her curly golden hair, long eye-lashes, and delicate baby mouth, a very pretty child.

Captain Vivian looked.

'Strange!' he muttered. 'How like!—What are you going to do with her?' he said presently.

'Oh she'll go to the workhouse; though perhaps some one 'll adopt her. A pretty little thing like that 'll be picked up in a jiffy, depend on it. I'd like to have her for one, I know. But perhaps you'll adopt her yourself, sir. She's your's by right of finding, anyhow. She's dropt down here from heaven just for all the world like a raindrop.'

A queer godsend for a man without bread to put into his own mouth! But the thought had already occurred to the penniless vagrant; and the desire of all true men for something weaker than themselves to love and live for and work for, came to him as strongly now as if he had not been the lonely, homeless wanderer he was. Before he could reply, they had arrived, and their sad burden, after being duly examined and entered in the night book as a case of 'Found Dead' (having the distinction of pre-eminent interest in the list of 'drunks and disorderlies' which filled that grim sheet), was taken to an inner room to await the arrival of female assistance, and the coroner's verdict.

Sitting by the warm fire, and looking at the graceful figure of the child,—who, with the instinct of dogs and children, had found out the kindly hearts of the rough, bearded men around her, and was on terms of immense friendliness with the biggest of them all,—Hugh Vivian felt a strange yearning sympathy for the lonely little one: as the policeman had said, why should *he* not adopt her. He had never claimed certain long arrears of pension due him as a discharged wounded soldier, partly from want of absolute occasion for it at first, and latterly because to have done so would have brought him into conjunction with one of his own relatives, a very important filler of an arm-chair at the Horse Guards. For his own needs he would never have stirred a finger in such a matter; but now he reflected on the sudden sunshine which might come to his lonely life, and reflecting, determined he would adopt the little waif; she could not be worse off than now. As he sat, back came the policeman.

'They've found nothing on the body,' he said, 'but a bit of bread and a few half-pence and this letter.' He held in his hand a torn, much worn letter, written on thin paper. It told little save that it was clearly from a husband to a wife. It spoke in loving terms, and referred to a speedy union as soon as certain business affairs should be completed. It was simply signed, 'your loving husband.'

'Linen marked?' questioned the Inspector at his desk.

'No mark.'

'Any clue to name?'

'No clue whatever.'

'Found dead. Name unknown'—wrote the officer in his neat business way. Hugh Vivian retired to his corner.

'You'll forgive me, sir,' said the police-

man, approaching him, but I know you, Captain, and—'

'You know me!'

'You are Captain Vivian.' Recognition had come at last!

'I was Captain Vivian once. I don't deny it. Well?'

'Sir, you wont be annoyed; but you did me a good turn once, years ago.'

'I!'

'You saved me from disgrace, sir. It was soon after you joined the regiment. I was a careless, drunken chap, and you saved me from a flogging. You remember Roberts, sir? You bought my discharge for me afterwards, and gave me a chance in life again.'

Recollection of a certain merry, good-natured young fellow, given to frolics, and over-susceptible to the charms of the glass, rose to the mind of the man he addressed.

'I remember you, Roberts. Things have changed since then.'

'Just what I was a-going to say, sir. Now me and my missus has a snug little place over the bridge here; it isn't much, I know; but if you would'nt object—I know it isn't a place for a gentleman bred and born like you, but anyhow it's better than nothin: and in fact, sir, if you'd come home to our place I'd take it kindly, and the wife and I'll make you comfortable, hang me if we wont, then!' And the good-hearted fellow stood as abashed in his six feet two of grateful humanity, as if gratitude were one of the most common and to-be-deprecated of virtues. His former officer held out his hand to him.

'Roberts, you're a good fellow. I always knew you were, at bottom. I'll tell you what. If you'll have me, I will come to you as your lodger'—Roberts made a movement of dissent—'as your lodger mind, for a day or two, with this pretty child. I'll adopt her—she'll take the place of my lost boy,' he added to himself.

'Agreed, sir. We'll come, then; I'm off duty now;' and the worthy sergeant, making himself responsible for its production, if necessary, took up the little one. She was loath to leave the agreeable company which had supplied her with such alluring playthings as a pair of handcuffs, a dark lantern, a policeman's baton, and, delightful mystery, a rattle; but was reconciled by the thoughts of 'breffast,' a meal at which her mother was so necessary an adjunct in her mind, that the terms at this moment were synonymous, and she made no reference to the subject of the still figure lying in the inner room.

'My missus will be surprised, she will,' he said. 'She always wanted a little 'un, and now she's got it. We lost ours—'and then he went on to explain that his wife had been a ballet dancer in her younger days, 'and a lovely one too,' but the grace of the female form having become marred in her by an unfortunate tendency to embonpoint, she had resigned the witchery of gauzes and tights, and was now employed as 'dresser' to the principal actress at the Royal —— Theatre, and that, further, the grand institution of his house was 'supper,' always, with them, a midnight feast, by reason of their respective engagements, but none the less agreeable on that account. With this he turned the handle of a door, and, with a 'Here, Polly,' introduced his unexpected visitors.

Mrs. Sergeant Roberts was a kindly, smiling, and decidedly plump dame of some fifty summers, and certainly far more like a roly-poly pudding than a sylph; but of so genial a soul, that she no sooner understood the situation, which was conveyed to her in a calm, professional manner by her husband, than she stretched out two plump, warm arms, and absorbed into the family of Roberts, with all its appanage of house-room and heart-room, the homeless little waif.

'I know you, sir, well—by name, that is—for Jim and me have spoken of you often, and the dear only knows what we should have been without you.'

'Roberts and I quite understand each other,' said their guest. 'It is he who is doing me a service now, you see.'

He was abstractedly turning a ring round and round on his finger. A plain gold wedding ring—his dead wife's—and wondering how much the descendants of Lombardy's three balls would advance on his one treasure. Meanwhile, the good soul, his hostess, was undoing the shawl which covered the child. As she did so she bent over it and gave it a kiss.

'You precious darling!' she said, after the manner of true womanly hearts; 'there, sir, look at her, isn't she a beauty?' Divested of her shawl she was a dainty, fairy-like

little thing; slight and delicate featured, with large grave eyes and a complexion like the faintest pink coral: a more ethereal little body could scarcely have descended from the clouds. As they looked at her, one idea grew upon husband and wife; at last it found vent.

'She's for all the world like you, sir. She's got just your eyes. There, look now when she turns round.' As he looked he saw in the baby eyes the look of his lost son, of his dead wife. He took her up in his arms and kissed her.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN a boy runs away from school, his instinct will generally lead him to the sea, which to the boyish mind contains the very essence of freedom; and Harold Vivian, runaway from his Rochester school, made straight, with the instinct of a wild bird, to the city of ships and home of the free—London; and being a strong, well-built lad of sixteen, found means, without much difficulty, of getting taken on board an out-going vessel bound for New Orleans. But there the freedom had ended. Life on board a trading vessel is not, as he was shortly told, all 'beer and skittles;' which might be translated out of the vernacular of the forecastle—not entirely composed of champagne and strawberry ices; no 'bed of roses.' Some severely personal attentions on the part of the first mate, paid with a rope's end, led him, when arrived at his destination, to retire, more or less gracefully, from so uncongenial a sphere of action. A high-spirited, unrestrained lad, he would shirk no work; danger had fascinations for him; privations and hardships he had already long grown accustomed to; but command, and still more the 'rope's end,' aroused in him immediate opposition. He had never learned to obey; unfortunately for him, this branch of education is much cultivated at sea. So he wandered into the flat, dreary, marshy country which stretches for a hundred miles along the shores of the mighty river of the south; making friends with the negroes in the cotton plantations and rice fields, and lending always a ready hand for an odd job, a foot for a dance, or a voice for a song. Wherever he went he made friends, till, with a fit of shivering, there pounced upon the handsome, merry lad, with greedy clutch, the demon of the soil, the fever. How he got out of it, it is hard to say. The strong, healthy English blood in him, perhaps, helped to pull him through when once the tide had turned; and at length, in the pleasant winter time when life had become endurable, he awoke to consciousness to find himself convalescent, the object of the kindly care of a rich planter, a Mr. Duval, on whose plantation he had fallen sick. As time went on, the interest his kindly friend had taken in him deepened. He took him to New Orleans and placed him in his own office. Here, for some time, gratitude to his patron kept him tied to the irksome work of desk routine, and he would probably, in due course, have himself entered upon some share of the business, to such an extent was the liking felt for him carried. But here a cloud descended upon him. Woman, it is said, is at the bottom of all human blessings and ills, and Harold's experience was no exception to the rule. The mischievous nebulosity which absorbed him was a woman. Constance Duval came home from school, sweet, fresh, seventeen, with eyes of brown, and hair unlimited, teeth like a row of ivory peas, and a graceful figure, set off by the most fashionable New York modiste,—a 'finished young lady.' Of the accomplishments she possessed and the 'ologies' she knew, it is sufficient to say she was 'turned out' by a New York young-lady 'turner,' who pronounced of her handiwork that it was 'very good.' An only child of a wealthy, wifeless planter, it may be imagined what a stir her advent caused in the upper circles at New Orleans. The jaundiced, bilious young society-men prepared to sun themselves in the burning rays of her glance, as though an iceberg were not, in that locality, a more fitting object of adoration; and the local belles were hurried forward to the cabbage-stalk period of existence a whole decade through an epidemic of jealousy, which she probably imported in her capacious trunks, so closely did it follow her arrival.

To the desolation of the moment succeeded, for these ladies, a bit of news, which, though causing a temporary spasm in isolated hearts, was yet a relief, as it removed the danger from the general to the indivi-

dual. Miss Constance Duval was *engaged*. The satisfaction, however, did not extend to the male element, which was, in the aggregate, disgusted. The favoured man was a gentleman, neither young, handsome, witty, nor agreeable; his estates, however, cotton and sugar, lay for many a mile alongside those of Mr. Duval; and while marriage, that gentleman knew, was a lottery, these substantial items were not. Married himself upon this solid principle, he was far too sensible a man not to see that love was a disease, much like measles, which some people catch and others do not, and which, if caught, was simply a trivial matter for a few acid preparations and cooling draughts; by no means a point to be considered in the great question of marriage. He himself had never suffered from the constant presence of a toothless nonentity, with a tendency to biliousness and bad temper, heaven having been merciful to him, and early transferred Madame Duval to a cherubic and more beatific sphere than the enervating and relaxing climate of New Orleans. Constance had not seen her intended since her childhood, and was still, after twenty-four hours of her southern life, sufficiently human to feel something like a shrinking when his amorous eyes caught hers for a moment at dinner the evening of her arrival.

Later on in the evening, as she was rather disconsolately and mechanically allowing her fingers to wander over the piano, a new Steinway especially purchased for a new mistress, and possibly thinking without much satisfaction of the 'brilliant future' in store for her, a figure entered the room, which (such is the instinctive desire for cohesion of kindred particles) caused her to insert a most merciless chord in the Polonaise of poor Chopin's which she was playing, and filled her with an almost irresistible desire to run out of the room. She restrained herself, however, and gave a proper New-York-boarding-school deflection when her father introduced 'Mr. Harold Vivian' to 'my daughter Constance,' with the injunction to both to be 'good friends.' Under such auspices, it is needless to say that they were soon on the most excellent terms; and that night poor Harold slept no sleep, and Miss Constance—had a delightful fit of crying all to herself, in her gilt and silk-covered bed. For the next few days each carefully avoided the other. That did not last; and for the following few they saw far more of each other than was altogether good for either of them. Before a month was over, life had but one possibility for two hearts; and, as an appeal to the father would have been a simple absurdity, one fine evening, watching an opportunity when that gentleman was away for a week or so on the estates, they deported themselves to New York, got married, and settled down to enjoy the stolen but hard-earned fruits of their labours in the cause of Love. That erratic and unreliable deity did not, strange to say, desert them, even when funds ran short and they were obliged to abandon the splendors of the 'Fifth Avenue Hotel,' which make the early steps of love so smooth, for the ignominious and scanty accomodation of a third-rate boarding house. It was their youth that saved them. The chivalry and glow and worshipping power of twenty-one towards seventeen, and *vice versa*, are quite unlimited, and can only be duly represented by '*x*,' the 'unknown quantity.' Had they been older, they would soon have seen that the 'game' and the attendant consumption of 'candle' were not commensurate quantities; Love would have wiped his eyes with his wings, and flown out of the window. One can *marry* any time after thirty; but twenty or thereabouts is the season for *love*—all-trusting, all-suffering, all-hoping *love*.

Then came, of course, the usual penitential letter to the father, the items of which were much as ordinary in such cases: 'Love — sorrow — forgive — your erring child,' etc., etc. To which in reply came back a polite note stating that that gentleman was perfectly aware his daughter was married, as he had set a detective on the track immediately on discovery of their absence. He trusted they would be happy, hoped the enclosed two $1000 bills would meet the little expenses of their trip, and added, incidentally, before signing himself for the last time her father, that it would be perfectly useless their ever attempting to communicate with him or hoping to receive further monetary aid from him. This was a crusher as effective as one of his own hydraulic cotton-presses; but youth is elastic, and there lay the $1000 notes. While they lasted what was the good of regrets and tears which only make one's eyes red and bring premature wrinkles; so the

young husband philosophically took stalls at the fashionable theatre of the season, and they returned to their comfortable quarters at the 'Fifth Avenue Hotel.'

Harold had knocked about the world enough to have picked up some grains of shrewdness; and he well knew that to succeed you must appear successful; that nothing fails like *failure*; and with the morning light he had a scheme ready to impart to the loving young head of his wife as it lay on the lace-covered pillow, which sent that dainty organisation into a kaleidoscope dream of brilliant receptions, carriages, diamonds, lace, and general bliss. He was going to speculate on Wall Street.

How he did speculate; how fortune favoured him; how railroad and mining stock turned up trumps; how he burnt his fingers; and how, aided by his natural dash and audacity, he recovered himself; and how the charming Mrs. Harold Vivian became one of the leaders of New York society;—is it not all told in the chronicles of that delectable city. In the midst of his prosperity, he used every effort to find his father. He placed advertisements in the English papers. He wrote letters, he employed detectives to search for him, but with no good result. They were lost to each other. He had hoped that with the news of his success in life, his wife's father would surely relent; but it was not so. To his and her letters no answer was returned; but through Mr. Duval's lawyers came the intimation that he had placed his estate under management, and had left the country to take up his residence in England, his native land.

So time went on, and to complete his satisfaction there came to them the added charm of children. Two were born: one a boy, who died in his babyhood, the victim of too much fashionable life on the part of his young mother; and the other a girl—the image, as all said, of her handsome father, with a certain superadded loveliness and dainty grace all her own.

These were the 'ups.' Then came the 'downs.' A terrible period of commercial depression came upon the country. Confidence was destroyed; banks broke; houses failed; and in the deluge which swept the business world, Harold Vivian 'went under.'

In this trouble, his wife had but one thought—*her father*; and her dominant idea was that she should take her child, go to England, and compel him to a reconciliation which she felt sure he, at heart, desired. Under the circumstances it seemed no bad plan. The necessary funds were, with some difficulty, provided, and with the promise that her husband would follow her as soon as his matters could be arranged, she left New York, with tearful eyes but a confident heart.

Arrived in London, she had at once made her way to the address given by the New Orleans lawyers, a fashionable hotel in town, only to find her father abroad, travelling for the benefit of his health, which was very feeble. His very address was unknown, but he was expected to return before long. Her story of being his daughter, though received politely, met with so evident a want of warmth of credence that her pride was roused, and she determined to take quiet lodgings somewhere, and await her father's return, writing to her husband stating what she had done, and begging him to send her funds. This letter, owing to the business troubles which had broken up his home, miscarried. Her limited stock of money vanished like snow before sunshine, and as a lady arriving in an unaccountable way from the skies, with but scanty baggage, no friends, and an exhausted purse, is a prodigy not rare in London lodging-house life, and one admitting of easy solution, she found one evening the door closed against her return. Homeless, friendless, alone in the great city she wandered about, half distracted with the exigency of her situation, till drifting into St. James's Park, she had gathered her child to her breast, and, too proud to ask aid from strangers, had soothed her darling to sleep with the promise of a 'nice breffast to-morrow,' and then, with bitter tears of helpless regret for the past, and a sob for the present, had—gone to sleep herself.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD motherly Mrs. Roberts, of No. 3 Paradise Row, revelling in the delights of having a real flesh and blood cherub dropped into her lap by a Providence considerate of her weakness for

babies, passed her days in washing and dressing and re-dressing, petting and incipiently spoiling her so strangely-arrived treasure all through that winter; and Hugh Vivian, grave, morose man that he was, found himself living again in the fresh young life of 'Little Raindrop,' her pet name. He had now some object in life, some one to care for and love; to rear, and cherish and be loved by; and positively the whole nature of the man changed under the influence of the fairy child. Existence was now no mere dull routine of loveless winter days; but he was, as it were, a gardener in charge of some rare delicate exotic, whose unfolded petals should one day, in their ripened beauty, realise the promise of its sweet bud-time. So he laid himself out with the gravity of a prime minister, and the *abandon* of a boy, to her sole service. And she—she took all his devotion, and the homage which surrounded her life, like the queen she was. She was strangely different from other children—with whom indeed she never cared to play. The cup of her happiness was brimful when she was able to wander about the streets with her tiny hand shut in that of her 'grandfather,' for so he had taught her to call him and to think of him. She early showed immense appreciation of the charms of dress, and her favourite haunts were the fashionable streets at fashionable hours, where she had unlimited visions of 'pretty ladies;' but her delight passed all bounds when, through the mediation of Mrs. Roberts, who, as belonging to the theatre, had certain charmful privileges of free admission, she was taken to this attractive realm. Here she evidently found the Elysian fields which her small soul longed for; and she presently developed such aptitude for the dance, under the careful but surreptitious training of Mrs. Roberts, that, when that good lady, who held no life on earth higher than that of the '*pas seul*,' brought her one day towards Christmas time into her grandfather's room, and made her perform her small circle of graceful glides, tiptoeings, and twirlings, with the nervously suggested possibility of an engagement for the little witch (all carefully arranged beforehand with the manager, who was eager to capture such a prize), that good gentleman, after long consideration, determined to allow her, as being a mere waif and stray in the world, and the 'grandchild' of another waif and stray, to adopt a profession which would, at any rate, place independence in her hands should anything happen to himself—a result to be reached in no other way. The matter was soon arranged, and so splendid a salary was to be paid to the little genius, that he more than ever felt he had done well in letting Nature claim his waif as she would.

She was to make her first appearance in the new Christmas pantomime, which was soon in all the bustle and excitement of preparation. Knowing the little one's story, the ballet-master had composed a graceful fanciful effect, in which a number of children should descend from the clouds upon a combination of invisible wires, and having reached the stage should go through a series of graceful evolutions, the culminating point of which would be the dances and dainty pirouettes of the 'Queen of the Raindrops.'

Rehearsal followed rehearsal; night and day the scene-painters were hard at work changing coarse canvas into ethereal splendours. The stage carpenters, up in the flies, hammered and sawed at the great wheels which were to govern the 'Descent of the Raindrops.' The atmosphere was thick with glue and paint and saw-dust, through which came the sound of the violin of the ballet-master drilling the shabby crowd of be-shawled and bonneted 'fairies.' The clown and the pantaloon were busy rehearsing their business; and as for the property men stowed away somewhere in the ceiling, their faces grew so encrusted with size and gold-leaf that they might any of them have taken the place of a first-class Mexican idol at a moment's notice. Centre of all caresses and compliments, kisses from the women and pettings from the clown, who was constantly wanting to put her into his pocket, was the little 'Queen;' and her grandfather, standing ever ready to wrap her up and carry her off when rehearsal was over, lived again in miniature his old days with his dead wife, when he used to wait for hours at the wings for a smile from her, and a loving pressure of the actress's trustful hand. Often when the child would come bounding up to him, shaking her heavy golden hair back with the same petulant pretty ways which had first drawn him to his wife's side, looking up at him with the same sparkle in the same great

sensitive eyes, under the same long lashes, he would himself start at the resemblance.

Boxing night came, and the theatre was crammed to the bursting point with its crowd of holiday makers. Looking through a peep-hole in the curtain, he could see nothing but a mass of faces, a mass of squeezed and noisy humanity. It was the first night of the new pantomine. Behind, there was the usual confusion of such a first night. Demons fitting on masks; fairies flitting up and down the stairs to the dressing rooms, or giving their airy flounces a final spread behind the wings; scene-shifters carrying huge rocks as if they were canvas; carpenters and chaos everywhere.

'You're quite sure,' he had asked the head carpenter for the twentieth time, 'that those wires are safe?'

'Safe! Lord bless you,' that worthy had replied, 'they'd carry an elephant!' Of course he was right, but it was a dizzy height to look up to. Ada was sitting on Mrs. Roberts's lap, at the side, out of the way: he went over to her.

'Oh Grandy! Is'nt' it fun?' she said, clapping her hands. He was going to take her in his arms.

'Mind her dress, Sir, for goodness sake! You'll crumple it all to nothing in no time, and it took the whole blessed morning to get up,' said that practical lady. A moment more, and a bell sounded, and the great curtain went up, amid a storm of applause, on the 'Cavern of the Goblin King.'

'Come little miss,' said the head carpenter, 'you and I'll get ready now;' and the rough, kind-hearted fellow took the child in his arms.

'Kiss me, Grandy,' she said, leaning half over the man's shoulder as he moved off to the steep stairs which led to the 'flies.'

'I believe you're an angel or a witch, little one,' the old gentlemen said, as he kissed her a dozen times.

'I'm Queen of the Raindrops,' she said; and the Queen mounted to the clouds.

Up the steep iron winding stairs they went, till they passed the long rows of gas jets over the stage, now turned low to suit the sepulchral character of the scene below. Here they found the whole troop of children and girls who were to descend by the wires, already in position, securely fastened by unseen iron rods and strong framework, so that there was no danger of their falling, however much they might appear to the audience to be poised in mid-air. Stepping cautiously along the slight platform, the carpenter fastened the 'Queen' carefully in the centre of the group, and then retired to superintend the machinery for its descent.

By and bye the 'cavern' sank and rose and slid out of sight, and there lay before the delighted audience, in the full glare of the gas lights, the 'Fairy Lands of Arcadia.' Presently, amid the sighing of the wind instruments, was heard the pattering of the rain shower, and her grandfather, watching eagerly below, saw his 'little Raindrop,' with all her bevy of pretty companions, slowly begin their descent in the glow of lime lights which glared on them from either side. The applause from the house was deafening.

Down they glided, when, suddenly, there was a stoppage, a slight crack, a loud scream of horror, a whirl of something white in the air, and in a moment more the crowds of actors and actresses were gathered round a tiny mass of muslin lying motionless on the stage, and that little mass was the 'Queen of the Raindrops.' She was alive, but in much pain, shrieking when her grandfather raised her in his arms to carry her to the green-room at the side; one poor little leg hung limp, and was evidently broken. She was not dead, however, and the manager went on to announce the fact to the audience, an announcement which was received with cheers, and the pantomine proceeded. Meantime, a strange scene was going on in the green-room. A doctor, fortunately in the theatre, had arrived, and not only he, but a tall, handsome stranger, who had rushed in frantically, and, bending over the little stranger, had called her *his* 'Ada,' *his* darling,' *his* 'child;' and then, seeing the grey-haired, tearful old man by her side, there had burst forth from two astonished and happy men the words:

'Father!'

'Harold!'

What a night they had of it when they got their darling home, and found that, though terribly shaken, and with one delicate little leg fractured, the 'Queen of the Raindrops' had not sustained mortal injury, may be imagined. She had fortunately fallen on a soft padded spot intended to represent a bed of moss, and thus her small life, so dear to so many, had been saved. As

they kept watch that night, there came explanation on explanation, till all the tangled thread was clear. After a long year's search, Harold had got a clue to his missing wife, had learnt of her dreadful death, and had at length traced his child to the house of the kindly policeman Roberts. Here he learnt that they were all at the theatre, and why; and thinking it better to avoid the trouble his presence would occasion at the moment, had gone into the theatre determined at least to see his child.

'She will have no more occasion to follow that dangerous life,' he added. 'She is sole heiress to old Mr. Duval's property.'

It seemed that, dying of some chest disease abroad, Mr. Duval had forgiven his daughter, but, mixing his notion of forgiveness with his theory of justice, had willed the whole mass of his estates to his grandchild.

The little one did not die; children and jelly fish take a good deal of killing; and as soon as she was able to travel, they all set sail for the New World and the new life, to build up a fortune in the land of cotton and sugar. Roberts, who, of course, went with them, rapidly attained distinction as an overseer, the discipline of the 'London force' coming in most handily, though Mrs. Roberts, who is housekeeper and nurse and general confidant, has no great opinion of the new country. As for the centre of all hearts in that southern home, she is rapidly blossoming into fair womanhood; but when her old pet name is recalled to her, she says with a laugh,

'No, Grandy; "Queen" as much as you please, but no more "Raindrops" for me.'

And Queen she is.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

TRACKS OF LIGHT.

BY moonlight on the sea, behold
One luminous pathway reaches
To thee, while, elsewhere, rayless waves
Break upon the rayless beaches.

Yet thou wouldst be a fool to deem
That this is light's one track,—
That they who do not stand with thee,
The glorious vision lack.

The glory does not really bless
One wave beyond the other;—
Shift but thy course, and thou shalt see
Clear moonshine on another.

In shadow are the foamy crests
That were erewhile in light;
While on dark waves the moon doth breathe
Her benediction bright.

So falls the light of holy Truth
On this world's wildernesses;
Traced many ways, by many minds,
Through labyrinths of guesses.

Her beam is steady, but her rays
Fall diversely as bright,
And still her changing tracks are but
Man's shifting points of sight.

ALICE HORTON.

THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.*

BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

IT happened quite accidentally that the *Fortnightly Review* of 1st April, containing an essay on 'The Political Destiny of Canada,' was placed in my hands for perusal on the 23rd of that month (St. George's Day), soon after I had read a report of a sermon preached on the preceding afternoon to the St. George's Society of Montreal by its Chaplain, the Rev. R. W. Norman. I was, of course, much struck with the widely different views of the authors of the essay and the sermon, both of whom are Englishmen, both graduates of the University of Oxford, and both residents in Canada during a comparatively short period. It at once occurred to me, that it might be interesting to the readers of the *Fortnightly* to be put in possession of the views of those who share Mr. Norman's sentiments, and I further thought that I might, without presumption, become their exponent. I, like the two gentlemen whom I have named, am a native of the United Kingdom, but I adopted Canada as my home forty-five years ago. It is more than forty years since I began to take an active part in public life; it has been my lot to have been connected with both of the political parties, those styled Conservatives and Reformers, but I am now, and have been for the last three years, unconnected with party, having altogether withdrawn from politics. I think that, under the foregoing circumstances, I may claim to be as well acquainted with the sentiments of the people of Canada as the author of the essay in the *Fortnightly*, for whom I entertain all the respect to which his great abilities entitle him. I presume that I may treat the essayist as a Canadian, in the same sense as I look on all natives of the United Kingdom who adopt Canada as their country. The essayist has specially devoted himself to foster Canadian nationality, but I must own that, although I have read a great deal that he has written for the Canadian press for some years, his essay in the *Fortnightly* surpasses anything I have seen from his pen in hostility to British connexion, and in abuse of Canadian politicians of all shades of party. I am bound to admit that the essayist is indiscriminate in his censure, and that he would be able to prove his case against either of the political parties from what they habitually say of each other; while, on the other hand, each would protest against the truth of the charges as applicable to his own party. It seems to me rather inconsistent that one who admits that he has laboured unsuccessfully in Canada to create a Canadian nationality and to destroy the political parties which he found in existence on his arrival in the country, should endeavour to influence English public opinion on a subject in which Canada is chiefly interested, and which the essayist admits, ought to be considered with reference to the interests of Canada.

As, however, the essayist has selected his arena, it seems but fair that those who entirely dissent from his views should have a fair hearing. I may call attention to the language employed by the essayist when referring to Canadian politicians. The 'truly loyal,' he says, 'are often the most unscrupulous and corrupt;' they are often 'disloyal to everything that represents public honour and the public good.' The parties have become 'mere factions;' 'the consequences are the increasing ascendency of the worst men, and the political demoralization of a community.' The movement in favour of nationality was 'against faction and corruption,' but was not strong

* The following article was sent by me to a friend in England for insertion, either in the *Fortnightly Review*, or in some other periodical of standing.—F. H.

enough 'to make head against the influences which have their centre in the little court at Ottawa, and the attacks of the lower class of politicians, who assailed it with the utmost ferocity.' I need not multiply extracts condemnatory of Canadian politicians of both parties, but I think that I am not unwarranted in assuming that the bitterness which pervades the essay must have been intensified by the feeling that the writer had completely failed in his attempt to create a public opinion in Canada favorable to his peculiar views. The attacks to which I have referred have chiefly influenced me in referring to the sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Norman. That gentleman is in no sense a party politician, and yet living, as he does, in the principal city of Canada, and in daily intercourse with gentlemen of intelligence and property, he is as free from those influences so much deprecated by the essayist, as any one can be. I propose to submit a few extracts from Mr. Norman's sermon as an introduction to the criticism which I shall venture to offer on Mr. Goldwin Smith's paper.

'We all know what power a simple strain possesses to recall with vivid and startling force, places, persons, conversations. The music of our own National Anthem has that magic power. It makes the heart beat, the blood to flow, the pulse to throb. May it never lose that magnetic tenacity upon the hearts of British subjects, especially those who are English born. But the text, though it supplies us with the note of patriotism, while its tender charm must touch every heart, is, in one important respect, happily inapplicable to us. *This* is not a strange land. We are not here as captives taunted by cynical oppressors. Though in another hemisphere, we see our tokens, and feel that we are among friends.

. . . . . .

'It is the love to the dear Mother Country, and through her, the love for her children, that is the source of this Society's existence. *That* is the bond which unites us all one to the other. It is the strong affection we bear our Queen and Country, the admiration we all entertain for her institutions, that make us recognise and desire to help as brethren those who claim Old England as the country of their birth.

. . . . . .

'The St. George's Society reminds us that we share the greatness, the glory, the freedom of that land upon whose sacred soil the exile can tread in safety; the land which offers an asylum to the unfortunate, the unhappy, no matter who they be; the land that brooks not slavery, and whereon for centuries no foreign invader has been able to plant his foot. This Dominion is great in itself; greater still in its future prospects. But its greatness is enhanced by its connection with the Mother Land, and it shares, through common origin, in the illustrious past of the great British nation. Surely of this country it may to a certain extent be said, that the honours on the crest of England are garlands for the head of Canada. It is no proof of national vigour to ignore the past, and live only in the present. While, therefore, we love Canada; while we are ready to serve her interests and promote her advancement; let us still turn a loving glance across the broad sea to the mother of us all. Happily, loyalty is a master principle in the heart of a Canadian. Like justice, of which the Roman poet wrote, which, quitting the world, yet lingered in rural abodes and pastoral pursuits; so loyalty, even if about to quit this earth, which I trust is not to be, yet tarries here, and there is no fear of its extinction. And the loyalty of Canadians is of the true, old-fashioned type—unselfish, faithful; the loyalty of the free.'

Although Mr. Norman addressed the language that I have quoted, specially to Englishmen, I believe that it contains a faithful exposition of the sentiments entertained by the Canadian people of all nationalities towards the mother-country. I believe, moreover, that there has been no period in the history of Canada when its inhabitants were so loyal, as at the very time when the writer in the *Fortnightly* has considered it his duty 'to cast its political horoscope,' and to assure the people of England that its destination is absorption in the adjoining Republic. When I first entered public life I am firmly convinced that the majority of Canadians were thoroughly alienated in their feelings from the British Crown. Those who engaged in the rebellion of 1837 constituted but a fraction of those who were discontented with the old colonial system of goverment, to which Lord Durham's report gave a death-blow. The revolution, as the establishment of parliamentary government may properly be termed, was followed by feelings of intense bitterness on the part of the old Tory, or, as they styled themselves, the loyalist party. Great allowance must be made for their feelings under the circumstances. A portion of the popular party had engaged in rebellion, and the Tory party had aided in its suppression. When parliamentary government was established, the Reformers obtained political power, and the exasperation of the loyalists was manifested by the burning of the Parliament House, by insults to Governor-General the Earl of Elgin, and, finally, by the annexation manifesto, which, though repudiated by the political chiefs, was signed chiefly by persons belonging to the Tory party. This was in 1849. In 1854 there

was a complete disruption of parties. During the 13 years which had elapsed from the union of the Canadas, the old Reform party of Ontario had been in strict alliance with the French Canadians, but in 1854 a disagreement among members of the Reform party, which had existed two or three years, culminated in a complete split, and the result was the formation of a Government party, consisting of the old Conservatives, the French Canadians, and those Reformers from Ontario who adhered to the old Government, the Opposition being those Ontario Reformers who had been dissatisfied with the Reform Government, and a French Canadian Liberal party, which included many English, although the Lower Canada British party adhered to the new Government. The practical effect of these changes was to allay to a great extent the old animosities between the British and the French. Since that period there has been no serious agitation for political change, and although I regret to have to acknowledge that there is deplorable party bitterness at present, yet the leaders of both political parties are unquestionably sincerely loyal, and friendly to the subsisting connexion with Great Britain. It must surely strike with amazement English readers of the essay in the *Fortnightly*, that in a House of Commons consisting of upwards of 200 members, not one member has ventured, either in the House or at the hustings, to propose the severance of the subsisting connexion with Great Britain.

Widely as I differ from the views of the writer in the *Fortnightly* as to the 'Political Destiny of Canada,' there are portions of his essay in which he has given expression to Canadian opinion, on points on which it is highly desirable that our fellow countrymen in England should be correctly informed. The principal of these is Canadian nationality, of which the essayist was, as he admits, once an advocate, and for which he still evinces a desire. He admits, however, that it is 'a lost cause', and as he is determined not to believe in the continuation of the present connexion, he is bound to maintain that union with the United States is 'morally certain.' I am not presumptuous enough to declare that the subsisting connexion must be perpetual, but I am decidedly of opinion, in common, as I have reason to know, with the leaders of both political parties, that if at any future period, owing to causes which it is impossible to foresee at present, a disruption of our connexion with Great Britain were to become necessary, there would inevitably be union with the United States and not an Independent Republic. It is desirable that those English politicians who sometimes look with complacency on the severance of the connexion, should be aware that its result would be very different from what they imagine. I likewise concur with the essayist that all the projects of a Pan-Britannic Empire are visionary in the greatest degree. I refer to the subject merely because the essayist has done so, and because some scheme of the kind has found favor in England, though as justly observed—'of the statesmen who dally with the project and smile upon its advocates, not one ventures to take a practical step towards its fulfilment.' No such scheme has ever found favor in Canada.

Having noticed the points on which I concur with the writer in the *Fortnightly*, I shall proceed to state those on which I entirely differ with him. It may be convenient to state my objections under the following heads: 1st. Errors in matters of fact; 2nd. Inconsistencies; 3rd. Erroneous reasoning. Under the first head the most important errors are those which attach undeserved blame to the Imperial Government. Reference is made to the 'Intercolonial Railway, into which Canada has been led by Imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four millions sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly pay for the grease upon the wheels.' A more unjust charge never was made. It has certainly not been the practice of the Imperial Government either to suggest the construction of public works in Canada, or to interfere with them in any way. The scheme for the construction of an Intercolonial Railway originated in Nova Scotia, and it was on the joint application of the separate Provinces that the Imperial Goverment authorized Royal Engineer officers to conduct a survey. The principal of these, Major Robinson, located a line, after which the three Provinces conferred as to the construction and as to the proportions of expense to be incurred by each. New Brunswick positively refused co-operation unless a different line from that recommended was adopted, and the other Provinces—Nova Scotia most reluctantly, Canada willingly—

concurred with New Brunswick. Thereupon the Imperial Government, in 1852, stated that the Imperial guarantee asked as a favour, could only be given to the line recommended by Major Robinson. The negotiations were thereupon broken off. When the delegates, several years afterwards, met to consider confederation, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was made one of the conditions of the union, and again the Imperial guarantee was sought. To what extent Imperial influence may have been used in favour of the original line I am hardly in a position to state, not having been in the country at the time; but what I do know is, first, that a majority of the Canadian ministers were in favour of the line adopted, and secondly, that the utmost extent of interference on the part of the Imperial Government was to make the adoption of the line favoured by them a condition of their guarantee, which every reasonable person will admit they had a perfect right to do. I submit that the charge in the essay is not justified by the facts which I have stated.

The next imputation against the Imperial Government which I shall notice, is the allegation that the annexation of British Columbia 'was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the Government to make set speeches.' I may consider with this another allegation:—'The Pacific Railway, and the indemnity which Canada is forced to pay to British Columbia for the non-performance of an impracticable treaty, are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the Imperial connexion.' The sole foundation for these charges is the fact that Lord Lytton, when Secretary of State, prior to the year 1859, expressed some opinions as to a different mode of governing Vancouver's Island and British Columbia. I have not thought it worth while to ascertain precisely what occurred at that time, simply because Lord Lytton had no more responsibility for the admission of British Columbia into the Canadian Confederation, than the writer of the essay himself. Delegates were sent from British Columbia to Canada, and the terms of confederation were arranged at conferences between the Canadian Ministers and those Delegates, and were subsequently ratified by the Canadian Parliament. The construction of the Pacific Railway was provided for by the terms of union, and has been a *bete noir* of the essayist, as well as of the political party opposed to the government which undertook it. It has been a subject of unceasing reproach by each political party against its antagonist; but no party politician in Canada has ever ventured to throw blame on the Imperial Government as the essayist has done. In connexion with British Columbia, the annexation of Manitoba 'is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step.' The Imperial Government did not in any way promote the annexation of Manitoba, which was sought for during many years by Canadian emigrants to the North-West, and by their countrymen; but when negotiations for the acquisition of the territory were set on foot, it lent its good offices to the contracting parties, Canada and the Hudson's Bay Co.

I have specified what I consider grave errors in matters of fact. The transparent object of the writer was to convince his English readers that, owing to the errors of Secretaries of State, who are said to be often 'personally unacquainted with the Colonies —not called to their post by special aptitude, but placed in it by party convenience,' Canada had suffered grievous injuries; and yet I affirm, without fear of contradiction from the leaders of the opposing parties in Canada, that, during the ten years that have elapsed since Confederation, there has not been the slightest complaint of improper interference on the part of the Imperial Government with the Government of Canada. During that period there has been a Liberal Government in England, with a Conservative Government in Canada, and now there is a Conservative Government in England and a Liberal one in Canada, but so good an understanding exists that no one is ever apprehensive of difficulty. I proceed to consider—

2ndly. The inconsistencies of the essayist. In order to establish his case he was bound to prove that dependencies could not be satisfactorily governed. 'The very name "colony" is obnoxious, derived from a very peculiar set of institutions, those Roman Colonies which had no life of their own, but were merely the military and political

outposts of the Imperial Republic.' All the successful colonies were those 'independent from the beginning.' 'Even New England, the germ and organizer of the American communities, was practically independent for a long time after her foundation.' The writer proceeds to descant on the sufferings endured by dependencies, citing from an old speech or pamphlet of Mr. Roebuck's, that 'our colonies have not been governed according to any settled rule or plan,' that 'caprice and chance have decided generally every thing connected with them,' and that if there has been success it has been obtained 'in spite of the mischievous intermeddling of the English Government, not in consequence of its wise and provident assistance.' This, it is said, is 'the refrain of almost all the works on the Colonies.' England cannot have colonies or dependencies because England is the vast and motley mass of voters including, since 'the Conservative Reform Bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns, people who in politics do not know their right hand from their left.' Even 'Phineas Finn' is cited as an authority to prove how little England is competent to maintain a Colonial system. Phineas reports of the people of Marylebone, 'not one man in a thousand cares whether the Canadians prosper or fail to prosper. They care that Canada should not go to the States, because though they don't love the Canadians they do hate the Americans.' This, the essayist asserts, is not 'an unfair picture of a Londoner's normal frame of mind.' And very similar is that of the inhabitants of Dorsetshire and Tipperary. I grant it all, just as as I grant that a Canadian Londoner, in his home on the banks of the Canadian Thames, cares not whether the inhabitants of Marylebone prosper or fail to prosper. The Canadians have just as much influence over English questions, as the English over theirs; and when it is triumphantly asked, 'When did a Canadian question influence an English election,' I simply reply, 'When did an English question influence a Canadian election.' But I have dwelt, I trust, sufficiently on the essayist's argument against the Colonial connexion, founded on the incompetency of English electors to govern remote dependencies. I purpose now to show, from another part of the same essay, that the argument has not the slightest application. Referring to the 'course of events' in regard to the colonies of Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland, the essayist proceeds: 'If Canada has been retained, it is by the reduction of Imperial supremacy to a form. Self-government is independence—perfect self-government is perfect independence; and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing Street, including the recent questions about appeals, are successively settled in favour of self-government.' What then becomes of the argument based on the 'uneducated populace' of the English towns, and on the opinion of Phineas Finn's Maryleboner? The truth is, that 'the refrain of almost all the works on the Colonies' had reference to that old system when, to use the language of the essayist, 'Government was jobbed by an oligarchy;' whereas the statement that 'self-government is independence, and that all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing street are successively settled in favour of self-government,' is a faithful description of the present Canadian system.

In his bitter censure of Parliamentary Government the essayist has fallen into a glaring inconsistency. That Government is said to be the bane of Canada, because 'there is no question on which parties can be rationally or morally based,' consequently the parties have become 'mere factions, striving to engross the prizes of office.' Such allegations abound through the essay, but, on the other hand, there are some admissions which would indicate to any experienced politician that there are important questions on which parties may properly be divided.

I could enumerate several, but as my present object is merely to establish my charge of inconsistency, I shall content myself by referring to two questions noticed in the essay. Surely the question of Protection is one on which political parties might properly join issue. The essayist states that 'Canada at this moment is the scene of a protectionist movement led curiously enough by those "Conservative politicians" who are loudest in their professions of loyalty to Great Britain.' The divisions in the Canadian House of Commons were, with two or three exceptions, strictly party, and the English newspapers have expressed their satisfaction with the result. It does

not strike me as at all curious that Conservative politicians should have a predilection for protection, but on the other hand it does appear to me rather extraordinary that so advanced a liberal as the essayist should be an extreme protectionist. I am persuaded that the members of the Conservative opposition are not of opinion that their views on this question are inconsistent with their loyalty to the crown, but I only refer to them here to prove that there is an important question on which political parties are divided. There is yet another, viz., British Columbia and the Pacific Railway. On these questions Canadian parties are in avowed antagonism. The essayist admits fully their importance, for he thinks that it will be fortunate if some question 'such as that respecting the pecuniary claims of British Columbia, which is now assuming such exaggerated proportions, does not supervene to make the final dissolution of the political tie a quarrel instead of an amicable separation.' Surely a question from which such serious consequences are apprehended, is one important enough for the consideration of political parties in Canada, by whom alone it must be solved. I need hardly observe that there is not the slightest danger of any misunderstanding between the Imperial and Canadian governments on any such question, nor, so far as I can foresee, on any other; and if the essayist really believes what he has stated, that 'all questions are successively settled in favour of self-government', he need be under no apprehension on the subject. I think it must be admitted that I have proved by his own language that the essayist is most inconsistent in alleging that there are no questions in Canada on which parties can be honestly formed. Another inconsistency will be found in those passages in the essay in which the author treats of the Roman Catholic element in our population. There is, indeed, not only inconsistency; there is error in a matter of fact. It is assumed that the French Canadian and Irish Catholics, constituting 1,400,000 of the population, are anything but friends to British connexion. These, it is said, must be deducted 'in order to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests.' The political sentiments of the Irish 'are generally identical with those of the Irish in the mother country.' The French Canadians have 'no feeling whatever for England.' They are 'governed by the priest with the occasional assistance of the notary.' The priests 'put their interests into the hands of a political leader, who makes terms for them and for himself at Ottawa, and as the priests are reactionists, Canada has long witnessed the singular spectacle of Roman Catholics and Orangemen marching together to the poll.' While, in the passages to which I have adverted, the writer deducts the French and Irish elements from the loyal portion of the population, he, in his 'enumeration of the forces which make in favour of the present connexion,' leads off with the 'reactionary tendencies of the priesthood which leads French Canada, and which fears that any change might disturb its solitary reign.' It is true that the essayist makes a 'forecast' that 'the ice will melt at last;' but I am much mistaken if the Roman Catholic clergy will not smile with derision at the idea that one of the agencies is to be 'the leaven of American sentiment brought back by French Canadians who have sojourned as artizans in the States,' the other being 'the ecclesiastical aggressiveness of the Jesuits.' I shall not discuss the alleged 'struggle for ascendency between the Jesuits and the Gallicans,' but shall merely observe that if any such struggle is going on, the contending parties contrive not to trouble their neighbours of other denominations with their controversies. The point of interest is whether the French Canadians and the Irish are satisfied with their present government, and the essayist, although classing them as disloyal, is compelled to admit that at present they are adverse to change, and he can only rest his hopes on his own 'forecast of the future.' I have said that there was an error as to fact in this portion of the essay. It is not true that the Irish Catholic vote has of late been with the Conservatives. On the contrary, it is notorious that many elections in Ontario were carried for the Reformers by the Catholic vote. I am not aware how many Irish Catholics are in the House of Commons at present, but most assuredly Mr. Speaker Anglin and Mr. Devlin, M.P. for Montreal Centre, are representative Irish Catholics, and both are decided liberals. Mr. Devlin contested Montreal Centre with an Irish Roman

Catholic, who ran in the Conservative interest, and he succeeded in obtaining a majority in a constituency in which, beyond all others, Irish Catholic influence prevails. And I may here observe with reference to the remark that 'the political sentiments of the Irish are identical with those of the Irish in the mother country,' that it evinces a very superficial knowledge of the state of Irish feeling. I have shewn how widely the Irish Catholics of Montreal differ as to Canadian politics; but it is nevertheless a fact that those same parties can unite in expressing opinions favourable to Home rule. The truth is that they are so attached to Home rule in Canada, that they would like, if possible, to see it extended to Ireland. Their sympathy with their fellow-countrymen in Ireland is manifested by pecuniary contributions; but with regard to Canadian politics they vote, not as a religious body, but according to the bias of their feelings and the various influences brought to bear on them. A sagacious statesman will at once perceive, what has completely escaped the observation of the essayist, that there is no inconsistency whatever in the Irish Catholics in Canada being dissatisfied with the existing relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and yet being perfectly satisfied with those between the United Kingdom and Canada. The French Canadian Roman Catholics are likewise very far from unanimous in their political sentiments. There are two distinct parties, Conservative and Liberal, and although the former is in the majority in the Province of Quebec, there is a minority, respectable both in numbers and talent; while in the Dominion Liberal government there are three cabinet ministers all Roman Catholics.

I shall now proceed to the third division of my criticism, viz., 'erroneous reasoning.' I entirely dissent from the position laid down at the opening of the essay, that it is wise or profitable for a statesman to regulate his policy by any 'forecast of the future.' Let me not be misunderstood. A wise statesman ought to endeavour to make the political institutions of his country as perfect as possible. If our statesmen in 1830 believed, as there is no doubt they did, that there was danger of revolution unless the representative system were reformed, it was their duty to apply a remedy. The same remark would apply to those statesmen who proposed and carried Catholic emancipation. But that is just what the essayist objects to, when he remarks that 'party politicians cannot afford to see beyond the hour.' He requires a 'forecast of the future,' which is precisely what neither he nor any other man is capable of making. It is said by the essayist that 'to tax forecast with revolutionary designs or tendencies is absurd.' To this I demur. Nothing is easier than for one who desires revolution, 'to cast a political horoscope,' to make 'a forecast,' and then, on the pretence of providing for what is certain to occur, to strain every effort to bring about the desired result. I am opposed to revolution, and if I could forecast anything in the future likely to bring it about, I would spare no effort to prevent it. The truth is, that with the essayist 'the wish is father to the thought.' He evidently prefers the republican system of Government to the monarchical, at which he sneers incessantly throughout his essay. He seems, however, to give it a preference as being less democratic. He pronounces Canada 'a democracy of the most pronounced kind;' considers the Governor-General 'not wrong in saying that she is more democratic than the United States, where the President is an elective King, and where the Senate, which though elective is Conservative, possesses great power, whereas the nominated Senate of Canada is a cypher.' I may remark *en passant* that this same cypher threw out a ministerial bill of considerable importance passed by the Commons, having reference to British Columbia, and that the Prime Minister made a distinct proposition to have that body increased in order to bring it more into harmony with the Commons. To return from this digression: 'Demagogism and the other pests of democratic institutions are not to be conjured away by forms and phrases.' 'The Governor-General has formally avowed himself a *fainéant*,' which simply means that he has acted as the representative of a Constitutional Sovereign, instead of, as the essayist would have wished him to do, like 'an Elective King.' People are generally wise after an event. I have no doubt that many of the present Government party who were dissatisfied with Lord

Dufferin's course during the political crisis of 1873, are now satisfied that it was the wisest that he could have adopted. Had he refused to follow the advice of his Ministers, as to the prorogation of Parliament, and thus forced them to resign, he would no doubt have been more popular with their opponents, but he would not have enjoyed that universal respect which is felt towards him at present. Differing entirely as I do from the essayist as to the merits of the English system of Parliamentary Government and the Republican system of the United States, I cannot look with indifference on the attempt which he has made to influence English public opinion to force Canada into the American Union on the plea that it is her manifest destiny. One who admits that self-government is independence, and that such self government Canada enjoys, can have no other object, in advocating, first Canadian nationality or independence, and, on the utter rejection of his proposals, then annexation to the United States, than to substitute for the British system of party government, the republican elective King, with Ministers not holding seats in the Legislature, and responsible only to their chief. Nothing is more easy than to point out evils in party government, but it is wholly irreconcilable with fact to maintain that corruption is more prevalent under the monarchical than under the Republican system. It is now some sixty years since a venerable living statesman, Earl Russell, treated the subject of party government with great ability. Among its bad effects he admitted the want of candour which it necessarily produces, party politicians, in the heat of controversy, being prone to attribute to their opponents intentions and motives of which they are as incapable as themselves. Moreover, there is a tendency in politicians, even when convinced of an error, to adhere to wrong views rather than afford a triumph to their opponents. With regard to corruption, Earl Russell maintains strongly that party connexion is a great safeguard against it. I hope to be excused giving a short extract from the French edition of Lord Russell's work, which is the only one within my reach :—'En reconnaissant les mauvais effets des parties, je n'ai rien dit des animosités et des querelles violentes q'ils suscitent. D'hypocrites philosophes, des femmes sentimentales, des hommes efféminés, ne cessent de se livrer à des lamentations sur les divisions politiques et les élections contestées. Les hommes d'un esprit élevé savent q'elles sont les signes de la liberté et de la prosperité de la nation. C'est dans la chaleur et sous le marteau de l'enclume que la liberté acquiert ses formes, sa trempe, et sa vigueur.'* I believe that I express the views of Canadians of all parties in affirming the great superiority of the British system of parliamentary government over the republican system, which Canadians have ample opportunity of contrasting with their own. I have never been able to satisfy myself that we can enjoy that system of government except as a dependency of the crown of England, and I therefore unhesitatingly avow that I am in favor of perpetual connexion, although I am ready to admit that circumstances, at present wholly unforeseen, may lead to its severance, just as circumstances may lead to a revolution in any other State or Kingdom or Empire.

The essayist, in order to establish the correctness of his forecast of the future insists that what he calls 'the great forces' must prevail over 'the secondary forces,' which he admits may suspend the action of the great forces. In my judgment he has wholly omitted from his calculations the greatest force of all, viz., the reluctance of the people of any country to engage in revolutionary proceedings, which reluctance can only be overcome when some intolerable grievance exists, for which no other remedy but revolution can be found. I am unaware of any case in which a political revolution involving a change of allegiance has taken place without civil war, and I am firmly persuaded that such a revolution would not take place in Canada without the occurrence of that fearful calamity. I am well aware that when the

* The following is the passage in the original English edition : 'In reckoning up the bad effects of party, I have not spoken of the animosities and violent contentions it produces. Mock philosophers, sentimental women, and effeminate men, are always making lamentations over political divisions and contested elections. Men of noble minds know that they are the workshop of national liberty and national prosperity. It is from the heat and hammering of the stithy that freedom receives its shape, it temper, and its strength.'

subject is discussed by English politicians, they invariably assume that any controversy which may arise in the future will be between England and Canada, the Canadian people being supposed to be a unit. This is a most serious mistake. Judging from the state of public opinion in Canada, and I am unaware of any other mode of forming a judgment on the point, there is no probability whatever that Canadians will be united in favor of any revolutionary change. They are united at present in favor of the connexion with Great Britain, and so long as the advocates of revolution content themselves with writing essays in the *Fortnightly* and avoid obtruding their opinions in Parliament or at the hustings, the loyalists will probably treat them with silent contempt. Should, however, any serious revolutionary movement be attempted, what are termed 'the secondary forces' would most assuredly display the same vigor that they have done on previous occasions.

I must, however, ask attention to what the essayist terms the great forces which must in his opinion prevail. They are, 1st, distance; 2nd, divergence of interest; 3rd, divergence of political character; 4th, the attractive force of the great American community which inhabits the adjoining territory. Now, after a calm consideration of all that the essayist has said to prove that these are 'great forces,' I must confess that I have failed to find more than a single obstacle to the permanency of the connection. On the question of distance the essayist argues that 'political institutions must after all bear some relation to Nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.' Again, he says that the distance 'can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government.' I confess that unless the foregoing language has some reference to the Pan-britannic system, I fail to comprehend it. In the first ten years of Confederation the distance has not been found in the slightest degree inconvenient, and I can conceive no reason why it should be in the future. 2nd, Divergence of interest. It is contended that Englishmen control the foreign policy of the Empire, and having no interest in those questions in which Canada is chiefly interested, 'betray by the languor of their diplomacy, and the ease with which they yield, their comparative indifference.' No doubt there have been three or four occasions on which Canada has been dissatisfied with British diplomacy. I am not aware of any treaty made by England since the treaty of Utrecht in the reign of Queen Anne, that has not been vigorously attacked by the Opposition of the day. When the representatives of contending powers come to treat, they each find it absolutely necessary to make concessions, and such concessions always cause dissatisfaction. It may, however, be assumed that, as a rule, the British Government has endeavoured to select diplomatists of experience and ability to conduct their negotiations, and that their representatives are better informed as to what it is expedient to press than those who criticize their acts. It is, however, unfortunate for the argument of the essayist that although our boundary questions have been always settled unsatisfactorily according to our judgment, no feeling of disloyalty to England has been manifested in consequence. I think therefore that, notwithstanding the fact that there may be some divergence of interest, if it has led to no feeling of disloyalty in the past, it is still less likely to do so in the future. It is alleged by the essayist, not only that the interests of the Canadians are neglected owing to the apathy evinced by English statesmen in questions of controversy between Canada and the United States, but likewise that Canadians run the risk of being involved in war without having any voice in the preceding deliberations. It is now upwards of twenty years since I published a pamphlet in London in reply to a very similar complaint. I shall venture to make a quotation from it:

'The next complaint is that the interests of the colonies may be seriously affected by the decision of the mother-country to engage in war, and yet they are not consulted on the subject. It may be admitted as a possible contingency that the mother-country might engage in war on grounds which would be deemed insufficient in the colonies, and that if the property of the latter were exposed to loss or injury in consequence, disaffection might ensue. I am, however, of opinion that nothing can be more unprofitable than speculating on contingencies which may never arise. It is a far more probable contingency that the

mother-country might be compelled to engage in war to protect one of her colonies, as she has been lately to protect an ally from a powerful oppressor. The colonies cannot be consulted about the question of war, because they contribute nothing to the expense of it, and would, in my opinion, be very sorry to purchase the privilege of being consulted at the price of bearing a just share of the burden. It is worthy of remark here, that the last war with the United States arose from a dispute on a question in which the North American Provinces had little or no interest. It was clear that the Canadians would be the principal sufferers, and it was imagined that they would be too glad to purchase tranquillity at the price of their allegiance. But the result proved that the British and French Canadians rallied with equal promptitude round the national standard, and the militia of the provinces, with very little assistance from the regular army, was strong enough to expel the invaders. With such a precedent I have no apprehension that the relations now subsisting between the mother-country and the colonies would be disturbed by the engagement of the former in a just war, and I do not believe in the probability of its engagement in an unjust one.'

The 3rd great force, said to be 'more momentous still,' is the 'divergence of political character.' Under this the essayist descants on aristocracy, the Anglican Church, custom of primogeniture, militarism, &c., &c. The simple answer is, that England makes no attempt whatever to introduce into Canada any of her peculiar institutions or customs, and there has never been the slightest difficulty between the two governments growing out of divergence of political character. The fourth great force is 'sure in the end' to be attractive, but not a shadow of an argument is adduced to support the assertion except a vague reference to 'commercial influences,' already discussed under the second head of 'divergence of interest.' This is the single difficulty, for it must be admitted that, if it were practicable, the abolition of the frontier custom-houses would be beneficial to both countries. The question is not one that could be conveniently discussed on such an occasion as this, but hitherto the effect of discussing measures of commercial policy with the United States has not been either to induce Canadians to admire the institutions of their neighbours, or to be attracted towards them in any way.

While the 'great forces' are so little likely to lead the Canadian people to engage in revolutionary projects, the essayist has enumerated a number of secondary forces, all sufficiently powerful at present to account for the loyalty of the people, but, in his opinion, 'of a transient character.' These are as follows—1st. The French Canadians are led by their priests, who are at present satisfied, but then in the future the ice will melt under the influence of the Jesuits and 'the leaven of American sentiment brought back by artizans.' 2nd. United Empire Loyalists are in the position of the Jacobites after the extinction of the House of Stuart, but all their loyalty has evaporated since the English Ambassador saluted the American flag 'in the celebration of the Centenary.' 3rd. English immigrants are rapidly decreasing, and 'as they die off natives take their places, so that Canada will soon be in Canadian hands.' 4th. The social influence of the British officers has ceased with the military occupation. I learn for the first time, to my great surprise, though I was not without opportunity of forming a correct judgment, that these officers 'exercised a somewhat tyrannical influence over opinion.' 5th. The Anglican Church still fosters loyalty, but its roots 'do not appear to be strong;' it is rent by the conflict between the Protestants and the Ritualists, and 'discord has already taken the form of disruption.' Now I should admit the appositeness of this argument, if it could be shewn that either the Protestants, as they are called, or the Ritualists, or the members of the Reformed Church, were disloyal; but inasmuch as they are all equally loyal to the crown, I can conceive no reason for referring in this connexion to their differences as to ritualism. The connexion of Canadian Methodism with the States is said to be 'very close,' but it has never to my knowledge had the effect of making the members of that influential body disloyal to the crown. 6th. It is admitted that Orangeism is 'strong in British Canada,' but it is hoped that 'one day' Orangeism must die. Of one thing the essayist may be assured, and that is, that should any attempt be made to promote a revolution

the Orangemen will be ready to fight to the last in support of the connexion with the crown of Great Britain. 7th. The social influence of English aristocracy, and of the little court at Ottawa. I presume this has reference to the Representative of the crown, for the English aristocracy most assuredly do not seek to exercise influence in Canada. 8th. Antipathy to the Americans. 9th. The special attachment felt by the politicians to the present system. Some of these secondary forces are wholly unworthy of notice, while others are infinitely more powerful than the greater forces, and others again are wholly omitted. Surely, in a country where the Scotch exercise so large an influence, where the First Minister is of that nation, as well as many members of both Houses of Parliament, their force is worthy of notice. I have no doubt that it would be as it has ever been, with the loyalists. It does not appear, indeed, that there is any discontented class, for I have already shewn that the French Canadians and the Irish Catholics are perfectly satisfied with the institutions under which they live. The policy of a true Canadian statesman is to endeavour, in the improbable event of any cause of difficulty arising between the Imperial and Canadian Governments, by every means in his power to remove it.

The essayist displays most bitter hostility to Confederation, and, as usual with him, the responsibility for that measure is thrown on England. He argues that, while 'a spontaneous confederation' develops mainly the principles of union, 'a confederation brought about by external influence is apt to develop the principles of antagonism in at least an equal degree.' He proceeds to state that if an appeal be made to the success of confederation in Switzerland, the answer is that Switzerland is not a dependency but a nation. Now, as the writer has himself assured us that 'self-government is independence,' and as the Canadian Confederation has practically the same power as the Swiss, I am unable to discover how the control of its external relations tends to produce success. Those relations lead to complications and difficulties, but cannot in any way ensure the success of the domestic government. But surely the essayist must be well aware that no confederation could be more spontaneous than the Canadian one. It was most assuredly not brought about by external influence, unless in so far as Nova Scotia was concerned. It appears, however, that 'the proper province of a Federal government is the management of external relations,' and as 'a dependency has no external relations,' it is implied that the chief duty of a Federal 'government in Canada is to keep itself in existence by the ordinary agencies of party, a duty which it discharges with a vengeance. There is a simple answer to all this. The powers of the Dominion Parliament and of the Local Legislatures are clearly defined in the Imperial Statute, and during the ten years that it has been in force no serious difficulty has arisen. The essayist informs us that, 'had the movement in favour of nationality succeeded, the first step would have been a legislative union.' He admits that there would have been opposition to such a step on the part of Quebec, but this is no difficulty with an advanced liberal, for 'Quebec, if she had been handled with determination, would most likely have given away.' It is consolatory to find that, although our political horoscope has been cast, it is admitted that 'to specify the time at which a political event will take place is hardly ever possible,' and it is further admitted that there is 'a real complication of secondary forces,' in other words, the secondary forces are all at present loyal to the core: but then there may be a continuance of commercial depression in Canada, accompanied by prosperity in the United States; then there may be financial difficulties in Canada owing to the Pacific railway; in short something may occur. 'A critical moment may arrive, and the politicians, recognizing the voice of Destiny, may pass in a body to the side of continental union.' I will close these remarks by repeating what I have already stated, that I do not believe in the probability of a complete change of allegiance being brought about in any other way than as the result of a civil war, a calamity so fearful that it will not be hazarded unless some serious misunderstanding should arise between the two governments, and I cannot conceive that any such contingency is at all probable.

WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

THE 'City of the Czars' has for the last year or more been rather prominently before the eyes of the world, as the scene of many a council on which, perhaps, hung the peace of Europe. As, therefore, any description of that far-off city and its inhabitants would likely be of interest to Canadians, I will endeavour to give a brief account of it.

As many are aware, St. Petersburg was founded about the year 1700, by Peter the Great, at the mouth of the river Neva. The land was very low and marshy, but this did not daunt that energetic monarch, who was determined to have a seaport to his great Empire. How his efforts have been crowned with success it is unnecessary to dilate upon.

The city, which has a population now of about 700,000, is built on a grand scale, its streets and squares being in most cases very spacious. The public buildings, of which there are a great many, are large and substantial, but rather unprepossessing, the bricks of which they are built being covered with plaster, painted a dingy yellow. The Nevski Prospect, the principal street, is fine and broad, with splendid stone pavement, and the stores on either side are a credit to the builders. A tramway on this street appears to be doing a thriving business, the cars being invariably crowded. A noticeable feature about this street railway is the fact of its always being in first-class order. During the winter months, it employs a great number of men, who, armed with shovels and switch-brooms, succeed in keeping the track clear of snow. They are, however, greatly assisted by the authorities, who, immediately after a snow storm, send out men to gather it up in heaps and then carry it off in sleighs constructed for that purpose. It is indeed a curious sight to see a string of 60 or 80 sleighs, moving along with their pure, white freight.

The Hotels in St. Petersburg are not particularly good, and in winter smell very close and stuffy, for the Russians seem to have a horror of fresh air, and with the aid of double windows and thick walls, succeed admirably in keeping it out. Their stoves, or, as they are called there, 'Peeches,' are very large and ugly; a birch-wood fire is lit in them, and as soon as the smoke and flames have disappeared, leaving only a bed of coals, all the doors are closed, so as to keep the heat in. This poor method of heating accounts for the bad habit of shutting out the fresh air, as it takes a long time with these stoves to heat a room, when once cold.

The St. Petersburgers, as a rule, live in flats. Immense buildings, of four or five stories in height, have on each flat two or more ranges of rooms, varying in size and number. Thus one building may have as many as twelve or fourteen families living under its roof. Generally at the top, or in some convenient part, a large room is set apart for the use of these families to dry their washing in. This leads to a considerable amount of squabbling, as frequently several families want the use of it at the same time. On such occasions Russian women become quite fluent. To each building there is a porter, whose duty it is to tend the principal entrance, answer enquiries, and make himself generally useful. There are also attached two or three 'dvomicks' (servant men), whose work is to carry up fuel, water, &c., to the families, keep clean the yard and a portion of the street in front of the building, run errands, and also act as night watchmen, which duty they take turn about; during the winter it is not pleasant work. These men are generally dirty, uncouth, and stupid. The porters, on the other hand, are smart, tidy fellows, and quick of perception.

Some of the Greek churches are very fine. The Kazan Cathedral on the Nevski Prospect, a fine semicircular building with a high dome in centre, was the scene of the late liberty demonstration of young, students male and female. Some two or three hundred of these young people marched, nto the church, and ordered the priest to

say certain prayers. This he refused to do, whereupon one of the rioters unfurled a red flag, and waving it aloft, raised the cry of 'liberty.' As they came out of the church the police attempted to arrest some of them, but were driven off; they rallied, and being assisted by a number of bystanders, succeeded in arresting the leaders, who have since been banished to Siberia.

The St. Isaac's church is a magnificent edifice in the shape of a Greek cross. In the centre rises an immense dome with golden roof, which can be seen for miles glittering in the sun. Four smaller domes support this. On each side are polished pillars of Finland granite, about sixty feet high and five in diameter, crowned with iron capitals. On a mild moonlight night in winter, when the pillars are covered with white frost, this noble pile is a lovely sight, once seen never to be forgotten. Inside, the church is one mass of gold, bronze, silver, marble, and precious stones. Some idea of its grandeur may be gathered from the fact that the building and its contents are said to have cost $80,000,000. The Christmas service is very interesting. Five or six priests, wearing gorgeous cassocks of cloth of gold—one, the metropolitan, having on his head a crown of gold covered with jewels—stand in the centre of the church directly under the great arch, and chant the service in turn in deep tones. The choir, composed entirely of men and boys, at intervals sing, or rather chant, for the whole service is intoned. After a time the priests move up towards the 'great gates,' which in the Greek Church occupy the same position as the altar in the Romish Church. During the ceremony, the people stand around (there are no seats in the church), and every few minutes cross themselves, and frequently go down on their knees and touch the floor with their foreheads two or three times. The whole scene is brilliantly lit up, every shrine being loaded with small tapers, the offerings of the worshippers to their patron saints. About the middle of the service the 'great gates' are thrown open, revealing a large inlaid stone picture of our Saviour, which, with a strong light behind it, forms a beautiful transparency. The vaulted dome pillars, of malachite and lapis-lazuli, are magnificent beyond description; the rest is all gold, gold everywhere where there was a spot to place it. The malachite and lapis-lazuli pillars which support the 'great gates' on either side, look rather unique, two being green and two blue.

There is a very handsome English chapel situated on the English quay; quite a large congregation attends this church, for there is a large English colony in St. Petersburg, some say as many as six thousand.

The Government buildings, such as the Admirality, the Senate, War-Office, General Staff, &c. &c., are fine large buildings, but all have the same dingy yellow look and the same style of architecture, which makes them rather monotonous to the eye. The Palaces are somewhat similar. The Winter Palace, the residence of the Czar, a large square building with quadrangle in the centre, covers a great deal of ground; it is stated that seven thousand people could live in it. Between the Neva and the Palace is a wide street, with a splendid embankment which is a fashionable resort. Here, in the winter, the traveller could spend hours watching the sankies, troitkas, and other kinds of sleighs dash by. The sankies are very small, just large enough to seat the driver and two others. The driver's seat is very narrow, and to one not accustomed to it would be very uncomfortable. The back seat is so close to the driver, that he is almost sitting on the knees of the occupants. The isvostics (drivers) wear long blue coats or dresses which almost reach to the ground; around the waist they wear a girdle. These dresses are very warm, a great desideratum in such a cold climate, but look odd; in fact at a little distance it is difficult to distinguish the wearers from women.

The troitka, as its name implies, is driven with three horses abreast, one inside of the shafts, the other two on either side. The middle horse is allowed to have its head pretty freely; but the other two have theirs drawn in tightly, with their noses within a very short distance of the ground. In this graceful but painful position they are driven at full speed. Some of the sankies are driven with two horses, one in shafts, the other on one side. The one in the shafts trots, while the other canters. This is a Russian fancy. Those wretched, unsightly, and worse than useless things called 'blinkers,' are not used by the Russians, for they consider, and with justice too, that they do more harm than good, as a horse is much less apt to shy when it can see

plainly in every direction, than when partially blinded. The public sankies for hire are used a great deal, as a course around the city is only about sixty copecks (45 cents). To one who is used to the merry sleigh bells, it seems strange to see sleighs dashing in every direction, and not a single bell, for inside the city they are prohibited, excepting on the troitkas ; these latter, however, are not often seen on the streets. The drivers, to warn pedestrians or other sleighs, are obliged to shout, 'Beragees !' (take care). As this has to be repeated pretty frequently, it must be rather trying to the throat.

The isvostics, as a rule, are fine looking men, many of them wonderfully like Englishmen. No doubt they are descendants of those Normans who conquered Russia about the same time as the Norman conquest of Britain. Like all Jehus they are exhorbitant in their charges, whenever they can impose them ; therefore it is necessary to bargain with them before hiring. An amusing incident happened with a traveller who had been told this. He had learnt the Russ for thirty copecks (tritsat copeck), and wishing soon after to drive a short distance, hailed an isvostic, gave his directions, and enquired the charge, as well as he could. 'Dvatzat-piat!' was the reply. The traveller, thinking by the length of the word that it was also a long figure, said, 'Niet!' (no); 'tritsat copeck.' 'Da ! da !' (yes ! yes !) exclaimed the isvostic most readily, and drove him to his destination. The traveller a short time afterwards mentioned to some friends his success at striking a bargain, and caused a great deal of merriment when it was discovered that he had offered the man more than he had asked, 'dvatzat-piat' being twenty-five (copecks).

There are several fine monuments in the city: one to Alexander I., which stands close by the General Staff offices, is a very fine column of Finland granite, with iron base on which warlike figures are wrought ; surrounding this column is an iron fence made out of Turkish cannon. Handsome as this monument is, it will not compare with that erected by Catharine II. to Peter the Great, which is without doubt the most original and natural statue in Europe. It represents Peter in Roman dress seated on a horse, which appears to have just mounted an immense rock of Finland granite, one foot of the horse trampling on a huge serpent. To one seeing this statue for the first time, it is startlingly lifelike. The monarch is facing the broad Neva, towards which his right arm is stretched, as if directing you to contemplate his great work on its banks. The labour of bringing this enormous block of granite to the city, which was performed by rolling it on cannon balls, was very great.

There are a number of bridges across the Neva, built on boats ; but only one permanent one, called the Nicholas bridge, which is a very handsome and costly structure, and very wide. At one end is a small Greek chapel, on passing which most of the isvostics and moujicks (peasants) take off their caps and cross themselves most devoutly. It is a beautiful sight from this bridge, on a moonlight night, with the thermometer 25° below zero—the moon shining dimly through the frozen air—the long line of lamps on either side of the river, both up and down, as far as the eye can reach—men hurrying to and fro, with their long shubas closely wrapped around them, the immense collars reaching above their caps, the mist arising from the ground along with their breath turning their moustaches, beards, and even eyelashes into masses of frost. This mist or frozen air covers houses, trees, in fact everything, with a white mantle. The cold is sometimes so intense that numbers are frozen to death, particularly isvostics, who spend the most of the nights in their sankies. In the neighborhood of the Winter Palace, Grand Duke Nicholas's Palace, and other places, stoves are placed on the streets by which the poor isvostics warm themselves. Sometimes when the weather is unusually severe, 'chai' (tea) is served out to them from the Palaces.

The boulevards are fairly good in some parts of the city, but there is room for improvement in that line. The National Academy, which contains the works of Russian artists, was founded by Catharine II. The building, which covers a great space of ground, is not for painting alone, but also for sculpture, and a museum of Russian and other curiosities. There are only a few good paintings in this building, for as yet Russia has not turned out any celebrated painter. Still, there have been great strides in the art within the last quarter of a century. The Hermitage, which is connected with the Winter Palace, is the best

gallery in St. Petersburg. It was erected by Catharine II., and christened by her 'The Hermitage,' as she used it as a quiet retreat from the Court, when wearied with the cares of government. Some of the paintings and statuary in this beautiful gallery are very fine. The Spanish court contains some of Murillo's finest efforts. The Dutch painters are also well represented. Some magnificent tables of lapis-lazuli and malachite, and vases of the same and other precious stones, are placed in the different courts.

Some of the restaurants in St. Petersburg are very good. One kept by Dusaux, on the Great Morskia, was patronized by the Prince of Wales during his visit to the city on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the daughter of the Czar. There, dinners are served up in first-class Russian style. In the room set apart for the dinner, two tables are set out, one for the guests, the other, called the 'vorschmack,' on which is placed a number of dishes containing various relishes, such as sardines, caviare, &c., &c. The guests are invited to whet their appetites at this table, before sitting down to the more substantial meal. Good wines can be had, but are very expensive. Great quantities of champagne are drunk in Russia, as in fact of all kinds of liquors, for the Russians are pretty hard drinkers. Numbers of moujicks (peasants) are continually to be met with on the streets in every stage of intoxication; but when tipsy, they are the most harmless and inoffensive creatures to be met with,—never insult or molest a passer-by, but stagger quietly along; sometimes they attempt to sing, but rarely. How different this is from our own countrymen, is apparent to the reader.

The St. Petersburg theatres are very good, and well patronized, for the Russians are great play-goers. The Great Theatre will hold about 3,000. The plays in this theatre are always performed in the Russian language—the acting, singing, and orchestra being excellent. This is one of the most brilliant theatres in Europe, for not only do the ladies dress handsomely, but there are always a number of officers in rich uniforms, which adds greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. There is a pretty theatre at which French comedies are acted, which is very much patronized by the best society, for all educated Russians understand the French language thoroughly; in fact it is a common saying that they speak it better than the French themselves. Both the French and German languages are much spoken by the Russians, many preferring them to their own. A good many also speak English, but it is looked upon as an accomplishment, while the others are considered a necessity. It is a common thing to hear four languages spoken at a dinner table in St. Petersburg.

One of the great institutions of the city is the 'Gostinoi-Dvor,' a large block of stores which occupies a whole square, with fronts on four streets, the principal one being on the Nevski Prospect; a collonade runs all round the four sides, and in the centre is a large open space. Some of these shops are very good, but most of them are rather small. During the week before Russian Christmas, which comes twelve days later than ours, these stores are besieged by all classes of people, and business is brisk, for, as a rule, the articles sold are much cheaper than can be got elsewhere on the Nevski or on the Great Morskia, on which latter street there are many very fine stores. Close by the Gostinoi-Dvor, on the Nevski, there is a beautiful little Greek chapel. This chapel is open all the year round, and always has tapers burning, which, lighting up the quantity of silver and precious stones it contains, makes it very brilliant. On coming to this, the devout Russian stops, doffs his cap, crosses himself, mutters a brief prayer, and passes on.

On the other side of the river Neva, nearly opposite the Winter Palace, are two places of interest to the traveller, one being the Fortress and Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the other Peter the Great's hut, which is a short distance further up the river. The latter place is well worth a visit. It is a compact little building: the roof has peculiar shingles which fit into each other, and from their substantial appearance look as if they would last for centuries. Over the whole building is placed a glass roof to protect it from the weather. The furniture inside is really handsome, a thing that one would not expect to find in a hut, even if it were a

monarch's. Peter's row-boat lies on one side in a good state of preservation.

Even on this place the Greek Church has its greedy grasp, for half of the hut has been turned over to it, and been fitted up as a chapel, in which visitors are expected to leave something for the Church.

The Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is rather interesting on account of the church and burial ground, where the members of the Imperial family are buried. The church is a plain, unpretentious white building, surrounded with a number of melancholy looking poplars. In the summer time this spot may not look so bad, but in the winter it has a very dreary appearance. The Fortress is a formidable looking place, and would give any enemy who undertook its capture, a difficult job.

Between the hours of two o'clock in the afternoon and four the Nevski Prospect is very lively. Then the sankies and other sleighs of the aristocracy are out in full force, and elegant turn-outs they are too. There can be seen many noble black horses, generally driven in pairs, with long tails almost sweeping the ground. Blue, black, or brown nets are fastened to the collars and drawn over them and attached to the sleigh: these are worn to prevent the horses kicking clods of snow into the faces of the occupants, and are not only useful, but extremely elegant. The drivers wear a dress similar to the isvostics, but of better material, and a four-cornered cap with bright coloured top. A footman has a small stand behind and holds on as best he can with the aid of a couple of loops or straps.

The Emperor can be seen almost any afternoon driving on the Nevski, in a little unpretending sanki, drawn by one horse, accompanied only by the driver—no footman or any escort whatever. In all probability, though, extra police are on the alert, as several attempts have already been made to assassinate him.

Before closing this short account of a city and its inhabitants on which volumes could be written, a brief description of the winter costumes will not be out of place. The peasants wear long sheepskin coats or dresses, with the wool next to the body. These coats are gathered in at the waist, the skirts coming down to the knees, some fancy-stitching being worked on the front and sleeves. A pair of long white felt boots completes an outfit admirably adapted to resist the cold. The women are dressed somewhat similarly. The shubas are most unassuming ; those worn by the gentlemen are made of some kind of heavy cloth, lined with fur, and reach nearly to the feet. They are very warm and heavy. The collars when turned up frequently reach five or six inches above the cap. Very few wear gloves, and to keep their fingers warm they shove them into the sleeves of the shuba. The ladies shubas are very handsome and rich looking, being of silk or velvet of different colors, lined with costly furs, the fur shewing only at the neck and wrist. No other city in the world can boast of having more richly or more tastefully dressed ladies than the city of St. Petersburg.

H. T. D.

THE ETHICS OF VIVISECTION.

WERE the solution of the vivisection problem as simple an affair as a guest present 'Round the Table' last month seems to imagine, the wide divergence of opinion on the subject among the ablest thinkers in England would be unintelligible; nor would English reviews, magazines, and newspapers have been so flooded with articles and letters on the subject as they have been during the past few years. Indeed, the question whether it is morally right to cause evil to one being in order to benefit another, goes to the very foundation, not merely of Christian theology, but of all morality, and starts difficulties which have perplexed the human mind ever since it has been capable of reflecting on sin and suffering—difficulties which remain difficulties still. The brief remarks made at last month's Table, so far from unravelling these perplexities, tend rather to show that the person who made them is not so much as aware of their existence, or even alive to the real point at issue; so that, notwithstanding the benevolent motive which prompted his utterance, he has really contributed nothing towards the elucidation of this vexed question. Indeed, the animus which he evidently feels against science has prevented him from dealing fairly with both sides of the subject.

To arrive at some general principle on which all can agree, is the chief difficulty: once reached, comparatively little trouble would be found in applying it to individual cases. A necessary preliminary to the ascertainment of such a principle is to form an adequate conception of the problem to be solved, and of the nature of the difficulties by which it is surrounded. 'A question well asked is half answered;' and though, in the present case, a satisfactory solution may elude investigation, no reason exists why the problem may not be clearly stated.

In attempting this task let me commence with an illustration. A man goes into a house, takes an infant on his knee, and, presuming on his superior strength, plunges a sharp steel instrument into its tender flesh, till the blood gushes forth and the child screams with pain. An atrocious deed, surely! And yet thousands of similar acts of vivisection* are done every day, not merely without objection, but with general approval. No anti-vivisectionist has ever uttered even the feeblest protest against the lancing of a child's gums in order to facilitate the passage of its teeth. On the other hand, no one sanctions the infliction of torture by vivisection in mere wantonness, or for the sake of delight in witnessing pain. Vivisection there is, then, which *every one* approves of; and vivisection which *no one* approves of. *Where shall the line be drawn between the two extremes?* Can any one place his finger on a point of demarcation and say, on this side vivisection is right, on the other it is wrong?

It may, I think, be taken as agreed on all hands, that a surgical operation—in other words, an act of vivisection—is proper, when performed for the benefit and with the consent of the individual operated on. The evil is committed for the sake of a greater good to the sufferer: prolonged and extreme agony is inflicted for the purpose of saving a life; a sharp but brief pang is caused in order to remove pain of even far less intensity, but chronic in duration.

So far the matter is plain enough. The real difficulty begins when we come to vicarious suffering; and the Christian theology appealed to by last month's guest, so far from solving this part of the problem, is about the only system which has made the infliction of vicarious suffering a necessary part of its scheme of salvation.

It is not recognized so widely as it should be, that Christianity is made up of two parts: one, spiritual, emotional, and moral; the other, intellectual, doctrinal, and dogmatic.

*It will be seen that this word is used throughout, not in the narrow technical signification usually given to it, but in the wider meaning indicated by its etymology. In a discussion like the present, the two meanings are logically inseparable.

The one is a bond of union. The other is an element of discord which has split up Christianity into a thousand and one jarring and wrangling sects, each anathematising the rest. The New Testament may insist that love to God and love to man are 'more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices;' Christ may assert that 'there is none other commandment greater than these,' and that the man who merely affirmed them was 'not far from the kingdom of God;' St. Paul may place love in front of hope and faith as the greatest of Christian virtues: but to what purpose? The 'commandments of men'* reverse the order, and erect faith into the supreme requisite for man's justification; meaning, thereby, an intellectual assent to certain cut and dried formulas or theological dogmas. The standards of the various Protestant churches—the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, even the Athanasian, Nicene, and Apostles' Creeds—may be searched in vain for any reference to these two great commandments of Christ; almost indeed for any mention of the word 'love;' nor is there in any of them the remotest allusion to the rights of animals or to man's duty towards them. Methodism, in like manner, insists that the main business of religion is to teach, and the great concern of mankind is to learn, not love to God and man, but—'how to flee from the wrath to come.'

Let me here enlarge a little. In the first chapter of Genesis it is recorded that the whole animal creation was handed over to the dominion of man. Nor did the ancient Hebrews exhibit any fastidious delicacy in availing themselves of the privilege thus conferred. Of the numerous instances given in the Old Testament of torture inflicted on animals for the sake of man, it will suffice to adduce one: 'And Joshua did unto them as the Lord bade him: he houghed their horses, and burned their chariots with fire.'† To 'hough' is to cut the hamstrings in order to disable; and the act thus recorded is one of the earliest instances of deliberate vivisection on record. Nor was the infliction of pain confined to the lower animals, as may be seen, with regard to slaves, from Exodus xxi., 20, 21: 'If a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand; he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for he is his money.' From this enactment it would seem that a man might with impunity—that is, lawfully—lash his female slave to pieces, provided only she did not die during the operation, but lingered on in agony for a day or two. If this was not vivisection with a vengeance, the distinction is so fine as not to be worth discussing.

The idea of the vicarious sacrifice of animals as a propiatory offering to the Diety for the benefit of man, runs through the whole Jewish Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi; and the crowning sacrifice of the New Testament, the Atonement through the blood of Christ—the piercing of the hands and feet in the act of crucifixion, the laceration of the scalp by the crown of thorns, and the spear-wound in the side— was, in an absolutely literal sense, a case of vicarious vivisection for the benefit of man. The Almighty gave up his only begotten Son to a lingering and agonizing death in order to save the human race. Pain was inflicted on an innocent Being, in order that *other*, guilty beings might escape from pain.

What, too, is to be said of the Christian hell? Calvinism teaches, implicitly at least, that millions of non-elect infants will suffer in inconceivable torment for all eternity. Some theologians seem even to gloat over the prospect. Samuel Rutherford speaks of non-elect infants as 'fuel for hell,' and of 'children sinking and swimming in the black and burning lake;' and Calvin himself (I think, though, speaking from memory, cannot be certain) of 'infants not a span long crawling about on the floor of hell.' But not the most ingenious Calvinist of them all has ever pretended, nor if he had, could he have got any one to believe, that the pain is inflicted on these wretched children for their benefit; a remark which applies equally to every being condemned to eternal torment in hell, whether infant or adult. That venerable document, over which so much dust is being raised in Scotland and elsewhere—the Westminster Confession— solves the difficulty by saying that it is inflicted for 'the manifestation of [God's] glory,' and 'for the glory of his

* 'But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' Matthew xv, 9.

† Joshua xi., 6, 9.

sovereign power over his creatures' (chap. 3, secs. 3 and 7). Tertullian, however, one of the greatest of the Christian Fathers, in a celebrated passage quoted by Lecky,* leads us to infer that the final cause of the torture of the damned in hell is the extatic joy which the elect in heaven will feel in witnessing it; and a similar opinion was expressed by that great Christian saint, Thomas Aquinas, in his well known dictum: 'Beati in regno cœlesti videbunt pœnas damnatorum, *ut beatitudo illis magis complaceat.*' 'The blessed in the kingdom of heaven will witness the torments of the damned, in order that their felicity may delight them the more.'† The two hypotheses, that of the Confession and that of Tertullian and Aquinas, though differing, are at one in making the pains of hell vicarious.

Doctrinal Christianity, then, so far from settling this question adversely to vivisection, supplies precedents in abundance which would amply justify man in inflicting pain on other animals, and even on his fellow-man, for his own benefit. Furthermore, the pains of hell—the glad tidings which the doctrinal standards proclaim as the doom of the vast majority of the human race—constitute, in any single case, an eternity of agony compared with which the most hideous torture which any vivisectionist could inflict, would be as the evanescent scratch of a pin's point; and it having been shown that these pains are necessarily vicarious in their nature, it follows that vivisection cannot logically or consistently be condemned by any religion which holds to the doctrine of eternal torment. It is, indeed, of little avail to bring forward the moral side of Christianity in reprobation of vivisection, when its doctrinal side can be cited with so much more potent effect the other way.

Religions do exist, Brahmanism and Buddhism for example, which teach doctrinally the sacredness of animal life; and the striking contrast in the treatment of the lower animals by Christian Englishmen and by heathen Hindoos (for instance), is exemplified in an incident related in the Toronto *Nation* for 1874, (vol. 1, p. 106), as follows: 'The Collector of a district at Guzerat recently issued an order to kill all the stray dogs in the city of Khaira. The Hindoo citizens, cherishing a sacred regard for animal life, collected the dogs in cages, and were about to transport them to some distant spot. The magistrates prevented this, and next morning the dogs were taken down to the river, where the Hindoos perform their sacred ablutions and recite their prayers. Some went to the magistrate to remonstrate, but were driven away and threatened with violence. They then telegraphed to the Governor, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, beseeching him to prevent this outrage on their religious feelings; but he declined to interfere. The dogs were killed with hatchets in sight of the horrified people. The inhabitants shut up their shops on the day of the massacre, suspended business, and passed the day in fasting and mourning.' The only remark that need be added to this account is, that the treatment of the Hindoos themselves was a fair sample of what might be called moral vivisection.

But Buddhism and Brahmanism have no authority outside their adherents, and it may be well to turn to mere human ethics and hear what they have to say on the subject. The question they are asked to solve is, whether it is right to inflict even the smallest amount of pain on any sentient creature, in order to save from pain another, or millions of other sentient creatures. Is the utilitarian principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number admissible here? Is it right to do evil that good may come? Will the end justify the means? John Stuart Mill unhesitatingly asserts that it will, provided the means be not incompatible with some higher end than the one ought. Let me illustrate again.

A vast number of people die annually of cancer, usually after frightful sufferings, lasting sometimes for years. Even while I write, the agony inflicted by this terrible disease is being endured by millions of our suffering fellow-creatures. That which is going on now, has been going on for thousands of years, by day and night, from year's end to year's end, from century to century, without pause or cessation even for an instant, and, so far as human foresight can discern, will continue to go on for an in-

* History of Rationalism, 5th Ed., vol. 1, pp. 324-5.

† *Ib.*, p. 319.

definite period longer. The thought of the aggregate mass of suffering caused by this one disease is so dreadful, that the imagination cannot picture it in all its hideous reality without a sensation of sickening horror. Suppose, then, that by means of the knowledge gained through an experiment made by the inoculation of the cancer poison upon a single sheep, the disease could be extirpated, so that the untold millions of human beings now existing and yet to be, would live free from it. Would man be justified in putting that one innocent animal to the needful pain? I am free to confess that this is a question which I am not prepared to answer. But if it be answered, as ninety-nine men out of a hundred would answer it, in the affirmative, it seems to me that the main point contended for by vivisectionists is conceded, and that there is no logical halting place short of the abstract principle, that, other things being equal, it is justifiable to inflict any amount of pain, provided that thereby you remove or prevent a greater amount. For, if it be right to inflict pain on one sheep in order to save from pain ten millions of human beings, would it not be right to do the same thing for the sake of one million, or one thousand, or one hundred, or ten, or one? And, *e converso*, if it be right to inflict pain on *one* sheep, in order to save from pain ten millions of human beings, would it not be right, for the same purpose, to inflict pain on ten sheep, or one hundred, or a thousand, or a million, or ten millions? Where are you going to stop in your arithmetical progression?

The common practice of mankind goes further than this. It inflicts pain on the lower animals, not merely to remove or prevent pain in man, but to give him pleasure, or merely to minister to his comfort or convenience. The practice of killing or wounding animals in sport was touched upon by last month's guest. Other usages, equally involving the question at issue, were ignored. A man keeps a horse for riding or driving; if, on any occasion, the animal happens to be tired or lazy, and does not go quickly enough to suit the convenience of *its master*, it is goaded to move faster by being lashed with a whip, or by having sharp iron instruments dug into its flesh. In brief, pain is inflicted for the benefit, not of the animal, but of him who inflicts it. Is this morally justifiable? The same question might have been asked, before the abolition of slavery, with regard to the lashing of negro slaves.

The use of animals in war is another practice which has gone on for thousands of years among Christian and other nations without protest. Horses are taken into battle; their bodies are horribly mangled and cut up by cannon balls, by fragments of shells, by bullets, and by swords and bayonets; and thousands are left on the field to die a lingering and agonizing death. Will the most fanatical advocate of war pretend for an instant that all this torture is inflicted on these poor docile creatures for their benefit? Hardly. In that case is it justifiable?

Again, if it is not right to kill animals in war, is it right to kill them during peace, for food? and what is to be said as to the morality or immorality of the maxim, 'Self-preservation is the first law of Nature'? Carlyle tells us that the ultimate question between any two human beings is: 'Can I kill you, or can you kill me?' a question which lands us in the gigantic problem of Malthus and Darwin—the 'struggle for existence,' which, as Huxley truly says, 'goes on as fiercely beneath the smooth surface of modern society, as among the wild inhabitants of the woods.'* Of the numberless subsidiary questions involved in this last problem, not the least perplexing is, whether it is justifiable to punish (that is, inflict pain upon) criminals, not for reformatory purposes, but as a warning to others,—to 'make an example' of them for the benefit of society at large; a problem which was incidentally touched upon in the able article on 'The Treatment of Crime' which appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for last February.

Now, whatever people who dread and detest science may say, scientific men are not, as a body, possessed by any craze for the mere word 'science,' which is but another name for knowledge. Knowledge they love as the beneficent instrument which promotes the happiness, or ensures the freedom from pain, not merely of the human race, but of all sentient creatures. Ignorance they hate as the fruitful mother of the sin and suffering which have their

* Lay Sermons, p. 56.

abiding place in the world in which they live. And this consideration leads to another branch of the general problem. Science has enabled a hundred human beings (with their domestic animals) to live where but ten could formerly exist; and the hundred are better off than the ten. The earth teems with millions of rational men and women, where, in times past, only wild animals ranged, seeking what they might devour. The king of Brodbingnag was of opinion 'that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service for his country, than the whole race of politicians put together'; and Huxley reminds us that, without the practical results of science, without 'these great ships, these railways, these telegraphs, these factories, these printing-presses, the whole fabric of modern English society would collapse into a mass of stagnant and starving pauperism.'*

Bearing these things in mind, then, is it right to inflict pain on one sentient creature, if thereby, directly or indirectly, other sentient creatures are brought into existence, to live happy and contented lives? Is the making unhappy of one being, more than counterbalanced by the creation of two happy ones? In fine, is it right to inflict pain for the purpose of increasing in the long run the aggregate of human happiness? or, what amounts to the same thing, in order to advance science (or knowledge), by which this increase in the aggregate of happiness is rendered possible? a question at least as difficult to answer as the analogous one on the other branch of the subject. But if this, also, be replied to in the affirmative, then, putting the two answers together, a definite conclusion is arrived at, which may be enunciated something in this wise: It is justifiable to inflict pain if thereby, in the long run, the aggregate of pain is lessened, or the aggregate of happiness is increased; the pain inflicted being, of course, a factor in both aggregates. As already intimated I am unable either to affirm or to deny this proposition; but, at all events, it indicates a limit beyond which it is certainly not right to go, and enables us to assert with confidence the following principle: It is wrong to inflict pain unless there is *a reasonable probability* that thereby the aggregate of pain will be lessened, or the aggregate of happiness increased. Submitted to such a test, there can be no doubt that much of the vivisection which has been practiced in England and elsewhere, and a vast amount of the pain which in other ways is habitually inflicted by man on the lower animals, would receive stern and emphatic condemnation.

It is something to have reached even so meagre a result as this; and if, in addition, the problem has been intelligibly stated, and an inkling been given of the enormous difficulties by which it is beset, and of the consequent futility of attempting to solve it in a paragraph, this brief paper will not have been written in vain.

SORDELLO.

* Lay Sermons, p. 6.

ROUND THE TABLE.

HOW to reconcile the apparently conflicting interests of advertisers and readers is a great problem for newspaper editors. Come, my friendly editor, and let us see whether we cannot arrive at some conclusion on the subject over our wine and walnuts. Pecuniarily, you tell me, the advertisements form your steady source of remunerative] income, which is merely supplemented by that derived from subscribers to the paper. Viewed from this standpoint, then, your 'daily,' or 'weekly,' is a vehicle for putting the largest number of trade announcements, cards of quack medicines, and circus bills, before the public, and the remaining, or readable, part of each issue is but the gilding that tempts the unwary patient to swallow the wholesome but nauseous pill. Still, by a pious fraud, and since the public declines to consider its daily press merely as an organ for puffing patent-fitting shirts, it must be made to appear as though the reverse of this state of things were actually the case. This, too, is necessary in the interest of your advertising constituents, you frankly admit; for if the public once saw through the true state of affairs, your circulation would sink to zero, and your advertisements, after proving your ruin, would desert you with as little compunction as rats feel in leaving a sinking ship. Hence the failure of those special papers which have striven, by gratuitous or almost gratuitious circulation, to foist upon the reading world an undue quantity of lucrative, but ponderous advertising matter. How far, gentle editor, do you conceive it venial to pander to your advertisers? Do you ever, after being highly moral in your leading articles, allow quack advertisements of a disguised but not the less abominable tendency, to appear in your other columns? Does the sub-editor or the printer's devil shoulder the responsibility for all this, and play Ahriman to your Oromasdes in the dual management of your little journalistic sphere?

Then again, would it not be fair play to your readers to print your advertisements in different type from the rest of your copy? The man of little leisure would not then be seduced into reading, or beginning to read, some puff direct, under the impression that he had got hold of a new fact in science or biography. At least, let the magic letters 'Advt' follow conspicuously every trap for the unwary, and if possible pen up these straying sheep into a pound of their own, where they will be, in their peculiar fashion, not without use. In fact, if spread about too much, advertisements come within that famous definition of dirt,—matter in a wrong place.

There was an advertisement in one of the Toronto dailies the other day, in the shape of a letter written by a patient of some quack doctor. It had the usual caption (in this case, 'Is this a free country?'), the address 'To the Editor of the ——,' and was printed in the same type as any other correspondence, and, artfully enough, wound up with a hope that the editor would give it space! Nothing but the fact of its being placed in a section of a column headed 'Special Notices' would have led anyone to suspect it was an advertisement. Now if a grateful patient chooses to pay for printing a letter of invective against the laws which require *some* qualification from a medical man before allowing him to take the lives of his fellow-beings in his hands, well and good. But if this was, as we should shrewdly suspect it to be, paid for by the *soi-disant* doctor himself, the newspaper ought to label it as such, and might even take occasion in another place to point out the policy on which the existing laws are based. Too great pains cannot be taken on this quack-ridden continent to draw the attention of the multitude to the shallow artifices by which empirics lead them by the nose. Would that all quacks were as honest as the man who wrote a quaint recipe headed, '*Medeson for a man*,' in the back of an old book

I saw the other day. Its chief constituent was ground rhubarb, and it wound up with this touching direction, '*if it do not purge, take some other phisic!*' I am afraid my sermonizing has had little effect on my friendly editor; in fact—confound the fellow!—he has dropped asleep under my very nose.

—I see that it is *in règle* for guests at this table to allude to papers appearing in this magazine. I will take advantage of this to ask Professor Watson whether he does not confute himself in his last month's paper on the ethical aspects of Darwinism. He says the savage is self-conscious, and thereby differs *toto cœlo* from all the lower animals who lack that divine prerogative. Reason, he adds, as opposed to instinct, is a synonyme for this self-consciousness, and conscience is its inherited outcome and embodiment. But he adds (the italics are my own), conscience 'is as little an instinct as the flush of virtuous indignation at the witness of a foul wrong, or *the swift rush of a mother to defend her child from harm.*' Surely, Professor, animals rush, more or less swiftly, to protect *their* young from harm. We are landed then in this dilemma by your arguments: either animals have a conscience and self-consciousness embodying Reason as well as men; or else the identical action which is moral in man, is instinctive in animals; a sufficiently absurd result, and one which attempts to re-erect that arbitrary line of division across Creation which has so long prevented our taking a broad view of it as a whole, and framing a tenable hypothesis of ethics.

—While I agree with the conductors of the MONTHLY that controversy is on the whole to be deprecated, I do not think that a frank interchange of views 'round the table' on the 'Sabbath question' can do any harm, but rather good, in clearing up some of the misapprehensions which are often at the bottom of differences of opinion on such subjects. My friend's principal cause of disagreement with me arises from his misapprehension of what was meant by myself, and I am sure by Dr. Guthrie, by 'scrupulousness,' or rather, to give the *exact* words used, 'a leaning towards scrupulousness.' By this view was not meant the *compelling* of any individual to spend the day in any particular way which would at once contravene the principle of Christian liberty and the spirituality which is the essence of Christianity. What was meant was the maintaining, by every legitimate moral influence, in family, in social, or in national life, of the principle or sentiment which lies at the root of the very idea of a Christian Sabbath (or *rest*, as the word means), that it is a day given us, not for common purposes, but for the more especial end of cultivating the higher spiritual part of our being, which, in the ordinary rush and battle of life is in a great measure overlooked. When we cordially agree that 'the Sabbath was made for man,' we do not by any means necessarily admit the very different proposition that 'the day is one's own to do with it as one pleases.' When a friend bestows on us a precious gift *for certain high purposes*, we do not consider that we are carrying out that friend's intention if we squander it on some far lower or doubtful end. Many young men, for instance, acting upon this principle, spend the day in mere amusement, often of a sort that leads them into questionable or highly objectionable society. Will any one say that this is not distinctly contravening the high, holy, and loving purpose for which Christians hold the Sabbath to have been appointed? Or will any one assert that it would not be infinitely better for them had they been trained to feel more 'scrupulous' about observing it for its higher and more important ends? The Tyrolese have a beautiful fancy that a 'Sunday-child'—a child born on Sunday—has peculiar privileges—one being that he can hold communion with holy spiritual visitants during the hour preceding Christmas Day, provided he takes care to keep his thoughts pure during that hour, and to let no evil intrude. As a means to this end he seeks to keep his thoughts pure at all times, lest at the mystic season he should fail to banish evil. A somewhat kindred benefit is felt by those who seek to keep the 'Lord's Day' as they believe it should be kept. Its blessed spiritual influence overflows—so to speak—over the more secular portions of the week. And the 'quiet thought' of which I spoke is not of a kind to weary the man who may have to think hardest during the week. He would, on the contrary, find it a rest

and a refreshing influence to penetrate to every corner of his being. But I do not in the least mean to say that every one is to spend the whole day in either reading or thought. There is the charming resource of sacred music, for one thing, and there are other ways. Each must decide conscientiously for himself. All the *scrupulousness* I plead for is that of keeping its *great* end in view, of so using its precious hours that they may not only recuperate our mental and physical powers, but that they may also lift our souls above the illusions of things seen and visible, and—

> 'cause a heart on earth to know
> Some foretaste of celestial bliss.'

Moreover, the moment that the religious scruple disappears, and men learn to regard the day as their own, to use as they please, that moment Mammon will put in its claim, and what the result will be in this money-getting age, it is easy to forecast. Looked at simply in this view, it surely is not out of place to plead for a little scrupulousness. Of course there are absurd extremes in all things, and I do not mean at all to deny that much harm may have been done by a most injurious and unwarranted austerity, never sanctioned by Christ. But I do most assuredly believe that they only can fully cultivate the spiritual nature which too many starve, who seek to regard the day as 'the Lord's,' to be saved from the necessarily busy course of secular life, in order by its aid to rise more fully to that communion with the Divine for which, as I believe, man was created. Even in France, the wisest thinkers desire to secure a greater scrupulousness, and M. de St. Hilaire lately wrote to Lord Shaftesbury on the subject, expressing the 'hope that France may enjoy the immense advantage of a custom so beneficent, and so clearly imposed by the nature of man such as God has made it.'

—It is undoubtedly well to look at a social movement from every point of view; to enquire as to what influence it exerts in every direction; to trace whence it comes, if possible, and to what it is leading. It is only thus that we can attain a due understanding and a full appreciation of its relative importance. This consideration, I am persuaded, prompted the writing of the note on Revivalism in last month's 'Round the Table,' and it is my excuse for saying a few words, less, perhaps, in answer to that note than in continuation of it. The writer has taken a glance from one standpoint at one side of Revivalism; he has indicated a real danger, one which ought to be pointed out and insisted upon, that it may be avoided. But he has carefully ignored every other side of a many-sided subject; while his seems no kindly sympathizing eye, although a keen one. He deals somewhat harshly with the inmates of the dovecotes. He does them injustice, less by what he says, than by what he does *not* say. There is not one even of the most foolish of the admirers—worshippers, if you will—of the supposititious handsome young revivalist, but must feel this on reading the note. The possibility of a nobler motive than that of which he speaks, is not so much as hinted at. He offers the dregs of the cup, saying 'See how muddy the wine!' He seems to take it for granted that *all* are engaged in 'an internecine struggle to capture and carry off in triumph the lion of the hour.' It is not to be expected that all the 'members of the more emotional sex' should be entirely free from such an ambition; but I believe that the majority of the young girls who attend these or other religious meetings, are actuated by an honest, though a vague and restless, desire for guidance. They (wisely enough) distrust their own judgments, and are listening for a voice in the utterances of which they can confide. Where are the girls to turn to? Their mothers are probably, at any rate very frequently, immersed in the cares of housekeeping, and of social duties; their fathers in those of business. Their own employments are, for the most part, meagre, uninteresting. But, at the same time, there is a craving in some people for unhealthy excitement, which cannot be too strongly discouraged. The writer of the note I refer to feels this; and it seems to me that he might, with advantage, expand his paragraph into an essay. The subject is surely of sufficient importance, and could be treated more satisfactorily at length. Perhaps I ought to say (after reading the article on 'The Pulpit and Revivalism' in the number of the MONTHLY preceding that in which the note appeared), not the subject, so much as *this aspect* of the subject.

I would be understood, not as joining issue with the guest to whose remarks I have been referring, but merely as indicating, without fully discussing, some considerations which he slurs over, and even ignores, but which tend, in my opinion, greatly to modify and to qualify his view.

—Revivalism and its tendencies has been discussed from almost all sides of the Table, and there seems no side left at which I can sit and pass judgment; so I shall have to compare myself to the gas above the table, as I expect to throw a brilliant light upon the whole subject, especially that part of its discussed in the June number of the MONTHLY. Dissent is the order of the day, and while I agree most heartily with some of the statements in the note to which I refer, I object to others. My objection is that the writer is inclined to deny the beneficial effect of revivalism 'in the concrete,' because there have been a few foolish young ladies in a certain Canadian city. I heartily acknowledge that there have been a few such; but I do not think it is fair to blame either the revival or the evangelist for their existence. If a man is a great artist, poet, or soldier, and men and women go wild with enthusiasm over him, we hear of no such nonsense about the strange phenomenon. Then, if a man with high qualities of mind and heart—yes, and of person, too—devotes his life to preaching the gospel, we who believe that it is a good thing to have the gospel preached, and preached by the most noble specimens of manhood, ask the same impartial criticism of this work as of any other. There are bright-eyed countesses and dignified duchesses at present vying with each other to do honor to Grant in England. Supposing some one were to say—'I doubt the propriety of having any United States, or any American wars, for I am afraid some of our English women are going to lose a little dignity and modesty running after Grant: especially would it be a dreadful thing if they should buy his photograph.' Should we not smile at the absurdity of the thing! The honor paid to Grant is paid to him as the representative of a great nation, and because of the work he has done for that nation. So let us think that much of the honour paid to the evangelist is given because he comes as an ambassador from a greater country, and because he has done a greater work for the King of that country. We have heard of men going wild over some favorite actress or dancer, sacrificing honour, wealth, the love of wives, and the respect of children, in their mad infatuation. I think if men and women must be fools, it is better to be fools over the real attractiveness of virtue, than over the painted attractiveness of vice. We unconsciously reflect the qualities of a person whom we greatly admire. If women must make a hero out of something, make it out of something real, and the result cannot be wholly bad. As to the 'beneficial effects of revival services being outweighed by the sacrifice of maidenly dignity and modesty,' etc., I think one night spent at a ball, or in witnessing many plays at our theatres, would have a greater tendency to take that quality from our fair women, than attending revival services for a year would do. The 'hysteria' question is so deeply imbedded in scientific mud, that in digging for it I might come across a Greek root which I could not digest.

The old song about 'religious insanity' is, elegantly speaking, 'sung out.' Perhaps it is not well known that in some countries there are more farmers' wives in the asylums for the insane, than any other class of persons. We hear nothing about doing away with farms on that account. But if one woman goes crazy, and her insanity takes a religious form, you will find twenty people trying to find out if she was not at a revival service sometime in her life!

I suppose, to many people it will be of no use to speak of a Higher Power than man's, for they are in the same condition as the Ephesians of old, and would answer, 'We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.' If the youth and the attractive qualities of the evangelist so vividly pictured by one of the 'table men' account so perfectly for the interest of the *foolish* young ladies, how are we to account for the wise young ladies? I must confess to a belief in the old-fashioned truth that behind man's attractiveness and man's eloquence, there *has* been a Higher Power at work. It is difficult in any other way to account for the continued presence, at the mission services, of young men, grey-haired men and women, learned judges and professors, doctors of law, doctors of medicine, and doctors of divinity, in abundance.

These are not the ones to have their heads turned because the evangelist happened to be unmarried. Even the servants gladly gave up their amusements that they might hear truth, which helped them to bear with patience the annoyances of life.

Where *one* has worked for the sake of insuring approbation from the man, hundreds have worked, and will continue to work, from love to his Master.

If it is true that 'three-fourths of those who attended his revival ministrations were of the softer sex,' I am sorry, for I think the 'harder sex' is quite as much in need of such ministrations. I suppose the same charge might be brought against most of our congregations of christians. In fact, the religion of Christ is often spoken of as 'good enough for women and children.' The decisions of eternity will decide whether it would not have been equally good for men and boys.

I think many would do well to listen to the words a wise Doctor of the Law, who wrote long ago : 'If this counsel, or this work be of man, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.'

—There is, I doubt not, some ground for the remarks made by a guest when we last met, as to certain dangers accompanying 'revivals,' which, like everything else that deeply stirs the heart of humanity, are necessarily attended by some excitement, and, in indiscreet persons, sometimes produce indiscreet developments. I think, however, that, so far at least as the agent was concerned, the particular revival to which the allusion points was as carefully guarded as is in the nature of things possible. And I do not think that my friend sufficiently takes into account the fact that what are very inadequately called 'the consolations of religion' (in other words religious life), are even more a *necessity* to women than to men. Their more clinging, less self-reliant nature, greater need of sympathy and support, and warmer feelings, make it absolutely necessary for any true woman's happy life that she should find that which will satisfy all her needs where *alone* she *can* find it. Her being married may make this seem less necessary, for a time. It does not make it really so. In the happiest married life there is a want, a certain isolation, often bitterly felt, which only the spiritual peace —higher than any earthly joy—can remove. In many an apparently happy and prosperous home there are aching hearts, longing for this mysterious peace and joy, but unable to find the way to it. When they are shown the way, and have found the inexpressible blessing they sought, is it to be wondered at that their delight should often overflow in gratitude to the agent—whether man or woman—who has led them to a never-failing fountain of happiness ; especially if this should be after it has long been vainly sought in the chase of lower pleasures. And it is easy to misinterpret this spontaneous emotion of gratitude, and to give it a sinister aspect. Whatever ground there may be for my friend's remarks, he should remember that the merchantman who found the 'pearl of great price,' would, if he were of a true or generous nature, hold in something more than ordinary estimation the man who may have shown him the way to it.

—Our courteous host having given me an opportunity to reply to the foregoing strictures upon my remarks of last month, and thereby wind up this rather long drawn out discussion, I begin by saying that the suggestion of the guest who spoke last, to the effect that the girls who attend the services of a young and handsome revivalist may be inspired with a 'longing for some mysterious peace and joy,' or an overflowing 'with gratitude to the agent who has led them to a never-failing fount of happiness,' will move a smile from those who know the realities lying behind this touching fancy-picture, and recollect the sort of stories with which, for example, the air of Toronto has been thick during the past few months. Some, no doubt, are actuated by such emotions; more, probably, by the 'vague feeling for guidance' suggested by another guest. But the proper guide for a young girl is neither a priest nor a monk, but her mother ; and if mothers neglect the most sacred duty which Nature imposes on them, would it not be an improvement all round if young and handsome revivalists were to devote less of their energies to the daughters and more to the mothers? urging them to their duty, rather than attempting to fill their places. Why should young girls

need any guidance which their mothers cannot supply? The lives of most are passed in the home circle, far away from temptation; they have not, like their brothers, to go out into a world of sin and crime to fight the battle of life. And yet we do not find their brothers going to a priest for advice about their petty daily troubles. When, therefore, a young girl begins to manifest mental perplexities and troubles for which no apparent cause exists, it will generally be safe to suspect a physical one; and I firmly believe that, in the great majority of cases, such phrases as 'vague feelings,' 'need of sympathy and support,' 'longings for mysterious peace and joy,' are simply euphemistic expressions for a morbid hysterical or semi-hysterical condition arising from some functional disorder; and that the proper person to call in, is neither mother nor monk, but the doctor; if a good female one can be had, so much the better. A healthy mother, with bright happy children to tend upon and look after, and household affairs to occupy her thoughts, is not troubled with these 'thick-coming fancies,' this sort of mental green-sickness. I utterly disbelieve that it is at all common that, 'in the *happiest* married life there is a want, a certain isolation, often bitterly felt'; and have little doubt that, in such cases, it will generally be found that the wife is either childless or subject to ill-health. I have as little doubt, too, that in real cases of 'isolation,' and 'aching hearts,' the intervention of a priestly confessor will far oftener intensify the evil than relieve it.

The very obvious remark that young men are apt to run wild over a pretty actress is open to the equally obvious reply, that they know what they are about, and need no enlightenment on the subject, either from guests 'round the table' or anybody else. They are under no delusion as to the nature of the sentiment which inspires them. They do not call it 'religion,' or 'revivalism'; nor do they imagine they are doing anything particularly acceptable to God or conducive to their soul's health. It would be well if those who indulge in freaks precisely similar in kind were equally free from self-deception. But is not my fellow-guest, in her anxiety to make a point against young men, a little injudicious here? Would not a revivalist, astonished at finding himself put on the same level with a popular actress, feel inclined to relieve his perturbation of soul with the cry, 'Save, oh save me from my friends'? Something might be said, too, about girls running wild over good-looking actors and mellifluous tenor singers; but there is no need; because here also there is no delusion, nor any pretence of religion.

Though every lunatic asylum contains a large proportion of cases which (to state the fact in a way which will not be question-begging) assume a religious complexion; and though physicians like Dr. Maudsley, of sober common-sense, strict scientific veracity, and vast experience, are not in the habit of singing songs which, 'elegantly speaking,' are 'sung out,' I have no desire to lay any stress upon this extreme aspect of the question. Insanity never occurs except as the outcome of some functional derangement or organic lesion of the brain; and a perfectly sound brain, having, as its necessary correlative, a sound body, will stand an almost incredible amount of maltreatment, in the shape of mental excitement, alcoholic stimulation, or over-study, without being completely thrown off its balance. It is in those numerous cases of constitutionally unstable nerve or cerebral element that injury is so often done. For one case where undue emotional excitation leads to the ultimate issue of insanity, there are hundreds where, as Dr. Maudsley says, 'baneful effects are produced,' and where such excitation 'is habitually injurious to the character.' No more common or more pernicious delusion exists than that which gives the name of religion to what is really mere morbid emotionalism, such as can be witnessed in the shouting, groaning, and general pumping up of the feelings, which take place at an ordinary Methodist prayer-meeting or camp-meeting. Any one who followed the evidence in the great Brooklyn case, and read of men, who, when not sitting on the ragged edge of remorse, were doing so in each other's laps, mingling their tears, and slobbering each other with kisses, could see that the whole Plymouth congregation, men and women, lived, breathed, moved, and had their being in an atmosphere of sickly sentimentalism. And yet this sort of thing passed by the name of religion. Is it wonderful that Beecher scandals, Clendenning scandals, and

other clerical scandals are continually cropping up in the papers? How many occur which do not crop up in the papers? The last English mail informs us that Lord Redesdale has brought under the notice of the House of Lords, a book entitled 'The Priest in Absolution,' written to support the practice of private confession, and printed for an association of ritualistic clergymen of the Church of England, called the 'Society of the Holy Cross,' including Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, Rev. Dr. Littledale, Rev. Mr. Tooth, and many others. The Archbishop of Canterbury said that no modest person could read the book without a blush; and a leading London paper describes it in these words: 'In the worst days of Holywell street, before Lord Campbell's Act was passed, and when license had no check, Holywell street never issued anything viler, or more destructive of modesty, than this "Manual" for "such as are called unto the Higher Ministries of the English Church;" . . a book, worse in a greater degree than any tract for which Mrs. Besant, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Truelove are to be called upon to answer before a jury.' This is the sort of thing for which we are indebted to men who are moving heaven and earth to re-introduce the confessional, together with other 'rubbish from Rome,' into the Church of England. Doubtless, among these men the particular species of emotionalism of which this book is the outcome, also passes by the name of religion, much in the same way that the filthy discourses of Talmage pass for sermons.

About the recent movement in Toronto, which at last assumed the dimensions of a craze, there was unquestionably a morbid taint; and for the fortunate circumstance that there was no resulting crop of 'scandals,' we have to tender sincere thanks to the evangelist himself; and in saying this I am simply repeating a common remark. The absence of the masculine element from the strictly 'revival' services, unmistakably stamped the real nature of the excitement. The feminine element I placed at three-fourths to avoid exaggeration. It would have been strictly true to have said nine-tenths, for out of the Thursday evening congregations of two or three thousand, certainly not more than two or three hundred were men. Morley Punshon, a clergyman in every respect immeasurably superior to the English revivalist, created no such special excitement. His services were attended by fully as many men as women, frequently more.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A FEW years ago, the project of Imperial Federation was discussed with some fervour, both here and at home. Mr. Disraeli's mysterious utterances on the subject, probably, gave an unusual interest to it; but, like other utterances of England's miraculous Premier, it was, probably, nothing more than a rhetorical flourish. The scheme has not been heard of lately, except in the society so ably presided over by that untiring friend of the colonies, the Duke of Manchester. Federation, however, is not dead, but sleepeth; whenever the strain of the colonial tie seems to press too hard upon the energies of Canada or Australia, it will again assume prominence, and, perhaps, the necessities of the time will give it a tangible and practical form. Canada is, at present, in a lull, as the bitterness of party discussions as their complexions sufficiently show. On the first of this month she completed the first decade of her constitutional life. The experiment has, on the whole, worked well; yet so many hitches have happened, from the difficulty with Nova Scotia to that or those with British Columbia, that there is no desire—indeed, there is a positive distaste, at present—for the discussion of any scheme which would alter the constitutional relations, either of the Provinces to the Empire, or to each other. Should the time arrive, as it no doubt will and must, when, as the Hon. Mr. Brown sagely predicted, the relations between Canada and the Empire will require to be considered and revised, the question of federation will assume paramount interest and importance.

Meanwhile, the question of Imperial Federation may be left out of view. There is another subject, not remotely connected

with it, but which may ultimately prove its basis—that of the defences of the Empire, including its colonies. The literature of this subject has recently received an important addition in a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute, by Captain Colomb, R.M.A. It is not the first time that this gallant officer has called the attention of England to this question, and from the large attendance of men of authority, civil and military, it is evident that the defences of the Empire attract considerable attention. This, perhaps, is natural just now, when the European atmosphere is surcharged with thunder, which may, or may not be Jove's. It does not follow, however, that the interest at present excited will prove ephemeral. A crisis like this, of far more importance to the world than the Franco-German war, cannot fail to leave deeper traces of its influence upon the military and naval systems of all the European powers, England especially. A full report of Captain Columb's paper, as well as of the interesting discussion which occupied the balance of one meeting, and the whole of another, may be read in two successive numbers of *The Colonies and India*. It is obvious, as the writer points out, that the position of England as the first naval power of the world, no longer remain unchallenged. All the European Powers now possess steam iron-clads, which traverse every sea. The other day, the Haligonians were in something resembling a panic, because of the unpleasantly near neighbourhood of the Russian fleet. In the North Pacific the Czar has another within eight days sail of Hong Kong, and fifteen of Vancouver's Island. There is a German squadron in the South Pacific, and other fleets belong to other powers, capable of being sent out to prey upon British commerce, or to seize British colonies. That being the present state of affairs—likely to be still more disadvantageous to us in the future—what, enquires Captain Colomb, is the obvious duty of Britain? Obviously to fortify all her salient points, and no longer make Plymouth and Portsmouth her sole naval resource, but to organize a system of defence, on scientific principles, for the entire Empire. Great Britain should only be regarded as the 'grand base' of operation, and the Empire should be consolidated for purposes of defence. It is principally with the Pacific that Captain Colomb naturally deals, and no one who reads the papers carefully can fail to be struck with the comparatively helpless condition of England's colonies, from Australasia to the boundaries of Alaska. It is with the Northern Pacific that the Dominion has immediately to do, and to it we may confine ourselves. The interests of Australia, as well as ours, are immediately bound up in the command of that portion of the great ocean, and the writer urges, with great force, that everything depends on the fortification of some strong base in Vancouver's Island. 'The real Eastern question' he contends, will, sooner or later, be shifted from the Mediterranean to the Pacific. The 'all-powerful element' of coal is in our possession, and we have secured 'the place of its abode — British Columbia.' Then follows an argument in favour of a step, the very suggestion of which will gladden the hearts of our rulers and people. It is no less than the construction of the Pacific Railway by the home Government. What are ten millions to us, he urges, when our interests throughout the Pacific are concerned? 'Within the last five years the United Kingdom has thought it worth while to pay seven millions on account of water communication: four millions has gone to the Suez Canal' (the gallant captain, however, forgets Indian interests here), 'through which but one-twenty-eighth of our total commerce passes; and three millions has gone, no one knows where, as a fee for Captain Semmes's lessons in sea strategy, by which we have not profited. But for a work of immense value in peace and in war, vital to our Imperial life in half the world, we cannot afford to pay ten millions of pounds!' British Columbia has been 'left to sink or swim, because to connect it with the Atlantic would cost ten millions, and might not pay for some time. Canada must be self-reliant and make it, if she wants it, and leave it alone, if she does not want it.'

This, of course, is not displeasing to Canadians; but there is an obverse face to the medal. Supposing the Pacific Railway and Telegraph be constructed at Imperial expense, what is the price Canada, for example, is to pay for being relieved of an intolerable burden? What is the meaning

of Imperial consolidation and of Imperial 'expense'? Captain Colomb evidently means by consolidation, although we do not remember that he uses the word, that, there being a community of interest between all portions of the Empire, there should be a common share in the outlay. His fifth thesis runs : 'That, as the communications of the Empire are the common property of all its component parts, each portion, according to the use it makes of them, has a direct interest in their defence.' Now, in the first place, this is by no means clear. How is the interest Canada has in the defence of Sydney to be guaged, or, *vice versa*, the interest of Australia in the defence of Vancouver? In the next place, supposing a second Gibraltar, or Aden, or Malta, to be put upon Vancouver's Island, how is this 'component part' of the Empire to avoid being mulcted in a sum too large in comparison with its resources? Canada has hitherto received generous treatment in the matter of defence; yet she has some disagreeable memories in the matter of fortifications. Who again is to decide what protective works are necessary, and the cost of them? Is the Canadian Parliament to be bound to contribute to any whim of the Secretary at War, or his military advisers? General Collinson proposes that 'the offensive part be charged to the Home Exchequer, and the defensive to the Colonial Treasuries.' There, however, lies the trouble, because, under such a plan the lion's share would fall upon us. If Vancouver Island were placed in the state of defence Captain Columb proposes, we must pay for it, since, with what face could we ask the South African or East Indian Colonies to contribute to our defence? The British Columbian defences would be constructed mainly for Imperial purposes, and it is no answer to say that the Dominion is part of the Empire. So is Malta, but no one has yet dreamed of asking the Maltese to bear the weightiest burden in the fortification of Valetta.

Canada has proved herself willing—nay, eager—to bear her part in the defences of the Empire in general, and of her own noble part of it in particular; but if the proposed consolidation should take place—and there appear to be many reasons for approving it—it will be necessary to consult Colonial opinion in better form than appears to have been done at the Colonial Institute. The Royal Commission proposed by Captain Colomb, which probably suggested itself to him because, not being a politician, it seemed the best instrument at hand, would not answer. Should the Imperial Government seriously entertain the question, and, in course of time, it will probably be compelled to do so, the question of a Pan-Britannic Council, if we may borrow a phrase from the weakest side of ecclesiasticism, will present itself for solution. Meanwhile, those who earnestly desire a closer bond of unity with the mother-country and with all her other colonial children, must possess their souls in patience.

The political pic-nic season has set in—the dreariest of the year. To men who read the ordinary media through which political information is conveyed to the public ear and understanding, they must seem inane and foolish enough. Why should rational men delight in the réchauffé of the 'funeral bak'd meats,' so often used before, which are served up on these dreary and wake-like occasions. Still there may be a *raison d'être* for such midsummer frolics, notwithstanding the meagreness of the intellectual fare. Even the Barmecide's feast, like your ordinary novel, had a good end, perhaps a good purpose. For one thing, it is well that our public men should have a holiday, with change of scene and freedom from anxiety, even though they must perforce combine a sort of business with the pursuit of health or pleasure. The Opposition leaders have an advantage in this respect, because they are completely without official anxiety or responsibility. They have only the old themes to present, garnished with such rhetorical flourishes as a ready wit and a practised tongue may improvise. Sir John Macdonald is particularly happy in this art; it is part of the secret of his popularity, notwithstanding the scores that are chalked up against him, that he is good-humoured, quick at repartee, a happy soul whom everybody likes, and, when he is seen and heard, one in whom we can believe there is no guile. The talk about a change in the leadership is probably a weak invention of the enemy. Age or infirmity may compel Sir John to retire; but so long as he has the required physical power, depend upon it he will not

leave his party, nor will his party, if it can help it, let him go. He, its life, soul, and all! eliminate him as a factor from any calculation of the party's chances the autumn after next, and where are they? The only Conservative reaction that we can descry is a reaction in favour of the leader; the people know his history, have not forgotten his faults, but looking in his face, they have learned to forget them all; and not only that, but not a few are beginning to think that he has been hardly dealt by. The hope of the Opposition is in its leader, and he is doing his party the best possible service in thus presenting himself before the people and exercising the weird influence of his personal magnetism. To Sir John these gatherings impart an added zest to the holiday season, notwithstanding the physical exertion they involve; he has no care for the morrow, or, so far as that is concerned, for to-day either. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake are cast in a different mould altogether; they have the cares of office upon them, yet that is not so great a drawback to them as might be supposed. It is to their advantage to speak in public in order to impress upon the people that they have been faithful custodians of the trust deposited in their hands, to refute calumny, and to vindicate their claims to the confidence of the people. This they can do, and with justice we believe, and therefore it is well that both friend and foe should meet them face to face. So far as official cares are concerned, they will work on their side, much as the hectic flush of disease or the wasted frame has often been taken as the last and most telling evidence of genius. This is the chief benefit of pic-nics, as the instinct of politicians has told them—the personal contact of the public man with those who have known him only through the distorted medium of the party journals.

There is one other political event of the month worthy of notice, and that may be dismissed in a few words. We refer to the recent changes in the Privy Council. That Mr. Blake, wearied by incessant toil, and suffering from impaired health, should seek repose, was not only justifiable to the country, but a duty both to the country and to himself. He possesses rare abilities, culture of the highest kind, and a conscience, whatever his opponents may say, of the most sensitive character. The statute-book of last Session, even if that were all that the country had received at his hands, will be a standing monument both to his versatile talents and to his unwearying industry. That he should have injured himself while he has served the Dominion must be a subject of universal regret; that he is entitled to rest is beyond dispute; and that he may soon be restored to health is, we believe, the earnest hope of all friends of Canada and its best interests. There, however, eulogy must pause; for the other two appointments can only be characterized as execrable. That Mr. Laflamme, a man utterly without character fitting him for so high a position, a man unacquainted with the jurisprudence of the vast English-speaking majority, a man over whose head the Damocles sword of expulsion from the House for electoral corruption hangs by a hair—that such a man should be made Minister of Justice would be in the last degree indecorous, if a lower deep had not been reached by making M. Cauchon Minister of Inland Revenue. Here is a man, who, in the opinion of the party with which he now acts, has been guilty of the grossest misconduct, and who was supposed to be shelved in the Cabinet without a portfolio, to keep him out of temptation, entrusted with the charge of a department, where he may chant the Beauport tune set to other words. It is appointments like these which make party politics peculiarly a reproach and an object of loathing or ridicule throughout the country.

Happily, during the vacation, these politics do not occupy much attention, except in those favoured localities which are blessed with pic-nics. What may be called ecclesiastical politics—and there is the authority of Hooker for the phrase—appeared to attract public attention most during last month. The church parliaments, under different names, have held their meetings during the month, and it must be gratifying to every one who desires the moral and spiritual progress of the Dominion to note the encouraging reports which have been submitted to them. Even the financial exhibit, notwithstanding commercial depression, is highly commendable. So far good; but there is a fly, perhaps

with greater propriety it may be said, there are two flies, in the pot of ointment. First, heresy; second, dissension. Mr. Roy's deposition from the Wesleyan ministry was a matter of course; although to depose a man after he has deposed himself, seems to be a work of supererogation. It was something like the excommunication of Luther after he had burned the pope's bull, only that had the justification of entailing, in theory, eternal consequences. There has been something mysterious in the dealings of the Methodist authorities throughout with this case. A finding from the committee, tersely and somewhat obscurely worded, was given to the public, a judgment which no one, save one behind the scenes, could rightly interpret. It does not appear whether the rev. gentleman accused was heard in his own defence or not; no reasons for the decision come to are vouchsafed, we do not say to us, but to the ministers and members of the Church itself. The Conference, also inquisitorial in character, settled the matter with closed doors, as if fearing to let in the light, and delivered itself of a sentimental motion which no one would wish to characterize. If there be any misunderstanding in the matter, the fault rests with the leaders of Conference, and not with outsiders. Had they proceeded in this case, as the Presbyterian General Assembly did in one similar, though certainly not analogous, no doubts and difficulties would exist, still less an igorance which was only invincible because they chose to make it so.

The Wesleyan Church in Canada is doing a good work, and we feel the deepest interest in its progress. Those who live in cities can hardly tell the importance of that work. Yet from the backwoods, even to the farthest limits of civilized settlement and beyond them, come the tidings of faithful service, unrecompensed or scantily rewarded save by the Master, which although it does not exactly parallel the wonderful work of the sainted Wesley, is, so far, a faithful following in his footsteps. It was but the other day that Archdeacon Philpotts, of Cornwall, speaking of John Wesley, at Truro, in defence of a Wesleyan minister be it observed, re-echoed the words of Wesley's, quoted by Mr. Roy: 'St. Paul had said that in every way in which Christ was preached, therein did he rejoice; and to the disciples who complained of the men who "followed not us," Jesus had replied, "He that is not against us is for us." . . . He looked upon John Wesley in somewhat the same light as one of the old prophets who were raised up from time to time to call the children of Israel from their ignorance, sloth, and sin.' The ven. archdeacon then proceeded to refer specially to Wesley's great work in Cornwall in highly eulogistic terms. But the work of Wesley was one thing and his method of church government quite another. So long as he lived he was a beneficent autocrat in that respect, and when he died, the clergy, his disciples of course and not his enemies, parted his vesture among them, and set up an ecclesiastical caste which unhappily rules the church called by his name to this day. The difference in mere procedure between the democratic constitution of Presbyterianism and the hieratic system of Methodism, could not be better illustrated than in the difference of treatment Messrs. Macdonnell and Roy have received. John Wesley intended that intellectual belief in this or that dogma should not be a test of discipleship; his Lord had not made it so, and why should he? But he did not see the inevitable result of sacerdotalism—the frigid crystallization of intellectual dogmas into symmetrical form, with a decay, not fatal, happily, of that deep and absorbing spirituality, almost amounting to mysticism, which possessed his own soul, indeed his whole being. John Milton, who would perhaps have been with Wesley had he flourished in the eighteenth instead of the seventeenth century, tells the story of the zeal for dogma when he speaks of those 'who, when God has set us in a fair allowance of way, never leave subtleizing and casuisting till they have straightened and paved that liberal path into a razor's edge to walk on.' A quotation, at second-hand, which leads us to another case illustrating its truth even more fully.

The difference between the Rev. Mr. Macdonell and the ecclesiastic authorities of his church, has been settled so amicably, and the settlement was so thankfully and even unctuously received, so soon as it was announced, that it would seem ungracious to rake up the white embers of an extinct

fire. Still it is a public duty to review the case, and place on record such impressions as arise from careful attention to it throughout. In the first place it is obvious that much of the trouble has arisen from a mere misunderstanding. Those who remember the sermon of Mr. Macdonnell which has been occasion, though not properly the cause, of all this trouble, will be ready to confess that the rev. gentleman never expressed any disbelief in the doctrine of everlasting punishment, whether taught in the Scripture or in the Presbyterian Confession. He only expressed the perplexities which seemed lay in the way, not of its acceptance, but of a hearty and complete assent to it. Some of these difficulties were exegetical or critical as applied the text of Scripture ; others, moral, and these of the weightiest character. Mr. Macdonnell's position, therefore, was this—if one who has not so much as seen or heard him may interpret it : 'This doctrine appears to be taught in Scripture, it is on the face of the Confession to which I have subscribed and to which I still adhere ; therefore I accept it : and yet I doubt.' That was Mr. Macdonnell's position at the first, and after all the 'subtleizing and casuisting,' again to employ the words of Milton, it was his position to the last. The report to the Presbytery stated simply that the reverend gentleman held no opinion at variance with the teaching of the Church. Surely it hardly required 'a categorical answer,' to turn the negative into an affirmative. The Rev. Dr. Topp and a two-thirds majority of the Assembly were of a different opinion, such is the subtlety of the clerical intellect. They required a direct and positive affirmation of a thorough belief in the doctrine ef endless punishment, without any quibble, such as the sacerdotal mind is always ready to find lurking under any other form of words than seem appropriate to it. To the lay understanding it surely would not have been difficult to deduce all that was wanted from the first statement of Mr. Macdonnell, remembering, as he does not fail to remind his opponents, that he had subscribed to the Confession and still adhered to it. That being the case, with the special addition that, on the particular doctrine at issue, he held no opinion at variance with the Confession, surely it followed that he adhered to the teachings of the Confession, subject to such doubts and difficulties as had perplexed, and still continued to perplex him on the matter. And strangely enough, this last statement, which was evidently the mere result of turning a negative into a positive, where the propositions were identical, was hailed with a joy which found utterance in one of the most joyous and yet prayerful of David's Psalms—one not spoilt even as it appears in the rugged but virile Scottish version.

It was a triumph, but for whom? It eems hardly fair, now that the struggle is over, to put that inquiry. Yet the question must be asked in the interest of truth—with whom, after all that fearful theological wrestling, and the curious hair-splitting which attended it, did the victory remain. Not with the majority, to which we desire to do no injustice. They were zealous, and even fearful, for the truth, anxious with sincere affection to bring back to the fold one they believed to be misled. There certainly was no personal hatred or animosity or ill-feeling displayed against Mr. Macdonnell from first to last. On the part of his opponents it was a battle for sound doctrine, waged with one who had strayed from the father's home, but had not lost the love which still burned for him there. Between zeal and love, however, they were blind, and at last accepted terms of reconciliation which, otherwise phrased, they had refused before. Should Mr. Macdonnell ever contemplate the publication of an autobiography, the interviews, the expostulations, the warnings, the threatenings, the coaxings, to which he had to submit, if they do not edify, will, at any rate, divert the uprising generation. That he was indiscreet in disclosing his doubts he admits ; but that his doubts have been removed he has steadfastly, and with the conscientious persistency of a Scot, refused to admit from first to last. Those 'doubts,' stated again so frankly in the declaration so eagerly accepted by the Assembly, may perhaps prove a bitter drop in the cup of joy, when only the flavour remains in the calm of solitude—*surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus anget.* The victory, therefore, remains with the courageous young preacher who dared to be true to his conscience, while he strove to be loyal to his church. Mr. Macdonnell is probably right in thinking that the public exposure of his perplex-

ities was an error in judgment. Perhaps it was; it certainly was, according to the code in fashion for ages past. As a clergyman of a church peculiarly strict on points of expounded belief, though exceeding lax on suppressed unbelief, it was probably injudicious that he should have exposed himself as he did. But the 'standards' are, in fact, riddled through and through, for there are as many as a dozen propositions contained in them, which neither Dr. Topp, nor any other Presbyterian clergyman, not only does not believe, but repudiates altogether, and when he preaches, preaches another gospel. It would be an edifying sight, did the forms of the Assembly permit, to have called for the reading of that venerable instrument, the Confession, clause for clause, with a request for a vote upon it. It is possible that many more heretics than Mr. Macdonnell might be found within the ranks of the majority. Fundamentals are at stake, is the cry; pray, what are the Calvinistic doctrines of reprobation and infant damnation, but fundamentals? If you find fault with Mr. Macdonnell for doubting, what should be your punishment for implicitly denying? The result is a triumph for a clergyman, whom we should injure by endeavouring to associate with liberal religious opinions; it is not at all necessary to do so. Those who are of the tribe of Ephraim may be joined to their idols and let alone; Mr. Macdonnell, on the contrary, remains with his church under conditions most honourable to himself; and there are many, not of that fold, who wish him heartily a long career of usefulness.

Reference was made, at the outset, to religious dissension; the special illustration of it must unfortunately be the Toronto Synod of the Church of England, or more correctly, the diocese of Toronto, as its party divisions are reflected at that Synod. The causes of quarrel are not of yesterday; but their bitterness has been intensified by the altered aspect of one party and the increased activity of both. As factors in the calculation, the 'High and Dry' and the 'Low and Slow' have disappeared. The Tractarian movement set on foot at Oxford some forty years ago by Dr. John Henry Newman and his coadjutors, and its new stage of development, known as Ritualism, together with the vigorous and somewhat violent resistance they have provoked, appear to have brought the Church of England to the verge of dissolution, and ensured, in all probability, a result which assaults from without have hitherto been powerless to effect. It would be fruitless to enquire where the blame lies; perhaps some share of it must be laid at the door of those who left the 'standards' of the church—its Liturgy, Articles, Rubrics, and Canons—as they now are. But then the question arises: Were not these instruments intentionally left in a fluid and ambiguous state? Judging from the Thirty-nine Articles, with their loose and elastic definitions, and still more from the history of the Anglican Church during the period when the entire system was in process of incubation, especially its latter portion, we should conclude this laxity and ambiguity were of set purpose. If that conclusion be demonstrably correct, it follows that mutual forbearance, rather than war to the knife, not to speak of its Christian sanctions, is, and ought to be, the rule and practice of the churchman. Where one party or the other conducts its side of the controversy with acerbity or uncharitableness—there lies the fault; where one party, being temporarily in the ascendant, treats the other with disdain or injustice, or endeavours to drive it to the wall, there again the cloven foot appears. Now, in England, the machinery of the law has been invoked, as it appears to us, for the purposes of persecution. No party, for party it may be called, which has no distinctive creed of its own, can possibly have less sympathy with the 'fripperies of ecclesiastical millinery' than the Broad Church, and yet, in the interest of liberal comprehension, they are ranged with the Ritualists, not from sympathy, strictly speaking, but from an impartial love of justice. In former days, when the Judicial Committee had control of ecclesiastical affairs, each party had been brought to task: the Gorham case was decided in favour of the Evangelicals; the High Church party have had more than one triumph, when on the defensive; and the Broad Church section was victorious in the case of Mr. Maurice, and subsequently in those which followed the publication of *Essays and Reviews*. The judgment of May last, delivered by the ecclesiastical division of the Supreme Court against Mr. Ridsdale, of Folkstone, is the

first notable case, for Mr. Voysey's may be left out of view, in which the highest tribunal known to the law has attempted to narrow church comprehension, or abridge the legitimate liberty of any party within the Church. It virtually decided, according as the Ritualists put it, that the Rubric prefixed to Morning Prayer, which, having the force of law, provides what ornaments, including vestments, 'shall be retained and be in use,' viz., those legally in use under 2 Edward VI., must be construed to mean that some of these 'ornaments' 'shall *not* be retained and be in use.' Extra-judicially, an effort has been made to prove that the alb, cope, and chasuble were not used at that period; but the court certainly took no such ground. On the point at issue we cannot be expected to offer an opinion; but here the question arises, why should not an effort be made at conciliation, 'instead,' as a liberal church writer puts it, 'of trying to establish an impossible uniformity.' The Ridsdale judgment will certainly be disregarded by the whole party compromised by it. High Churchmen who are not Ritualists, the venerable Dr. Pusey for example, unite with the latter in counselling 'passive' resistance. This is a serious state of things, and since it is the immediate fruit of pushing matters to extremes, it would seem to be a sufficient warning to churchmen here, where no such important *casus belli* has arisen, to bear and forbear.

Now, in the diocese of Toronto, the breach has been growing wider year by year, especially since the death of Dr. Strachan, who controlled the disturbing elements with firm yet gentle hand. It was almost a pleasure to receive a check from the late Bishop, it was given so good-humouredly. Bishop Bethune has, no doubt, strong inclinations in favor of one party, but he has endeavored to hold the balance with faithful impartiality between both disputants. Notwithstanding the attacks made upon his latest Synodical utterance, we believe that to be his earnest desire still; his intentions are as upright as ever, although they may have been warped unconsciously by prejudice, when put into practical effect. It is not at all necessary to defend either the principles or the practice of the *soi-disant* Evangelical party; there is much in both to render them distasteful to every liberal-minded man. At the same time, they are entitled to justice and fair play; their sincere convictions should be scrupulously respected; and their efforts, by organization and liberal contributions, to aid the work of the Church, and thus demonstrate the earnestness of those convictions, should not be lightly, still less evil, spoken of. If they are satisfied that the theological teaching of Trinity College is unsound or incomplete, they should have a right to establish, out of their own resources, a college of their own. Therefore, it appears to us that the Bishop was ill-advised when, *in limine*, he placed his ban upon it, and declared his intention of refusing ordination to any who may hereafter study there. If such students, on examination by his examining chaplain or by himself, shall prove to be unsound in their views, the remedy is within his own person, in each individual case; but to proclaim, in advance, that no student will be ordained, under any circumstances, if and because he has attended a particular institution, not yet in working order, is a step which we venture to say no Anglican Bishop has taken before. There are many training colleges in England supplementing its three Universities, some, if not the major part, of which must have been established without the direct sanction of the diocesan; yet no Bishop has yet deliberately censured one of them. Whether a candidate has been trained at a college, educated by private tutors, or by his own study, should be of no moment, so long as by character, culture, and soundness of opinion, in the liberal Anglican sense, he proves himself fitted for the sacred office.

We are free to admit that to the missions of the Church Association, which is the *bete noire*, there are some valid objections. Concentration in effort, especially in a country like ours, is of incalculable importance, and it would be decidedly better that the energies of the Church should not be frittered away by diverting them into numerous channels and thus entailing a lamentable waste of motive power. Division of labour is a good; but dissipation of energy is unquestionaby an evil, even though, by division, you increase the aggregate amount of force. It is stated, evidently by a High Churchman, for he hails from Keble College, Oxford, that, even

amongst the heathen, the rivalry between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, &c., which is High Church, and the Church Missionary Society, which was established by the Low Church, has worked incalculable mischief. Where the one has already a flourishing mission, the other steps in, and establishes another; since there are really not two churches merely, but, in effect, two denominations; for 'the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.' In England, where there is unlimited wealth, so much of which is spent indiscreetly in religious and charitable work, this maiming of the vigour at command is inappreciable; here it is far otherwise. From the same authority may be quoted an extract from a speech of the Low Church Bishop of Durham, published in the *Guardian* of May 9th, in which he held 'that the management of the C. M. S. was preferable to that of a Bishop, of a Board of Bishops, of Convocation, or of Synods. He showed Evangelical men that they could never hope to be adequately represented in these assemblies. . . . That Evangelical work must be done by Evangelical men, who would not overlay the truth with rubbish from Rome.' That, expressed with all the brusqueness of South, is, in the diocese of Toronto, the attitude of the 'Evangelicals;' and all we contend for is, that these views —prejudices, if you prefer it—should be respected, and that one party in the Church should have rights recognized as equal by the other, no matter which of them may happen to be dominant—a singular word in the Christian vocabulary. That strange sort of power which possesses the 'Evangelicals' may, after all, compensate for divergence in the mode of action, as between the parties. Their watchwords are fanciful, and are entitled to less weight than they imagine. 'Sacerdotalism,' 'Sacramentarianism,' 'Ritualism,' are, all three, generic and not specific terms; for they may be found everywhere. Sacerdotalism is Methodist and, as we learn from a motion by an elder in the General Assembly, Presbyterian, as well as Anglican; in fact, wherever you have a priest or a parson, there is sacerdotalism in practice, if not in theory. Sacramentarianism descends in a stream from the time when the tables were fenced to the days of the close-communion Baptists. Ritualism may be illustrated by the objurgatory speech of the Rev. Dr. Robb, whose notions of the order of public worship were shocked by an organ accompaniment at the opening of the General Assembly, in a church where it was ordinarily used, and where the assembled wisdom of the Presbyterian Church sat as guests. There is a negative as well as a positive pole to what is known as Ritualism. Yet, although we have no confidence in their battle-cries, we insist that the 'Evangelicals' are entitled to fair play, and that was not accorded to them at the Synod.

Even when the prayer for unity had hardly lost its echo, in ever-widening ripples through infinite space, the mockery of it appeared. Whether from heedlessness or doubt of the power of prayer it is difficult to say, but the spirit of disunion made its appearance at once, and partyism raised its head and put forth with its voice what had been uppermost in its heart when it was pleading at the throne of grace against itself. Neither party was to blame, perhaps, more than the other; both came for combat, not for concord, and it was immaterial which of them commenced the fray. It is of course open to the majority to plead that Dr. Hodgins, having held the office for a number of years, should give place to another. Subsequently, the *arrière-pensée* appeared, when a member revealed the fact that the proposed change had been disingenuously submitted, and that the real cause of it was the lay Secretary's adherence to the Church Association. Dr. Hodgins made a grave mistake in commenting on the result; because, if Mr. Murray's election was filling the office from one party of the Church, his own would have been similarly objectionable. Still it is clear that the sudden change in the lay Secretaryship, without substantial reason, was not merely an undeserved slight, so far as Dr. Hodgins is concerned, but a bold first move in the policy of 'Thorough'—a *mot de guerre* the dominant party appear to have adopted from Archbishop Laud and Strafford. The very fact that the office had been so long held by one member, so far from being a justifiable cause for his removal, as alleged rather lamely by Ald. Boswell, was the best possible reason why he should not be superseded, except for

cause shown. And when the real motive was at last exposed, and the change appeared to be the fruit of party feeling, the last shred of justification was torn away. When the Standing Committees were appointed, the determination of the majority not to deal fairly by their opponents became still more clear to view. Even Archdeacon Whitaker was virtually compelled to admit that justice had not been meted out to his opponents, by moving that the list should be referred back for revision and amendment. Even taking the vote upon the Seeretaryship as a fair test of party strength, it could not be contended that the 'Evangelical' party were fairly represented, especially upon those committees which were to directly determine the character and course of diocesan operations. Had those who profess so loudly their desire for unity, given expression to it in acts rather than words, the meeting, notwithstanding differences too palpable to be concealed, might have begun and ended in harmony and good temper. Peace and unity are expressions always in the mouths of those having the power in their hands, and are reiterated oftenest by those who are determined to use that power without scruple or consideration. Any phrase of the sort becomes a bitter mockery, where the maxim of the dominant party is that attributed to Sir George Cartier—*nous avons l'advantage—profitons en.* Perhaps the somewhat peevish manner in which some of the minority resigned their places on the committee was not in the best taste ; Mr. Clarke Gamble's determination to do his duty on behalf of the Church was no doubt the worthier and manlier one ; still Messrs. Vice-Chancellor Blake and his friends are hardly to be blamed if they felt it their duty to refuse to act where they were powerless to give their opinions effect, and might possibly appear to be consenting parties to a sacrifice of the best interests of the Church, and the still more important interests of Truth. The Rev. Mr. Boddy made a creditable attempt at peace-making ; but whether an *eirenicon* would prove available at this juncture is unfortunately doubtful. Everything depends on mutual forbearance, and of that christian virtue there is but a limited supply at present in the diocese of Toronto. The minority is excited, irritable, unreasonable, and defiant ; the majority overbearing and without any well-defined sense of justice and fair-play. It is in the power of the latter to place its opponents in the wrong by evincing a practical desire to live as brethren with those who have been driven into an attitude of thinly veiled rebellion. It is to be hoped that during the synodical year some efforts will be put forth to heal the unseemly dissensions of the Church, and establish its peace and unity upon a substantial and enduring basis.

The quarrel between the Sulpician Seminary at Oka, on the Lake of Two Mountains, and the Protestant Indians, has now culminated in the destruction of the Catholic Church and Presbytery by fire. It may be taken for granted that some of the red men were guilty of this crime, though it is quite evident it was not done with the knowledge or consent, much less with the approval, of the chiefs and the tribe. Where a question of property or *quasi* proprietary rights is involved, it is always well to await the judgment of the Courts, especially when, as in this case, one of the parties is Indian; and it is scarcely necessary to point out that Indian notions of tenure are not always either clear or sound. The whole matter is by no means so free from obscurity as zealots on either side would have the public believe. The cause of the trouble is evident enough ; but the legal points in controversy are exceedingly hard to solve in the absence of clearer testimony as to facts and law than has yet been given to the world. This has doubtless arisen from the relationship which for a long time subsisted between the Seminary and the Indians. The former, in some sort, may be said to have stood *in loco parentis* to the Indians ; indeed, one of the conditions of the patent granted more than a century and a half ago by the French King was, that the priests of the Seminary should impart moral and religious instruction to the natives. The Seminary granted to each head of a family a plot of ground, with right to cut wood on the land belonging to the Seminary, to hunt, and also to use a common for pasturage. The family plots were not absolutely granted, since the right to lease or transfer without the consent of the Seminary was withheld ; still, to all intents and purposes, and certainly in the opinion of the Indian occupants, the property was theirs. At any rate, it is unlikely that any

question would have arisen on the subject but for an unforeseen change in the relations between the red men and their ecclesiastical parents. According to the French papers, the Indians of Oka were in a state of innocent happiness, only less enviable than that of our first parents in the garden of Eden; but the serpent, in the shape of a Methodist minister, entered Paradise and tempted the Iroquois to sin by forsaking the true Church and embracing Protestantism. This, of course, was, in the Catholic view, *fons et origo mali;* and the fathers of the Seminary and their agents soon made their rebellious children sensible of the fact. The 'perverts' were harassed in every conceivable way, by law, and without law. Charges of trespass were the ordinary legal methods, and the destruction of the fences which enclosed the common falls under the other category. The three chiefs purchased from an old Indian woman, sixty years in possession, a plot of land in trust for the Wesleyan congregation, and upon it a chapel was erected. The Seminary immediately brought an action of ejectment, and, after prolonged litigation, the Fathers were held to be the owners of the church site. With malicious glee, some French Canadians immediately demolished the Iroquois place of worship, and the feud was rendered more violent than ever. This took place a year and a half ago, and the breach has been widening ever since. Now, although the Seminary had the law upon their side, their action was cruel as well as impolitic, as recent events have shown. The spirit shown by the Church throughout has been the reverse of Christian; in fact, when it was considered that they were harassing and maltreating a handful of helpless, semi-civilized creatures, their conduct throughout deserves the severest censure. The *odium theologicum* may not, in our time and country, be as bloodthirsty as the *odium barbaricum*, but it is just as bitter and relentless. Chief Joseph, who seems to be a man of great shrewdness, appears to have no hope of any satisfactory arrangement with the Seminary; he was unwilling to trust himself and his tribe to Col. Amyot and the Provincial Police, and declared plainly that he had no confidence in M. Chapleau and his Government. Of law, they have had enough since their 'apostacy,' and the very name of Ste. Scholastique, the local seat of justice, must be hateful to them. If no compromise can be effected, the matter should be immediately taken in hand by the Dominion Government, the constitutional protectors of the native tribes. It is whispered that a fear of finally alienating the Quebec Ultramontane party will tie the hands of Mr. Mackenzie and his colleagues, and hinder them from taking action. Surely this is an invention of the enemy, utterly false and baseless, since it would be exceedingly discreditable on their part to shirk a plain duty because those people on whose behalf it should be met and discharged are so weak as to render it safe to neglect them. Upon Mr. Mills, especially, devolves the duty of bestirring himself in the settlement of this unhappy embroglio. No one doubts his integrity, and it would be gratifying, at this juncture, to receive some evidence of his tact and firmness. It will be a great mistake to lose sight of the equities of the case, or to deal with the Indian by rigid legal rules, when he is contending with an enormously rich and powerful ecclesiastical corporation, backed by all the potent influence of the hierarchy. Still, a case, we believe, might legally be submitted to the Supreme Court, after some *pro forma* proceedings in the Quebec Courts; if so, this should be done. Unfortunately, this is just one of those matters one would scarcely care to submit to such a Minister of Justice as M. Laflamme, who is peculiarly anxious to prove the fervour and reality of his Catholicism at any cost.

The calamitous fire at St. John, New Brunswick, is one of those 'current events' which the chronicler would fain have been spared. That so terrible a misfortune has excited the warmest and deepest sympathy all over the county, it is scarcely necessary to say; it is more to the purpose that the feeling of commiseration has proved its intrinsic value by prompt and liberal assistance to the sufferers. Nothing could have come more unexpectedly upon the sister city, and the wide-spread destruction could hardly have been wrought in a shorter time or with greater completeness. In the middle of business hours—at half-past two in the afternoon—on the brink of the harbour, in a boiler-shop, in the suburb of Portland, the conflagration began. Portland has a

separate government of its own, in whose eyes economy is of greater importance than security. Close to the place where the fire broke out, there is an extensive rookery of old wooden buildings, dry and well-seasoned for the burning. If St. John had been built over a huge gunpowder vault, with Guy Fawkes as its custodian, the constant danger of its destruction could hardly have been less threatening. It was, in fact, but a question of time; and unfortunately the fire occurred at the worst possible time. There was a violent north-west wind blowing, and it needs but a glance at a plan of the city to tell what that would mean, when the conflagration began at York Point Slip, with plenty of dry material ready laid by the hand of man. In a few hours the allied elements, fire and air, had reduced the entire business portion to a mass of ruins, as well as the better class of dwelling-houses to the south and south-east. Public buildings, houses of business, hotels, printing-offices, churches, and theatres, were involved in a common ruin with the residences of the middle-classes and the humbler dwellings of the poor. Whether of stone, brick, or wood, made no difference; for the fire was no respecter of material. On and in the neighbourhood of the Ballart Wharf, near the promontory to the south of the city, between the bay and the railway, as many as fifteen thousand homeless people, for the most part destitute and without food, passed the night of the 20th. Happily there is no need to urge liberal contributions in aid of the sufferers. Corporations and trade boards, public meetings and churches, are fully alive to the important duty required. The great *desiderata* are promptitude in giving and transmitting, and the widening of the scale of liberality. There should be no delay, both because the needs are urgent, and also because it would greatly lighten the work and responsibility of the relief committees on the spot, to know the extent of the fund upon which they may draw. It would also ensure a more equable and effective application of relief. Some of the ecclesiastical bodies have promptly directed collections in all the churches under their jurisdiction, and this will go far to ensure the widening of the area of liberality so as to include the whole country. It is of no slight importance to impress every portion of the Dominion with a feeling of common brotherhood, as members of the same nationality, and this unhappy occasion may well be embraced to give it practical demonstration. If for this reason alone, it is highly desirable that every locality, so far as may be, should be enrolled in the list of contributors to the Relief Fund.

The French Monarchists who have managed to beguile Marshal McMahon and draw him into devious paths, continue to pursue the fatuous course expected of them. The *coup de tête*, as it has been called, of May 16th, was but the first overt move in a conspiracy which had been long in contemplation. The proof of this is the fact, that M. Fourton, the Minister of the Interior under De Broglie, knew immediately where to lay his hands upon refractory Prefects, and was quite ready at a moment's notice to replace them by men who could be depended upon. On the re-assembling of the Chamber, a medley of constitutionalism, Bourbonism, and Bonapartism, under the guise of a message from the President, was read, to which little heed was paid by the majority. So long as the discussion failed to reach fever heat, all went well; but the moment Frenchmen get excited the best ordered plan of moderation is temporarily sacrificed—suspended, they would probably say. Still, on the whole, the sections of the Left were unusually moderate, even in the face of M. Fourton's contemptuous remark, that the Government did not care for the Chamber or its orders of the day, because they intended to appeal to the country. M. Gambetta's calm reply was: 'The country shall judge between us.' It is, in fact, altogether owing to the studied moderation of 'the dictator of Bordeaux,' as he is contemptuously termed by the Right, that the country, especially Paris and the large towns of the South, have remained tranquil during the impudent interregnum which now exists. The leaders of the party are no doubt convinced that moderation in language and action is their prime card; and the efforts of the Monarchieal and Imperial parties to ruffle their temper and drive them to excesses prove that De Broglie deems it necessary to do so by some means or other. Hence the mysterious seizure of M. Duverdier, head of the Municipal Council, at dead of night, without the knowledge of his family, and

his imprisonment in Mazas; the wanton assaults upon the press; the instructions of the Prefects to prosecute all offenders, couched in terms so general as to cover the entire Opposition party—'falsehood,' to be interpreted at pleasure, is one of the offences; and the deliberate system of insulting language used by Ministers and their representatives in the press. They have failed to drive the party of M. Gambetta into extremes, and that is what chiefly galls the reactionists. The only thing that can possibly turn the scale in favor of De Broglie is some excess or intemperance of language from the leaders of the Left; the latter are quite aware of that, and, however difficult it may be to manage the masses of their party, their motto will be 'moderation,' at least until the elections are over, and their triumph secured, as it will doubtless be, in spite of all the fraud and terrorism M. Fourton will most unscrupulously employ. The stratagem of putting forward McMahon as the figure-head, and threatening that he would resign and restore the reign of chaos, will also be futile. To speak of the probable defeat of the President, and to alarm the people with the inevitable results of that event, is the best possible argument against the usurpation of May. What business had he to put himself in a position where he was liable to defeat? Whose fault is it that his name will be invoked at the polls by one party, and introduced with anything but respect by the other? His own. The personal appeal, however, will be of little avail at the ballot box; since the issue will not be between McMahon and Gambetta, but McMahon and Thiers—the President who settled the war; paid the indemnity, and restored order by the suppression of the Commune. His services have not been forgotten by the mass of the French people, and when, to the hatred of the May *coup d' etat*, is added their attachment to an old and tried public servant, the issue of the elections cannot be doubtful, notwithstanding the powerful machinery in the hands of the Government. The Senate has, of course, been prevailed on, without difficulty, to grant a dissolution of the Chamber. Obviously, when the latter, by a vote of 365 to 153, repudiated De Broglie and his set, there was nothing left for it, if ministers were to enjoy even three months' peace, but an attempt to see what the chapter of accidents might have in store for the party. Meanwhile the continued presence of the Duke Decazes at the Foreign office, and the excessive protestations of the President and his other Ministers, have not blinded Germany to the serious peril involved in the seizure of power by the most bigoted of the Ultramontane party.

The reception of Gen. Grant in England is, no doubt, as flattering to himself as it is evidently gratifying to his countrymen; but he is hardly a 'lion' in the strict sense of the term, and to all, save Americans themselves, no proof was needed of English cordiality and goodwill to the United States. The ex-President has certainly acquitted himself creditably, and if our American cousin is put in a better humour by the English demonstrations over him, so much the better, if the fit lasts long enough. It is to be feared that it will hardly endure until the Canadian fisheries are appraised and paid for, or that all the expressions of satisfaction over Grant's reception will add a dollar to the price they will be willing to pay for what they used without leave, or purchased upon credit.

The Eastern question remains, so far as diplomacy is concerned, *in statu quo ante bellum*. There are from time to time newspaper reports of negotiations, alliances, ruptures, and reconciliations, which are not worth the paper on which they are printed. Austria is not going to aid Turkey, because to do so would be to commit suicide, or at least to shiver her heterogeneous empire into fifty fragments. England, considering that Russia has scarcely moved a step in the direction of Constantinople since Mr. Cross gave a solemn assurance that peace should be preserved between her and Russia, is not on the eve of proving Lord Beaconsfield's representative a deceiver, or the published blue-books and despatches elaborate falsehoods. The fact is, that, in the delay in active warfare, which seems intolerable after the Italian war, the Austro-German six weeks' contest, and the Franco-German duel of 1870, journalists do not know what to do with themselves. They are at their wit's end for something to pen concerning a war which persists in hanging fire most inconsiderately. The pro-Turkish papers have gone so far afield as to have hit upon

an annexation of Egypt to the British empire —a most advisable step, if only in mercy to the oppressed Egyptians, but sounding strange when trumpeted forth by the party which has been driven almost rabid by any proposal looking to a disintegration of the rotten Turkish empire, whether it took the form of a free Christian government north of the Balkans, or the annexation of Eastern Armenia to Russia by way of war indemnity. The victory remains with Mr. Gladstone and the sound heart of England, and the bondholders, who have only themselves to blame, with their allies, the men of the clubs, may as well surrender at discretion. It is unnecessary to make any guesses at the position of affairs in Asia Minor. The Turks, we now know, have not retaken Ardahan, and we may be perfectly sure they have not re-possessed themselves of Bayazid. Lying is necessary just now at Constantinople, where matters have come to so wretched a pass that, every now and again, it is a question whether Russia will shake the Turk to pieces by external violence, or whether he will perish by spontaneous combustion or explosion within. The Russians, it may now be considered, have crossed the Danube on their extreme left. The advanced guard passed over at Ibraila into the Dobrudscha, seized the heights above Matchin after a brief skirmish with the Bashi-bazouks, and thus forced the evacuation of that town, which they immediately occupied. There are rumours of crossing also to the west, at Hirsova and Leni, but these are not confirmed, and we still wait patiently for the next act in the tragic drama, upon which the curtain is slowly rising.

June 23rd, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1877; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

This title, which we have purposely quoted in full, is rich in promise to the lovers of literary gossip who are aware of the wide circle of Mr. Procter's acquaintance among the most celebrated of two generations of writers. Those who need to be told of it, will find at an early stage in this little volume, 'a limited selection from the list,' which contains over eighty names, of which, as he cannot quote all, we will quote none. It must suffice to say that it includes almost every name which rose into fame in English literature during the eighty-seven years of Mr. Procter's life. His reminiscences, therefore, formed a mine of interest which it is all the more deeply to be regretted he did not work to a far greater extent, when we see the quality of the few rich nuggets which he did bring up. It was not until his seventy-ninth year that he commenced the fragmentary sketches which are here given, numbering in all about twenty-three besides a short account of the 'London Magazine' and its brilliant staff. Mr. Coventry Patmore, who, aided by Mrs. Procter, has edited this volume, tells us that they form 'but a small portion of the portrait gallery' which it seems to have been Mr. Procter's long-cherished intention to paint, and they are evidently nothing more than very rough draughts; the MS. having many double readings, notes to the effect of 'correct this,' etc. Nevertheless, these 'Recollections,' in connection with the 'Letters from Literary Friends,' form undoubtedly the most interesting and valuable portion of the present volume.

There are few pleasures in a literary way surpassing that of having names, which we know and love as little more than names, clothed for us, as these are here, with distinctive personality. Procter's style is so simple and direct, that there is at first a temptation to call it unfinished; but its naïve abruptness wins upon us, and very soon we find ourselves in the hands of a master. When we close the book, the impression on our minds of each individuality is clear and firm, if broken and incomplete. Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt, among all his friends, were

most intimate with Procter personally, and exerted most influence over his literary character. The great *Edinburgh* reviewer, Lord Jeffrey, in a very appreciative and kindly estimate of his poems, says, 'the natural bent of his genius is more like that of Leigh Hunt than any other author. . . . . But he has better taste and better judgment; or, what is perhaps but saying the same thing, he has less affectation and far less conceit.' Procter could not but see this fault in his friend, but he softens blame of it almost into praise, saying that Leigh Hunt 'had no vanity, in the usually accepted meaning of the word. I mean that he had not that exclusive vanity which rejects almost all things beyond self. He gave as well as received; no one more willingly. He accepted praise less as a mark of respect from others, than as a delight of which we are entitled to partake, such as spring weather, the scent of flowers, or the flavor of wine.' Procter's admiration for Hazlitt was great and unswerving, and late in his life we find him writing to James W. Fields: 'I despair of the age that has forgotten to read Hazlitt.' He grows a little indignant over the biographical essay in which De Quincey disparaged Hazlitt; but, apparently, the amenities of literature were thrown overboard on both sides by those writers. 'Mr. De Quincey and Hazlitt thought poorly of each other. Hazlitt pronounced verbally that the other would be good only "whilst the opium was trickling from his mouth," but he never published anything derogatory to the other's genius. De Quincey, on the other hand, seems to have forced opportunities for sneering at Hazlitt.' For De Quincey, Procter has but scant praise, and, in our opinion, allows a little prejudice to influence him in dwelling almost altogether on his faults. But it is not the prejudice of ignorance, and what injustice there is in his view is shown, not in the fault-finding, but in a seeming blindness to much of De Quincey's merit. He doubts whether De Quincey knew Lamb as intimately as he professes to have done in his 'three straggling essays' on that writer. During a close friendship, from 1818 to Lamb's death in 1834, Proctor avers that he never heard him refer to De Quincey 'or mention his name upon any single occasion.' We are tempted to dwell at much greater length upon this part of the book, and upon the letters; but our space is limited, and what little we have remaining must be devoted to some account of the other portions, and of the lovable man around whom all its interest centres.

The autobiographical fragments, which, interspersed with biographical notes by the editor, occupy the first section of the book, are very scanty; and it is characteristic of Procter, that the sketch which is called autobiographical deals more with others than with himself. Patmore says of him as a man, that he was a 'simple, sincere, shy, and delicate soul;' that his conversation 'had little decision or "point," in the ordinary sense, and often dwelt on truths which a novelty-loving society banishes from its repertory as truisms,' but that this 'never disturbed the effect, in any assemblage, of his real distinction. His silence seemed wiser, his simplicity subtler, his shyness more courageous, than the wit, philosophy, and assurance of others.'

The few events of his life are soon told, and have little interest but what they gain from his naïve and simple relation of them. His father, beginning life in a merchant's counting-house, was soon placed in a position of well-to-do independence by some bequest, and Procter was born at a comfortable distance from both extremes of worldly circumstances. He dwells with almost amusing insistence on the absence of anything remarkable, either in his life or in his own character and abilities. He says of himself: 'Nothing particularly marked my childhood. I was found to be much as boys usually are . . . It seemed my destiny to float along from the cradle to the grave on the happy stream of mediocrity. My tastes, even as I recollect, were common enough. My senses were indeed attracted by the scent of the violet, the April grass and flowers; I heard music in the winds, and running river; . . . . Such I was, when very young (almost too young), sent to a small boarding-school near London.' He was at this time only about five years old. Leaving the subject from which he takes every opportunity of departing,—himself,—he gives at this point a loving and pathetic sketch of his old French master at this school, an *emigré* named Monsieur Molière, whom fortune had left only 'the ability to labor and endure; perhaps these were nearly all his poor possessions.' Charles Lamb might have written such delicate lines as those in which Procter describes this man; but to attempt to convey their charm in an extract would be as wise as to cut a sample strip from a water-colour.

At about thirteen Procter was sent to Harrow, where he remained four years. Among his school-fellows were the future Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron. He was fond of relating how Peel once undertook 'to write for him an imposition of Latin verse for a consideration of half-a-crown; but whether the future great financier ever got paid, was more than Mr. Procter could undertake to remember.' In his 'Recollections,' he says of Lord Byron, 'I had not seen him since about 1800, when he was a scholar in Dr. Drury's house, with an iron cramp on one of his feet, with loose corduroy trousers plentifully relieved by ink, and with finger-nails bitten to the quick.'

The profession for which Procter was intended was the law, and at first there seemed

every likelihood of his being added to the long list of those who have deserted it entirely for literature. Instead of reading law, he read hard at English poetry, from Chaucer to Burns, and then took to writing it. He produced most between the years 1815 and 1823, at which latter date his 'Flood of Thessaly, and Other Poems' saw the light; but the work to which he chiefly owes his place in our literature, his 'English Songs,' appeared in 1832; and his 'Essays and Tales in Prose,' in 1853. The lyrics published for the first time in the present volume are not likely to add to his laurels, with the possible exception of the last one, entitled 'Exhumo.' After his marriage, in 1824, he did as very few of those have done who have taken his first step, from law to literature; turning once more to his profession, and welcoming the hard and rather monotonous work of a conveyancer with a zest that may fairly be called surprising, after his indulgence of almost antipodal tastes. There are very many who have 'penned a sonnet while they should engross,' but by no means many who, having met with such success as Barry Cornwall's, in verse, have left it to go back to the prosiest of prose. In 1831 he was called to the bar, and in 1832 was appointed a Commissioner of Lunacy. His long and peaceful life came to an end in 1874. Mr. Patmore has appropriately closed his biographical notes by the insertion of the beautiful poem by Swinburne, which appeared on the death of 'Barry Cornwall':—

'Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet.'

There can be no question as to the enjoyment which is to be derived from this volume as a whole. But its very fragmentary character spoils it for steady perusal, making progress through it very jerky. Its flavor is best obtained by dipping into it here and there at random.

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PHYSIOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS. By Grant Allen, B.A. London: Henry T. King & Co. 1877.

The most cursory reader of the philosophy of the day must be aware how closely the investigation into the relations of mental phenomena with the material organism, or as many prefer to put it, their origin from it, is pursued by some of the most profound thinkers of the age. What we term æsthetic feelings and pleasures have hitherto been comparatively neglected in this investigation. Even the Germans, as Prof. Bain recently remarked, have been accustomed to consider them subjectively, as purely mental phenomena, rather than as effects from physical causes. But relentless science has begun to seize now even on these more ethereal emotions, and will not allow us any longer to simply enjoy a beautiful landscape, a noble statue, or an exquisite poem, without telling us exactly *how* our enjoyment arises from the effect produced on our nervous organization by the forces of the external world.

It is doubly satisfactory to a Canadian critic, in noticing an able and suggestive work on this subject, to recognize the fact that it is written by a Canadian—Mr. Grant Allen, son of Mr. J. A. Allen, of Kingston. No one who has read Mr. Grant Allen's contributions to the CANADIAN MONTHLY will be surprised to find that he has produced a book, of which an eminent authority in England speaks as a 'valuable contribution to analytical philosophy,' or to note in his treatment of such a subject, clear and distinct thought and expression, acute and delicate observation, careful and subtle analysis, and a poetical as well a philosophical view when the subject admits of it. To start with, Mr. Allen thus defines æsthetic pleasures and pains: 'By the æsthetic pleasures and pains we mean those which result from the contemplation of the beautiful or the ugly, in art or nature, alike in the actuality and in the idea. So that, speaking properly, the subject-matter of our investigation will be the feelings aroused in man by the beautiful in nature, and in the arts of architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and poetry; special attention being paid throughout to the component factors of the last.' In the outset of his investigation, he first examines the nature of pleasures and pains generally, differentiating afterwards the feeling we call æsthetic. By a very ingenious and aptly illustrated process of investigation, he arrives at the conclusion that 'pain is the subjective concomitant of destructive action or insufficient nutrition in any sentient tissue. Pleasure is the subjective concomitant of the normal amount of function in any such tissue.'

From this position, he goes on to discuss the pleasures and pains of what are more especially called the 'æsthetic' senses, in regard to which he makes the following suggestive remark: 'In the lower senses, almost every activity has a direct bearing upon life-giving functions. But in the higher and specially æsthetic senses, sight and hearing, no activity bears directly upon these functions, and comparatively few indirectly. And it is just because the eye and ear are so little connected with vitality, that theirs are specially the æsthetic senses. It is the business of Art to combine as many as possible of their pleasurable sensations, and to exclude, so far as lies in its power, all their painful ones; thus producing that synthetic result which we know as the æsthetic thrill.' Æsthetic feelings he thus differentiates:—'The æsthetically beautiful is that which affords the Maximum of Stimulation with the Minimum of Fatigue or Waste, in processes not directly connected

with vital functions. The æsthetically ugly is that which conspicuously fails to do so; which gives little stimulation, or makes excessive or wasteful demands upon certain portions of the organs. But as in either case the emotional element is weak, it is mainly cognized as an intellectual discrimination. And so we get the idea of the Æsthetic Feelings as something noble and elevated because they are not distinctly traceable to any life-serving function.' The manner in which he applies this principle to the sense of sight, in the particular of colour, will sufficiently illustrate its use:

'If we have in one place a patch of red, the portion of the retina which is receiving light from it will have its red-perceiving fibres strongly excited, and, as a necessary consequence, fatigued. If, next, it is directed upon a neighbouring patch of green, the red-perceiving fibres will be at rest, and undergo repair, while the fresh and vigorous green-perceiving structures will receive normal stimulation. Hence, such interchange of colours will be pleasurable. So that all colour-harmony consist in such an arrangement of tints as will give the various portions of the retina stimulation in the least fatiguing order, and all colour-discord in the opposite.'

We should like to quote more fully from a book containing so much careful thought and interesting matter, and to discuss more fully its positions, but space limits forbid a more lengthened review. We could not, certainly, go along with the author, were he to insist on reducing the *subjective* sense of beauty and the ideal to mere physiological processes; but, if Mr. Allen's positions are correct, the analysis is ultimate so far as the *physiological* side of the question is concerned. The very springs and sources of our æsthetic sense-emotions are laid bare, and what has long been believed to be inexplicable, —to be ultimate principles beyond which we could not go—is shown to have a deeper foundation still—is at once explicable and explained. And to explain why 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' and why the green fields and the bubbling fountain, the blue bending heavens, the petals of the rose, and the lily's fragrant bell are lovely and precious to the æsthetic *sense*, is not the least interesting subject of investigation in the interesting field of our complex organization,—lifting the veil, to a very considerable degree, from the mystery of our likes and dislikes. The chapters on Poetry and the Imitative Arts will, perhaps, most interest non-scientific readers, though these will find in the other portions of the book, much food for thought and much interesting information. That on Poetry, in particular, is at once a piece of able analysis and poetical appreciation, containing passages of much literary beauty, of which we are tempted to give the following specimen, containing much picturesqueness of description combined with melody of expression:—

'Mountain glens, hemmed in with beetling rocks, through which white foaming streams rave ceaselessly; woods and valleys, pastures and meadows dappled with daisies, sweet with the breath of kine, vocal with the song of birds; an Italian lake, bathed in sunset glory, its overhanging terraces rich with autumn tints, while a rainbow spans the tiny cataract that plashes musically into its unruffled bosom, and the soft sound of the vesper bell steals over it from some surrounding campanile, half hidden amid chestnut and orange blossom, far above whose green heads the roar of the thunder and the flash of the lightning play awfully around the pinacles of eternal ice—these are a few of the great concrete wholes with which Poetry deals, whose elements can be sifted and referred to their proper place as we read them over, but which would scarcely repay the toil of a minute and deliberate classification.'

The chapters on the 'Intervention of the Intellect' and the 'Ideal' will also interest general readers, though we think that the most searching analysis must necessarily fail in those mysterious regions where purely sensuous pleasure seems blended with feelings which we instinctively recognize as of a higher and purer order, the mysteries of immaterial mind. As the very word 'æsthetic' is derived from a sense, and that one of the lower ones, we may thoroughly admit the truth of the author's position, that, 'every Æsthetic Feeling, though it may incidentally contain intellectual and complex emotional factors, has necessarily for its ultimate and principal component, pleasures of sense, ideal or actual, either as tastes, smells, touches, sounds, forms, or colours.'

ROSINE. By J. G. Whyte Melville. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

The historical novel, which seemed out of favour for a time, seems to have again revived. 'Rosine' is a vivid story, in Mr. Whyte Melville's rapid, lively style, of the terrible days immediately preceding the French Revolution; days of plot and counter-plot, intrigue and counter-intrigue, when no man's life was safe, and no man knew where the next bolt might fall; when democrat was plotting against aristocrat, and aristocrat again against his fellow aristocrat; when the vices and follies of a haughty and voluptuous aristocracy had driven an oppressed people into a state of excitement and disorganization, rapidly tottering into the grand earthquake, which has in a manner faded from men's minds now, but which will ever remain one of the deepest blood-stains on the pages of history.

For one of the foremost figures in the pre-

sent tale we have Count Arnold de Montarbas, a type of the pleasure-loving French noble, haughtily regarding his peasant entourage as existing only for his convenience and at his pleasure. We have the fierce demagogue, Coupe-Tete, fierce in words, not deeds; and his sister, the ardent Amazon citoyenne, Leonie, *alias* 'the Wolverine.' As a foil to this representative of the ferocious feminine element which played so prominent a part in that terrible crisis, we have the sweet, blooming, loving Rosine, with all the heroic endurance of a devoted woman hid under her girlish confiding softness. It is with no small satisfaction that we see her delivered from the machinations of the reckless Count, and saved for her brave, honest, peasant lover, Pierre. This little idyll, indeed, forms the only bright streak in the otherwise sombre woof of the story. The author is evidently an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, to whom, whatever may have been her feminine faults, we must grant the virtues of courage and devotion; so we have glimpses of the ill-fated Queen and her good-natured, well-meaning, but irresolute husband, at the crisis of their history, which are probably as faithful as most historical novels succeed in giving. As we have implied, the style is vivid and lively, and the action well-sustained; and though there are no profound studies of character, no psychological analysis, no introduction of the higher problems which did not then apparently much trouble men's thoughts, we close the book with the feeling that it is a pleasantly told story, well conceived and executed, and with a good deal of historical *vraisemblance*, though in the very faithfulness of its portraiture the scenes through which it leads us are sometimes repulsive enough. The following is a good specimen of the author's happiest and most picturesque style:—

'The opening of the States General, the convocation of that deliberative assembly which Louis himself hoped was to prove the salvation of his kingdom, had been fixed for the fourth of May. A severe and tedious winter was over at last. Spring, that burst on France as she must have burst on Paradise, bloomed fresh and radiant, like a girl opening into womanhood, all hopes and smiles. The white cloud floated in a pure blue sky, the breeze stirred and fluttered through a wealth of leaves that had not yet lost their tender green, birds soared in the air or sang in thicket, and fishwomen, gathering in angry groups, shrieked, raved, and swore, tossing their bare brown arms, and calling down curses from the peaceful heavens on all that was pure and noble and bright and beautiful here below.'

We notice one or two typographical blemishes that somewhat interfere with the pleasure of reading this book, which is otherwise very well and neatly got up.

A Woman Hater. By Charles Reade. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1877.

Mr. Charles Reade has served a sufficiently long apprenticeship to the writer's craft to enable him to avoid many of the faults that often make shipwreck of the hopes of less experienced novelists. 'A Woman Hater' may therefore be safely pronounced to be lively and exciting, and to have enough plot (that 'salt' which alone prevents putrefaction) to keep the reader in a proper state of anxiety. Add to all this the fact that, like most of Mr. Reade's novels, it has a definite social purpose, in support of which the author deals some 'swashing blows,' and we shall be fain to admit (though we may doubt the æsthetic propriety of fiction being laden with social moralities) that this is a book above the average.

The particular cause of the oppressed which Mr. Reade, speaking with the voice of one Dr. Rhoda Gale, champions upon this occasion, is that of female medical students; and, by the strength of the arguments he puts in his character's mouth, it can easily be seen that he is no half-hearted advocate of a despised and distrusted, but steadily aggressive, movement. We must recommend any one who still thinks it more immodest for a few women to study anatomy so as to enable them to cure their fellow-women, than it is for every woman in the world to be driven to consult a physician of the other sex, to carefully peruse the portion of this work in which the 'virago,' Dr. Gale, holds forth at considerable length upon the subject,

The 'Woman Hater' himself, Harrington Vizard, hardly deserves the name. He is a cynic of a tolerably old type, old at least in novelists' pages, who is always saying hard things about women and doing them the kindest turns imaginable. The very idea of a real unadulterated woman hater being found at Homburg with a lovely sister, a flirting cousin, and a pragmatic aunt (which is, in fact, the very position our hero occupies at the commencement of the tale), is sufficiently absurd to show the impropriety of the name.

In short, all of Mr. Reade's characters appear, in the hurry of the acting, to deviate considerably from the ideal character he intended to give them. Zoe, the lovely sister, is described as a young high-minded woman, not hardened by the world, so averse to deceit that her eloquent blood would

mantle in her cheeks from 'pinky' up to 'crimson' at the slightest, or no provocation. Yet *Zoe* is always surprising us. This model young Englishwoman falls in love with one Severne, a most contemptible scoundrel, who lies gratuitously, uses foul and excited language before her, is eaten up by avarice, forges clumsily, and apparently forgets all about it, for, without taking any trouble to meet his felonious paper at maturity, he quietly stops on at Vizard's house, to whom he had disposed of his 'flimsies,' until the inevitable discovery is made and he is kicked out. This is stupid enough for a most accomplished rogue and swindler, as he is supposed to be. But the modest *Zoe*! Seeing Severne at the public gaming table after a quarrel, she 'dropped her aunt's arm, and began to creep up like a young cat after a bird, taking a step and then a long pause, still with her eye fixed on him.' This 'arch, but cat-like advance' doesn't make her blush at all, but we should think the hardened old aunt might have done so for her. *Par parenthese* we might remark that nearly all the characters get feline in their movements throughout the book. Miss Gale, M.D., avows herself 'cat-like' at p. 97; Fanny Dover, the flirting cousin, watches Severne 'like a cat a mouse.' The transparently simple-minded *Zoe* and the more worldly Fanny 'open very cat-like' (peculiar English that) upon Severne in a train, that is to say, in pursuance of a prearranged plan, one of them plays on his feelings while the other watches from behind her book 'every lineament of his face.' Even a steady English waiting-man catches the infection and 'retires cat-like' at p. 92; and Lord Uxmoor, *Zoe*'s alternative lover, experiences great difficulty when the female *Galen* (that is a joke, as Mr. Reade would not be above pointing out) pumps him with 'insidious questions, *cat-like* retreats and *cat-like* returns.' But to leave this domesticated animal, never more useful than in Mr. Reade's hands, nor more palpably endowed with nine lives, let us return to *Zoe*. She is, as we learned, intensely modest, but Severne soon kisses her hand, and his rapid style of wooing quickly makes him master of the situation. When he disappears to the background, *Zoe* speedily consoles herself with 'Milor,' but on the same evening re-plights her troth to the first love, who sneaks back and sees her in her aunt's garden. When it is clearly perceptible, even to her weak brain, that she cannot possibly marry Severne, who turns out to be married already (a fault not so easily condoned as persistent lying, forgery, and violent assaults on unoffending ladies), she is very good and quiet till she books Lord Uxmoor again, and it is not till Severne really dies that we can believe she is fairly free of him. And this is a pure, delicate-minded English lady of birth and breeding? Pshaw, Mr. Reade, you must know better, though you do make Fanny let Severne kiss her hand again and again in a crowded railway carriage, 'with warm but respectful devotion, which she minded no more than marble.'

On the whole, younger writers need not despair of success when they find a veteran like Charles Reade make such blunders as these. It would, in fact, be hard for a tyro to find a much more vulgar style than his is. 'It is a case,' 'and that's a fact,' are samples of his classical English. Vizard keeps a '*printed* list of *five* fellows' who were killed or crippled by careless women, which is an absurdity; and he speaks to a lady of 'men with stomachs in their bosoms,' which is rather nastier than it is witty. He is so sentimental that when a drop or two of blood falls from the wounded temple of the woman he loves, upon his clothes, he folds up the entire suit and ties it up in a silk handkerchief, leading us to suppose that either the suit was very small or the kerchief very big. But this runs in the family, for *Zoe* carefully irons and puts away an old spoiled dress she had got drenched in during her wooing. All the women are called 'La.' Old nurse Judge is 'La Judge,' and the doctress, 'La Gale,' which is decidedly uncalled for. But to wind up this string of gems (for we have no room for the serio-comic rescue from a mad bull, which we really thought fiction writers had done with), we must mention the delicate way Rhoda has of showing her sympathy for a friend, by 'laying a pair of wet eyes on her shoulder.' After that one would like a glass of wine, but hardly such as ran through Ashmead's veins, 'like oil charged with electricity and elixir vitæ.'

JOAN: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Given a high-bred, noble-looking girl, with ripely, dewily red lips, a milk-white throat, and a willowy form, and an amorous guardsman, five foot eleven in his shooting boots, with wicked grey eyes, who 'has not got it on his conscience that he ever in all his life missed an opportunity of squeezing a woman's hand,' with Miss Broughton to set the puppets dallying, and we know beyond a peradventure what the upshot will be. The amorous guardsman of the killing eye and the ready hand will fall desperately in love with the girl with the milk-white throat; and the girl with the milk-white throat will fall even more desperately in love with the

amorous guardsman. Having said thus much, and added that the hero's name is Anthony Wolferstan, and the heroine's Joan Dering, we have already disclosed three-fourths of the plot of Miss Broughton's latest novel, and the remaining fourth need not detain us long. As might have been prophesied beforehand, the course of true love does not run smooth. In Miss Broughton's novels it never does. The hero's mother is opposed to the marriage, and succeeds in inducing Joan to break off the engagement by disclosing to her, in a powerfully written scene, the fact that her father had been guilty of forgery. Wolferstan is manly enough not to allow the knowledge of this fact (indeed, he appears to have been acquainted with it all along) prove any hindrance to his suit; but Joan's determination not to injure her lover's position and prospects in life by allowing him to link his destiny with that of a forger's daughter, is not to be shaken. Wolferstan goes off in despair, becomes entangled in the meshes of an old flame, Lalage Beauchamp (after whom he had once walked round the room on his knees), and marries her out of hand. Eventually Lalage dies of apoplexy, caused apparently by too great devotion to the pleasures of the table, and the reader is left to surmise that the hero and heroine are at last united and live happily ever afterward.

The details of the plot thus sketched are filled in with even more than Miss Broughton's accustomed cleverness; and the work is, we think, the best the author has yet turned out. Joan herself is altogether charming—quite the most high-minded and lovable girl in the gallery of Miss Broughton's heroines. It has been objected, indeed, as a fatal blot on the book, that such a girl deserved a better fate than that of marrying a man so obviously unworthy of her as Wolferstan. If there is a mistake here it is the original one of making her fall in love with him. When Joan sees the great and manifest deterioration in character which Wolferstan suffers from her rejection of his suit, though from an unselfish motive, it is hard to discover what other course was open to her than to correct her error in judgment, and, by marrying him, make the best reparation in her power.

Joan, who has been brought up in all the comfort, refinement, and luxury that wealth can command, at the outset of the story suffers a reverse of fortune through the sudden death of the relative upon whom she has been dependent, and is plunged at once into poverty. She goes to live with an aunt and two cousins—girls—all warm-hearted, but horribly vulgar. Her journey to her new home, at which she arrives in a butcher's cart, is told with much humour; and her new life, and the constant jar which the tawdriness and coarseness of her surroundings produce in her, are described with truth and power, if with some exaggeration. Miss Broughton has a strong dramatic instinct, and a really remarkable gift of drawing, with a few rapid strokes of her facile brush, characters so real and lifelike that one seems to know them personally. The aunt, vulgar but warm-hearted; Diana, blunt, outspoken, and honest; Bell, sentimental, snobbish, and amorous; are all capital sketches; and even more amusing, alas! is Joan's rival, Lalage. The four dogs, Regy, Algy, Charlie, and Mr. Brown, too, are drawn (evidently from life) with wonderful humour and skill, and serve to give quite a characteristic flavour to the book. The descriptions of natural scenery are another very pleasant feature, being evidently the outcome of a genuine love of nature, the ocean especially.

The work would not be Miss Broughton's if it were altogether free from grave faults. There is the occasional coarseness and slanginess from which she seems unable to rid herself entirely. A sense of humour is an excellent gift, but Miss Broughton's sometimes runs away with her; there is hardly a situation, no matter how serious or sentimental, to which she cannot see a ridiculous side. The gift is so rare in feminine authors, however, as almost to condone the errors of taste into which it sometimes leads this remarkably clever writer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN: A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, & Wesson. 1877.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. Epochs of English History. Early England up to the Norman Conquest. By Frederick York-Powell. With Four Maps.—England as a Continental Power. From the Conquest to Magna Charta, 1066-1216. By Louise Creighton. With a Map.—The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D.—Thompson Hall. A Tale. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By Alex. Winchell, LL.D., New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

CAMP, COURT, AND SIEGE. A Narrative of Personal Adventure and Observation during two Wars, 1861-1865, 1870-1871. By Wickham Hoffman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MAR'S WHITE WITCH. A Novel. By G. Douglas. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. University Life in Ancient Athens. By W. W. Capes.—Epochs of English History. Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament, 1215-1485. By James Rowley, M.A. With Four Maps.—The Tudors and the Reformation, 1485-1603. By M. Creighton, M.A. With Three Maps.—The Struggle against absolute Monarchy, 1603-1688. By Bertha Meriton Cordery. With Three Maps. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS. By William Matthews, LL.D., Author of 'Getting on in the World.' Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

ART-LIFE AND OTHER POEMS. By Benjamin Hathaway. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co. 1877.

NEW LANDS WITHIN THE ARTIC CIRCLE. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship 'Tegetthoff,' in the years 1872-1874. By Julius Payer, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Translated from the German with the Author's approbation. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

GARTH. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

HISTORY PRIMERS. Edited by J. R. Green. Geography. By George Grove, F.R.G.S. With Maps and Diagrams. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

FINE ART.

ART CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Canadian Monthly:

SIR,—So it seems that a new era in art-criticism has dawned upon Toronto. Let us rejoice, if it prove a true one. It is just the very thing that we have been looking for, if we could only find it. The 'would-be-critics of Toronto journalism,' we are told, have betrayed 'extreme ignorance.' They have run up to seed in a weak head of 'adjectives.' They have been more prone to praise than to blame. The public must be taught what to 'condemn.' Something more in this way: 'This impertinent fellow, would you believe it, has had the impudence to paint a bad picture; come up here, you sir, and take a stinging rap on the knuckles.' Our new-comer lays a heavy indictment; how do his own credentials stand? Are they quite satisfactory? Well, we are almost afraid, hardly. His method is a little too much in the vein of the celebrated Mr. McGrawler, who held that the whole art of criticism consisted in 'tickling.' There must be some 'slashing' and 'plastering,' to be sure, but *they* spoke for themselves, and any whipster like Paul Clifford could do *them*. The only real difficulty was to tickle with skill; that is, to wrap up in a maze of words one of these two propositions: This work would be very good if it were not very bad; or, it would be very bad if it were not very good. Accordingly we find that, while Mr. A.—and Mr. A. alone—is plastered—pretty thick, no doubt—Mr. B. has some 'capital little studies,' but 'his largest picture is a mistake in color, drawing, and everything;' that Mr. C. has 'undoubtedly real powers,' but 'halts too often at glum smudginess;' that Mr. D. is 'so good that he worries us by not being better'—one of his pictures is 'warm, true, and artistic,' but another is 'all aglow with the hot breath of the Sahara;' that Mr. F. has a 'very pretty quiet scene, charmingly given, but without idealization or power;' that Mr. G. 'has, perhaps, more power and vigor than any other artist in Canada', but that 'in many of his sketches he has been betrayed into a crude, hasty, and almost nonsensical scrimmage of colors;' that Mr. H. 'can paint well in some respects, but we do not like his style;' that Mr. I. has done 'much excellent work,' but has given 'grotesque prominence,' etc; that Mr. J. has 'much excellent work mixed with some that is disappointing.' Now, all this is really very clever tickling. It is said that in some countries they inflict a torture which consists in tickling the victim to death. And it is not so bad an imitation to say that a man has 'undoubtedly great powers,' but they carry him no further than 'glum smudginess;' or that power and vigor, greater perhaps than in any other artist, end in a 'nonsensical scrimmage.' It is all very ingenious, but perhaps just a shade monotonous. Give us a little more plastering, or let the critic carry out his canon of condemnation, and slash a little, by way of relief. But then, you see, it is safe. There is no proving or disproving these things, and they *imply* knowledge, at any rate. It is not every critic that has the advantage of acquaintance with the art and mystery of painting—how it

is that you can make part of a piece of flat paper or canvas appear twenty miles off; or light up a dull room with seeming sunshine—how should he? The difficulty is to toe the mark without overstepping it. Now, 'glum smudginess' and 'nonsensical scrimmage' are perhaps just a wee bit beyond it. They are a *leetle* over forcible. We may fancy the unfortunate artists to whom they are applied, wincing, unless they are behind the curtain of criticism; and, in any case, the public know no better. It may possibly seriously interfere with their bread and butter. Who can tell? These are the sort of expressions that stick. 'My dear,' says Bella to Jack, 'I wouldn't buy that picture of X's, if I were you; I saw in the paper that it was smudge or scrimmage or something: I don't like scrimmagy smudge.' Lawyers, doctors, and ministers of religion, for that matter, must get their bread and butter. Does every critic think it his duty to point out where they break down? Does Sunday's sermon appear in Monday's journal with black marks against it? Why are these unlucky artists alone to be laid upon the rack? No, let those among us who can honestly take upon ourselves to do it, tell the public where they may safely admire, and leave the rest to taste and choice. Say that a worse painting goes before a better. What then? The worse man requires the encouragement more.

And now our critic cannot complain, surely, if we turn the tables upon him for a moment. I will not pay him so bad a compliment as to suppose that, while he deals blows, he is not prepared to take them. The public must be taught 'what to condemn.' We may chance to get at some test of his knowledge of art. He speaks frequently of style—the '*genre* style,' the 'cactus and gladiolus style,' and so on. Style is a very important and very significant term in the language of art. The style of Rubens or the style of Rembrandt means a great deal. The style in which a picture is painted may determine a grave question of value. Will our critic please let me ask him, what *is* style? I will land him on open ground. I will tell him what it is not. It is neither *genre* nor cactus and gladiolus. *Genre* is a class of subject. Cactus and gladiolus defines nothing that I know of. And what class of subject then is *genre?* I was under the impression that 'a girl offering a cherry to her canary' was *genre*, but it seems not. Here again I ask for information.

I am almost afraid that we must try back on the 'would-be critics' of the Toronto press, or beyond them, and make a fresh start—a sort of pre-Raphaelite start in criticism. We must have sound and intimate knowledge of art; no mere 'smudge' and 'scrimmage' of words; no tricks easily caught up. It may be acquired and practical, or intuitive—we find that *sometimes*—but it must be free from all prejudict and bias, and have broad sympathies. Then it will go at once to the head and the heart. Till we have that, we have nothing. I fear we may perhaps have to wait long enough.

Yours, &c.,

D. FOWLER.

Amherstburg.

[To a remark made once to a very popular and very able preacher that his sermons, instead of bringing peace to his hearers, produced amongst many of them acute irritation, the answer was, 'It is exactly those sermons which make men angry that are most needed?' There is a great deal of truth in the remark, and it partly applies to all criticism. We do not, however, mean to apply it to the case before us, for we wish to accept Mr. Fowler's comments rather in the spirit in which he meant to write them than in the spirit in which he has written them. Our criticism, whatever it may have been worth, was written, not so much for the artists themselves as for the general public, and consequently its style was more general than technical. Mr. Fowler may take exception to our expressions, which seem to be at the same time too vague and too incisive to suit his taste, but we do not admit the justice of his insinuation, that we wrote either with prejudice and bias, or commented with undue severity on the works in the Exhibition. On the one hand Mr. Fowler seems to invite criticism, on the other he deprecates it because, if not favorable, it may interfere with the artist's bread and butter. Criticism, except in extreme cases of imposture and presumption, ought to be kindly and sympathetic, but we doubt if it ought to be watered in deference to the *ad misericordiam* bread-and-butter argument. As far as clergymen are concerned, it would, we have no doubt, have a very beneficial effect on their compositions, if they more frequently than is now the case had to listen to the criticisms of a candid friend upon their sermons. However, we cannot follow Mr. Fowler, or enter into a controversy with him in the MAGAZINE; but we will endeavour to remember next year to speak, at least of his pictures, with irreproachable technicality; and, if on the one hand we feel bound to warn the public what not to admire or condone, we will let it be shewn—indeed, we did not imagine anyone ever doubted it—that we have 'broad sympathies' with the artists themselves.—ED. C. M.]

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CONFESSION.

ON the morning of his departure for London, Balfour would take no notice of the marked disfavor with which Lady Sylvia regarded his setting out. It was hard on the poor child, no doubt, that he should leave her in the midst of these few Christmas holidays, and for the sake of some trumpery Parliamentary business. He might have remonstrated with her, it is true; might have reminded her that she knew what his life must be when she married him; might have recalled her own professions of extreme interest in public affairs; might have asked her if a single day's absence—which he had tried to avert by a proposal which she had rejected—was, after all, such a desperate business, But no. He had no wish to gain an argumentative victory over his beautiful young wife. He would allow her to cherish that consolatory sense of having been wronged. Nay, more; since she had plainly chosen to live in a world apart from his, he would make her life there as happy as possible. And so, as he kissed her in bidding her good-by, he said,

'By-the-way, Sylvia, I might as well go round by the Hall and see your father. If he is in all that trouble—this is Christmas-time, you know—perhaps he will let me help him.'

Well, she did look a little grateful.

'And I shall be down as soon as I can to-morrow forenoon,' he added.

But as he drove away from The Lilacs in the direction of Willowby Hall, he did not at all feel so amiably disposed toward his wife's father, whom he conjectured—and conjectured quite wrongly—to have been secretly soliciting this help from Lady Sylvia. But at all events, Balfour said to himself, the relations between himself and his wife were of more importance than his opinion of Lord Willowby. The sacrifice of a few thousand pounds was not of much concern to him; it was of great concern to him that his wife should not remain unhappy if this matter of money could restore her usual cheerfulness.

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When he reached the Hall, he found that Major and Mrs. Blythe had left the day before, but would return for Christmas. Lord Willowby was smoking an after-breakfast cigarette in the library. He looked surprised when Balfour entered; his son-in-law had not often paid him a visit unaccompanied by Lady Sylvia.

'The fact is,' said Balfour, coming straight to the point, 'Sylvia is rather distressed at present because she imagines you are in some trouble about business matters. She thinks I ought to ask you about it, and see if I can help you. Well, I don't like interfering in any one's affairs, especially when I have not been solicited to interfere; but really, you know, if I can be of service to you—'

'Ah! the good girl—the dear girl!' said Lord Willowby, with that effusiveness of tone that his daughter had learned to love as the only true expression of affection. 'I can see it all. Her tender instinct told her who that man was whom you drove over the day before yesterday; she recognized my despair, my shame, at being so beset by a leech, a blood-sucker, a miserable wretch who has no more sense of honor —'

And at this point Lord Willowby thought fit to get into a hot and indignant rage, which in no measure imposed on his son-in-law. Balfour waited patiently until the outburst was over. Perhaps he may have been employing his leisure considering how a man could be beset by a leech; but inadvertently he looked out of the window at his horses, and then he thought of his train.

'And indeed, Balfour,' said his lordship, altering his tone, and appealing in a personal and plaintive way to his son-in-law, 'how could I speak to you about these matters? All your life you have been too well off to know any thing about the shifts that other men have sometimes to adopt.'

'My dear Lord Willowby,' said Balfour, with a smile, 'I am afraid it is those very shifts that have led you into your present troubles.'

'If you only knew—if you only knew,' said the other, shaking his head. 'But there! as my dear girl is anxious, I may as well make a clean breast of it. Will you sit down?'

Balfour sat down. He was thinking more of the train than of his father-in-law's affairs.

'Do you know,' said Lord Willowby, with something of a pathetic air, 'that you are about the last man in the world to whom I should like to reveal the cause of my present anxieties. You are—you will forgive me for saying so—apt to be harsh in your judgments; you do not know what temptations poverty puts before you. But my dear girl must plead for me.'

Balfour, who did not at all like this abject tone, merely waited in mute attention. If this revelation was to be protracted, he would have to take a later train.

'About a year and a half ago,' said his lordship, letting his eyes rest vaguely on the arm of Balfour's easy-chair, 'things had gone very badly with me, and I was easily induced into joining a speculation, or rather a series of speculations, on the Stock Exchange, which had been projected by several friends of mine who had been with me in other undertakings. They were rich men, and could have borne their previous losses; I was a poor man, and—and, in short, desperate. Moreover, they were all business men, one or two of them merchants whose names are known all over the world; and I had a fair right to trust to their prudence—had I not?'

'Prudence is not of much avail in gambling,' said Balfour. 'However, how did you succeed?'

'Our operations (which they conducted, mind you) were certainly on a large scale—an enormous scale. If they had come out successfully, I should never have touched a company, or a share, or a bond, for the rest of my life. But instead of that, every thing went against us; and while one or two of us could have borne the loss, others of us must have been simply ruined. Well, it occurred to one or two of these persons —I must beg you to believe, Balfour, that the suggestion did not come from me—that we might induce our broker, by promises of what we should do for him afterward, to assume the responsibility of these purchases and become bankrupt.'

A sudden look of wonder—merely of wonder, not yet of indignation—leaped to the younger man's face.

'My dear fellow,' pleaded Lord Willowby, who had been watching for this look, 'don't be too rash in condemning us—in condemning me, at all events. I assure you I at once opposed this plan when it was

suggested. But they had a great many reasons to advance against mine. It was making one man bankrupt instead of several. Then on whom would the losses fall? Why, on the jobbers, who are the real gamblers of the Stock Exchange, and who can easily suffer a few losses when pitted against their enormous gains.'

'But how was it possible?' exclaimed Balfour, who had not yet recovered from his amazement. 'Surely the jobbers could have appealed to the man's books, in which all your names would have been found.'

'I assure you, Balfour,' said his lordship, with a look of earnest sincerity, 'that so much was I opposed to the scheme that I don't know how that difficulty was avoided. Perhaps he had a new set of books prepared, and burned the old ones. Perhaps he had from the outset been induced to enter his own name as the purchaser of the various stocks.'

'But that would have been worse and worse—a downright conspiracy to swindle from the very beginning. Why, Lord Willowby, you don't mean to say that you allowed yourself to be associated with such a —well, perhaps I had better not give it a name.'

'My dear Balfour,' said his lordship, returning to his pathetic tone, 'it is well for you that you have never suffered from the temptations of poverty. I feared your judgment of my conduct would be harsh. You see, you don't think of the extenuating circumstances. I knew nothing of this plan when I went into the copartnership of speculation—I can not even say that it existed. Very well: when my partners came to me and showed me a scheme that would save them from ruin, was I openly to denounce and betray them merely because my own conscience did not exactly approve of the means they were adopting?'

'To condone a felony, even with the purest and highest motives—' said Balfour; and with that Lord Willowby suddenly rose from his chair. That single phrase had touched him into reality.

'Look here, Balfour—' said he, angrily.

But the younger man went on with great calmness to explain that he had probably been too hasty in using these words before hearing the whole story. He begged Lord Willowby to regard him (Balfour) as one of the public: what would the public, knowing nothing of Lord Willowby's private character, think of the whole transaction? And then he prayed to be allowed to know how the affair had ended.

'I wish it *was* ended,' said Lord Willowby, subsiding into his chair again, and into his customary gloomy expression. 'This man appears to consider us as being quite at his mercy. They have given him more money than ever they promised, yet he is not satisfied. He knows quite well that the jobbers suspected what was the cause of his bankruptcy, though they could do nothing to him; now he threatens to disclose the whole business, and set them on us. He says he is ruined as far as is practicable; and that if we don't give him enough to retire on and live at his ease, he will ruin every one of us in public reputation. Now do you see how the case stands?'

He saw very clearly. He saw that he dared not explain to his wife the story he had been told; and he knew she would never be satisfied until he had advanced money in order to hush up a gigantic fraud. What he thought of this dilemma can easily be surmised; what he said about it was simply nothing at all.

'And why should he come at me? said Lord Willowby, in an injured way. 'I have no money. When he was down here the day before yesterday, he used the plainest threats. But what can I do?'

'Prosecute him for attempting to obtain money by threats.'

'But then the whole story would come out.'

'Why not—if you can clear yourself of all complicity in the matter?'

Surely this was plain, obvious good sense. But Lord Willowby had always taken this young man to be a person of poor imagination, limited sympathies, and cold practical ways. It was all very well for him to think that the case lay in a nutshell. He knew better. He had a sentiment of honor. He would not betray his companions. In order to revenge himself on this wretched worm of a blood-sucker, would he stoop to become an informer, and damage the fair reputation of friends of his who had done their best to retrieve his fallen fortunes?

He did not frankly say all this, but he hinted at something of it.

'Your generosity,' said Balfour, apparently with no intention of sarcasm, 'may be

very noble ; but let us see exactly what it may lead to. What does this man propose to do, if he is not paid sufficient money ?'

'Oh, he threatens every thing—to bring an action against us, to give the jobbers information which will enable them to bring an action, and so forth.'

'Then your friends, at all events, will have to pay a large sum ; and both you and they will be ruined in character. That is so, isn't it ?'

'I don't know about character,' said this poor hunted creature. 'I think I could make some defence about that.'

'I don't think your defence would affect the public verdict,' said this blunt-spoked son-in-law

'Well, be it so !' said his lordship, in desperation. 'Let us say that the general voice of business men—who, of course, never employ any stratagems to get out of predicaments in their own affairs—will say that we conspired to commit a fraud. Is that plain enough language ? And now perhaps you will say that the threat is not a sufficiently serious one ?'

'I will say nothing of the kind,' said Balfour, quietly. 'The whole case seems much more serious than any one could have imagined. Of course, if you believe you could clear yourself, I say again, as I said before, bring an action against the man, and have the whole thing out, whoever suffers. If you are disinclined to take that course—'

'Well, suppose I am ?'

'In that case,' said Balfour, rising, 'will you give me a day or two to think over the affair ?'

'Certainly ; as many as you like,' said Lord Willowby, who had never expected much from the generosity of this son-in-law of his.

And so Balfour got into his trap again, and drove on to the station. Nothing that had happened to him since his marriage had disturbed him so much as the revelation of this story. He had always had a certain nameless, indefinable dislike to Lord Willowby ; but he had never suspected him capable of conduct calculated to bring dishonor on the family name. And oddly enough, in this emergency, his greatest apprehension was that he might not be able to conceal the almost inevitable public scandal from Lady Sylvia. She had always loved her father. She had believed in his redundant expressions of affection. In the event of this great scandal coming to her ears, would she not indignantly repudiate it, and challenge her husband to repudiate it also ?

That evening, by appointment, Balfour's two friends dined with him at his club ; and they had a more or less discursive chat over the bill which it was proposed he should introduce in the case of his being reseated at the following general election. Strangely enough, he did not enter into this talk with any particular zest. He seemed abstracted, absorbed ; several times he vaguely assented to an opinion which he found it necessary to dispute directly afterward. For what the member of Ballinascroon was really saying to himself was this : 'To-morrow I go down again to the country. My wife will want to know what I am going to do about her father's affairs. I shall be thrown a good deal during the next few days into the society of Lord Willowby and his brother. And on Christmas-day I shall have the singular felicity of dining in the company of two of the most promising scoundrels in this country.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.

THERE is no saying what a man, even of the strictest virtue, will do for the sake of his wife. But, curiously enough, when Hugh Balfour found himself confronted by these two disagreeable demands —that he should lend or give a sum to Lord Willowby in order that a very disgraceful transaction should be hushed up, and that he should dine on Christmas evening with that peer of doubtful morals and his still more disreputable brother—he found far more difficulty in assenting to the latter than to the former proposition. That was a matter of a few moments—the writing a few figures on a check ; this was spending a whole evening, and Christmas evening too, in the company of people whom he despised and detested. But what will not a man do for his wife ?

Either concession was a bitter draught to drink. He had always been keenly scru-

pulous about money matters, and impatiently harsh and contemptuous in his judgment of those who were otherwise. He had formed a pronounced antipathy against Lord Willowby, and a man does not care to strain his conscience or modify his creed for a person whom he dislikes. Then, there was the possibility of a public disclosure, which would probably reveal the fact that he had lent Lord Willowby this money. Could he defend himself by saying that he had counselled Lord Willowby, before lending him the money, to go into court and clear himself? He would not do that. When he gave that advice, with mock humility, he knew perfectly that Lord Willowby was only prevaricating. He knew that this father-in-law of his was hopelessly entangled in a fraud which he had either concocted or condoned. If this money were to be lent at all it was frankly to be lent in order that the man who threatened to inform should be bought over to hold his peace. But then what is it that a young and devoted husband will not do for his wife?

Moreover, the more distressing of the two demands had to be met first. Lord Willowby told him that his partners in that scheme of cheating the jobbers had resolved to meet on the first of the new year to consider what was to be done; so that in the meantime Balfour could allow his conscience to rest, so far as the money was concerned. But in the meantime came Christmas; and he told his wife that he had no objection to joining that family party at the Hall. When he said that he had no objection, he meant that he had about twenty dozen, which he would overrule for her sake. And indeed Lady Sylvia's delight at his consent was beautiful to see. She spent day after day decorating Willowby Hall with evergreens; she did not altogether neglect The Lilacs, but then, you see, there was to be no Christmas party there. She sang at her work; she was as busy as she could be; she even wished—in the fullness of her heart—that her cousin Honoria were already arrived to help her. And Balfour? Did he assist in that pretty and idyllic pastime? Oddly enough he seemed to take a greater interest than ever in the Von Rosens and some neighbors of theirs. He was constantly over among us; and that indefatigable and busy idler, the German ex-lieutenant, and he were to be seen every day starting off on some new business—a walking-match, a run with the thistle-whippers, a sale of hay belonging to the railway; in fact, anything that did not lead these two in the direction of Willowby Hall. On one occasion he suddenly said to our Queen T——,

'Don't you think Christmas is a terribly dull business?'

'We don't find it so,' said that smiling person; 'we find it terribly noisy—enough to ruin one's nerves for a week.'

'Ah,' said he, 'that is quite different. I can understand your enjoying Christmas when you have a children's party to occupy the evening.'

'I am sure,' said our Sovereign Mistress, who to do her justice, is always ready with little kindnesses—'I am quite sure we should all be so glad if you and Lady Sylvia would come over and spend the evening with us; we would make Lady Sylvia the presiding fairy to distribute the gifts from the Christmas tree. It is the most splendid one we have ever had—'

'You are very kind,' said he, with a sigh. 'I wish I could. There is other joy in store for me. I have to dine with some of my father-in-law's relatives, and we shall have an evening devoted to bad wine and the Tichborne case.'

And at length Christmas-day came round; and then it appeared that Mr. Balfour was expected to go from church to Willowby Hall and remain there until the evening. This, he considered, was not in the bond. He had managed to make the acquaintance of a certain clergymen in the neighborhood of Englebury; and this worthy person had just forwarded him the proof-sheets of an essay on some public question or other, with a meek request that Mr. Balfour would glance over it and say whether the case of the enemy had been fairly and fully stated. This was courageous and honest on the part of the parson, for Mr. Balfour was on the side of the enemy. Now as this article was to be published in a monthly magazine, was it not of great importance that the answer should be returned at once? If Lady Sylvia would go on to the Hall with her papa, he, Balfour, would return to The Lilacs, get this bit of business over, and join the gay family party in the evening. Lady Sylvia seemed rather disappointed that this

clergyman should have deprived her husband of the pleasure of spending the whole day in the society of her relatives; but she consented to the arrangement, and Balfour, with much content, spent Christmas day by himself.

And then, in the hush of the still and sacred evening, this happy family party met round the Christmas board. It was a pleasant picture—for the bare dining-room looked no longer bare, when it was laden with scarlet berries and green leaves, and Lord Willowby could not protest against a waste of candles on such a night. Then, with his beautiful young wife presiding at the head of the table—herself the type of gentle English womanhood—and Honoria Blythe's merry black eyes doing their very best to fascinate and entertain him, why should this ungrateful Scotch boor have resolved to play the part of Apemantus? Of course he was outwardly very civil—nay, formally courteous; but there was an air of isolation about him, as if he were sitting there by an exercise of constraint. He rarely took wine anywhere; when he did, he almost never noticed what he drank: why, was it, therefore, that he now tasted everything, and put the glass down as if he were calculating whether sudden death might not ensue? And when Major Blythe, after talking very loudly for some time, mentioned the word 'Tichborne,' why should this man ejaculate—apparently to himself—'O good Lord?' in a tone that somehow or other produced a dead silence.

'Perhaps it is no matter of concern to you,' said Major Blythe, with as much ferocity as he dared to assume toward a man who might possibly lend him money, 'that an innocent person should be so brutally treated?'

'Not much,' said Balfour, humbly.

'I dare say you have not followed the case very closely, Balfour,' said his lordship, intervening to prevent a dispute.

'No, I have not,' he said. 'In fact, I would much rather walk the other way. But then,' he added, to Miss Honoria, who was seated by him, 'your papa must not imagine that I have not an opinion as to who the Claimant really is.'

'No!' exclaimed Honoria, with her splendid eyes full of theatrical interest. 'Who is he, then?'

'I discovered the secret from the very beginning. The old prophecies have been fulfilled. The ravens have flown away. Frederick Barbarossa has come back to the world at last.'

'Frederick Barbarossa?' said Miss Honoria, doubtfully.

'Yes,' continued her instructor seriously. 'His other name was O'Donovan. He was a Fenian leader.'

'Susan,' called out her brat of a brother, 'he's only making a fool of you;' but at any rate the sorry jest managed to stave off for a time the inevitable fight about the fat person from the colonies.

It was a happy family gathering. Balfour was so pleased to see a number of relatives enjoying themselves together in this manner that he would not for the world have the party split itself into two after dinner. Remain to drink Madeira when the ladies were going to sing their pious Christmas hymns in the other room? Never! Major Blythe said by gad he wasn't going into the drawing-room just yet; and poor Lord Willowby looked helplessly at both, not knowing which to yield to. Naturally, his duties as host prevailed. He sat down with his brother, and offered him some Madeira, which to tell the truth, was very good indeed, for Lord Willowby was one of the men who think they can condone the poisoning of their guests during dinner by giving them a decent glass of wine afterward. Balfour went into the drawing-room and sat down by his wife, Honoria having at her request gone to the piano.

'Why don't you stay in the dining-room, Hugh?' said she.

'Ah,' said he with a sigh, 'Christmas evenings are far too short for the joy they contain. I did not wish the happiness of this family gathering to be too much flavored with Tichborne. What is your cousin going to sing now—

> Oh how sweet it is to see,
> Brethren dwell in enmity!

or some such thing?'

She was hurt and offended. He had no right to scoff at her relatives; because if there was any discordant element in that gathering, it was himself. They were civil enough to him. They were not quarrelling among themselves. If there was any interference with the thoughts and feelings appropriate to Christmas, he was the evil

spirit who was disturbing the emotions of those pious souls.

Indeed, she did not know what demon had got possession of him. He went over to Mrs. Blythe, a woman whom she knew he heartily disliked, and sat down by that majestic three-decker, and paid her great and respectful attention. He praised Honoria's playing. He asked to what college they meant to send Johnny when that promising youth left school. He was glad to see the Major looking so well and hearty; did he take his morning ride in the Park yet? Mrs. Blythe, who was a dull woman, nevertheless had her suspicions; but how could she fail to be civil to a gentleman who was complaisance personified?

His spirits grew brighter and brighter; he was quite friendly with Lord Willowby and his younger brother when they came in from the dining-room. Lady Sylvia deeply resented this courtesy, because she thought it arose from a sarcastic appreciation of the incongruity of his presence there; whereas it was merely the result of a consciousness that his hour of release was at hand. He had done his duty; he had sacrificed his own liking for the sake of his wife; he had got through that distasteful dinner; and now he was going back to a snug room at The Lilacs, to a warm fire, an easy-chair, a pipe, and a friendly chat.

But who can describe the astonishment of these simple folks when a servant came in to say that Mr. Balfour's carriage was at the door? Only ten o'clock—and this Christmas night!

'Surely there is some mistake, Hugh?' said his young wife, looking at him with great surprise. 'You don't wish to go home now?'

'Oh yes, child,' said he gravely. 'I don't want to have you knocked up. It has been a long day for you to-day.'

She said not another word, but got up and went to the door.

'Come Sylvia,' said her father who had opened the door for her, 'you must give us another hour anyway: you are not very tired? Shall I tell him to take the horses out again?'

'No, thank you,' said she coldly. 'I think I will go now.'

'I am sorry,' said Balfour, when she had gone, 'to break up your charming Christmas party; but the fact is, Sylvia has been very fatigued ever since she put up those evergreens; and I am rather afraid of the night air for her.'

He did not explain what was the difference between the night air of ten o'clock and the night air of eleven o'clock; for presently Lady Sylvia came down stairs again wrapped up in furs, and she was escorted out to the carriage with great ceremony by her father. She was silent for a time after they drove away.

'Hugh,' she said, abruptly, by-and-by, 'why do you dislike my relatives so? And if you do dislike them, I think you might try to conceal it for my sake.'

'Well,' said he, 'I do think that is rather ungrateful. I thought I went out of my way to be civil to them all round to-night. I think I was most tremendously civil. What was it, then, that displeased you?'

She did not answer; she was oppressed by bitter thoughts. And when he tried to coax her into conversation, she replied in monosyllables. In this manner they reached The Lilacs.

Now before leaving home that evening he had given private instructions that a pretty little supper was to be prepared for their return; and when Lady Sylvia entered, she found the dining-room all cheerfully lit up, a fire blazing, and actual oysters (oysters don't grow on the hedge-rows of Surrey, as some of us know) on the table. This is how he thought he and she might spend their first Christmas evening together, late as the hour was; and he hastened to anticipate the diligent Anne in helping his wife to get rid of her furs.

'Now, Syllabus,' said he, 'come in and make yourself comfortable.'

'Thank you,' said she, 'I am a little tired. I think I will go up stairs now.'

'Won't you come down again?'

'I think not.'

And so, without any great sense of injury, and forgetting altogether the supper that was spread out on the table, he shut himself up alone in the still dining-room, and lit his pipe, and took down a book from the library. Soon enough these temporary disappointments were forgotten; for it was a a volume of Keats he had taken down at haphazard, and how could a man care what happened to him on the first Christmas evening of his married life, if he was away

in the dreamland of 'Endymion,' and removed from mortal cares?

Major Blythe and his family remained at Willowby Hall for some few days; Lady Sylvia never went near them. Nay, she would not allow the name of one of her relations to pass her lips. If her husband mentioned any of them, she changed the conversation; and once, when he proposed to drive over to the Hall, she refused to go.

On the other hand, she tried to talk politics to her husband, in a stiff and forced way, which only served to distress him. He remonstrated with her gently—for, indeed, he was rather disappointed that his honest endeavors to please her had borne so little fruit—but she only grew more reserved in tone. And he could not understand why she should torture herself by this compulsory conversation about politics, foreign and domestic, when he saw clearly that her detestation of every thing connected with his public life increased day by day, until—merely to save her pain—he could have wished that there was no such place as Englebury on the map of England.

He told her he had spoken to her father about these pecuniary troubles, and offered to assist him. She said that was very kind, and even kissed him on the forehead as she happened to be passing his chair; but not even that would induce her to talk about her father or any thing belonging to him. And, indeed, he himself could not be very explicit on the point, more especially as everything now pointed to his having to lend Lord Willowby money, not to hush up a fraud, but to defend a criminal prosecution.

About the third week in January all England was startled by the announcement that there was to be an immediate dissolution of Parliament, and that a general election would shortly follow. Balfour did not seem so perturbed as might have been expected; he even appeared to find some sense of relief in the sudden news. He at once grew active, bright, eager, and full of a hundred schemes, and the first thing he did was, of course, to rush up to London, the centre of all the hurry and disturbance that prevailed. Lady Sylvia naturally remained in Surrey; he never thought for a moment of dragging her into that turmoil.

CHAPTER XXV.

VICTORY!

THERE was not a moment to lose. All England was in confusion—local committees hastily assembling, Parliamentary agents down in Westminster wasting their substance on shilling telegrams, wire-pullers in Pall Mall pitifully begging for money to start hopeless contests in the interest of the party, eager young men fresh from college, consulting their friends as to which impregnable seat they should assault with a despairing courage, and comfortable and elderly members dolefully shaking their heads over the possible consequences of this precipitate step, insomuch that the luncheon claret at their club had no longer any charms for them. And then the voluble partisans, the enthusiasts, the believers in the great liberal heart of England, how little did they reck of the awful catastrophe impending! The abolition of the income tax would rally wavering constituencies. The recent reverses at the poll were only the result of a temporary irritation; another week would give the government an overwhelming majority. Alas! alas! These confident professions were balm to many an anxious heart, this or the other luckless wight seeking all possible means of convincing himself that his constituents would not be so cruel as to oust him; but they did not prevent those constituents from arising and slaying their representative, transforming him from a living and moving member of Parliament into a wandering and disconsolate voice.

Balfour had to act and think for himself in this crisis; Mr. Bolitho was far too busy to attend to such a paltry place as Englebury, even if he had been willing to join in what he regarded as a Quixotic adventure. And now a strange thing happened. Balfour had long been of opinion that his wife's notions of what public life should be were just a little too romantic and high-strung to be practicable. It was well she should have them; it was well that her ignorance of the world allowed her to imagine them to be possible. But, of course, a man living in the denser and coarser atmosphere of politics had to take human nature as he found it, and could not afford to rule his conduct by certain theories

which, beautiful enough in themselves, were merely visionary.

Oddly enough, however, and probably unconsciously, he did at this moment rule his conduct by Lady Sylvia's sentiments. It is true that, when he first talked about that business of buying the filched common from Mr. Chorley, and subsequently presenting it to the Englebury people, he appeared to treat the whole affair as a joke; but all the same, he had not expressed any great disapproval of the scheme. It was only after Lady Sylvia's indignant protest that he came to consider that proposal as altogether detestable. Further, when Bolitho suggested to him that he should try to oust the member then sitting for Englebury, he saw no reason why he should not try to do so. Had not Harnden himse led similar assaults on seats deemed even more a personal perquisite than his own? Harnden was used up, was of no good to either party, had spoken of retiring; why should not the seat be contested? This was Balfour's opinion at the time, and he himself could not have told when he had altered it. All the same, as he now hurried up to London, he felt it would be mean to try to oust this old gentleman from his seat: if Harnden did not mean to resign, he, Balfour, would make a rush at some other place—Evesham, Shoreham, Woodstock, any quarter, in fact, that was likely to covet the glory of returning so distinguished and independent a person as himself.

And in his straightforward fashion he went direct to this old gentleman, whom he found in a little and old-fashioned but famous club in St. James's Street. The member for Englebury had once been a fine-looking man, and even now there was something striking about the firm mouth, aquiline nose, keen eyes, fresh color, and silvery hair; but the tall form was bent almost double, and the voice was querulous and raucous. He came into the small side-room with Balfour's card in his hand; he bowed slightly, and stiffly; and in that second had keenly studied his adversary's face, as if he would read every line of the character impressed on it.

'Sit down,' said he.

Balfour sat down, and appeared to consider for a second or so how he would open the conversation. The two were familiar with each other's appearance at the House, but had never spoken.

'I suppose you know, Mr. Harnden, that they mean to turn me out of Ballinascroon.'

'Yes, I do—yes,' said the old gentleman in a staccato fashion. 'And you want to turn me out of Englebury? Yes—I have heard that too.'

'I thought of trying,' said Balfour, frankly. 'But now I have made up my mind not to stand unless there is a vacancy. There was a talk of your resigning. I have called now to ask you whether there was any truth in the rumour; if not, I will let Englebury alone.'

'Ay,' said the elder man, with gruff emphasis; 'Chorley—that fool Chorley—told you, didn't he? You are in league with Chorley, aren't you? Do you think that fellow can get my seat for you?'

'I tell you I don't mean to try, Sir, unless you intend to give it up of your own free-will. Chorley? Oh no: I am not in league with Chorley; he and I had a quarrel.'

'I didn't hear about that,' said the old gentleman, still regarding his enemy with some reserve, 'I haven't been down there for a long time now. And so Chorley was humbugging you, was he? You thought he had put you in for a good thing, eh? Don't you believe that ass. Why, he made some representations to me some time ago—'

At this point Mr. Harnden suddenly stopped, as if some new light had struck him.

'Ha, that was it, was it? You quarrelled with him, did you?' he said, glancing at Balfour a quick, shrewd look.

'Yes, I did,' said Balfour, 'and I swore I would fight him, and you, and everybody all round, and win the seat in spite of any coalition. That was vaporing. I was in a rage.'

Mr. Harnden stroked his hand on his knees for some little time, and then he laughed and looked up.

'I believe what you have told me,' he said, staring his enemy full in the face. 'I see now why that presumptuous fellow, Chorley, made overtures to me. To tell you the truth, I thought he wanted me to spend more money, or something of that sort, and I sent him about his business. Well, Sir, you've done the best thing you could have thought of by coming stra'g't

to me, because I will tell you a secret. I had prepared a nice little plan for dishing both you and Chorley.'

And here the old gentleman laughed again at his own smartness. Balfour was glad to find him in this pleasant humour; it was not every one, if all stories be true, that the member for Englebury received so pleasantly.

'I like the look of you,' said Mr. Harnden, bluntly. 'I don't think you would play any tricks.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' said Balfour, dryly.

'Oh, don't you be insulted. I am an old man; I speak my mind. And when you come to my time of life—well, you'll know more about electioneering dodges. So you've quarrelled with Chorley, have you?'

'Yes.'

'H'm. And you believed he would have given you my seat?'

'I thought with his help I might have won it—that is, if his representations were true. I was told you weren't very popular down there, Mr. Harnden.'

'Perhaps not—perhaps not,' said the old man. 'They grumble because I speak the truth, in Parliament and out. But don't you make any mistake about it—all that would disappear if another man were to contest the seat. They'll stick to me at an election, depend on that, Sir.'

'Then you propose to remain in Parliament,' said Balfour, rising. 'In that case I need not waste your time further.'

'Stay a minute,' said the old man, curtly. 'I told you I meant to dish you and Chorley.'

'Yes.'

'You and I might dish Chorley, and you might have the seat.'

Balfour was not an emotional person, but he was a young man, and desperately anxious about his chances of being returned; and at this abrupt proposal his heart jumped.

'There is something about that fellow that acts on me like a red rag on a bull,' continued this irascible old man. 'He is as cunning as a fox, and as slippery as an eel; and his infernal twaddle about the duties of a member of Parliament—and his infernal wife too! Look here: you are a young man; you have plenty of energy. Go down at once to Englebury; issue an address; pitch it high and strong about corrupt local influence and intimidation; denounce that fellow, and call on the electors to free themselves from the tyranny of dictation—you know the sort of buncombe. That will drive Chorley over to me.'

'You are excessively kind, Sir,' said Balfour, who, despite his disappointment, could not help bursting out into a laugh. 'I have no doubt that would be excellent sport for you. But, you see, I want to get into Parliament. I can't go skylarking about Englebury merely to make a fool of Mr. Chorley.'

'There's a good deal of the greenhorn about you,' said the old gentleman, testily, for he did not like being laughed at, 'but that is natural at your age. Of course I mean to resign. I had thought of resigning in favor of that boy of Lord S——'s, who is a clever lad, if he would give up French radicals and atheism. But I will resign in your favour, if you like—at the last moment—after Chorley has been working for me like the hound he is. And what do you say to that, young man?'

Mr. Harnden rose, with a proud smile on his face. He was vain of his diplomacy; perhaps, too, it pleased him to patronize this younger man, to whom a seat in the House was of such infinite consequence.

'Do I understand, Sir, that you meant to give up your seat in any case?' Balfour asked.

'Certainly I did,' said the other. 'If I wished to retain it, do you think I should be afraid of you—I mean of any candidate that Chorley could bring forward? No, no; don't you believe any such stuff. The people of Englebury and I have had our quarrels, but we are good friends at bottom. It will be a very disgraceful thing if they don't give me a handsome piece of plate when I retire.'

'My dear Sir,' said Balfour, with saturnine simplicity, '*I* will take care of that.'

'And I am not going to spend a penny in a bogus contest, mind that. But that is not your business. Now go away. Don't tell anybody you have seen me. I like the look of you. I think you have too many opinions; but as soon as you get into some small office—and the government might do worse, I will say—you will get cured of that. Good-day to you.'

There is a telegraph office at the foot of St. James's Street. Balfour walked right down there, and sent a message to his friend Jewsbury at Oxford: '*Come down at once to the "Green Fox," Englebury. Some fun going on.*' Then, finding he could just catch the afternoon train, he jumped into a Hansom, and drove to Paddington Station. He arrived at Englebury without even a tooth-brush; but he had his check-book in his pocket.

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury arrived the next day, and the business of the election began at once. Jewsbury was in the secret, and roared with laughter as he heightened the pungency of the paragraphs which called on the electors of Englebury to free themselves from political slavery. And Balfour laughed as heartily when he found himself lashed and torn to pieces every morning by the *Englebury Mercury*, because he looked forward to the time when the editor of that important organ might have to change his tune, in asking the sitting member to obtain the government advertisements for him.

It was a fierce fight, to be sure; and Mr. and Mrs. Chorley had such faith in their time-honored representative that they called on their fellow townsmen to raise a sum to defray Mr. Harnden's expenses. Then, on the night before the election, the thunderbolt fell. Mr. Harnden attended a meeting of his friends and supporters. He thanked them most cordially for all they had done on his behalf. The weight of years, he said, was beginning to tell on him; nevertheless he had been loath to take his hand from the plough; now, however, at the last moment, he felt it would be a mistake to task their kindness and forbearance longer. But he felt it a privilege to be able to resign in favor of an opponent who had throughout treated him with the greatest courtesy—an opponent who had already made some mark in the House—who would do credit to the borough. That the constituency was not divided in its opinions they would prove by voting for Mr. Balfour like one man. He called for three cheers for his antagonist; and the meeting, startled, bewildered, but at the same time vaguely enthusiastic, positively roared. Whether Mr. Chorley, who was on the platform, joined in that outburst could not well be made out. Next day, as a matter of course, Mr. Hugh Balfour was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Englebury; and he straightway telegraphed off this fact to his wife. Perhaps she was not looking at the newspapers.

Well, he was only a young man, and he was no doubt proud of his success as he hastened down to Surrey again. Then everything promised him a glad home-coming; for he had learned, in passing through London, that the charge against Lord Willowby and his fellow-speculators had been withdrawn—he supposed the richer merchants had joined to buy the man off. And as he drove over to The Lilacs he was full of eager schemes. Lady Sylvia would come at once to London, and the house in Piccadilly would be got ready for the opening of Parliament. It would be complimentary if she went down with him to Englebury, and called on one or two people whose acquaintance he had made down there. Surely she would be glad to welcome him after his notable victory?

But what was his surprise and chagrin to find that Lady Sylvia's congratulations were of a distinctly formal and correct character, and that she did not at all enter into his plans for leaving The Lilacs.

'Why, Sylvia,' said he, 'surely you don't hate Englebury simply because you disliked the Chorleys? Chorley has been my sworn enemy all through this fight, and I have smote him hip and thigh.'

'I scarcely remember anything about the Chorleys,' she said, indifferently.

'But why would you rather live down here?' said he, in amazement.

'You know you will be every night at the House,' she said.

'Not more than other members,' he remonstrated. 'I shall have three nights a week free.'

'And then you will be going out among people who are altogether strangers to me—who will talk about things of which I know nothing.'

'My dear child,' said he, 'you don't mean to say you intend to live down here all by yourself during the time Parliament is sitting? You will go mad.'

'I have told you before, Hugh,' said she, 'that I can not leave papa while he is so poorly as he is at present. You will have plenty of occupation and amusement in London without me; I must remain here.'

There was a flash of angry light in the deep-set gray eyes.

'If you insist on remaining here,' said he, 'because your father chooses to go pottering about after those rabbits—'

Then he checked himself. Had he not vowed to himself again and again that he would be tenderly considerate to this gentle-souled creature who had placed the happiness of her life in his hands? If she had higher notions of duty than he could very well understand, ought he not at least to respect them?

'Ah, well, Sylvia,' said he, patting her on the shoulder, 'perhaps you are right. But I am afraid you will find it very dull.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CRISIS.

THINGS had indeed 'come to a bonny cripus;' and he was altogether unaware of it. He was vaguely conscious, it is true, that his married life was not the married life he had looked forward to; and he was sorry that Lady Sylvia should insist on moping herself to death in that solitary house in Surrey. But then if her sense of duty to her ailing father demanded the sacrifice, he could not interfere; and there was some compensation for her in the beauty of the summer months that were now filling her garden with flowers. As for himself, he let no opportunity slip of paying her small and kindly attentions. He wrote to her every day. When he happened to have an idle forenoon, he would stroll into Christie's and buy some knick-knack for her. Lady Sylvia had never the chance of gratifying her womanly passion for old china; but now that Balfour had discovered her weakness for such things, she had them in abundance. Now it was a Dresden milk-jug, now a couple of Creil plates, again a Sèvres jardinière, that was sent as a little token of remembrance; while he scarcely ever went down on Saturday morning without carrying with him some similar bit of frail treasure, glad that he knew of something that would interest her. In the meantime he was intensely busy with his Parliamentary work; for, not having been in office, and having no hope of office, the tremendous overthrow of his party at the general election had in no way damped his eager energy.

When the blow fell, it found him quite unprepared. One afternoon he received a telegram from his wife asking him if he could go down that evening. It was a most unusual summons; for she was scrupulously careful not to interfere with his Parliamentary duties; but of course he immediately hastened down to The Lilacs. He was more surprised than alarmed.

He went into the drawing-room, and found his wife standing there, alone. The light of the summer evening was somewhat dimmed by the multitude of leaves about the veranda; but his first glance told him that she was deadly pale, and he saw that she was apparently supporting herself by the one hand that caught the edge of the table.

'Sylvia,' said he, in dismay, 'what is the matter?'

'I am sorry to have troubled you to come down,' she said, in a voice that was strangely calm, 'but I could bear this no longer. I think it is better that we two should separate.'

He did not quite understand at first; he only felt a little cold about the heart. The next moment she would have fallen backward had he not caught her; but she quickly recovered herself, and then gently put his hands away from her.

'Sylvia,' he said again, 'what is the matter with you?'

He stared at the white face as if it were that of a mad woman.

'I mean what I say, Hugh,' she answered. 'I have thought it over for months back. It is no hasty wish or resolve.'

'Sylvia, you must be out of your senses,' he exclaimed. 'To separate! Why? For what reason? Is it any thing that I have done?'

He wished to take her hand; she withdrew a step.

'The sooner this pain is over, the better for both of us,' she said; and again the trembling hand sought the support of the table. 'We have been separated—we are separated now—except in name. Our married life has been a mistake. I do not think it is either your fault or mine; but the punishment is more than I can bear. I can not any longer suffer this—this pretense. Let us separate. We shall both be free to

live our own lives, without pretending to the world to be what we are not—'

'My darling!' he exclaimed; but somehow the warmth of his protest was chilled by that impassive demeanor; it was no outburst of temper that had summoned him down from London. 'Sylvia! why won't you tell me your reasons? What is it you want altered? I have tried in every way to make your life just as you wished it—'

'I know you have,' she said; 'you have been kindness itself. But it is not a thing to be reasoned about. If you do not know already how far we are apart, how can I tell you? We ought never to have married. We have not a single thought or feeling, a single opinion, occupation, or interest, in common. I have tried to bear it—God knows how I have tried, night and day, to school myself into believing that it was only the natural way of the world. I can not believe it; I can not believe that any other woman has suffered what I have suffered, and now I must speak. Your life is in your work. I am only an incumbrance to you—a something apart from yourself and your interests, that demands attentions with are paid by you as a duty. I wish to release you, and to release myself from a life of hypocrisy which I can not any longer bear. Have I said enough?'

He stood for a moment or two absolutely silent: he never forgot those moments during his life.

'You have said enough,' he answered, calmly; and then he absently turned to the window. The daylight was going; the hush of the evening had fallen over the birds; there was not a leaf stirring. 'Yes, you have said enough. You can not expect me to answer what you have said, at once. Apparently you have been thinking about it for some time. I must think about it too.'

He took up his hat, which he had mechanically placed on the table beside him, and passed out into the garden. His face had a strange grey look on it; the eyes were sunken and tired. Probably he himself scarcely knew that he opened the great wooden gate, went out into the road, and then by-and-by chose a familiar path across the fields, where he was not likely to meet any one. He did not seem to care whither his wandering steps led him. His head was bent down, and at first he walked slowly, with the gait of one who was infirm or ailing; but presently he quickened his pace, his manner became more nervous and excited, occasionally he uttered a word as if he were addressing some one in an imaginary conversation.

The woods grew darker; the first stars came out. Far away there was the sound of a cart being driven home in the dusk; but all around him was still.

Then he came to a stone bridge over a small river; and here he paused for a time, leaning his arms on the parapet, and staring down—without seeing any thing—at the black water. How could he see any thing? For the first time since he had reached manhood's estate he was crying bitterly.

He was now a good many miles from home; but his wanderings had brought him no relief. It was all a mystery to him; he knew not what to do. How could he move by any piteous appeal that cold resolve? It was no mere whim or fancy he had to deal with, but something at once strong and subtle, a conviction of slow growth, a purpose that despair had rendered inflexible. But the origin of it? His brain refused to act; he wondered whether he too were going mad.

Now a short distance from this river there stood a house that he knew; and as he aimlessly began to retrace his steps, he passed the gate. There was a light burning in one of the rooms; the window was open; he heard a faint sound of music. Suddenly it occurred to him: surely Lady Sylvia, before she had come to this terrible resolve, must have spoken, in however indirect a fashion, of her manner of life, to some sympathetic woman friend; and to whom more likely than this kind person for whom she had professed so great an admiration and love? He went nearer to the house; she was alone in the room, playing some sufficiently sorrowful melody to herself. In his desperation and bewilderment, he determined that he would demand the counsel of this kind friend, who would at least understand a woman's nature, even supposing that she was not in Lady Sylvia's confidence. He was too anxious and perturbed to think twice. He entered the house, was at once shown into the drawing-room, and there and then told the whole story to his startled listener.

And it was with a great interest and sympathy that she heard the story, for she could not fail to observe that once or twice tears started to the young man's eyes as he tried to find some excuse in his own conduct for Lady Sylvia's resolve ; and, moreover, she had a great liking for the young wife whose griefs and troubles had just been revealed to her. But what was the young man's surprise to find that this gentle and kindly lady, as he hurriedly told his brief story, began to grow monstrously angry, and when he had finished was quite wrathful and indignant. There were no tears in her eyes ; but there were tears in her voice—of proud and pathetic remonstrance.

'The cause of it!' she exclaimed, with the beautiful dark eyes, it must be owned, a trifle moist. 'If she had some real sorrow to think of, she would have no room in her head for these morbid notions. Look at the other young wife who is our neighbor —my greatest friend and companion—who has bravely made up her mind to go and live for a whole year in America without those young children that are the very life of her life. That is a trial, that is a sorrow that demands some sympathy ; and if Lady Sylvia had some real grief of that kind to undergo, depend on it she would not be torturing herself and you with her imaginary disappointments. Her disappointments ! What is the truth ? She is too well off. She has been too carefully kept aside from any knowledge of the real misery that is in the world. Her notion of human life is that it should become just what every body wants it to be. And her cure for her fancied troubles is separation from her husband ? Very well. Let her try it.'

And here, of course, she did cry a bit, as a woman must ; but Balfour did not at all resent her angry vehemence, although it was far from complimentary to his young and unhappy wife.

'Yes,' said she, with a passionate indignation, 'let her try it. You can not argue her out of her folly ; let her have her will. Oh, I know the dreams that young girls have—and that is her excuse, that she has never known what life is. It is to be all rose-color. Well, let her try her own remedy. Perhaps she would like to see what real trouble is : a young mother tearing herself away from her children, and going to a distant country, where she can not hear for weeks if one of them were to die. I can tell you, if she came with us, it might be possible to show her something of what human beings have really to suffer in this world—the parting of emigrants from their home and their kindred, the heart-breaking fight for money—'

'But why should she not go with you ?' he said, eagerly. 'Do you mean that you are going with the Von Rosens ?'

She paused ; and the nimble wit within the beautiful little head was busy with its quick imaginings. She had not thought of this as a practical proposal when she held it out as a wild threat. But why not—why not ? This woman was vehement in her friendships when they were once formed. What would she not do to purge the mind of this young wife of fancies begotten of indolence and too good fortune ? There was some color in her face. Her breath came and went a trifle quickly.

'Why not, to be sure ?' said she ; and she regarded the young man with a strange compassion in her eyes. 'I do think if you trusted her to us for a time—if she would go with us—we could do her some good. I think we could show her some things. I think she might be glad enough to alter her decision—yes, glad enough.'

'But a year is a long time,' said he, staring absently at the open window and the black night and the stars outside.

'But we are not going for a year,' said she ; and it was clear that now she was most anxious to attempt this soul-cure. 'We are only going to accompany our friends on their outward trip, and see them comfortably settled—comfortably, indeed ! when that poor girl has to leave her children behind ! If there was any righteousness in the law, they would give her the land and the money at once, and pay no attention to that ridiculous will. Oh no, Mr. Balfour, we shall only be going for a three months' trip or so ; but we shall see many things in that time, and I think I could speak a little now and again to Lady Sylvia. Distance does a great deal. I don't think she will be sorry when we turn and begin to get home again to England. I don't think you will ever hear another word as long as you live about separation.'

His face has brightened wonderfully.

'Do you know what a great favor it is you are offering me ?' he said.

'Oh no, not at all,' said she, eagerly. 'We are going for a pleasure excursion. It is a mere holiday. We shall have a sharp wrench when we bid good-by to the Von Rosens, but Lady Sylvia will have nothing to do with that. And she will see plenty to amuse her, and the change will do her health good.'

Well, this young man was grateful enough to her; but he was not at all aware of what she had done for his sake. What had become of all those pet theories of hers about the false ideals formed before marriage, and of the inevitable disappointment on the discovery of the truth after marriage? This—if the humiliating confession must be made to the indulgent reader—was the identical Surrey prophetess and seer who used to go about telling us that nearly everybody who was married was wretched. The man had dowered his sweetheart with qualities she never possessed; after marriage he learned the nature of the woman who was to be his life companion, and never ceased to look back with an infinite longing and sadness to that imaginary woman with whom he had fallen in love. The girl, on the other hand, married her lover with the notion that he was to be always heroic and her lover; whereas she woke up to find that she had only married a husband, who regarded her not as life itself, but as only one of the facts of life. These we knew to be her pet theories. When this young man came to tell her of his troubles, why did not this Frau Philosophin, as we called her, fall back on her favourite theories, as affording all the explanation that he needed? The fact is—though it requires a good deal of courage to put the words down—the heart of this person was much more trustworthy than her head. It was a very lovable and loving heart, answering quickly to any demand for sympathy, and most firmly tenacious of friendships. When she was told that Lady Sylvia was in trouble—when she saw that this young husband was in trouble—her fiddlestick theories went to the winds, and her true woman's heart gave prompt and sure answer. She was a little nettled and indignant, it is true, for she had had, for some evenings before, mysterious fits of crying in quiet corners of the house over this journey we were about to undertake; but her indignation had only made her frank, and she had spoken bravely and honestly to Hugh Balfour. Yes, he had more to thank her for than he imagined, though his gratitude was quite sufficiently sincere and warmly expressed.

The tender-hearted little woman held his hand for a moment at the door.

'I shall not speak a word of this to any human being,' said she—just as if she had no husband to whom she had sworn allegiance—'until you tell me that I may, and then I hope to hear Lady Sylvia has accepted my offer. Don't argue with her; you might drive her into a sort of verbal obstinacy. Don't ask her to change her decision; she has not come to it without much heart-rending, and she can not be expected to abandon it for the sake of a few sentences. Accept it; the cure will be more permanent.'

'Thank you, and God bless you!' said he; and then he disappeared in the night.

'What if she should object?' he asked himself, as he hurried on through the darkness, his only guidance being from the stars. He had been so stunned and bewildered by the announcement of her resolve, that he had never even thought of what she would do further—whether she would prefer to go back to Willowby Hall, or to remain in sole possession of The Lilacs. Either alternative seemed to him to be a sufficiently strange ending to the dreams that these two had dreamed together as they walked on that lonely terrace of a summer night, listening for the first notes of the nightingale, and watching the marshalling of the innumerable hosts of heaven. To go back to her father: to be left alone in that Surrey cottage.

He found her in the same room, calm and apparently self-possessed; but he saw from her eyes that she had given way to passionate grief in his absence.

'Sylvia,' said he, 'if I thought you had sent for me from any hasty impulse, I should ask you to let me reason with you. I see it is not so. You have made up your mind, and I must respect your wish. But I don't want to have any public scandal attaching either to your name or mine; and I believe—whether you believe it or not—that you will repent that decision. Now I am going to ask a favor of you. The ——s mean to accompany their friends the Von Rosens to their new home in America, and

will then return—probably they will be away about three months. They have been good enough to offer to take you with them. Now, if you really believe that our relations are altogether so wrong that nothing is left but separation, will you consent to try three months' separation first? I will not seek to control your actions in any way; but I think this is reasonable.'

The mention of her friend's name brought some colour to the pale, thoughtful, serious face, and her bosom heaved with her rapid breathing, as he put this proposal before her.

'Yes,' she said, 'I will do what you wish.'

'And your father?'

'I have not spoken to my father. I hope you will not. It is unnecessary.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ISOBARS.

IT was an eager and an anxious time with our women-folk, who began to study the weather charts in the newspapers, and to draw from thence the most dismal forebodings. The air was full of isobars: we heard their awful tread. Areas of low pressure were lying in wait for us; the barometer curves assumed in imagination the form of mountainous waves, luring us to our doom. And then we had a hundred kind friends writing to warn us against this line and that line, until it became quite clear that, as we were to be drowned anyhow, it did not matter a brass farthing which line we selected. And you—you most amiable of persons, who gave us that piece of advice about choosing a starboard berth—our blessings on you! It was an ingenious speculation. When two vessels meet in mid-Atlantic—which they are constantly doing, and at full speed too—it is well known that they are bound to port their helm. Very well, argued our sympathetic adviser, porting the helm will make your steamer sheer off to starboard, and the other vessel, if there is to be a collision, will come crashing down on the port side: hence take your berth on the starboard side, for there you will be at least a trifle safer. It was a grain of comfort.

But there was one of us who feared none of these things, and she was to be the commander and controller of the expedition. She would have faced a dozen of the double-feathered arrows that appeared in the weather charts. 'Beware the awful isobar!' we said to her. 'Beware the awful fiddlesticks!' she flippantly answered. And on the strength of her having done a bit of yachting now and again, she used solemnly to assure Lady Sylvia—on those evenings she spent with us then, talking about the preparations for the voyage—that there was nothing so delightful as life on the sea. The beautiful light and changing color, the constant whirling by of the water, the fresh breezes tingling on the cheek—all these she described with her eyes aglow; and the snug and comfortable evenings, too, in the ruddy saloon, with the soft light of the lamps, and cards, and laughter. Here ensued a battle royal, The first cause of this projected trip of ours was a dear friend and near neighbour called Mrs. Von Rosen—though we may take the liberty of calling her Bell in these pages—and in the days of her maidenhood she once made one of a party who drove from London to Edinburgh by the old coach-road, stopping at the ancient inns, and amusing themselves not a little by the way. This young lady now stoutly contested that life in a yacht was nothing to life in a phaeton; and for her part she declared there was nothing half so beautiful as our sunny English landscapes, far away in the heart of the still country, as one drove through them in the sweet June days. It was the rude-spoken German ex-lieutenant who brought ridicule on this discussion by suggesting that the two modes of travelling might be combined: apply to Father Neptune, livery-stable keeper, Atlantic.

Lady Sylvia was indeed grateful to her kind friend for all the attentions shown her at this time. Of course it was as a mere pleasure-excursion that we outsiders were permitted to speak of this long journey by land and sea. We were not supposed to know any thing of that cure of a sick soul that our sovereign lady had undertaken. Balfour was busy in Parliament. Lady Sylvia was very much alone, and she had not been looking well of late. These her friends happened to have to make this trip to America: the opportunity of the double sea voyage and of the brisk run through the

continent on the other side was not to be thrown away. This was the understood basis of the agreement. We were not supposed to know that a courageous little woman had resolved to restore the happiness of two wedded lives by taking this poor petted child and showing her the kingdom of the earth, and the hardship and misery of human life, and what not. As for Lord Willowby, no one knows to this day whether that reticent peer suspected any thing or not. He was kind enough to say, however, that he was sure his daughter was in good hands, and sure, too, that she would enjoy herself very much. He deeply regretted that he could not ask to be allowed to join the party. We deeply regretted that also. But we had to conceal our grief. After all, it was necessary his lordship should stay at home to keep down the rabbits.

The command went forth—a proclamation from the admiral-in-chief of the expedition that all ceremonies of leave-taking were to be performed within-doors and at home, and that she would on no account allow any friend or relative of any one of the party to present himself or herself at Euston Square station, much less to go on with us to Liverpool. She was very firm on this point, and we guessed why. It was part of her never-failing and anxious thoughtfulness and kindness. She would have no formal parting between Balfour and his wife take place under the observation of alien eyes. When Lady Sylvia met us at the station down in Surrey, she was alone. She was pale and very nervons; but she preserved much outward calmness, and professed to be greatly pleased that at last we had fairly started. Indeed, we had more compassion for the other young wife who was with us—who was being torn away from her two children and sent into banishment in Colorado for a whole long year. Our poor Bell could make no effort to control her grief. The tears were running hard down her face. She sat in a corner of the carriage, and long after we had got away from any landmark of our neighbourhood that she knew, she was still gazing southward through these bewildering tears, as if she expected to see, somewhere over the elms, in the roseate evening sky, some glorified reflection of her two darlings whom she was leaving behind. Her husband said nothing, but he looked more savage than ever. For the past week, seeing his young wife so desperately distressed, he had been making use of the most awful language about Colonel Sloane and his flocks and herds and mines. The poor Colonel had done his best. He had left his wealth to this girl simply because he fancied she knew less about his life than most of her other relatives, and might cherish some little kindly feeling of gratitude toward him. Instead of paying for masses for his soul, he only asked that this young niece of his should remember him. Well, there is no saying what her subsequent feelings with regard to him may have been, but in the meantime the feelings of her husband were most pronounced. If he prayed for the soul of Five-Ace Jack, it was in an odd sort of language.

The homeless look about that big hotel in Liverpool! the huge trunks, obviously American, in the hall and round the doors! the unsettled people wandering around the rooms, all so intent on their own private schemes and interests! What care had they for the childless mother and the widowed wife, who sat—a trifle mute, no doubt—at our little dinner table, and who only from time to time seemed to remember that they were starting away on a pleasure-excursion? The manager of the trip did her best to keep us all cheerful, and again and again referred to the great kindness of the owners of our noble ship, who had taken some little trouble in getting for us adjacent cabins.

The next day was hot and sultry, and when we went down to the side of the river to have a look at the ship that was to carry our various fortunes across the Atlantic, we saw her through a vague silvery haze that in no way diminished her size. And, indeed, as she lay there out in mid-stream, she seemed more like a floating town than a steamer. The bulk of her seemed enormous. Here and there were smaller craft —wherries, steam-launches, tenders, and what not; and they seemed like so many flies hovering on the surface of the water when they came near that majestic ship. Our timid women-folk began to take courage. They did not ask whether their berths were on the starboard side. They spoke no more of collisions. And as Queen T——, as some of us called her, kept assuring them that their apprehensions of seasick-

ness were entirely derived from their experiences on board the wretched and detestable little Channel boats, and that it was quite impossible for any reasonable Christian person to think of illness in the clean, bright, beautiful saloons and cabins of a first-class transatlantic steamer, they plucked up their spirits somewhat, and did not sigh more than twice a minute.

It was about three in the afternoon that we stepped on board the tender. There was a good deal of cerebral excitement aboard among the small crowd. People stared at each other in a nervous, eager manner, apparently trying to guess what had brought each other to such a pass. Leaving out of view the cheery commercial traveller, who was making facetious jokes and exchanging pocket-knives and pencils with his friends, there was scarcely a face on board that did not suggest some bit of a story, and often that seemed to be tragic enough. There was a good deal of covert crying. And there was a good deal of boisterous racket in our quarter, chiefly proceeding from our young German friend, who was determined to distract the attention of his wife and of her gentle companion from this prevailing emotional business, and could think of no better plan than pretending to be angry over certain charges in the hotel bill, the delay in starting the tender off, and a dozen other ridiculous trifles.

Then we climbed up the gangway, and reached the deck of the noble and stately ship, passing along the row of the stewards, all mustered up in their smart uniforms, until we made our way into the great saloon, which was a blaze of crimson cloth and shining gold and crystal.

'And this is how they cross the Atlantic!' exclaimed Queen T——, who treasured revengeful feelings against the Channel steamers.

But that was nothing to her surprise when we reached our three cabins, which we found at the end of a small corridor. The yellow sunlight—yellowed by the haze hanging over the Mersey—was shining in on the brightly painted wood, the polished brass, and the clean little curtains of the berths; and altogether showed that, whatever weather we might have in crossing, nothing was wanting to insure our comfort—not even an electric bell to each berth—so far as these snug and bright little cabins were concerned. Von Rosen was most anxious that we should continue our explorations of these our new homes. He was most anxious that we should at once begin unpacking the contents of our smaller bags and placing them in order in our respective cabins. What had we to do on deck? We had no relatives or friends to show over the ship. There was nothing but a crowd up there—staring all over the place. We ought to make those preparations at once; so that we should have plenty of time subsequently to secure from the purser good seats at the dinner table, which should remain ours during the voyage.

A loud bell rang up on deck.

'Confound it!' cried the lieutenant, as if he would try to drown the noise with his own voice. 'I have brought my latch-key with me! What do I want with a latch-key in America?'

But when that bell rang, our Queen T—— turned—just for a moment—a trifle pale.

'Lady Sylvia,' said she, 'would you not like to go up on deck to see the ship get up her anchor?'

We knew why she wanted the young wife to go on deck, and were inwardly indignant that the poor thing should be subjected to this gratuitous cruelty. Was she not suffering enough herself, that she should be made the spectator of the sufferings of others? But she meekly assented, and we followed too.

It was a strange scene that this crowd on deck presented, now that the ringing of another bell had caused a good many of the friends and relations of passengers to leave the large ship and take their stand on the paddle-boxes of the tender. At first sight it seemed rather a merry and noisy crowd. Messages were being called out from the one vessel to the other; equally loud jokes were being bandied; missiles, which turned out to be keepsakes, were being freely hurled through the air, and more or less deftly caught. But this was not the aspect of the crowd that the monitress of Lady Sylvia wished to put before her eyes. There were other ceremonies going on. The mute hand-shake, the last look, the one convulsive tremor that stopped a flood of tears with a heart-breaking sob—these were visible enough. And shall we ever forget the dazed look in the face of that old

man with the silvery hair as he turned away from bidding good-by to a young woman, apparently his daughter? He did not seem quite to understand what he was doing. One of the officers assisted him by the arm as he stepped on the gangway; he looked at him in a vague way, and said, 'Thank you—thank you. Good-by,' to him. Then there was a middle-aged man with a bit of black cloth round his hat. But why should one recall these moments of extreme human misery? If it was necessary that Lady Sylvia should drink this bitter draught—if it was necessary that she should have pointed out to her something of what real and definite sorrows and agonies have to be borne in life—why should these things be put before any one else? The case of Lady Sylvia, as every woman must perceive, was quite exceptional. Is it for a moment to be admitted that there could be in England any other woman, or, let us say, any small number of other women, who, being far too fortunately circumstanced, must needs construct for themselves wholly imaginary grievances and purely monomaniacal wrongs, to the distress equally of themselves and their friends? The present writer, at all events, shrinks from the responsibility of putting forward any such allegation. He never heard of any such women. Lady Sylvia was Lady Sylvia: and if she was exceptionally foolish, she was undergoing exceptional punishment.

Indeed, she was crying very bitterly, in a stealthy way, as the great ship on which we stood began to move slowly and majestically down the river. The small and noisy tender had steamed back to the wharf, its occupants giving us many a farewell cheer so long as we were within ear-shot. And now we glided on through a thick and thundery haze that gave a red and lurid tinge to the coast we were leaving. There was a talk about dinner; but surely we were to be allowed time to bid good-by to England? Farewell! farewell! The words were secretly uttered by many an aching heart.

It was far from being a joyful feast, that dinner, though Von Rosen talked a great deal, and was loud in his praises of every thing—of the quick, diligent service and pleasant demeanor of the stewards, of the quality of the hock, and the profusion of the *carte*. The vehement young man had been all over the ship, and seemed to know half the people on board already.

'Oh the captain!' said he. 'He is a famous fellow—a fine fellow—his name is Thompson. And the purser, too, Evans—he is a capital fellow; but he is in twenty places at once. Oh, do you know, Lady Sylvia, what the officers call their servant who waits on them?'

Lady Sylvia only looked her inquiry: the pale, beautiful face was dazed with grief.

'Mosquito!—I suppose because he plagues them. And you can have cold baths—salt-water—every morning. And there will be a concert, in a few evenings, for the Liverpool Seaman's Home.—Bell, you will sing for the concert?'

And so the young man rattled on, doing his best to keep the women-folk from thinking of the homes they were leaving behind. But how could they help thinking when we got up on deck after dinner, and stood in the gathering dusk? England had gone away from us altogether. There was nothing around us but the rushing water, leaden-hued, with no trace of phosphorescent fire in it; and the skies overhead were dismal enough. We stayed on deck late that night, talking to each other—about every thing except England.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INTEGRATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE:

FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT.*

THE homogeneity of the English-speaking race declares itself more manifestly in its political instincts than in any other ethnical quality. In going forth to all the habitable latitudes and longitudes of the earth, it illustrates as well as proves this characteristic. However small the germ of a community it plants on continent or island, in temperate or torrid zone, whether it be a score or a hundred men and women, it takes the form of a self-governing commonwealth, just as naturally as if spontaneously following a political instinct rather than a reasoned plan of civil life. When a score of such little town-commonwealths have been planted within a circuit of one hundred miles' radius, the same instinct or law draws them into a representative union, called a colony, province, or territory, with a federal government in which each has its share and interest. In the lifetime of a generation half-a-dozen or more of such colonies or provinces are formed in the same section of a continent, numbering in the aggregate several millions of inhabitants. The same instinct, motive, and necessity that led them to the organisation of the first village government now operate with equal force to bring these separate and well-compacted commonwealths into a constitutional Confederation, called the United States in one part of America in 1783, and the Canadian Dominion on the other half of the continent a century later. This centripetal attraction grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of all the municipal, colonial, and other confederate communities of the English-speaking race all round the globe. They all gravitate into larger combinations and to fewer centres of national being. This law, or force, shows itself as strong and as active in the British as in the American branch of the family. If all the British Colonies had been planted on the same continent with the mother-country, however wide its expanse and varied its climates, they would long ago have been integrated with the British Empire, and had each its proportionate representation in the Imperial Parliament.

Then what stands in the way to prevent this political instinct, or law, from having its free and natural course and consummation? What prevents the political integration of the British Empire, and the direct representation of all its colonies, provinces, and dependencies in the Imperial Parliament at London? The instinct, the interest, the common motive and advantage are not wanting. Then what opposes, when all these favour and demand the union?

This is a question which it is natural for a thoughtful American to ask, but which he is unable to answer. It is a cause of honest wonderment to him that, in the light of the last century's experience, no British statesman answers this question—that the British press and public do not discuss it. This is a period of very significant and instructive centennials, indicating points of great departure in the past and for the future. No better time could be chosen for British statesmen and leaders of public opinion in England to consider this very question. And they might reasonably begin it at this starting-point of reflection: If each of the thirteen American Colonies, one hundred years ago, had been allowed even two representatives in the Imperial Parliament, what would have become of, or whence would have arisen, the ground-cause of the American Revolution, or 'Taxation

*[This article, which was written some time ago, has recently been sent to us by the writer as a reply by anticipation to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on 'The Political Destiny of Canada.' Sir Francis Hincks's article published last month may be looked upon as a reply from a Canadian standpoint, and the present, as a reply from an American one. —ED. C. M.]

without Representation'? Did it pay the English Government and people to shut the door of parliament against the representation of as intelligent, virtuous, and loyal Englishmen in America as any that then peopled the home islands of the Empire? Has the same policy of exclusion, in regard to any colony or province under the British Crown, paid the Home Government and people in any decade since 1776, in any form of compensation, in the sense of security, economy, or dignity? If not, then in the light of the past, in the brighter day of this present, and in the opening dawn of the great future before us, why should they longer be willing to repress and thwart the great political instinct of our common race, to arrest this centripetal law of their political being, and exclude these scores of loyal millions from the full and equal title and right of citizenship and ownership in a great and integral Empire? There was a time in the far past when the proudest words a man could utter, on the Danube, the Volga, the Nile, or the Euphrates, were '*Romanus civis sum.*' Paul, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, was glad and proud to say those words of power in the teeth of his Jewish persecutors. Britain's India alone outnumbers in population all the races that yielded obedience to the sceptre of the Cæsars. Why should not any man of those hundreds of millions of subjects of the British Crown be allowed to say, as proudly as Paul spoke those great words before the Roman governor, '*Britannicus civis sum,*' and to say it to as full compass of its meaning and prerogative as any Englishman could express and claim in the boast for himself under the shadow of St. Stephen's?

To the mind of an American, well read as to the character and history of his race before and since it branched off into two parallel nationalities a century ago, every motive, interest, and generous ambition, that should act not only on Great-Britain, but on the race it begat, would seem to press for such an Integration of the Empire. Without giving one motive undue rank over another, let us begin with the patriotic sentiment, which is to the political forces of a nation what charity is to the sisterhood of Christian virtues in an individual. Certainly no nation can be great, in its own force or sense of being, at home or abroad, without patriotism, or a love of country that endures to the end, whatever that end may be, or whatever may come this side of it. This noble, inspiring sentiment, like charity, has covered, almost ennobled, a multitude of sins in the lives of nations. When we feel the pulse of a nation, and find this sentiment beating faint and slow in its veins, we know it is affected with the heart-disease, and has but little *temps ou raison d'être.* But when the sentiment pervades all classes like a common inspiration; when even the toiling masses, though bending complainingly under heavy burdens and wrongful inequalities, can say, with as much pride as a peer of the realm, 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—aye, better than any other land the sun shines upon;' when they can sing with the enthusiasm of the French peasants, of 'La Belle France,' or, C'est doux à mourir pour la patrie;' when they can feel their souls lifted and thrilled by the songs of the German Fatherland, or by the 'Star-spangled Banner' of the American people; when we see what this great sentiment is and does for a nation, every possible motive and interest would seem to induce statesmen and governments to cultivate and extend it to every section and every subject or citizen within their domain. If patriotism, even at its lower valuation, is an active, ever-available political force, on which a Government may count in any emergency, then why strengthen it in one subject and weaken it in another? Why kindle it to a constant heat and glow in the loyal Englishman at home, and starve it down to a taper's light and warmth in an Englishman equally loyal in Canada, Australia, or India? The purest, noblest patriotism must live, must grow, by what it feeds upon. If it is the love of country, it must have a country to love—a country to whose history, character, and constitution it can cling with all the tendrils of its affection, faith, and hope—of which the subject, thus clinging to it, shall be, if not an equal, at least an infinitesimal constituent of its political being; in which he shall have a political birthright and portion, as well as the mere right to say, 'I was born there.'

Now, others beside intelligent Englishmen, when travelling in British North America, in Australia, India, or in the Cape Colony, must and do observe with admiration the loyalty of those distant subjects of

the British Crown. Even the great-grandchildren of the first settlers call England '*Home*,' just as if that were the surname of the country in which their ancestors were born. They will talk about such and such persons going '*home*,' about the latest '*home*' news. Indeed, the term is in their mouths so often that an American, French, or German traveller may be at a loss in regard to what they mean by it, until he learns by repetition that '*home*' is the generic name for old England. What more can one be able or expected to say of a country than to call it '*Home*,' the nearest and dearest name after *Heaven?* Why should not such a sentiment have the same to feed upon in those distant parts of the Empire as in England itself? Why should it not be allowed to cling to the motherland by a political tendril, as well as by the fibres of a common filial affection? It is said, and proved by much experience, that a republic cannot be established without republicans, nor a monarchy without loyalists; that even law cannot live and move without a public sentiment to sustain it. But can there be room for a question in any observant mind, that the requisite sentiment is ripe and ready, in every country under Queen Victoria's sceptre, for the safe, peaceful, and well-compacted Integration of the British Empire?

Well, this condition precedent exists; the sentiment is sufficiently strong and evident. The great vital force necessary for the compacting of such an Empire is ready and waiting for its construction. 'Where there is a will there is a way,' says the old proverb, saying it sometimes as an accomplished fact, and sometimes as an unrealised possibility. Why not make a way for this will to become part-and-parcel of one mighty Imperial whole? To foster, educate, and expand this sentiment of patriotism among all the continental and island populations under the British Crown to its fullest, warmest life of loyalty, would be in itself sufficient motive for the integration. But this is only one of the many happy results that would flow from it. The representation of all these colonial populations in the Imperial Parliament would do something more for them than to attach them to the British Crown and Government by a stronger sentiment of loyalty, or by the faith and feeling that they had the same part and interest in the Empire as the home counties of England. It would stimulate the growth of cognate sentiments and conditions of equal force and value. The whole outside world knows and appreciates what Great Britain has done to protect, encourage, and help her colonies to develop their resources and to promote their material wellbeing; what an outfit she has given them in railroads, canals, irrigation, telegraphs, and other agencies helpful to their material prosperity. We know what she has done for them, in giving them institutions, political, educational, and religious, forms of representative government similar to her own, even to such small and distant dependencies as Cape Breton, Vancouver's Island, and Natal. Perhaps some home Englishman may ask: 'What more can we do for these colonies than we have done or are doing? What does a colonist lack that I possess? Look at their legislatures, their universal or easy suffrage, their churches, schools, cheap lands, and small taxes. Who pays for their defence, for the scores of costly warships and scores of regiments for their protection against foreign and domestic enemies? What social, industrial, or political advantage or possibility do I claim or enjoy here, in my county of Devonshire, that a loyal Englishman in Cape Breton or Natal does not possess?'

Let us look at the premisses assumed in these questions. We will grant them. We will admit that the British subject in Cape Breton or in Prince Edward's Island, with its cheap lands and small taxes, can make for himself as good a material position as his fellow-subject in Devonshire with the same industry. He can make himself, socially and politically, a better local position, if he has the requisite talent and worth of character. It is much easier for him to work his way to the first rank of his island society, than for the Devonshire man to reach the second rank of English society. He may rise to the first place in the Colonial Legislature or Council, while the other, with all his talent, wealth, and influence, may not get higher than the wardenship in a village church. The Cape Bretonian, with the learning to be acquired in his is land schools, may rise to a height of intellectual power and eloquence which would befit the English bar or bench at Westminster, or the pulpit of St. Paul's.—'Very

good and true,' says the Devonshire Englishman; 'then wherein is not his position equal and even preferable to mine, both in actual experience and prospective possibility?' We will tell you wherein the condition is disproportionately in your favour. The Cape Bretonian, by dint of long and earnest study, has become a man of broad and deep learning and of commanding eloquence. 'It may be so, but I have never heard of him,' you say. True, that is just the matter with him, and you too. And you will never hear of him, though he should rival Sir John Coleridge at the bar, or the Bishop of Peterborough in the pulpit. He has all the elements of an illustrious statesman in him, and all the stimulus for their development that the lieutenant-governorship of a small and sparsely-peopled province, whose history and geography are but dimly known to you, can supply. He has in him the latent talent and genius for a great writer, and as much scope, verge, and impulse for a literary reputation as an eagle for lofty flight in a hen-coop. This is one of the differences between you and him. You have risen to the wardenship in your village church, and he to a lieutenant-governorship in that distant colony. He has risen to the first social position in that province—you to the middle rank of the middle class in England. But let us apply a political standard to the measurement of your positions. What is his against the possibility of yours? You can vote for the Premier of the Imperial Parliament, the generating heart and head-spring of all the colonial legislatures under the sceptre of the Empire. Nay, more—there is no legal or political bar between you and the Premiership itself. That great position is one of the possibilities that rise before you to stimulate your ambition. But do you prefer a literary reputation? What a home constituency to inspire your hope and appreciate and reward your genius! We see and admire what brilliant literature small nations, like Denmark and Sweden, have given to the world; but what have colonies ever done in this field of intellectual effort and production? No sir; it is all very well for you to talk of the position and possibilities of your fellow-subject in Cape Breton or Natal, but you feel the difference between you and him from the sole of your foot to the crown of your head. Test his sentiment and yours in your own mind. How do you feel towards him politically? Though he speaks your language, was born in your country, and calls England '*Home*,' do you not regard him as an *outsider*, and he you as an *insider*? What is his feeling towards all the other Colonies of the Empire? What is his political relation to them, interest in them, and influence over them, compared with yours, as a constituent of Gladstone or Disraeli, as a home Englishman whose single vote, in a close contest, may elect either of those statesmen?

The Integration of the Empire, by even a very small representation of each Colony in the Central Parliament, would make every man under the British Crown a head taller in political possibility, and conscious dignity of his relation, not only to a consolidated Empire the sun never would set upon, but also to the rest of the world. A seat in the Senate of such an Empire would be such a stimulus to a noble ambition as no colonist ever felt before. And the colonial constituency or legislature that elected him to that great position would feel that they elevated themselves in elevating him to fill it. The great prizes and possibilities of a world-girdling Empire would be thrown open to all its millions of loyal subjects, from the Premiership down through all its political, military, naval, ecclesiastical, and literary positions. Its illustrious honours, emoluments, patriotic duties and aspirations would all be put in one commonwealth of motive and reward, yielding all its prizes to those who should win them in the ennobling competition of true merit and talent. Who could estimate, to the full value of its direct and collateral results, the working of such a competition in every colony that now hugs the centre of its political being as the whole world of its hope, interest, and inspiration?

But a greater result than any we have noticed would flow from the Integration of the Empire. Nothing so dwarfs a man, and so impoverishes his heart and thoughts, as to shut him up in his own little self, in which there is only room for him to say '*I*' and '*My*.' The effect is the same on a small isolated colony or community with a government of its own. Its '*We*' and '*Our*' are no more generous towards other Colonies, widely separated from it by sea or land, than

the '*I*' and '*My*' of an isolated individual. Now this leanness of sentiment is the worst result of a long period of isolated independence in a small colony or state. It intensifies their small-minded love of self, and excludes from their thoughts all that does not make for the interests of self. Their little political entity satisfies their ambition. They are loth to unite it to a larger combination, lest some features of its local sovereignty should be lost. This characteristic of small political communities has been strikingly illustrated in both branches of our English-speaking family. Indeed, it has been proved as a fact of actual experience, what might be deduced from such a condition of things, that the smaller the independent community the more reluctant it is to relinquish its sovereign self, and become a joint constituent of a great and powerful union. After the war of the American Revolution, in which all the Colonies fought side by side for seven years, when they came to unite in one great Federal Union, the smallest of them stood out against it the longest, unwilling to yield one iota of its local sovereignty for any good or glory it might derive as part of a great nation. So it has been in the recent Confederation of the British Provinces in America: the smallest stood out against it the longest, under the influence of the same sentiment. Each had lived, moved, and had its being so long in a little self that its own '*I*' seemed greater and dearer to it than any '*We*' that it could form with other Colonies.

Now, there is nothing that so tends to enlarge the heart, life, and thought of a community as to feel that it is the constituent of a great whole; that '*We*' is the grandest word a human tongue can utter, when the heart expresses by it its interest in the populations of a continent, its fellow-feeling with the commonwealths of an Empire. See how it has already worked in the Confederation of the British Provinces in America. What fellow-feeling, what common bond of interest, was there between Prince Edward's Island and Vancouver's Island ten years ago? Had they belonged to different and alien races, they could hardly have been farther apart in mutual thought, interest, and sympathy. But now they meet at Ottawa. Now they feel that they belong to one great and growing whole. Now they say '*We*' and '*Our*' with each other, in all the faiths, hopes, progressive capacities, and destiny of a commonwealth spanning the continent. Why, this very sentiment alone pays well for all the effort the Confederation has cost, if it should produce no other result. If this sentiment works so well between Prince Edward's Island and Vancouver's Island, why not give it full play between the North American Dominion and Australia and India, by letting them meet and say '*We*' in the Imperial Parliament at London, and say it in the full scope and inspiration of the feeling that they belong to a mighty commonwealth, that spans the globe and embraces whole continents and half the islands of the sea; that in all the realised wealth of the greatness and glory of its past, in all the hopes and grand possibilities of its future, they have their co-equal share; that what that great Empire is yet to be and do for the world shall depend upon their loyalty, as well as upon the virtue and patriotism of the Home Islands? Why not allow Canadian, Australian, East Indian, and Capeman to say '*Britannicus civis sum*' to the full perrogative and compass of meaning which such integration would give to it?

There is another moral effect which would be realised from this integration. The fellow-feeling and patriotism which would pervade and inspire all the varied populations of the Empire would impart to the Imperial Legislature a healthy element of action. This aspect of the subject may be neglected by many who may admit its other features as worthy of consideration. For, in the constitution of all representative governments, a country was divided up into several hundred little *selfs*, each called a borough, or electoral district. In the American Union, the man who represented one of these districts was required to be a citizen residing in it, under the admitted or apparent assumption, that no outsider could fully represent, defend, and promote its interests. When we come to analyse this assumption, we find it resting upon the narrow ground of self—and a small self at best. It seems to imply that the will and interest of a town or district stand, in its estimation, first and foremost among the objects of national legislation; that its representative is expected and chosen to look to these first, and secondarily to others more remote.

This assumption can hardly mean anything less than the claim that each electoral district may be, and ought to be, the subject of special legislation; that something should be done or left undone for it, in distinction from the general and even weal of all other parts of the country: in other words, that its own little self shall stand out and be held up in all the dignity of 'the great *I* and the little *u*.' This is still the law of Congressional Representation in the United States, and its spirit and object show its origin, or prove that *self*—first in the individual, then in the town, next in the district—asserted a claim upon the General Government which could not be understood, represented, and defended by any man in the next town or district, however wise, virtuous, and eloquent. And for nearly a century no congressional district in the United States has been represented by a non-resident.

But Great Britain has built her representative system on a broader basis of political faith and motive in its hundreds of constituencies. Each has learned to say '*We*' first and '*I*' afterwards, and their '*We*' means and embraces the whole nation and its interests. They do not imply by their choice that their town or district has any claim to special, or any part in the general legislation of the country which an able and trusty man at the other side of the kingdom may not faithfully represent and defend in Parliament. Thus, for the last hundred years it would probably be found that two-thirds of the constituencies of the kingdom have chosen outside men, wherever they could find those who best commanded their confidence. They never demanded permanent residence as a qualification, or even recommendation, for their choice. They had the three realms for a field of selection, and felt it a duty and an honour to send the best man they could find to Parliament. And when did a constituency ever lose in its special or local interests by such a choice? If Lord Palmerston had been a native as well as resident of Tiverton, would he have been expected to do more than he did for that town? Did John Bright do less for Durham, or Sharman Crawford, of Belfast, less for Rochdale, than each would have done if a native of the town he represented?

Here, then, is a broad and generous basis of representation in Great Britain, already prepared and available for the Integration of the Empire. The home constituencies have learned to entrust their mind, will, and interest in Imperial legislation to outside men—some of them to Australian Lowe or Childers, or to Nova-Scotian Haliburton. Have they lost anything by this confidence? But when we come to consider the influence of direct colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament, one very important fact will supply the proof, that only the great and general interests of the Empire would become subjects of this united legislation. For it must be remembered that each of these colonies has a legislature of its own, with sufficient power to look after its own special and local interests, and would have no more occasion to bring these specialties into Parliament than one of the States of the American Union has to bring its matters of local interest into Congress. Then each colony, having such a local legislature for its special interests, would stand related to the Imperial Government and Parliament only by the *senatorial* connection that exists between each American State and the Federal Government and Congress at Washington. Of course a *popular* representation in the Imperial Parliament for all these Colonies is entirely out of the question. It would be all that each could claim, or need, to be represented by two senators. That is all that the State of New York, with a population of 4,000,000, has in the U. S. Senate; and Delaware, with less than 100,000, has the same number. Thus 100 representatives would be all that would be necessary or desirable to be brought into Parliament from all these scattered domains of the Empire. Leaving behind all the special interests entrusted to their local legislatures, Parliament would be a normal school to them in which to learn to be statesmen of such large and generous perceptions as to take into their daily thought the common weal of one-third of the population of the globe, embracing races of a hundred different tongues. Here representatives from all the great islands of the ocean and from all the earth's continents would meet together at St. Stephen's for half the weeks of the year, to study and promote the interests of three hundred millions, who would make up the mighty whole. What scene has the world yet witnessed to compare with such a spectacle! To the political world it would surpass what the Œcumenical Coun-

cil of five hundred Bishops was to the ecclesiastical as a representative body. What it was natural for each bishop of this great Council to feel in regard to the spiritual empire of the Roman Catholic faith, every colonial senator in the British Parliament would feel, in deeper and broader sentiment, in regard to the Empire he represented in part, though that part were only Manitoba or Natal. If either of the two, or smaller still, he would feel it to be a living member of the same great political body, beating with the same pulse of political life, and a sharer in all the destiny of greatness and glory which such a life and such a union could win.

There is a question which has undoubtedly suggested itself to many public men in England, in connection with any scheme for giving the Colonies a direct representation in the Imperial Parliament. It is a question that comes up in this form: 'What would these representatives from all the ends of the earth know or care about our home matters of interest? Are we to submit these interests to the judgment and decision of such — foreigners, we must call them at first, some of them ex-princes from India, who can hardly speak our language, and who have not yet adopted our religion?' Perhaps this wide question embraces all or the most serious difficulties that present themselves to Englishmen of highly intelligent and thoughtful minds. Let us, then, consider their weight and vincibility.

First, then, the representatives of England proper would outnumber all the Irish, Scottish, and Colonial members. This fact may be cited only to meet the brute-force possibility of a coalition majority against the special interests of England, if such a strange possibility must be admitted. But what conceivable motive could induce the representatives of Newfoundland and New Zealand to enter into a coalition with East Indian or Irish members against the home interests of England? If they had the animus and ability for such coalition stategy, what earthly object could they gain by it? If they are to impart truthful information in regard to the condition, wants, and wishes of the Colonies they represent, as the basis of Imperial legislation in their behalf, could they be enticed into the fantastic hallucination that a readiness and habit of running into coalitions would promote their ends?

But what special institutions or interests has England now, or would have at the integration, that could be affected by this Colonial representation? She is now elaborating a system for the education of all the children of the realm, even bringing up from the gutters and lairs of poverty and sin the most reprobate street arabs and *gamins* of her large cities. Well, is it conceivable that the representatives of Colonies like those of North America and Australia, that have made common-school education almost as free and cheap as air, would throw a straw in the way of this home effort to educate all the children of the people? Let bygones be bygones, but one memory may be revived in this connection. If every colony calls England '*Home*,' every State and every well-read citizen of the American Union calls her 'the mother-country'; and if he and every loyal colonist ever had cause to blush for their common mother, it was for the reason that she left so many of her home children in the outer darkness of ignorance. Who outside of the home islands would be happier and prouder for her success in bringing up those children to the highest level of popular education than the Canadian, Australian, or the American citizen?

Well, what other institution, interest, or proposed improvement, special or advantageous to England, Scotland, or Ireland, could be put at hazard, or in any way obstructed, by this Colonial representation? The electoral basis has been reduced almost to universal suffrage in the three Kingdoms, and is likely some day even to reach that level. Very good. Then would representatives of Colonies that have already adopted this basis be likely to obstruct it in England? Then there is the British Constitution, which is a little world of history and historical precedent in itself, instead of a written compact, like the Constitution of the United States. Would that be exposed, by Colonial representation, to any change which the English people themselves should not propose and initiate? Would the great estates of the realm lose their relative place or influence? Would any of the prerogatives left by prescription and precedent to the Crown be annulled or weakened? Would either House of Parliament be abolished, or cur-

tailed in function, dignity, or power? Would there be any motive or tendency to diminish the rank and value of the great prizes and places now existing in the United Kingdom, and which would be thrown open to competition to all who had the ambition to strive for them and the ability to win them, anywhere in the vast Empire after its political integration? What possible good could accrue to any Colony from any change in the British Constitution, or in the estates of the United Kingdom, which the English people themselves should not desire and originate?

Next let us come to the complicated and agitating question of Church and State. Let us suppose this question should not be settled in England at the time of this Imperial Integration. It may be injudicious and improper in an American to express an opinion in regard to the subject; but perhaps he may take it for granted that the strongest friend of the Established Church believes that the time is coming when it must stand by, or fall from, its connection with the State, by the infallible test of the Divine Founder of the Christian Faith—by its fruits, not by its leaves; not by pretensions or professions it has not realized in its Christian work, life, and power for the spiritual wellbeing of the nation. When that time comes, if the Church shall be found to have failed both in fact and faculty of fruitage, most likely the English people alone, and even the best friends of the Church, will desire and effect its release from the State, in the belief that the severance will increase its vitality and vigour. But Integration would not and could not precipitate this event. For when the Empire shall be thus unified, the *State* Church must be a local institution, special to England alone, over which colonial representation would have no control nor influence, nor any interest or motive to exercise either, even if it had the ability. But if they had a desire to meddle with the question, the English members would have the numerical power to retain the connection as long as they thought it best for the wellbeing of either Church or State. Still, Disestablishment would tend to give the Episcopal Church a power for expansion it never had in its own independent spiritual right. It would be put on the same footing as the Episcopal Church in the United States, where, from Maine to Georgia, and from Texas to the Canadian border, it is one and the same as an ecclesiastical organization, electing its own bishops without leave or license of any civil government. No finger of the State touches its prerogative as an independent religious body. No Crown or Parliament, no President or Congress, meddles with its choice, or touches, with a word or warning look, its faith, worship, or doctrine. Even if there were cause on the part of the English State Church to fear that Integration would hasten Disestablishment, it would find a full compensation for the severance in the new field for its life and power which a consolidated Empire would open up before it. Let it cast its eyes on the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. In no part of the wide world does that Church grow so rapidly, and meet so few restrictions to its free will and expansion, as in the American Union. In no country is it more loyal and devoted to the Pope's spiritual authority. Yet he cannot throw around it a figment of civil power, nor does it receive, ask, or need an iota of such power from the American Government. Still, all its bishops and archbishops, and its cardinal, are appointed by the Pope, and always in conformity with the wish and interests of the American Catholics. If, then, the Roman Catholic Church is the freest, strongest, and most prosperous and loyal, where it has not a little finger's force of civil authority or State patronage, why should the English Church fear to put itself on the same footing, if Integration should actually hasten that consummation?

We will only consider one more of the questions involved in the proposition we are discussing: that is, the commercial relation and interest. Let us look at this question from a common-sense point of view. We have dwelt upon the intellectual, sentimental, and political impulses and advantages which would be gained by two hundred and fifty millions of British colonial subjects by being put on the same political footing as their fellow-subjects in England. Probably no thoughtful home Englishman would doubt that these colonial populations would be greatly benefited in these respects by this political equalisation. But he may ask, 'After all, what

should we English people at home gain by it?' This may be answered by another question: 'What do you gain now from the North American Colonies or Australia, which you would not if they were independent nations? What do they contribute directly to the support of the Imperial Government? Do you try on your Income Tax, or any other tax, upon them? The whole world knows what you have spent on them in the last fifty years: have you got any of it back in this period through any form of taxation?' 'But they buy our manufactures,' you say. Very true, but would they not buy as many if they were independent States? Do they not act towards you as if they were? Do they not impose a duty on the manufactures you send them, just as if they came from a foreign country? How is it about the old discriminating duty question? You must remember that, unless you have forgotten Cobden. Did not the English home people pay, in fifty years, £100,000,000 more for their colonial sugars than the same quantity and quality would have cost them if bought in other markets? Have you forgotten the old colonial timber-duty; how home Englishmen, when they were obliged to have Baltic timber for certain purposes, had first to ship it from Norway or Sweden to Canada or Nova-Scotia, unload it into colonial ships, and hire them to bring it to Liverpool, all for colonial *protection*?

Let us glance at the present commercial relations between the mother-country and her Colonies, and appreciate their anomalies. To do this adequately, let us put them side by side with the commercial relations between the American Union and its territories. These are political communities, in training to be admitted into the Republic as full-organised States, when they have acquired the requisite population. Each of them, like a British colony, has a legislature of its own. The Governor of each is also appointed by the Central or Home Government. It has the same right of petition as a British colony, and other faculties of influence to use at Washington in behalf of its interests. Congress engages to defend it against the Indians and other enemies, just as England does in regard to each of her Colonies. Now, then, suppose such an anomalous commercial relation should be suggested between the American Government and one of its territories as that now existing between England and Canada or Australia. Can an intelligent Englishman believe such a relation could be tolerated six months, without stirring the people of all the old States to indignant emotion? Suppose that Washington territory, Arizona, or New Mexico should take it into its head to establish a set of custom-houses around its borders, and levy a duty on all productions imported into it from the States, in order to raise money for making roads, building bridges, and for educational and other purposes. But does not Canada do also to each of the other Colonies what she does to the mother-country? Does she not impose duties on the colonial produce of the West Indies, just as if it were imported from the most favoured foreign country?

This, then, is the unnatural, anomalous commercial relation existing not only between the home-country and its colonies, but between one colony and another in several cases. Compress the principle within an area like France, or even the American Union, and we have the old French *octroi* system in full operation, putting colonies for cities, and giving each power to tax all articles brought into it from the others. Now the Integration of the Empire would change all this. It would bring all the Colonies under the British Crown into just that commercial relation to it and to each other which now exists between all the States of the American Republic, and between them and the Federal Government. It would abolish the *octroi* system from one end of the Empire to the other. All the custom-houses from Canada to New Zealand, and from Vancouver's Island to Heligoland, would be Imperial, however the revenues they collected might be distributed.

These, then, are several of the more important considerations which would occur to a thoughtful American mind in favour of unifying the British Empire, after the representative system of the American Union. With all his loyalty to his own country, with all his faith in its great destiny, he knows this glorious future he expects for his nation must be inseparably associated with the future of the mother-

country; that they must and will go over the sea of remaining time, yard-arm to yard-arm, bearing aloft to all other nations and peoples the same flag of civil and religious freedom, vitality, and civilising power. He would say to her, at this momentous juncture, what Nelson said at Trafalgar: 'Anchor! England, anchor!' Now is the time to anchor these drifting ships of her fleet, that, brought into a new line of battle for universal humanity, they may sail forth abreast to conquests they never won.

ELIHU BURRITT.

AUTUMN IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA:

NOTES OF A VOYAGE UP THE DNIEPER.

I.

FROM KREMENTSCHUG TO KIEV.

THAT celebrated invalid who, on being told that the Russian calendar was twelve days behind that of Western Europe, went to Russia that he might have twelve days longer to live, would have liked nothing better than a tour from Moscow to the Black Sea in the beginning of autumn, *via* the Volga and the Don, if only as a means of recalling the fading glories of the summer, and enjoying over again, even so late as October, the warmth and freshness and brightness of golden June and dazzling July. On the sunny terraces of Kertch, amid the soft Italian beauty of Yalta, under the cloudless skies of Sevastopol, with butterflies hovering around his head, and coatless peasants selling huge clusters of ripe grapes at his side, any traveller might well be excused for doubting whether he had not antedated his journal three months at the least, and for regarding the rain and mist, the cold winds and lowering skies, the heated stoves and double windows, which he had left behind him in Moscow, as merely the phantoms of a troubled dream.

But this, like other artificial pleasures, must be paid for—and that, too, at no moderate price. The moment Odessa is left behind on the return journey, the mists and showers and cold winds of a Russian October assert themselves once more. Nor are these the worst evils to be feared. At a season when every man who has been south during the summer, is posting north again, the overcrowding of the trains is so great, that it is no uncommon thing to have to remain, for a whole day together, 'doubled up' (as an American friend of mine emphatically phrased it) 'like a long nigger in a short bed.' If you attempt to forget your discomfort, in admiration of the surrounding scenery, all that you find to admire is a flat unending waste of lifeless steppe, which may be best imagined by multiplying a billiard-table by five million, and subtracting the cushions. And should your ill-fortune lead you off the track down a branch line, matters become ten times worse. There is, perhaps, no drearier sight in the world than that of a newly-constructed Russian depot in bad weather. The damp grey sky, like an illimitable sheet of wet blotting-paper—the long, straight line of rail losing itself in the brooding fog—the half-seen skeletons of the unfinished buildings, surrounded by piles of bricks and rotting timber—the muddy platform stamped with the impress of countless miry feet—the few sheepskin-clad figures, hanging idly around like men who have no object left in life—all unite in noisome harmony, to make up a picture which would have tried the nerves of Mark Tapley himself.

Somewhat after this fashion do I moral-

ise, when, having crossed the plank bridge that spans the Dnieper at Krementschug, and found my way, not without difficulty, through the labyrinth of flat sandy streets composing the town, I embark at length upon the steamer which is to carry me up the river to Kiev. And certainly, after the magnificently-appointed boats of the Black Sea Company, with their velvet-covered sofas, gilt-edged mirrors, and cabinet editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, for all who care to read, it is rather a shock to find oneself on board a crazy little cockle-shell, with a deck as black and greasy as a knife-board, a cabin as big as a sentry-box, where we all lie 'heads and tails,' like herrings in a barrel, with the water dripping upon us from the roof as if to atone for the stifling heat of the stove, and a set of passengers who smoke all day with the windows shut, and play cards at night with four candles burning.

Nor do the surroundings do much to redeem the interior; for, during the first day's voyage, the scenery consists chiefly of sandbanks, which, with the gaunt pines that bristle upon them, look like an endless perspective of canvas pincushions; while, on the second morning, we are suddenly shut in by a fog so dense, that, for all we can see of the country around us, we might as well be sailing through the empty air. Our mainstay during this time of trial is a fat, jolly little Russian officer, whose sole mission in life appears to be the telling of every possible kind of ludicrous story against his own countrymen—one of which is too characteristic to be omitted.

'They say, you know, David Stepanovitch, that we Russians are apt to construe our orders rather too literally; and I'll just give you an instance of that. When the telegraph was first started between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, the instructions given to the clerks were, that every man should repeat exactly whatever signal might be made by his right-hand or left-hand correspondent. Well, as ill-luck would have it, the fellow at the first station lost all his money at cards one night, when he was off duty; so, in despair at the loss, he went and hanged himself on one of the posts, the first thing next morning. The next clerk, seeing him do it, and making sure it must be a signal of some kind, jumped up and hanged himself with all possible despatch; and the end of it was, that all the clerks from St. Petersburg to Warsaw hanged themselves one after the other, and there was nobody left to work the line!'

On the third morning of our voyage, the great river at length begins to show itself worthy of its renown. The rising sun touches with a streak of crimson the ridges of a long line of dark hills, which surge up, wave beyond wave, far as the eye can reach; and as we steam past the little log-hamlet of Kaniova—our last halting-place before Kiev itself—the full splendour of the panorama unrolls itself before us. Endless clusters of wood-crowned islets, mirroring their drooping boughs in the wide, smooth stream below; vast bastions of naked rock, glowing like living fire in the broadening sunshine; shady little dells nestling in the hollows of the rock, through which tiny rivulets run prattling to welcome 'Father Dnieper'; and quaint little hamlets, peeping forth like shy children from the shadow of their encircling forests.

'See there! the railway bridge!' shouts an enthusiastic Russian, with very natural exultation, as the huge stone piers begin to grow dimly up out of the horizon, like an army of giants wading across the stream.

The last bend is at length left behind; and the ancient capital of Russia * rises before us in all its splendour. High over all, on its lovely hill-top, towers the great white mass of the Petcherski Monastery, facing the half completed fortress that crowns the opposite ridge; and all along the slope beneath lies a wilderness of green domes, and golden cupolas, and white towers, and many-coloured houses, which, dipped in the brief bright sunshine of a Russian autumn, bursts upon us in one blaze of glory.

And, on the crest of the nearer ridge, stands darkly out against the sky a colossal statue, commemorating a long life of savage valour, bloody conquest, bitter repentance, weary groping in darkness before bursting at last into the glorious sunshine of truth—the statue of the Charlemagne of Russia, Vladimir the son of Sviatoslav. Here, on the actual scene of his exploits, one can almost imagine him standing once more be-

* The seat of government was removed to Kiev from Great Novgorod (the first capital) in the tenth century.

side the great river into which he cast the idols of heathen Russia, and uttering, 'in a voice like the roll of thunder,' the martial vaunt which the old national ballads put into his mouth :

'Now clothe me not, my mother,
In robes of silken fold ;
And deck not mine apparel
With silver or with gold ;
And let no broidered 'kerchief
Around my neck be tied,
And place not on my forehead
The bonnet richly dyed.

'Clothe me with plates of iron,
And rings of tempered steel,
And let my golden tresses
The cramping helmet feel ;
And set the mace destroying
Within my strong right hand,
And in my wrath resistless,
I'll march throughout the land.'

But the impressiveness of this glorious picture is suddenly and ludicrously marred. My companion on board is a noted English critic and traveller, whose incognito remains inviolate during the first two days of the voyage ; but, on the third morning, the attention with which the other passengers watch to see whether their unknown comrade lights his cigar or drinks his tea in the same way as other men, shows me that the secret is beginning to leak out at last. An hour later, one of them confidentially informs me that Mr. Dickens is on board, and that he has recognised him at once by his portraits, which are wonderfully like. Another asserts that the stranger is a great historian, engaged in compiling the annals of the Russian Empire ; but the truth is at length discovered, and Mr. D—— has barely shown himself on deck, when the tide of popular enthusiasm bursts upon him.

First comes an immensely tall, gaunt, dried-up man, not unlike a smoked sturgeon, flanked by a little thickset fellow, half-buried under an enormous fur cap ; then a long-legged young subaltern with a figure like an overgrown pair of tongs, and the grin of a boy just clapping his hat upon some unsuspecting butterfly. Then follows the jovial officer aforesaid, eyeing his illustrious fellow-traveller as if mentally taking his measure for a coat ; while the skipper brings up the rear, watching the general rapture with a smile of fatherly indulgence.

The long man bows and bows as if making obeisance before a crucifix ; the little man, having taken a good front look at the hero, runs round to get a view of him from behind ; the jolly officer, rubbing his hands with a 'nunc dimittis' air, informs the amazed author that he has his 'Holy Land' by heart, and that his favorite passage is the description of the 'Spiritual Wives' in Salt Lake City (!). The gestures of the deputation, and the air of amused astonishment with which Mr. D—— contemplates their proceedings, irresistibly remind me of the famous picture in *Punch*, where, after his first tiger-hunt, Mr. Peter Piper is complimented by his friends upon the manner in which he has sustained the fatigues and perils of the day. But, happily, just as the general excitement is at its height, the boat runs alongside the jetty, and we make our escape.

II.

THE CATACOMBS OF ST. THEODOSIUS.

AROUND the landing-place are the usual clamorous swarm of *izvoshtchiks* (cabmen), blue-frocked, red-girdled, low-hatted, thick-bearded, and bountifully perfumed with *vodka* (corn-whiskey). One of these acts as our ferryman across the lake of thick black mire which covers the 'Podoll' or Lower Town. Arrived at the principal hotel (whose name I have ungratefully forgotten) we proceed to discharge the two great duties of the Englishman abroad—first, that of seeing 'what there is in the place fit to eat,' and, secondly, that of reviling it, when eaten, as 'beastly trash, only fit for foreigners.' But, our consciences being thus satisfied, it behoves us to nerve ourselves for the trying but inevitable duty of 'seeing whatever is to be seen.'

'Well, what's to be the programme ?'

'The Petcherskaja Lavra to begin with, of course,' answers my companion, assuming instinctively the look of stern resignation wherewith the English martyr goes forth to dance a quadrille, or to undergo a day's pleasure. 'That's where the Catacombs are, you know, and every man who has ever spoken to me about Kiev, always told me to be sure to see *them*, if I ever went there.'

'"It is our destiny, and who can avert it?"' respond I, donning my knee-high boots and black sheepskin cap. 'Well, if they can beat the Grotto of Adelsberg, or the underground Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, I'll forgive them; but never mind—there is no tourist like John Bull, and Murray is his prophet. If *he* says we're to see it, why, of course we must.'

Nevertheless, it must be owned that sight-seeing on such a day might well be considered a penance by far more mercurial travellers than a brace of 'splenetic Britons.' The brief bright sunshine of the morning has vanished in a chill, sombre greyness which would alone suffice to tell us that we are getting north again, and beneath which the straight wide streets and tall gaunt houses look doubly dreary. The few passers-by eye one another viciously, as if each thought his neighbor in some way to blame for the general discomfort; the very rain falls in a sneaking, spiritless fashion, as though it could not muster energy enough for a good hearty downpour; and over earth and sky alike broods a raw, cheerless gloom, as if the sun had suddenly become bankrupt, and all nature were holding a meeting of his creditors. Even our driver appears to have something on his mind, and, instead of laughing and chattering as usual, plods silently along, with the look of a man conveying two desperate malefactors to the place of execution.

But all thought of discomfort is forgotten, when, in a stray gleam of sunlight that at length struggles through the breaking clouds, we crown the highest of the two ridges upon which the 'Upper Town' is built, and, glancing across the intervening space at the formidable citadel which is rising on the brow of the Lysaya-Gora (Bald Hill) in readiness for any hostile visitor who may come marching across the Galician border, turn from it to look down upon the splendid panorama below. The faded glories of the 'Russian Jerusalem,' so majestic even in its decay, harmonise well with the sombre magnificence of expiring autumn; and, seen beneath the pale October light, the 'diadem of towers' which, catching the eye of the traveller miles away upon the great river, tells him that the goal is at hand—the bold outline of the overhanging bluffs—the vast mass of painted houses and many-colored church-towers outspread beneath—the wide, smooth face of the Dnieper between its wood-crowned shores, and the distant panorama of the immeasurable forest—all wear the impress of that stern and passionless beauty wherewith ancient sculptors loved to array the passionless face of Minerva.

For the time being, however, our attention is sorely distracted by the exertions necessary to keep us from rolling out of the drosky * altogether; for, even to those who have been in Brazil or Central Asia, a drive over a Russian street, in a Russian vehicle, is the closest imitation of 'breaking on the wheel' which modern civilisation has invented. It is not without much secret satisfaction that we at length find ourselves upon the level summit of the ridge, and see the vast white battlements of the famous monastery rising up, in all their massive strength, against the cold grey sky.

And, all in a moment, the awe of the place falls around us, as we stand looking up at it in silence. Huge, and grey, and voiceless, with its moss-grown walls and deep shadowy gateways, it hardly seems to belong to the living world; and, in truth, if there be one spot on earth where the Past might fitly entrench itself against the Present, it is this. In days when Danish pirates were ravaging the coast of Yorkshire, and Christian priests singing mass in the churches of Constantinople, this bare hill-top was the centre of a great nation, and the seat of a mighty empire. Here the first Christian ruler of Russia was baptised and crowned; here seven generations of the House of Ruric stored in triumph the spoils of the South; here Tartar and Petcheneygan, Pole and Osmanli, set the battle in array for the national existence of Russia. And where are they now?

'Nice place for Harrison Ainsworth,' says my comrade, with a grin; 'he would not be long fitting it up with "couchant hounds," and "slumber-bound men-at-arms," and perhaps the Sleeping Beauty herself into the bargain.'

'Or a caldron surrounded by flames of ghastly blue, like Joseph Balsamo's crib in the Rue St. Claude.'

* The much-abused word is really spelt 'drojki'; but the corrupted form is now too universal to be altered.

'Or a tall figure in the mouldering robes of a Cistercian friar, like that objectionable party in the "Lancashire Witches."'

'Or a giant form in blood-rusted armour, carrying his own head under his left arm like an opera-hat.'

But here this cheerful catalogue is cut short by the hoarse voice of a grey-bearded monk, who, after parleying with us for a moment through the little grating in the oaken door, admits us into the wide, desolate, grass-grown courtyard, which wears the same dreary, old-world look as every other part of this singular structure.

And then, for the next two hours, we are in a world of shadows—the shadows of the things that *have been.* Dim cloisters, through which a few shrouded figures flit spectre-like in their long, trailing robes; painted cupolas, bright with barbaric decoration; lonely turrets, whence, ages ago, pale-faced monks, faltering broken prayers, saw, rising along the verge of the boundless plain below, the glittering spears of the Tartar; and quiet little shrines, unchanged in every feature since the day when the rough-hewn image of Peroun, the Thunder-god, fell from its place at the fiat of Vladimir Sviatoslavitch. The quaint little cupola and painted front—the low, narrow doorway—the rude pictures, each with its tiny lamp burning in front of it—the sacred vestments hanging upon the wall—the open space in the centre for the worshippers. This is one of those national symbols which never pass away, preserving amid the age of railways and telegraphs the living impress of that time when bears prowled over the site of Moscow, and marsh-frogs croaked over that of St. Petersburg.

'This is a sight worth seeing,' remark I, enthusiastically, as we debouch at length upon the inner courtyard.

'It's all very well in its way,' rejoins my matter-of-fact comrade; 'but all this isn't the Catacombs; and as that's what we came to see, I think it's just about time to begin seeing them. Just hail that old buffer yonder, and ask whereabouts they are.'

The 'old buffer' in question—a venerable old white-beard who is gliding shadow-like along the other side of the court, professes himself unable to satisfy us; but, if it please Heaven, he will ask Brother Constantine. Brother Constantine, being produced, is equally ignorant; but, with the blessing of the saints, he will ask Brother Theodosius. Brother Theodosius minutely directs us wrong, as do three or four others in succession; and it is not until this hide-and-seek through the wet mud has lasted longer than is quite satisfactory, that we at length light upon a 'brother' who really *does* seem to know something about the matter.

'The "Podzemelié"? To be sure! Just follow those people yonder, and they'll bring you right to it!'

Obeying this judicious counsel, we speedily find ourselves, in company with half a dozen other victims, standing in front of a small, narrow, iron-clamped door, which is opened by a gaunt, pale-faced, hollow-eyed monk in a long black robe, who looks very much like one of the dead men whom we are about to visit, disturbed from his grave by our approach.

Silently and spectrally he leads the way down a dark, tunnel-like passage, ending at length in a small, square, dimly-lighted recess, bearing a disagreeably close resemblance to the ordinary conception of a torture-chamber in the Inquisition. Is that a rack half visible in yonder corner? Is this hanging lamp about to disgorge a converting shower of boiling oil upon our heretical pates? Will these walls suddenly clash together, flattening us all into human pancakes? or, as in the ghastliest of Edgar Poe's goblin tales, force us, inch by inch, into a fathomless abyss in the centre of the floor?

But no—the supposed rock proves to be nothing more than a large oaken chest, from which our spectral cicerone takes a packet of consecrated tapers, which he distributes at the rate of ten *kopecks* (six cents) each. Then he steps forward into the darkest corner of the cell—and, as we light our tapers, a rusty key is heard to grate harshly in an unseen lock, and right before us gapes a black, narrow, tomb-like hollow, barely large enough to admit one man at a time—a fit portal, indeed, to the nether world, and matching well with its ghastly janitor, who comforts us, as we enter, by saying in a hoarse whisper:

'Mind you keep together; for if one gets parted from the rest, God help him!'

I will not attempt to describe the next hour—it was less like any actual reality

than the phantasm of a hideous nightmare. Though one word would have broken the spell, no one had power to utter it. All speech, all laughter, seemed to expire instinctively in those sunless caverns, whose only light was the fitful gleam of our tapers, whose only sound the sullen drip of water from the damp slimy roof. Shut in as we are by the gloom and silence of the grave, all sense of companionship is utterly blotted out; and the feeling of isolation becomes overwhelming. Touching each other at every step, we are still, every one of us, as utterly alone as if upon a rock in mid-ocean.

Onward, ever onward—the echo of our tread sounding unnaturally loud amid the dead, utter silence. In the blue, ghostly glimmer of our waning tapers, the clammy earth below, and the low, ponderous roof above, and the damp, rugged, misshapen rocks on either side, have a weird, unearthly look; and the black mouths of the rock-tunnels yawn dismally on every side, and channels upon channels wind spectrally away into the darkness. Not a bat flits overhead, not a mouse rustles below. Life has no place in these ghostly solitudes; but they *are* peopled, nevertheless, by inhabitants well worthy of them. On a sudden, the gleam of our tapers is flashed back from jewels and cloth of gold, and a tall, commanding figure starts up as if by magic from a deep niche on our right. Its head is crowned with a jewelled mitre, its robes are gay with splendid embroidery; but from beneath the gorgeous trappings gape the rattling jaws and eyeless sockets of a skeleton, and the rich patriarchal staff is clutched by the bony fingers of the grave.

We pass hastily on, only to encounter fresh repetitions of the hideous mockery; and the sudden apparition of these bedizened spectres, amid the utter gloom and silence of this great sepulchre, has an indescribably ghastly effect. In these noisome dens lived and died, in days when men thought to serve God by renouncing every duty of man, scores of the filthy maniacs called 'Eastern Saints'; and here they still remain, watching, through countless years, the scene of their impious folly. Little by little, the awe which at first overwhelmed us gives way to unmitigated disgust; and I think there is not one of us who does not feel relieved when (after a seemingly endless lapse of time) we hear the key grate in its rusty lock, and emerge into the light of day once more.

DAVID KER.

SONNET.

NOT for the deed that's done is this our praise;
Not to the word that's written bow we down;
'Tis something greater far that we would crown:
The highest work a higher thought can raise.
When life is painted in some noble phase,
And skilful art has merited renown,
The artist to himself will sadly frown
To find how feebly he his thought conveys.
The picture's but a symbol from his hand,
And symbolizes, to *his* mind alone,
The fulness of his fancy's sunniest gleam:
Admiring crowds will gaze—an endless band,
And deem they follow out each thought and tone;
But hardly one shall catch the artist's dream.

GOWAN LEA.

THE OLD JAPANESE CABINET.

IN the course of the last summer, I followed the example of the rest of the rest of the world and made a visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. When I had enjoyed those features of that splendid show which had for me the most attraction, I found myself at last in front of the Japanese department, to which I had been unable, previously, to give a close inspection on account of the crowd which was continually pressing round that peculiarly interesting part of the Exhibition. Of course, when I was able to obtain a good view of that department, I was as much surprised as any one else at the superiority of the Japanese artists in many articles of vertu and ornament; but there was one specimen of Eastern ingenuity which attracted my attention above everything else, and that was a small cabinet, especially conspicuous for the grotesque mélange of carvings which covered the entire front. Serpents and lizards supported the shelves, while birds of brilliant plumage surmounted the top and appeared making vain exertions to escape from the cruel creatures whose basilisk eyes flashed just below, and seemed to be exercising a mysterious charm over the feathered beauties. The materials of the cabinet were different valuable woods of the Eastern seas, and were put together with a skill which European artists might well envy. The various birds and reptiles which covered the cabinet were so many illustrations of that fidelity to nature and artistic skill which attest the progress of the Japs in certain classes of ornamental art. But it was not simply its excellence as a work of art that caused me to linger so long in front of the cabinet. As I looked at this bizarre specimen of Eastern mechanical skill, I began mentally comparing it with one that I had previously seen in a very different place, and which resembled it in a very remarkable manner. The first cabinet, now so suddenly called to my memory, had made a very vivid impression on my mind at the time, not merely on account of its grotesque workmanship, but chiefly in consequence of its having been intimately associated with a somewhat startling episode in the life of an old friend.

Having said so much I suppose that I am bound to go further and relate the incidents which led me to pause for some time alongside what was certainly the most curious specimen of Eastern art to be seen at Philadelphia. As I was standing there my thoughts carried me to a scene very different from that around me. It was not in a busy hive of industry and enterprize that I saw myself for a moment in imagination. It was not to the sunny isles of the Japan Sea, where a mysterious people isolated themselves for centuries from European civilization and commerce, but to a younger land in a northern clime, that my mind took a rapid flight. For the scene of the story which I am about to tell is laid within sight of the St. Lawrence, in a little village which twenty-five years ago strikingly illustrated the conservative and quiet habits of the French Canadians, and their indisposition to be carried away by the turmoil and unrest which generally characterize life on this continent. I am not an actor in this story and shall only attempt to relate it as I heard it from the lips of my friend, Ralph Montague, some four years ago, when I made a visit to his fine old country residence, in a distant part of the province of Quebec. When he told me the story he kindly consented to write it out at his leisure; and this promise he fulfilled not long afterwards. Owing to a press of varied engagements, I neglected translating the notes, which are in French, and they lay forgotten in a drawer of my desk until the story was revived in my memory by my visit to the Centennial, and then I decided to give it to the public, as nearly as possible in the words of the author.

I

Nearly a quarter of a century ago—my friend will now speak for himself—I was

living in the old city of Quebec, which was then comparatively little touched by that spirit of modern progress, which now-a-days is levelling its memorials of a famous historic past, and bringing the ancient capital, to the disgust of the antiquarian, more in harmony with modern ideas of convenience and taste. I had been engaged in practising law for several years, and was in the enjoyment of a fair modicum of success. One day in the summer of 1852—I remember it well, a broiling day, without a breath of air from the sea to cool the temperature—I was seated in my office, and wondering whether I could not throw my papers aside and enjoy a few holidays in some distant village on the St. Lawrence, where I could breathe the cool, salty breezes of the ocean. As I was running over in my mind the different places to which I might go, my office boy brought me a letter addressed in the handwriting of an old college friend, which I immediately recognized, though we had not corresponded together for years, and, indeed, had not seen each other since we left college—he, to return to his parents' roof and a fine estate, I to the hard study and plodding of a lawyer's office. I had heard, some months before the receipt of Henry Duchesnay's letter, that he had gone to travel in Europe, by the advice of his physician, who had warned his father that his constitution was too delicate to allow him to enter on the pursuit of any business or profession which would force him to remain constantly confined in-doors. He now simply asked me to come down the river and pay him a visit for a few days, as he wished to consult me on some business matters of much importance to himself and family. He added that if I could not come immediately, I was to write and tell him; but as he confidently expected me he would not fail to come in a carriage to the steamer-landing on the following Saturday.

It was on a Wednesday that I received my friend's invitation, and I decided at once to accept it, especially after his hint that I might be of assistance to him professionally. It was a lovely morning when I stood on the upper deck of the little steamer which then connected with the villages of the lower St. Lawrence. Quebec loomed out of the morning mist, which was slowly fading away before the sun's warm rays, like some mediæval castled city of the Danube or the Rhine. The shipping lay lifeless on the bosom of the noble river, which bears to the ocean far below the tribute of many a lake and stream of the far distant West. Heave ho! heave ho! were the only sounds that came from the port where some stevedores were just commencing their work. A few vessels had hoisted their sails, which hung motionless from the masts. Passing the Island of Orleans, covered with verdure and dotted with white cottages hidden in the clustering foliage, we soon found ourselves making rapid headway down the river, in company with several tug-boats, which were puffing lustily as they bore along some heavily laden ships bound for countries far beyond.

In four or five hours' time we reached the wharf which had been built for the accommodation of the surrounding district. It was a quiet, secluded spot, the only buildings in sight were a small warehouse and a tiny white cottage, where the guardian of the place lived. The woods covered the sides of the lofty hills, which came sloping to the water's edge. A picturesquely wooded island was moored midway in the river, and I imagined it was still left in a state of natural wildness, until one of the passengers told me that several families were living in huts, and cultivating little patches of ground on the opposite side. Several clumsy carts and a couple of calêches, drawn by stout Canadian ponies, were waiting on the wharf for passengers or freight. I did not see anything of my friend when we first reached the wharf, but a few minutes later he drove down the hill and greeted me warmly. It did not take me long to get my valise into the comfortable waggon which my friend was driving, and then we made our way into the country as fast as the ponies could take us. The surrounding country was very hilly, and we were obliged to make more than one considerable ascent on our way to the old home of the Duchesnay's, which was situated in the neighbourhood of a little village on the plateau of the hills. The road showed many a graceful curve and many a beautiful bit of scenery. Here a glen, where maples and birches threw their shadows over a rapid brook whose source was hidden deep among the hills. There a rugged height, where wild blackberries, just ripening, peeped out among the rocks.

Now and then, as we ascended a prominent point, we caught a glimpse of the lordly river, sparkling in the sunshine and flecked with white wings. We passed a few habitants, dressed in rough homespun, and straw hats, which they touched courteously with a 'Bon jour, M'sieurs.'

But I am forgetting, as I recall the memories of that charming drive, to introduce you to my friend. He was a slender, rather delicate looking man, with piercing black eyes, and dark curly hair clustered carelessly over a prominent brow, which showed him to possess no ordinary intellectual power. I was glad to find that he believed his trip to Europe and the healthy natural life that he led on the Seigniory had strengthened his constitution, and that he had not had, of late, any recurrence of those attacks of weakness which had been a frequent cause of alarm to his friends in his early youth. I now learned, for the first time, that his father had died nearly twelve months before, and left the estate, which had been in possession of the family for many generations, very heavily involved, on account of some speculations in iron mines which had turned out very unsuccessful.

'I have been hoping,' said Henry Duchesnay, 'that we might save at least a small part of the large sums which my father raised on mortgages at a very heavy rate of interest, but I now find that the stock is literally worthless, and that the shareholders will lose all they have invested. I have only known the truth very recently, and in the hope that you might assist me in some way, I have asked you to come down. I was in Quebec a couple of months ago on the same business, but found you were absent in Montreal. The friends I did consult gave me no comfort whatever.'

I could not disguise the fact that the mining stock of which he was speaking was quite worthless at that time, and that it was out of the question to expect to raise a shilling on it. The chief creditor, I learned, was an old notary, living in the village, who, like his father, had amassed what was a considerable fortune in Lower Canada.

'Jean Brouette,' continued Henry Duchesnay, 'appears to have drawn my father into a perfect network of trickery during my absence in Europe. My father was too easily influenced in business matters, and placed implicit confidence in the old notary, who had managed our affairs for years. If I were alone in the world I would not, perhaps, mind my ill-luck so much, but the old rascal has had the audacity to suggest a compromise, as he calls it; one that is very repugnant to me. He proposes that I should consent to the marriage of his only son to my sister, Estelle, who, I am sure, dislikes him, although, in her affection for me, I believe she would not hesitate to sacrifice herself rather than allow the estate to pass completely out of our family. If this marriage could be arranged, Brouette would be satisfied with a part of the estate, on which he would build a house for his son and wife. Of course the proposal is liberal in the extreme, and if young Brouette were at all a fellow I could esteem, or my sister had any liking for him, I could not have any objection in the world to this plan of settling our difficulties. But I have decided, if no other means can be taken, to allow the estate to be sold rather than see my dear sister throw herself away on so cold-blooded a creature as this Francis Brouette. The worst of it is I am fit for nothing in practical life. I have no professional education, whilst my health at the best is very precarious. It will end, I suppose, in the Duchesnays becoming only a name in the country, like so many other families of the old régime.

II.

CONVERSING on the difficulties of his position, we at last reached the summit of the hills, and drove for a while through a more level country, presenting cultivated fields and many snug cottages of wood, with here and there one built of the common stone of the neighbourhood. We had now reached the Seigniory of the Duchesnays.

'Our family,' said Henry Duchesnay, 'has held the land you see for miles around since the first Duchesnay came over as a captain in the Carignan regiment, in the seventeenth century. It it is true, the settlement of the Seigniorial Tenure question has deprived us of much of our land, and of our old priviliges, but still we have enough to make my patrimony a valuable one for this part of the country, and if my

father had not been led away for years to invest all his money in rash speculations, I could have no reason to be dissatisfied with my lot as the heir to so fine a heritage. At present Brouette, whose house you can now see close to the church—a low, stone building—may be said to be the real owner.'

We passed by the village, a small collection of white-washed, or painted, low-browed, red-roofed houses, all scattered around a large stone church with a lofty steeple, topped by a huge gilded cross, which glittered brightly in the sunshine. We took a road which led us to an avenue of lofty native trees, about a quarter of a mile from the village, and soon found ourselves on a fine lawn, in front of a large stone mansion, unpretending in appearance and covered with wild grape-vines, which clambered over the wide verandah, running along the entire front. The solidity of the stonework, and the massive, clumsy chimneys, showed that the house had been built in old times, though it had been very materially altered of late years, by modernizing the interior and adding a wing and verandah.

A young lady, whose dark and expressive eyes at once spoke of her relationship to my friend, came out on the verandah, as we jumped out of the waggon, and I was introduced to Estelle Duchesnay. Close behind her came a charming old lady from whom even old age had not robbed all her grace and beauty. This was Madame Duhamel, the aunt of the young Duchesnays. She was the widow of a brother of Henry's father, who had been an officer in the British navy, and subsequently a roving captain in the merchant marine. Two fairer types of youth and age, of innocence and experience, of maiden grace and matronly dignity, need scarcely be sought for; the resemblance of their features heightened the contrast of age and character. Each had the same elliptic arch of brow, the straight nose and delicate chin, and the graceful carriage of the well shaped head. Though so many years separated the aunt from the niece, each had her special charm to attract the eye; the one the freshness and joyousness of a hopeful youth; the other, the gentle serenity of a kindly old age, neither saddened by vain regrets for the past, nor distrustful of what the future had in store.

Passing through a large, lofty hall, decorated by a few fine moose and deer heads, we entered a spacious room, comfortably furnished with old-fashioned sofas and armchairs. The walls were covered with several old paintings, chiefly portraits of members or friends of the family. What attracted my attention particularly at the moment, was the number of curious ornaments which were scattered on the mantelpiece and on tables everywhere, and which I afterwards learned had been sent home at different times by Captain Duhamel, who had been very fond of collecting such curiosities.

After a comfortable wash in a snug bedroom, where the windows looked down immediately on a pretty little flower garden, and gave a wide prospect of woodland and meadow, I returned down stairs to a bountiful supper, that was awaiting my appearance. Then the ladies accompanied us to the verandah, where we enjoyed the cool, fresh breeze that came from the hills far to the northward, and seemed so fragrant and invigorating after the hot dusty atmosphere I had been inhaling in a musty office for weeks past. Our conversation gradually turned to the curious ornaments that had attracted my notice, and Henry Duchesnay then gave some particulars about Captain Duhamel's adventurous career, whilst his aunt was absent for some moments giving directions to the servants.

'My uncle left his home at a very early age, as a midshipman on board an English frigate, and by his twenty-fifth year had obtained a lieutenancy. But when his ship was put out of commission, and he saw no prospect of employment for some time, he left the navy, married my aunt, and settled near Quebec; but he soon became tired of an inactive life, and took command of a large merchantman bound to the China Sea. It was on this voyage he collected many of those curiosities which you see scattered about the house. He remained in command of different merchant ships for some eighteen years, in the course of which he paid visits home only at distant intervals. My aunt accompanied him on two voyages—one to Brazil, and the other to the Cape of Good Hope; but her health did not permit her to leave her home for a long time afterwards; and had

it not been for his remittances of money and presents of different kinds, my Uncle Ralph would have been considered by us children as a mythical personage. Two years ago, or a little more, he suddenly made his appearance with his ship at Quebec, and there he was taken with a stroke of paralysis, almost immediately after his arrival, and before my aunt had time to reach him. He never spoke afterwards, but lingered for a fortnight in a perfectly helpless state, very pitiable to be seen, and then died without being able to utter a word. Unhappily for my aunt, she was never able to obtain any accurate information as to the disposition of his property. He was supposed to have saved a considerable amount of money; but he was always reticent on such subjects, of late years, though his letters to my aunt intimated that she need have no fears as to their future comfort, when he retired from his active life on the seas. But, strange to say, we could not find any papers to tell us what he had done with his property. His chief officers were as ignorant in the matter as we were, and all admitted that he never gave his confidence to those about him, with respect to his private affairs. There was one person from whom we might have obtained some clue, and that was, a Henry Martin, who had been his chief mate for years, and who, from his superior education and companionable qualities, was always a great favorite with my uncle. But Martin left the ship many months before my uncle's death, and settled somewhere in South America, and though we have written to him time and again, and addressed our letters to every place where he was likely to be found, we have never received any answer. All the property that my aunt could find was a share in the ship he had been sailing for years, besides a couple of valuable rings, set with precious stones, for which he had a perfect mania, and of whose value he had a remarkable knowledge—equal to that of the best lapidary or jeweller anywhere. The most fantastic illustration of his fancy for curiosities is an old Japanese cabinet which, I believe, accompanied him in all his voyages, and which I will show you now, if you like, for it is a wonderful piece of workmanship, in its way.'

With these words, Henry Duchesnay led me through the hall and dining-room, into a small apartment, wainscoted with oak, now dark with age, and fitted up as a library. It had an air of seclusion, particularly attractive to a lover of books. Several comfortable arm-chairs were scattered about, a well-filled case of books stood between two windows, looking upon a small flower-garden and shrubbery. But the most conspicuous object in the room was a cabinet of decidedly bizarre appearance, made of a variety of costly woods, and standing some six feet high. The faces of the drawers were inlaid with ivory and ebony, making a sort of mosaic pattern, and the handles were exquisitely formed butterflies and humming birds, the colours of which were still remarkably well preserved, despite the rough usage to which it had been subject on many a long sea voyage. Above the shelves of lacquer work and on the top was a large bird of brilliant plumage in the coils of a gorgeously striped serpent, carved out of ebony and ivory, and then painted with exquisite skill.

'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'this is a wonderful piece of workmanship. The eyes of many a connoisseur in London or Paris would covet so rare a piece of carving and coloring.

'The Jap artists,' replied Henry, 'are evidently very clever fellows in their way. I have no doubt it is a prize, and would be worth a good deal if my Aunt were willing to sell it. Indeed, we could find a purchaser to-morrow if we wished. For the inevitable Brouette, only last week, offered to buy it at our own price, but my Aunt laughs at the idea. What the old notary can want with it, I cannot for the life of me say, unless he has taken a fancy to the idea worked out in the serpent and bird. That about illustrates his mode of dealing with his friends and enemies alike.'

Here Estelle Duchesnay came into the room, and said, with a shudder, as she looked at the cabinet,

'Just look at the anguish depicted by the artist in the eyes of the lovely bird that the horrid creature is crushing in his coils. I cannot bear the sight of it, and wish my Aunt would send it away. What a strange taste the artist must have had to mingle the frightful with the beautiful in so fantastic a style.'

I quite agreed with the fair speaker that the cabinet would be far more harmonious were the serpent left out altogether.

'If it were possible to remove the obnoxious part,' said Henry Duchesnay, 'I would make the attempt myself, but if you look closely you will see that the serpent and its victim are so closely connected with the whole fabric, that to destroy one thing would be to ruin the entire cabinet. And then, after all, it is so admirable an illustration of the ingenuity of the Japanese, that it would be a pity to injure it. We should look at it as we would at that famous specimen of antique sculpture, the Laocoon group.'

III.

WHEN we returned to the verandah Madame Duhamel rejoined us, and suggested that we should take a walk in the flower-garden of which I had just caught a glimpse through the library-windows; but we had hardly stepped on the lawn before we saw two persons coming up the shady avenue.

'It is too bad,' said Henry Duchesnay, in a tone of annoyance; 'here come that precious father and son; we might have at least this evening to ourselves.'

I was speaking to Estelle at that moment, and I could see she was equally annoyed at the intrusion; but she said nothing, though she looked anxiously, as if she were afraid her brother might allow some exhibition of his feeling to escape.

As they joined us I was not prepossessed in their favour. The elder Brouette was a little wizened-faced man of between fifty and sixty years of age, with small, keen eyes and dry, parchment looking cheeks, and a voice which, obsequious as he tried to be, was far too sharp and incisive to be pleasant. The son was certainly more presentable both in looks and dress, but he too had the cunning ferret-like eyes, and his manner was far too fawning to be agreeable. Both shook hands with me, when my friends introduced them, and looked at me with their dangerous little eyes as if they would probe out the object of my presence at the manor.

Whether from fear of the well matched couple, or a desire to keep them in as good a humour as possible, the two ladies allowed themselves to be monopolized by the father and son. Henry Duchesnay could hardly restrain his annoyance, and I doubt if he would have done so, had it not been for a warning glance now and then from his sister. We walked through the garden, where a few late roses and some old-fashioned flowers perfumed the evening air. Fortunately the Brouettes did not come to spend the evening, but soon took their departure; but before doing so I heard the old notary say to Henry Duchesnay, as he took my friend aside for a moment to the library window to speak about some matter of business,

'Have you then decided not to sell me that old cabinet; I have taken, as you know, a great fancy to it, and you might please me in so small a matter, as I will pay you more than you can ever sell it for elsewhere.'

'Mr. Brouette,' replied Henry Duchesnay, 'the cabinet, you know perfectly well, is not mine to sell or give away, and I trust you will not trouble me again about it.'

'Oh! very well,' answered the notary; 'keep it since you are so fond of it. It is not worth while quarrelling about, I am quite sure. But come, Francis, we must leave before it is too late. There is no moon to-night, and the road is very dark.'

'I cannot endure this life much longer,' said Henry Duchesnay, as soon as their unwelcome visitors had taken their leave, which they did with as much *empressement* as if they were the dearest friends of the family; 'I would rather pick up stones than be exposed to the coarse insults of the old notary and his son.'

'Be patient, my dear brother,' said Estelle, as she took his hand; 'let us hope for the best; I feel that all is not so dark as it really seems. But come, the dew is commencing to fall heavily, and it will be pleasanter in the sitting-room, where my aunt is waiting for us.'

The rest of the evening passed very delightfully, for the two ladies vied with each other in their efforts to dispel the gloom which the visits of the old notary invariably threw over Henry Duchesnay. Both related for my amusement many interesting incidents in the lives of the ladies and gentlemen whose portraits stared down on us from the walls. One face, from its striking resemblance to Estelle Duchesnay, impressed me particularly, and that was a painting of a young girl of some nineteen or twenty years, elaborately dressed in the

costume of Marie Antoinette's times just previous to the revolution. Her eyes and features generally were very like those of the aunt and niece—those of a true Duchesnay — but there was visible on the countenance of the portrait a sadness, a wierd sadness seemingly, which was in decided contrast with the more healthy, natural expression of the living girl. Estelle Duchesnay told me that the lady of the portrait had been married at an early age, soon after coming out of a French Convent in which she was educated, to an officer in the King's guards, who was one of the first to die in vain efforts to save his sovereign and his Queen in those terrible times. After many trials and vicissitudes she succeeded in reaching her friends in this country, with an only child; but the burden of her sorrow became at last so heavy that her reason gave way and she never recovered it.

'For many years,' continued Miss Duchesnay, 'the unhappy lady lingered in the old chateau; her only pleasure was in gathering flowers, for which she would haunt the deepest, most solitary woods, from the time the white lilies and violets first appeared, and out of which she would make *immortelles* to hang on the imaginary grave of her husband, who, she believed, was resting beneath the shadow of our old church in the village. The habitants would often meet her as she wandered through the woods and meadows, and would bow to her reverently and cross themselves fervently, as if they were in the presence of one from the other world; and so she must have seemed to many, with her saint-like, mournful expression, and her white draped figure. One day she never returned home, and after a search of many hours her friends found her lying peacefully by the side of a brook, with a bunch of white violets in her hand. Here, tired with her walk, she must have laid down to rest, and then fell gradually into a sleep from which no mortal could ever awake her. That spot is still respected by the people far and near, who, in their superstition, have often imagined that they have seen her, a white-robed figure, picking flowers in her favourite haunts.'

'The habitants,' said Madame Duhamel, when her niece had brought her sad history to a close, 'inherit much of the superstition of their Breton and Norman ancestry. Some of them persist in believing that Marie D'Estouville can be seen, every anniversary of her death, picking flowers by the brook where she died. Claire, one of the young servants, declares that she saw a figure, just like that in the portrait, standing on the lawn, beneath the old maple tree, one night in the early part of this summer, when she had got up to open the window wider, on account of the sultriness of the air. In a terrible fright, she called up Margaret, who occupies the same room, but when they summoned enough courage to look out of the window, nothing could be seen. It is in this way, no doubt, most ghost stories originate.'

Music and stories of the peasantry wiled away the rest of the evening, till near midnight, when the ladies retired and left my friend and myself to talk over college days for some moments before we followed their example.

I was up at an early hour in the morning, and strolled out to the lawn, and thence into the little flower-garden, where the flowers that had resisted the heat of the summer were still heavy with dew. Here I found Estelle Duchesnay cutting a few flowers for the breakfast table.

'My brother has never been an early riser,' she replied, when I made enquiries after Henry Duchesnay; 'his delicate health for many years required that he should take a great deal of rest, and what was so long a necessity has now become a regular habit. As for myself, I always enjoy these earlier hours of the morning; everything is so fresh and fragrant; the sun has not had time to burn up the new life which the night's rest and dews have given to the flowers and leaves.'

It was indeed an exquisite morning. The heat of the sun was still modified by a slight mist, which was slowly rising and working its way in almost imperceptible clouds up the hills which rose to the northward, until it was lost in the azure of the heavens. The air was fragrant with the perfume of late blooming roses and honeysuckles which clambered up the side of the veranda or hung carelessly over the low fences. The only noises which disturbed the stillness of the morning were the bells of the cattle in the pastures or the notes of some canaries which trilled their songs on the veranda as cheerily as if they were flying in the woodlands of their natural home.

We strolled up and down the gravelled walks, conversing on different topics which naturally suggested themselves, until Madame Duhamel summoned us to the breakfast table.

Then, Henry Duchesnay, as soon as we had finished breakfast, took me off to the library, that we might freely talk over business matters. When I had looked carefully over the papers, I had to confess that the prospect was by no means bright. The property, though covering an extensive tract, only brought in enough income to support the family in a respectable, and certainly not extravagant style. The mortgage held by the notary very probably represented as much as the property would realize if suddenly forced into the market. Our only hope was in raising the money elsewhere to pay off Brouette; but that was not to be easily done in times when great financial distress was prevalent in all the large commercial centres.

'On one thing I am decided,' said Henry Duchesnay; 'my sister must not listen to the proposals of young Brouette. She, at least, must not be sacrificed.'

To this decision of my friend I gave an emphatic response in my own mind. It would indeed be a sacrifice, I said to myself, to see the charming Estelle Duchesnay the wife of a mere miser, as I felt the younger Brouette would become sooner or later, for he had imprinted on his face all the signs of innate greed and selfishness. Later on, as I was thrown more frequently into the company of Estelle Duchesnay, my repugnance to hearing her name even mentioned in connection with that of the young notary became still greater. From the moment of that interview among the roses and honeysuckles, the expressive eyes of the lovely girl were seldom absent from my mind.

Having sent off several letters in connection with my friend's affairs, I accompanied him round the village. The primitive tastes of the habitants were illustrated on every side. Everything was old-fashioned—remember I am writing of some twenty years ago, when improvements made only slow way in French Canadian villages. Large, clumsy sweeps hung over the wells, and oxen were busy in the fields, hauling, in heavy wooden carts, the grain which was just ripe for the sickle. Some women, for the most part stout and bronze-faced, and dressed in homespun petticoats, white jackets, and broad-brimmed straw hats, were helping the men in the fields. Hollyhocks and sunflowers flaunted their showy blossoms in front of every cottage. The houses we entered were extremely neat, and had the inevitable double stove between two rooms. Every one, old and young, had a pleasant word for my friend, and several made more than one remark, as we stood conversing on the weather and the crops, which showed how little esteem was felt for the old notary and his son. At the same time it was easily seen that he had a strong hold over more than my friend in that part of the country. Every one evidently feared, and all despised, his character, but none were ready to quarrel openly with the only moneyed man in the settlement.

We stopped at the Post Office, which was kept in a shop with a sign over the door—

PIERRE GAUDET,
Marchandises Sèches & Epiceries.

This was one of the general shops, to be seen throughout the country, where everything is sold, from a needle to a ready-made coat or Digby herring. Here the postmaster, a careworn man of some fifty years of age, handed us a parcel of letters and papers out of one of the little pigeon-holes which took up a corner near the window. I noticed that he looked at my friend as if he were afraid to meet his eye, and after delivering the package he made an excuse to hurry to the back part of the shop.

'That poor fellow, Gaudet,' said Henry Duchesnay, as we drove off, 'is one of Brouette's victims, and I am not astonished he should look so wretched. He has been borrowing money for years from the notary at an enormous rate of interest, and is now known to be entirely at my old friend's mercy. I daresay you must by this time think us a particularly happy community, since an old money-lender has us all by the throats. But, unhappily for the habitants, there are too many of Brouette's class in the rural districts. No wonder the people are poor.

IV.

A WEEK passed away very quickly—certainly the happiest week of my

life. I enjoyed the society of Estelle Duchesnay for many hours in strolling through the pleasant walks in the forest, and on one occasion we all made an excursion to a lake situate a few miles distant in the bosom of encircling hills. Here nature luxuriated in all its primitive wildness. The white clematis hung in masses over the trees, which bent their boughs into the very water, and great pines, which had resisted the tempests of a century or more, towered like grim sentinels on the mountain slopes. From more than one lofty hill we saw a noble panorama of mountains behind and of level meadows below, while far away stretched the dark blue waters of the great river. Is it strange that amid such scenes, my feeling of admiration for the sister of my college friend should have gradually ripened into a deeper sentiment.

My friends had not seen or heard anything of the Brouettes for some days—in fact, my presence at the manor-house seemed to keep them at a distance—but I felt that the time was fast coming when my friend must decide on his course for the future.

One afternoon, I happened to be walking in the outskirts of the grounds. For a wonder I was alone—Henry Duchesnay was tired and had laid down to sleep, while the ladies were busily engaged in some domestic occupation. I wandered carelessly through the shaded avenues, and at last found myself close to the main road. Here was a thick grove of spruce, which looked so cool and inviting on that hot August afternoon, that I threw myself down under their fragrant boughs, and took out a little volume, a copy of Montaigne's Essays, which I had found on the shelves in the library. I did not read much, but lay reflecting on the present and future, when I was aroused from my meditative frame of mind by the noise of some footsteps coming slowly over the road, which passed only a few feet from my resting-place. I could not see the faces through the thick growth of fir, but as the footsteps drew nearer, I recognised the voices as those of the old notary and his son. I did not wish to play the part of an eavesdropper; but neither was I inclined to meet them, and I consequently remained quiet in the hope that they would soon pass on; but, as it happened, they stopped near the gate, as if they were hesitating about paying a visit to the house. They were now just far enough off to enable me to catch snatches of their conversation.

'Remember now, Francis,' said the old notary, 'I must have no more of this faint-heartedness. I have set my heart on your having the lady as well as the estate—it has been the object of my life for years to see you married into the oldest family in the country. The doctor has told me Henry Duchesnay is dying of consumption; that his life cannot be spared many years, though he himself believes he is stronger. Then you must be the owner of everything, if you marry Estelle.'

'Father,' replied the young man, 'I am willing enough to marry Estelle Duchesnay' —how I should like to have shaken the rascal for so freely using her name—' but she will not listen to me when I try to speak to her; she too clearly dislikes me, and I cannot go to be insulted by that upstart brother of hers.'

'I will see Henry Duchesnay at once,' said the father, emphatically, 'and let him know my terms for the last time. I don't like to see that Quebec lawyer hanging about; he may thwart our plans. But remember there is that other affair to be attended to at once.'

Here I lost the thread of their conversation, as they dropped their voices on hearing a cart coming up the road. After the cart had disappeared, and all was quiet again, I only caught one sentence, and that was not very intelligible to me.

'I am sure'—it was the father who was speaking—'that I have got the clue I've been looking for. It was only a week ago that Gaudet gave me a letter which, I think, solves the mystery which has so long been perplexing the Duchesnays, and as I see no other means just now of finding out the secret, I've resolved on the plan I've told you. It must be done at once; there is no risk whatever; better try that plan than let some lucky chance discover the whole affair to the family; and then what becomes of my long cherished schemes for your advancement.'

Here I lost the rest of the conversation, for the speakers entered the gate and proceeded towards the house, while I took a walk in another direction to reflect on what I had heard. It was quite evident to me

that the old notary was hatching some new scheme which foreboded no good to my friends, but what I had overheard did not give me much inkling into the subject. I decided to say nothing to young Duchesnay, for the present—it would only worry one of so excitable a disposition, and perhaps lead him to commit some hasty act which would complicate matters still more. On reaching the house I learned that the Brouettes had only remained half an hour, and then left, with the threat that they were not prepared to wait much longer. The old notary, I also found, had made a formal proposal for the hand of my friend's sister.

'I gave him an answer,' said Henry Duchesnay, who was much excited, 'which will prevent the old intriguer ever daring to approach me again on that subject. I suppose,' he added, with a sigh, 'that we must soon make up our minds to leave the old homestead.'

I was not able to afford any direct encouragement to my friend, but I decided, as I had not yet received any answers to my letters, to leave on the following day for the capital, and see for myself what might be done. We passed a very quiet evening, talking over probabilities for the future. I had, I confess, felt much relieved that Estelle Duchesnay was not to be allowed to sacrifice herself by a marriage with so unworthy a man as the younger Brouette. Though no words of mine had ever revealed my affection for her, yet I was sure, at times, that she was not unconscious of my attachment, and that her own feelings were not unfavourable to me. I believed that were I to succeed in assisting her brother out of his great difficulty, I should have an additional claim upon her regard, and might hope eventually to win her love. That evening particularly, I thought her manner, whenever she spoke to me, was even kinder to me than usual, and that I felt a sympathetic pressure of her hand as she bade me good night. Be that as it may, it served to feed the hope that the day would soon come when I could ask her to become my wife. Never more did I regret that I was not a capitalist. What an unspeakable gratification it would have been, to have relieved my friends of the heavy sorrow that was now apparently in store for them.

The night was fine, but remarkably dark, and the trees that stood in every direction, so close to the old house, naturally added to the prevailing gloom. Even the whip-poor-will that generally came every night and sang his curious refrain on the trellis-work below my window, seemed to have deserted his favorite haunts, or else to have sought his secluded nest unusually early. I had put out the lamp that I might more perfectly enjoy the calm that rested everywhere, and burying myself in an arm-chair, gave myself up to reflections on what might or might not be in the future. The most practical and prosaic amongst us will build, at one time or other in his life, his *chateaux en Espagne*. The only difference is the style of architecture these castles will assume in each imagination.

And then having built my château, of which, it is needless to say, Estelle Duchesnay was the fair châtelaine, my thoughts carried me to a less pleasant subject for reflection, and that was the conversation I had heard the previous afternoon in the spruce copse, and which I had forgotten for the moment, in the society of my friends. What could be the secret which the old covetous Paul Pry had managed to ferret out? I was sure, from the few words I had caught, that his scheme, if successful, meant some new misfortune to my friends. While reflecting over the affair, I gradually fell into a half dreamy state, in which I must have remained for a long time, till I suddenly started up with one of those presentiments that will frequently impress themselves forcibly on our minds—a presentiment that a crisis was approaching in the fortunes of my friend. I tried to throw off the idea that was burning itself into my very brain, and to force my thoughts to take another direction. Restless and excited though I was, I decided at last to try and compose my oppressive thoughts in sleep, and as I rose from my chair, and was about relighting the little lamp, I was sure I saw a gleam of light flicker near the garden gate, as I happened to look out of the window for a moment while holding the match in my hand. I thought for the instant that the light might come through the closed blinds of one of the other windows, but I knew that everyone in the house must have long since retired, and if I had any doubt on the

matter, that was soon removed by the fact that it was moving slowly through the garden, and I could hear the cautious movement of some person or animal, as a branch or pebble was touched. I sat down again in my chair, where I could better observe the light without the danger of being seen, and reflected what was best to be done. I soon found that the light proceeded from a small lantern; but who was carrying it? It could not be anybody belonging to the manor, and certainly burglars were never heard of in that secluded part of the country, where doors and windows were hardly ever fastened securely. Then, like a flash of lightning, there came again to my mind the conversation that I had overheard that afternoon. The light stopped immediately below my window, and I was able at last to detect the outlines of two figures, and could hear a faint whispering. Then I heard the lower window opened gently, and there was a pause for some moments as if the persons were listening. It was quite clear that the robbers, who I was now convinced were the Brouettes, were about to enter the library, which was separate from the main body of the house where the inmates slept. In that room was evidently hidden the secret of which Brouette had dropped a hint in my hearing. I determined to act with the greatest caution, and to catch the rascals in the middle of their scheme, whatever it might be.

In the meantime, whilst these thoughts were flying through my mind, I looked cautiously out, and noticed that one of the two forms had climbed through the window with the light, and left the other to watch outside. I hesitated for a moment before proceeding noiselessly to Henry Duchesnay's room, when my eyes were enchained by a strange spectacle which affected me with an unaccountable awe. Coming up the path which led from the maple grove directly to the library window, was a figure draped in white. My eyes could perfectly trace the shadowy outlines of the mysterious visitant, as I peered into the gloom. Then I caught, or imagined I caught, a glimpse of the face in the portrait of the unfortunate Marie D'Estouville. My imagination was now naturally excited to the most intense degree, and prepared to accept even the most incredible incident as a reality. All the surroundings of the scene were calculated to impress even the most obtuse and practical mind with a sense of the marvellous. All the stories that I may have heard of unaccountable incidents, flashed across my memory, and seemed not improbable in the gloom that rested that summer night around the old mansion.

But instantaneously another thought took the place of the superstitious fancies which, for a moment, carried me away into the realms of the marvellous. Fearful of the consequences, if what I now imagined turned out a fact, I awoke my friend hurriedly, and informing him in a few words of my suspicions, proceeded as fast as I could to the garden. I was not a moment too soon. My hasty movements down the stairs evidently disturbed the housebreakers, for as I reached the garden gate, I could see one of them stepping out of the window. As he reached the ground, he put out the light and prepared to make his escape. Neither of the two had yet seen the white figure which was standing in the midst of the flowers, like a guardian angel in a robe of celestial innocence. As they turned to fly from the garden at the sound of my approaching steps, they caught a full view of the white draped figure, and as they did so, the one darted precipitately into the woods with a cry of intense terror, while the other—whose faint voice I recognised as the old notary's—fell panic-struck, on his knees, with appeals to the 'Blessed Virgin' to protect him.

But I had no thought at that instant for the abject wretch, for my whole attention was directed to the mysterious visitor, now trembling with fear. I was not mistaken in the conjecture I had formed when I caught a second glimpse of the figure from the window. It was Estelle Duchesnay, who had been walking in her sleep, and, now suddenly aroused from her lethargy, was asking in trembling accents the meaning of this strange scene.

By this time Madame Duhamel and Henry Duchesnay made their appearance with lights, and for an instant or two all was confusion, until my hurried explanations gave some insight into the cause of the excitement. Whilst Madame Duhamel assisted her niece, almost fainting with nervous excitement, to the house, Henry Duchesnay and myself turned to look for the old notary, who had been for the mo-

ment forgotten, but we found that he had disappeared during the confusion of the explanations.

V.

WE wasted no time in following the old notary, for we knew he could be found later on without difficulty, but hurried to the library, where we saw abundant evidence of his hasty flight. A screw driver and file were lying on the table, and a sheet of paper was on the floor. My first glance, as I entered the room, was in the direction of the cabinet, but so far as I could see that had not been disturbed. Henry Duchesnay picked up the paper, which happened to be a letter dated from a small village in the interior of Brazil. With an exclamation of wonder, Henry Duchesnay glanced at the name of the writer, and then read it aloud:

'DEAR SIR,—I daresay you have been much surprised at my not having answered the letters which, I judge from the only one I have received, you have addressed to me on several occasions. You must know that for nearly two years I was acting as agent to a large estate in the Argentine Republic, and owing to the unsettled state of the country for months, was unable to communicate with my friends. It is only within the past eight months that I have left that wretched country and bought a plantation in Brazil. I am sorry I cannot give you much information as to your uncle's property. You are certainly correct in supposing that Captain Duchesnay gave me a good deal of his confidence, but he was the last man in the world to let even his dearest friend into the secret of his wealth. I am sure he had saved considerable property, but in what shape I cannot say. He had a mania, as you doubtless know, for collecting curiosities, and among other things he once showed me some valuable diamonds which he had purchased in Brazil, and on which he expected to realize a large sum. On one occasion, when he was more communicative than usual, he pointed out to me an ingenious contrivance which the artificer had devised as a hiding place for valuables in a curious cabinet he had bought in Japan. My memory is not very clear, but I think there was a serpent entwined about a bird, and that the secret was discovered by untwisting the coils. You must measure some eight or ten inches—I forget which—from the serpent's fangs and then, if you press firmly on an ebony stripe, you will find a spring give way, and allow the key-piece, as it were, to slip out. You must next unscrew each joint separately, and then you will free the bird, under whose wings are two cleverly contrived places for concealing valuables. I suppose you have seen this cabinet or at least know where it is to be found. It would be curious if you should find in the secret receptacle some clue which will help you in discovering the whereabouts of your uncle's property. Hoping that you may yet be successful in your search, and again regretting that I can be of so little assistance to you, I remain,

Very sincerely and obediently yours,

HENRY MARTIN.

Then we turned simultaneously to the cabinet, which looked even more fantastic than ever in the dull light of a flickering lamp. Henry Duchesnay paused, as if undecided what to do next, and then said to me,

'Would you believe it, Ralph; this excitement has made me so nervous that my hand is actually shaking. All this seems like a dream. You must discover the secret, if there is any, in the old cabinet.'

I read once more that part of the letter which referred to the cabinet, lest I might not have perfectly understood it, and then measured ten inches, and when that length did not appear to answer, eight inches. Nothing yielded to my first pressure, but as there were several ebony stripes I tried each one separately until at last I felt one give way, and in the next instant a little coil lay in my hand. It was then an easy task to untwist the rest, and when that was done the exquisitely carved bird was liberated. I touched the wings, but nothing moved, and for the moment I thought I was to fail. At last, by pressing gently on each part, I accidentally touched a hidden spring, and then the bird seemed ready to fly off on extended pinions. In the body of the bird, which was lined with some curious perfumed leather, we found a miniature ebony casket, and a small package encased in oiled silk. We opened the casket first, which was fastened by a spring, and then our eyes were dazzled by a wondrous sight. Here, on a soft couch of wool, lay some exquisite gems, diamonds and opals, which sent forth countless tints and gleams to light up the dull room with all the colours of a glorious rainbow.

So dazed were we for some moments by the sparkle of these wonderful illustrations of Nature's most cunning workmanship, that we could do nothing but look and admire. When we recollected the smaller package, we ripped off the silk and found that it contained the captain's will, devi-

sing all his property to his wife, and, on her death, to his nephew and niece in equal proportions, as well as a statement of the value of the jewels, which represented nearly all his wealth. As the jewels had been bought under peculiarly favorable circumstances, it was probabie that they would realize far more than the sum at which they had been purchased, some thirty thousand dollars; and this turned out the case afterwards.

Madame Duhamel, who was all this while in attendance on her niece, who was utterly prostrated from the shock of the excitement, was overjoyed when she was informed of the wonderful discovery, and clapped her hands in the happiness of the thought that she would now be able to ensure the future of her nephew and save the estate.

But we soon woke to the necessity of attending to more prosaic matters. We could not forget the Brouettes, whose scheme had turned out so signally to their own discomfiture. It was now evident enough that the old notary, believing from the tenor of Martin's letter that the old cabinet concealed a valuable secret, had used his best efforts to purchase it, and when those failed, had determined to make a desperate venture to solve the mystery for himself. To marry his son to Estelle Duchesnay, and to see him eventually the proprietor of the estate, of which his father and grandfather had been the *censitaires*,—the mere dependants—had been notoriously the dream of his life, and rather than see his darling scheme thwarted by any discovery which might place the Duchesnays beyond his reach, he had resorted to the daring stratagem in which he had been caught himself.

But the first query I put, as we talked over the best plan to pursue, was as to the way the letter had fallen into the elder Brouette's possession.

'You remember my telling you,' replied Henry Duchasnay, 'that we never received a reply to the letters we addressed to Martin. A few weeks after my father's death I determined to make another effort to reach Martin, and wrote the letter to which this is evidently the reply. I now recollect that the old notary came in when I had finished, and as he had then my entire confidence, I read it aloud and gave it to him to mail The old scoundrel has managed to intercept the reply, which indeed I have never expected; in fact I had forgotten all about it.

I took upon myself the management of the whole affair with Brouette. But before we visited his office, we proceeded to the post-office. I had a private interview with the postmaster, who confessed—as I expected he would—after we had threatened to expose him and had shown him that Brouette was at our mercy, that he had for a long time back been in the habit of allowing the notary to look over all letters addressed to the Duchesnays, and had retained any which bore a foreign postmark. The unhappy man, it appeared, was entirely in Brouette's power, and too weak to resist his importunities. He now remembered that he had received a letter some ten days before, with a Brazilian postmark, and this Brouette had put into his pocket with the remark that he would deliver it himself, as he was interested in its contents.

Our interview with the old notary, whom we found alone, his son having left the village at an early hour in a schooner bound for the Gulf, did not last long. He assumed a very indignant and even defiant air when we first made our purpose known, but he soon found he was at our mercy, when we told him that he had been recognized the night before, and that we had learned from Gaudet the means he had used to obtain possession of the letter which he had accidentally dropped in his haste to fly, and which, he confessed, he had foolishly taken with him to consult in his quest after the secret of the old Cabinet. My friends were so reluctant to have their family affairs exposed to public notoriety that I was compelled to forego the pleasure of taking measures to have him prosecuted criminally; but we gave him two alternatives to choose from: either to be brought to trial for his attempt to rob, and for his letter-stealing; or to leave that part of the country as soon as he could settle his affairs. I daresay we could have made our own terms with him, when his courage had thoroughly broken down, but Henry Duchesnay would not free himself from his just obligations in the smallest degree, and came to an arrangement by which the notary was to be paid the sum due him, within a time which would enable us to realize the value of the

jewels. A careful investigation of the accounts, which ran over many years, revealed the fact that Brouette had taken advantage of my friend's father in numerous ways, and when we came to a final settlement, the amount justly due was considerably below that which he had claimed at the first. Both father and son disappeared immediately afterwards to find a new home somewhere in the West, but we never heard of them again. As to the unfortunate postmaster, he emigrated to New Hampshire, where, I understand, he is now doing well.

This story, which I have told you in my imperfect way, said my friend in conclusion, has been written in that same library, and close by that old Cabinet which has played so important a part in the fortunes of a Canadian family. But as I recall the past, I miss two of those familiar and kind faces, present in this room some twenty years ago. Madame Duhamel lived for ten years after the discovery of her fortune, while Henry Duchesnay, who never married, left us about six years ago on a trip to Egypt, but he never returned, and his body now rests in the little European cemetary near Cairo. In reply to the other query, which I know will be asked by those who may hear or read this story, I have to say very simply that, if you could look out into the little garden, now in the freshness of its summer beauty, you would see at this very moment two ladies who resemble each other remarkably. The elder is still a youthful matron; the younger is a slim, graceful girl of seventeen years, They are trimming the roses and gaily laughing at the antics of a little spaniel who finds the birds far too wary as he eagerly springs after them among the shrubs and flowers. Estelle is the name of both these ladies. One is my wife; the other, my eldest daughter.

J. G. Bourinot.

NOX ERAT.

HE stood alone and saw the great world rushing
On with its throbbing mass of human life;
He stood and saw the moil and toil of millions,
While in his own heart clashed their din and strife.

'O, world so strange in which our lives are shapen;
O, land so vague to which our pathways tend;
O, Thou in whose vast palm our destinies are hidden,
When wilt Thou bring our sorrows to an end?

'Must man walk on alone throughout the ages,
Evil in silence gnawing at his heart?
Shalt never lyre sweet for him be tunèd?
Or flower for his poor pleasure bloom apart?

'Here must he always suffer pain and anguish,
And see, yet never gain the wished-for goal;
And sing, but never waken with his rapture
The only heart for which he breathes his soul?

'Oh, lonely, dark, and drear this life of toiling,
Black as the night that broods o'er Lethe's wave!
Shall never rest be found from endless labour,
Until man lays him in the silent grave?

'Oh, tell me, trembling heart, that beats so faintly,
Shall I not find this side the grave, the goal,—
That rest the heaven-born being craveth,
The just reward and recompense of toil?'

There came upon the moaning wind, that swept
His wing across the sable brow of Night,
A whisper sweet as seraph's echoed note ;
He caught its meaning thrilling in its flight.

'O, thou whose heart is dark and full of doubting ;
O, thou whose eyes are turned within to look ;
Dost thou not know of Him, who, for thy safety,
The burden of thy sin and sorrow took ?

'And carried all for thee, O sinful creature,
And now stands waiting with His pardoning love ;
And, in His pleading goodness, calls thee higher,
Bidding thee trust in Him and look above ?

'Cans't thou not look to Him, and, trusting all things,
Within His strong arms feel thyself at rest ?
O, foolish child, thou never shalt be lonely,
For God Himself stands with thee in the test.

'Then dost thou fear to go out in the darkness
And tread the way where He has gone before ?
Or lay thy head upon the stony pillow ?
Or cross the billows, though they wildly roar ?

'Go thou with Him who hast not thee forsaken ;
Walk on, though dark and drear the way may seem :
For in His Word He saith He careth for thee ;
And soon thou'lt see His precious promise gleam

'Adown the narrow way, and pierce the gloom.
Then come, thou lonely, wandering, wayward one,
Press on with Him, and all the night shall shine
With light as glorious as the mid-day sun.'

The youth who stood upon the lonely height
Then turned his glowing face, all wet with tears,
And from a humble, broken, contrite heart,
There fell the desolating pride of years :

'I'll go with Him though darkness be around me,
I'll put my hand in His and hasten on.
Lead Thou the way, the darkness disappeareth—
I know my life-march fairly now begun.

'Thank God, I not alone in night shall journey ;
The light of Heaven shines on the conquered sod,
And with this Friend, whose arm is strong and helpful,
I'll tread the path His bleeding feet have trod.'

H. C. Magee.

THE SCHOOLBOY DAYS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

IN an English paper of high character and large circulation, much read in Canada and all over the world, there appeared some time back a biographical notice of some pretensions of Mr. Disraeli, his literary works and political career. We were there told that 'Mr. Isaac Disraeli' (the father, commonly known as the elder Disraeli), 'did not adhere to the Jewish religion, but he dissented from the Church of England, and his son Benjamin was therefore educated at a small private school kept by the late Rev. E. Cogan, Unitarian minister of Walthamstow.' Or put it thus: The Rev. E. Cogan was a Unitarian minister and kept a school; Mr. Isaac Disraeli had Jewish blood in his veins, still warm; it was not unlikely that he would be a Unitarian, as was really the case with a Mr. Isaac Solly, whose forefathers had been Jews, and whose sons were at Cogan's; Mr. Isaac Disraeli sent his son to Mr. Cogan's school; therefore Mr. Disraeli was a—Unitarian? No, a dissenter from the Church of England. So that Unitarian and dissenter are offered to us as convertible terms. We were further told that, 'His' (Mr. Disraeli's) 'father possessed the estate and mansion of Bradenham Manor, near High Wycombe, and might have associated on equal terms with the landed gentry but for his peculiarities of foreign race and creed [?] and his secluded life as a student. When Mr. Benjamin Disraeli left school, instead of going to one of the universities, which were then more under church direction than they now are, he was placed in an attorney's office to learn some details of business.' We are also told that Mr. Disraeli's only brother was deceased. What happens? In the same paper of one week later date we read as follows: 'We are glad to find we were in error in stating, last week, that Mr. Ralph Disraeli, the only brother of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli was dead. He is still a Registrar of the Court of Chancery, is married, and has a son.' So that the same paper, which cannot state correctly whether the brother of the Prime Minister of England, and a Registrar of the Court of Chancery, is dead or living to-day, nevertheless undertakes to tell us all about Mr. Isaac Disraeli sixty years ago. It is much the same as if a man, who could not see what was in front of him, a few yards off, were to pretend to descry what was taking place across the next county. Is it any matter of wonder that it should be all wrong? To any one who does not see at a glance the *non sequiturs* which it exhibits, it seems well enough pieced together and presents a fair appearance. It is not every one perhaps who, when he hears that 'peculiarities of foreign race and creed' shut out the possessor of Bradenham Manor mansion and estate from association with the landed gentry, thinks of the Rothschilds of our own day, and of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and others, and of what we are frequently hearing about them all.

How stand the facts with regard to Mr. Isaac Disraeli?

It is quite true that Mr. Cogan kept a school (not by any means a *small* private school), at Walthamstow—at Higham Hill (to be exact), an outlying district of that suburban village—that he ministered at a Unitarian chapel in Marsh street at Walthamstow, and that the young Disraeli was sent to his school. But it is also true that Mr. Cogan himself and his school were alike of very high character, and that churchmen of such station and standing as Mr. Isaac Disraeli, Mr. Baron Gurney, Mr. Sergeant Peake (to mention the first that occur to our memory), and many others did not hesitate to entrust their sons to his care, although he was an officiating minister of a denomination against which there existed at that time a perhaps greater prejudice than now. It was a trust that was never betrayed in either public or private worship. On Sunday mornings the boys were drafted off into two detachments, one of which was marched away to Walthamstow Church, under the command of an usher, while the other, commanded

by Richard Cogan, the second son, took its way to the chapel. With the former went young Disraeli, the Gurneys, the Peakes, and say thirty more boys, about half the school. There were some Jews at Cogan's, the Lonsadas, but not, to our recollection, dissenters of any other denomination than Unitarian.

It is surely amusing to mark how, read by this simple explanation, the whole ingenious fabric of the biographer falls to pieces like a house of cards, cleverly built up as it is with its 'dissenters,' its 'Unitarians,' its 'landed gentry,' its 'foreign race and creed,' and its 'Church direction.'

No doubt, if you knew it, ladies and gentlemen readers of newspapers, this sort of thing is often offered for your acceptance. There was a similar biographical notice of Mr. Gladstone in the paper of the previous week. Who can say how much of it you may believe? It has no unpleasant flavor and you swallow it readily enough. Why not? It is not unadulterated, to be sure, but neither is it unwholesome. It is like coffee with chicory in it; the flavor is heightened to some palates. We have heard old ladies say, 'it must be true, I saw it in the newspaper.' Very well. There is a bliss of ignorance which turns wisdom into folly. So we are told. Still one would rather have his facts pure when he pays for them; he does not want to drink dandelion-root at fifty cents a pound. And then adulteration is thoroughly bad in itself. To you, Messieurs Adulterators, we would say—beware. The analyser may not be always looking over your shoulder. It may not always be that,

> 'A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
> An' faith he'll prent it.'

But see how he may spring up when and where you least expect to find him.

Mr. Isaac Disraeli, then, was a member of the Church of England, and so was his son from the beginning. If we are not very much mistaken, the elder Disraeli was a strong Church and King man, and a supporter of and contributor to the Quarterly Review, in times when those designations meant more than they would now-o'-days. He was a tory of the old stamp, before such fine-drawn distinctions as Conservative and Liberal-Conservative had any existence. In Lord Beaconsfield's young days there were Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, and the party lines were distinctly drawn. Though the Radicals could hardly be correctly called a party yet. It was the radicalism of such men as Cobbett and Hunt, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the scorn and hatred with which it was regarded—a radicalism which prime ministers have well-nigh dug down to now. Those were stirring times. They were the times when the war had not long been over, and wheat had fallen from a hundred shillings the quarter down to forty, and consols had gone up in a similar proportion, and half the farmers in the country were ruined. They had been prancing in the pride of high prices—thinking more of pianos and saddle-horses for their daughters than of preparing for a rainy day—and down they came. There was wide-spread agricultural and manufacturing distress. Those were the times of 'The Battle of Peterloo,' of the Cato Street conspiracy, of hangings by dozens, of the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower, of the death of the Princess Charlotte, of 'The First Gentleman in Europe,' of Queen Caroline mobs smashing windows. In that day men went about their ordinary business, lawyers and doctors, say, in breeches and top-boots, and collars to their coats big enough for a horse. The time had not long gone by when a fashionable lady appeared at a theatre in Paris, as Sir John Carr wrote, seemingly 'wrapped only in a little muslin,' and created such a sensation that she was compelled to leave the house.

The date of Lord Beaconsfield's birth, 21st December, 1805, may be correctly given. But in that case, he can have been only just fourteen at the time when we first saw him, namely, at the beginning of the first school half-year in 1820. That is not consistent with our recollection of his appearance. Disraeli was then one of the 'big fellows,' which a lad only then entering on his fifteenth year could hardly have been. There was in those days a very defined line of demarcation between jackets and tail-coats. Transition was abrupt, not shaded off by any intermediate stages. Lads assumed all at once the full coat, the *toga virilis*, so to speak, and this would not usually be done until they were closely approaching the threshold of manhood. Now

Disraeli had done this. Blue coats with brass buttons of the size of a half dollar, of resplendent polish, and folded in silver paper when the coat came from the tailor's, were the thing in that era of fashion, and we can remember Disraeli's long blue tails depending from the two waist buttons set at a high level, somewhere in the region of the shoulder-blades. He was a remarkable lad at that early period. He assumed manly airs; did not join in the sports of the boys; might be seen reading the Quarterly Review which the elder Disraeli sent to him—a reading certainly not common with boys at his time of life. Higham Hill is now a remote place, though no more than seven or eight miles from London, accessible by a very unfrequented loop-lane. In those days it was got at by a branch coach, such as branch coaches are or were then. It happened to ourselves to return to school after the holidays on the same evening with Disraeli. It seemed to us, youngster-like, that any modicum of delay was so much gained from the moment when the dark portals of the 'half' should close upon us; but Disraeli, not deigning to take any more notice of us than a man in his third year would of a freshman, was continually putting his head out of window and objurgating old Fred, the driver, for his many stoppages and divergencies from the direct route, just as a full-grown man, who had yet to dine, might have done. Poor old stupid Fred! What different aspects he assumed when he fetched us away and brought us back again! He can be driving no mortal horses now. For aught we can tell, he may be driving a 'bus which 'connects' with Charon at the Styx.

There was no appearance then of the fopperies in dress by which Mr. Disraeli was afterwards distinguished, but which he has doubtless long thrown aside. If one of those amazing correspondents of American papers may be believed, against which the odds are very heavy, he has gone into the opposite extreme. The boys' boxes, for the most part, stood under the desks, and the boys could either scrape their shins against them or rest their feet on them, according to the length of their legs. These boxes were subject to domiciliary visits from contraband silkworms, but that was a suspicion under which Disraeli would never have come. His box, which was large, and we have a lingering impression was of a reddish color, was placed in a small open space under one of the windows. This is mentioned, not as having a shade of importance in itself, unless as a possible indication of Disraeli's standing in the school, but as a curious instance of a memory, over which more than fifty years have passed since that time, still clinging to little things, and as a proof that its hold is yet firm upon those long past days. Disraeli was not looked upon while a schoolboy as studious or clever. He reached the upper form of the school and passed out of it in due course. That was all.

The date of the publication of 'Vivian Grey,' is said by the same accurate authority, whom we have already quoted a little, to have taken place 'so early as 1827.' We can positively fix its occurrence as early at least as before midsummer of 1826. At that date Mr. Cogan, growing old, discontinued his school, and, as it left us, the then remaining boys, so we left it. But we can well remember that, while we were yet there, Richard Cogan told us that Disraeli had written a book, and had introduced him into it, as he had heard, in no complimentary character, and he uttered some threats that, if that should prove to be the case, he must call him to account for it. Now those were the days, the palmy days, of prize fighting, which excites our wonderment now, but for which Mr. George Borrow makes a fair show of defence. 'Calling to account' might well mean a thrashing with fisticuffs. And from that point of view Richard Cogan's threat was a little ludicrous. He was a diminutive man, swarthy, bilious, bandy-legged, short in temper and in person alike. When we last saw him, it was at Dr. Williams's Library in Redcorn Street in London, and he was then a little old man with white hair. As that is more than thirty years ago, he cannot survive now. There can be no doubt that what is told of school-doings in Vivian Grey was drawn from Cogan's school. The character in question is compounded of Richard Cogan and one Mackney, an usher who was there before our time. It is rather curious, when we consider what Dr. Arnold and Mr. Thomas Hughes have since done for Rugby School, that young Vivian is made to say to his father, when the pros and cons of various schools are

under discussion, 'anything but Rugby, it is so deuced low.'

If Disraeli was born in December, 1805, he must, from what has been shown, have been at least as young as twenty when 'Vivian Grey' was published, a very remarkably early age at which to produce a book commanding so much success. Whatever may be thought of it now, it at once established for the author an assured position as a writer of that class. It was quickly followed up by second and third parts. In our humble opinion, Mr. Disraeli's books are full of froth and frippery, and are spiced hot with a reckless personality, but they have, it cannot be denied, a sparkling cleverness and an effrontery of audacity which is sometimes very happy. The mock miracle in his latest work is perhaps the most audacious thing ever written.

Let us give our biographer what crumbs of comfort we can. It was not a bad conjecture that a Jew, embracing Christianity, would stop at Unitarianism. Such was, as we have said, the case with the Sollys, whose forefathers had been Jews, and several of whose sons were at Cogan's. One of these died not long since, having attained considerable eminence as an operating surgeon. He was a twig early bent in the direction in which the branch would grow. His writing books used to be scrawled over with laudatory hyperbole about surgery. The Sollys lived at a large handsome house at Leyton, adjoining Walthamstow, and sometimes a detachment of the boys would be invited there to spend the afternoon. But their entertainers suffered the fate which not seldom overtakes your Lords and Ladies Bountiful. Some rhyming wag in the school celebrated their visits in the following doggerel. It *may* have been Disraeli; it may be looked upon as almost certain that he was one of the company:

'Large rooms,
  But little cheer,
Large cellars,
  But little beer.
Large house—
  Almost haunted,
Large garden,
  Peaches counted.'

A few more particulars of the school with which the boyhood of the future novelist-statesman and prime minister was associated may perhaps not be unwelcome. Greek and Latin were everything, and everything else was nothing. Even mathematics—taught by Mr. or Dr. Hutton in our time—were an extra, like dancing and drawing. Mr. Cogan was a critical Greek scholar; he maintained at least one public controversy on some Greek point with Dr. Bloomfield, bishop first of Chester, afterwards of London, and a critical scholar also. Mr. Cogan seemed to pass all his spare time reading Greek, except a little very indifferent fiddling and a daily ride on horseback, when he made a very good representation of Dr. Syntax, just a little moderized. He had narrowly escaped the cocked hat. We can remember one of the last of the cocked hats disappearing below the horizon. It was borne on the head of an old gentleman, a Mr. Dennis, to whose house we used to be taken. He was a brother of Dr. Dennis, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, who, whatever other reputation he may have left behind him, may be remembered with pity for this, that both his sons took to stage driving, not as amateurs (a strange mania of that day, as in the case of the Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, and of many others of only secondary rank to his), but as professionals. One of them actually drove the Oxford and London stage while his father held that position there. One of them we met, at a late period, broken down into the veritable coachee, out of employment and lamenting that the coach proprietors gave the preference to younger men, and glad of a seat at his cousin's dinner table.

Mr. Cogan was a well made, tall, handsome man, with somewhat spindle legs, undeveloped for want of exercise, always encased in knee-breeches and silk stockings. He lived to be ninety-five, and passed his declining years all along at Higham Hill, in the enjoyment of a fortune of £30,000 which he had accumulated in the honest discharge of his professional duties, and which he left to his surviving children. We possess an engraved portrait of him after a picture by Thomas Phillips, R. A., one of the best portrait painters of his day. It represents him, sitting, at three-quarter length, such as we have described him, and is a good work of art. As it was a subscription picture and print, each subscriber being entitled to a copy of the latter, it is

highly probable that one may at this moment be hanging in Lord Beaconsfield's library.

An institution of the school was the Cogan dinner. It was given, every year, at the Albion tavern in Aldersgate Street, London, by past scholars, to Mr. Cogan, the honored guest of the day. Whether the young author of Vivian Grey took part in this, or took part in it frequently, we cannot now determine.

Another and an admirable institution was the school library, managed entirely and excellently by the boys themselves; the lists for purchase being of course subject to Mr. Cogan's supervision. It filled, at last, five cases, one of which, with glazed doors, was occupied by handsomely bound copies of standard works, sent as presents by boys on leaving school. The presentation made by Disraeli was of 'Alison on Taste,' which we have always well remembered on account of the singularity of the choice. What a charm that library possessed! What a charm it must have possessed for a boy such as Disraeli must have been! Two works, which were in every boy's hands, we remember, were 'Penrose's Journal' and 'The Travels of Sylvester Tramper,' an imaginary forerunner of Gordon Cumming. Only the other day we read, in an old *Blackwood*, a very curious account of the former work, showing it to have been a genuine journal given to the world under very singular circumstances. Then there was the Tales of my Landlord and the first four novels in the little original edition. We did not take kindly, at first, to the larger page and wider margin in which 'Ivanhoe' appeared, nor to the blue boards, then universal, in place of the mottled covers to which we had been accustomed. But imagine a boy like Disraeli revelling in that gorgeous pageant! We had everything of Miss Edgeworth's, of course. The name of Edgeworth is enough, but she was perhaps just a little too didactic, mechanical, and wanting in vitality, as we look upon her now. It was the taste of her time. How would she relish now by the side of your Mrs. W., your Mrs. P. C., your Misses B.—*par nobile sororum*—and the like. How she would have shuddered at their vulgarity, their indelicacy, their woefully lax principles, and their slang! Our own Miss Mulock, though, has surpassed Miss Edgeworth in nearly every quality, and has carried her works to an elevation of moral purity, in the largest sense of the words, to which no other novelist, male or female, has, to our knowledge, attained. We remember a book which, we suppose, is generally as much forgotten as old London bridge, but which has left such an impression upon us that we have a burning desire to see it again. It was an imitation of 'Dr Syntax's Tour,' and was called 'Syntax's Napoleon.' That such a book should have come into existence at all affords a curious proof of the intense hatred which Boney, as he was called—a name to frighten children with—was regarded by the English people. In this book all the worst accusations against him were pictorially realized in strong colours by the vigorous pencil of George Cruickshank, then in the first full flush of its force. There stood Bonaparte on a powder barrel, in the square at Alexandria, directing the massacre. There he was, behind a curtain with a lean apothecary, compassing the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa. There you saw him, on tiptoe, with his finger on his lips, signing for the shooting of Desaix in the back, on the field of Marengo. There he was in scores of other positions of all kinds, and we see him now. The veteran Cruickshank still survives, having seen one generation after another of caricaturists, such as H. B. and lovable John Leech, arise and pass away. Upon his own shoulders the mantle of Rowlandson descended, earlier master of the field, whose works are now prized by collectors.

We may picture Disraeli sitting in the dining room at Cogan's, and devoting his half-holiday to the reading of 'Marmion' (we think it was; one of Scott's poems, certainly), and coming, at the end, to this address to his very self (it happened to us; why not to him?)

> 'To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
> Has cheated of thy hour of play,
> Light task and merry holiday.'

We must not forget Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chief.' We had a young Kinloch, and he was found in the 'lobby,' wrought up to a pitch of frenzy by it, and ejaculating, 'grant me power to avenge the best of men and then take me to Thyself.' It was a power-

ful book in its way, one of Jane Porter's, just the kind of thing to work upon boys.

We are warned by the number of sheets that are passing under our hand, but we cannot entirely leave the boys' gardens untouched. We must not venture upon describing them, but they were perhaps all that could be desired in boys' gardens. There was old Godfrey, the gardener. We used to draw him out by making believe to consult him upon the making of a mushroom bed. He would begin with various materials which need not be specified, but adding a raciness to his manner, dwelling on his words and pausing between them with a solemn deliberation, and then rapidly finishing off with a rattlingsalvo in this style—'and various other ingrediments.'

But, with all this, there was a good deal that was small and sneaking about the school. There always is, we take it, more or less, about these private schools; they turn out boys of a very different calibre from what we may call the boys of the world of public schools. Our hours were very severe, and we were kept within very narrow bounds. The regulations were strict, irksome, and vexatious; so that any trumpery escapade came to be looked on as an heroic achievement.

The day of all days in the year at Cogan's school was the anniversary of his wedding. It was marked by some drolleries, not to say puerilities. They belong to an age that we have left behind. It was a whole holiday. In the forenoon we walked in a body to Epping Forest, where we were turned loose on the blackberries, discipline being much relaxed. For dinner there was as many roast geese—some dozen or more—and as much plum pudding—real Christmas pudding—as the boys could stuff; or rather, it had been so formerly, we suppose, for now extraordinary precautions were used against stuffing. Every boy was provided with two paper bags, made out of old copy-books and stitched together by the young ladies, in which he was encouraged to stow away his goose and pudding instead of elsewhere, feasting upon them cold, deliberately, at intervals afterwards. And in order that he might do so without suffering the pangs of hunger, legs of mutton were served at the same time, that he might eat of that simple fare without likelihood of repletion. If a boy's portion of goose included a leg well smeared with mustard, that was the great prize, and it was who could spin out the contents of his bags to the most attenuated thread—to borrow a phrase from Young—during the days that followed. To ourselves, now, all this appears almost incredibly childish, though true to the letter. There is a wide interval between the Lord Beaconsfield of to-day and the Disraeli marching out of the dining-room at Cogan's, with his paper bags in either hand. The puddings were boiled in the copper, and were supposed to be put in soon after midnight. After dinner, Richard Cogan would sing, for the boys' delectation, 'The Death of Nelson,' or 'The Death of Abercrombie' (who ever sings either now?) If he could only throw in plenty of noise and 'split the ears of the groundlings,' that was enough.

Another odd practice was this. When any boy had a parcel sent him with a cake or what not, the method of partition among his favoured fellows was to lay a portion under the sheet of the respective beds where it was turned over, and where the prize would be found by the fortunate, on going up to bed. The uncertainty of expectation—the parcel getting wind of course—added a zest to fruition. In this way it came about that 'to lay' became a verb active, signifying the gift of a slice of cake, let us say, as thus: 'I have laid you,' or 'Have you laid me?' We had a Banbury boy in our room, and used to revel in the delicious 'cakes,' the peculiar product of his native town; in reality, rich pastry with jam, each cake wrapped separately in spotless white paper.

But, *ohe jam satis!* with which poor and stale pun we lay down our pen, only hoping that if a little of Banbury cake is enough for one while, our batch may not prove a bad baking.

It may be added, by way of postscript, that Mr. Cogan was a brother of Dr. Cogan, who, in conjunction with Dr. Hawes, founded the Humane Society in London, established for the purpose of resuscitating the apparently drowned. Dr. Cogan had been in Holland—that country of canals—and had there become acquainted with the methods employed for that purpose. It was said that Dr. Hawes carried off the lion's share of the credit, a thing not more uncommon than drowning. D. F.

ELECTION TIMES AT A SCOTCH UNIVERSITY.

IT HAS been often maintained that the time a man spends at the University, comprises the happiest years of his existence. In most cases this is probably true. The youth just escaped from the irksome discipline of the school-room, finds a gratifying sense of growing manhood in the comparative freedom from restraint which characterizes life at college. He is sure to meet there with congenial friends, and at this period of a man's existence, probably more than at any other, his happiness is dependant on the society into which he is thrown. His future lies all before him, in a sort of golden haze; his school troubles lie in the past; and the riddle of this painful earth, inexorable and inscrutable, has not yet presented itself to his light young heart. If not then, at what other time, it may fairly be asked, can a man expect to enjoy happiness?

It is in view of this consideration that the writer ventures to present the following personal recollections to his readers. Doubtless there are those amongst them who still look back across the Atlantic with filial affection to the grey towers of their dear old *alma mater*; and those less fortunate (they will excuse a Scotchman's vanity) may perhaps find something in the following sketch to interest or amuse.

The election referred to at the head of this paper is not, strictly speaking, a political one. There are Parliamentary members for the Scotch Universities, but these are elected solely by members of the college council, a body composed of graduates, who are, for the most part, no longer in active connection with the University. From time immemorial, it has been the practice for each University to elect what is termed a Lord Rector; his term of office being three years. The functions of this dignitary are confessedly somewhat shadowy; his only real business is to address the students on some subject of his own choosing, once at the time of his election, and once at the expiration of his office. But the individual selected for the part has always been a public man, of note in the world of science or letters, or (and this is most usual) a prominent statesman. Take, for instance, the University of Glasgow. Within the last hundred years, it has numbered amongst its Lord Rectors such men as Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, Jeffrey, Brougham, Thomas Campbell (the poet), Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Lord Derby, and the last name in this august list is that of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, and premier of Great Britain.

Having now endeavoured to impress the reader with a due sense of the importance of our subject, we may as well take a plunge *in medias res*.

For weeks previous to a polling day in one of the Scotch Universities, the whole college is in a state of ferment. Every matriculated student has the right to vote, and canvassers appointed by the general committee are posted at each avenue of approach to buttonhole all comers. The means employed to procure votes are mainly argumentative, but more than 'moral suasion' is occasionally brought into play. Mr. Verdant Green runs but a poor chance of preserving his individual independence if once assailed by a couple of determined committee men. Seizing each an arm, they march him round the quadrangle, and disregarding all his endeavours to put the matter off until a more convenient season, refuse to let him go till his name is added to their roll. At a recent election the Conservatives added considerably to the strength of their argument and their numbers by rolling two large barrels of Bass's ale into the janitor's room; this was afterwards dispensed *ad libitum* to every fresh ally.

But who shall describe the excitement of the final day—the eager red-gowned crowds in the quadrangle, hailing each new report of the progress of the struggle with shouts of delight or disappointment; the capturing of every possible voter, the care taken to accompany him into the very polling-room, lest at the eleventh hour his

mind should change or falter within him; the continued stream of gaily decorated cabs, each bringing a fresh accession to the ranks of one or other party; and, last of all, the great silence that prevails at the close of the voting, when the Principal advances to make known the result, the cheers and groans that follow;—these must be witnessed to be realised.

Every student who takes any interest in the election distinguishes himself by some sort of badge of the partisan colour. Blue or red streamers attached to the trencher, a coloured hat-band, neck-tie, or rosette, are most in vogue; and these are sometimes worn for months before the decisive day. But the political meetings which precede the elections are the great feature of the struggle. Like all other gatherings, they are composed of two elements—speakers and audience; but they differ in this, that the latter takes the most active part in the proceedings, while the former may be said to be *de trop*. Before repairing to such a meeting, every student lays in a large stock of groceries, chiefly in the shape of peas and flour. It is also considered 'the thing' to provide oneself with at least one musical instrument—a drum, cat-call, or penny rattle, according to taste. The proceedings, which are generally held in one of the University class-rooms, are usually inaugurated by the singing of 'John Brown's Body' or some such popular ditty adapted to the occasion. The appearance of the would-be speakers on the platform is the signal for an outburst of continued hisses and applause, during which the first shower of peas is freely interchanged. Alas for the carefully prepared oration which cost so many sleepless hours last night! The speaker shouts; the audience shout louder. At last he gets under weigh, not because of any compassionate forbearance on the part of his 'hearers,' but rather because even bawling must end in hoarseness and exhaustion. 'Fellow-students! I am pleased and proud to see so many of you assembled here in support of our common cause. To support that cause, gentlemen, means to preserve the bulwarks of our liberty—the birthright of every Briton—and involves the maintenance of our glorious constitution, which, like—' (here a cracker explodes on the platform, and the remainder of the sensence gets lost in the consequent uproar). 'Gentlemen, I appeal to you whether this frivolous conduct is consistent with the dignity of those who admittedly represent the rising intellect of our country.' (Solo, 'Not for Joe,' on a tin whistle, which is promptly suppressed). 'Gentlemen, the good ship of Conservatism still rides the stormy waves of public opinion, with all her sails unfurled, all her pennons fluttering in the now favourable breeze.' (Drum and whistle performance on the Liberal benches.) 'She has battled many a stiff gale, and will battle with many another yet. Tried and true is the man at her helm—I refer to one who has earned the esteem and veneration of his country, one whose brilliant talents and indomitable energy, independent of any extraneous aid, have enabled him to possess the highest honour which lies in the power of a grateful nation to bestow on her greatest son. I refer, as you may have guessed, to that distinguished orator, author, and statesman, Ben—' (Applause, hooting, and more peas) 'jamin Disraeli.' (Another free fight, which ends in the more prominent rioters being pitched neck and crop into the quadrangle). 'It is our inestimable privilege to be enabled to confer yet another honour upon this laurelled head.' (Menagerie performance from the opposition). 'It is also in our power to cast everlasting obloquy upon this noble and ancient University by rejecting him, and choosing in his stead a man who is but little known, and, I dare to add, unworthy of being more known; I now refer to the opposition candidate.' (Here a stream of water, neatly aimed from some invisible syringe, drenches the speaker's face and shirt-front). 'I do not wish to occupy this platform much longer' (derisively triumphant cheers and laughter), 'but I desire you for a moment, in the language of the immortal bard' (cries of 'Name! name!') '"to look upon this picture and on that." On the one side stands a man known wherever the English tongue is spoken, from sullen Ganges to the fertile banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, from the wild Australian bush to the stern old rock that commands the blue Mediterranean; on the other a visionary litterateur, an obscure Yankee versifier, a plagiaristic pseudo-philosopher; one who, in addition to all his other disqualifications for this honourable office, is an alien by birth and by senti-

ment. And standing here, gentlemen, I ask with the eloquent Roman of old, and I ask without fear as to the result, *Utri quis Quirites?* I pause for a reply!' (Song, 'The two Obadiahs.')

The above is a pretty faithful representation of a scene witnessed by the writer at an election meeting some years ago. The candidates at that time were the Premier of England (who was ultimately successful), and a celebrated American poet and essayist, whose writings were then in much favor among a certain set of the more intellectual students. But the freaks of the contending parties at such gatherings are sometimes of a more serious nature. On one occasion, at least, within recent times, the proceedings were such as might have ended in the most serious results. As it was, the Senate resolved to discontinue granting the class-rooms for such a purpose, and the consequence was that these precious meetings were brought to a summary stop. The facts may be thus briefly related. Meetings had been held by both parties for some weeks previous to election day. It was found, however, that the Conservatives always turned out in larger numbers than their opponents, and that whenever a Liberal meeting was attempted to be held, they appeared in such force as to eject the original speakers and conduct the proceedings themselves. The Liberals, by way of retaliation, repaired in large numbers to one of the Tory gatherings, and endeavored by aid of sticks and other weapons to obtain possession of the platform. But the blues were again too many for them; and after a hard struggle, the invaders were ignominiously turned out. But they did not abandon their plans of revenge. About five minutes after the first speaker had begun his address, it was observed that the whole of the audience were beginning to cough violently. A mysterious something in the atmosphere caused a choking sensation in everybody's throat. To continue the meeting was clearly an impossibility; the speakers were content to sit down and improvise respirators of their handkerchiefs. A rush was made to the windows—they were found to be tightly fastened. The door, a very strong one, resisted all efforts to break it open; it was double-locked on the outside. A pane of glass was broken, but this afforded little relief; for all who endeavored to get near the window were compelled to return before a shower of stones and other less savoury missiles thrown from the quadrangle by the ejected Liberals. At last, by means of a large iron poker which fortunately lay in the room, the door was broken open. The half-suffocated politicians poured into the narrow passage which led out to the quadrangle, only to find the second door also locked. To make confusion worse confounded, the glass above it was broken, and the besiegers commenced hurling in large pieces of burning tow, which had previously been well saturated in pitch. Things continued thus for about the space of half an hour, when the disgraceful row was put an end to by the appearance of the janitor with a strong body of constables, who eventually succeeded in freeing the captives.

The torch-light processions, another institution of election times, are invariably attended by more or less mischief and rioting. Six or eight hundred strong young men, armed with stout bludeons, and walking four deep, parade the principal streets of the city for several night previous to election day, setting law and order at defiance. The policemen are generally chary of interfering, for they know too well that any attempted arrest would be most desperately resisted, and might lead to the most deplorable results. Indeed, their own majestic dignity is often wounded; for on such occasions the student is essentially 'no respecter of persons,' and the obnoxious Bobby is sure to come in for his full share of peas and insult. Even the melodious assurance that ''Tis but a little faded *flour*' is no compensation for having one's person plentifully be-dusted with that useful commodity, and it is a matter for surprise that the citizens of University towns have all along taken so good-humouredly the horse-play practised by these hare-brained youths. The whole of the pavement is invariably occupied by the processionists (and woe be to the luckless who dare dispute their claim thereto!) who beguile the way by appropriate songs, carefully pulling down every shop-keeper's sign on the line of their march and bearing it along as a trophy. The effect of such acquisitions to their train is decidedly picturesque. Here rises a huge gilt fishing-rod, from which dangles a helpless-looks

ing specimen of the piscine tribe; there a parti-coloured tin umbrella is made the mark of showers of peas, which have the effect of rendering so conspicuous a prize rather a doubtful advantage to the owner; artist's palettes, striped barber's poles, gorgeous wooden Turks that were wont to stand guard over tobacconists' doors—all are borne aloft in triumph as the depredators wend along the deserted streets. But there are graver duties to be performed. Every newspaper in the city is visited; if it happens to be of opposite politics a copy of the hostile print is solemnly committed, then and there, to the flames; if favourable, the editor is greeted with a ringing three-times-three, and left to his lucubrations. If any prominent citizen has rendered himself an object of dislike to the party, his house is visited and howled at; if any individual should be regarded with particular favour, the processionists merely ring his door-bell, and shout for a 'speech.' All the ceremonies having been gone through, the body comes to a halt around some lamp-post; those of their number who possess any oratorical powers climb it, and hold forth in the fashion already indicated. And then, with hearty cheers for their candidate, and as hearty hisses for the opposition man, the gathering quietly disperses; the peaceful policeman again ventures into the streets, the despoiled shopkeepers come out to view the extent of the depredations, while churlish old Mr. Hunks sits down to his writing-table and proceeds to concoct a vicious letter to next day's paper.

Notwithstanding the party bitterness which exists at election times, there is no lack of *corps d'esprit* in Scotch colleges. This was manifested the other day in a marked manner. On one occasion or other the students of a certain college organized a procession. It was fully as disorderly as usual, though not a very large one. In course of the disturbance some half-dozen of the ring-leaders were pounced upon by the minions of the law, and speedily borne off to durance vile. The result was the appearance of each in next morning's Police Court, when a fine of $50 was imposed on the principal offender, the others being discharged. The Senate of the University took up the matter and pronounced sentence of summary expulsion upon all and sundry concerned. The undergraduates, numbering about fifteen hundred, thereupon got up a petition praying that the offenders might be allowed to remain in the University. This was signed by about 1490 names. The appeal had its desired effect; but this was not all. A subscription was raised to pay the fine of $50 imposed by the magistrate, and with such good-will was it gone about that in a couple of days upwards of $400 was paid up—$350 in excess of the sum required. The sequel of the story is an amusing one. The worthy magistrate referred to had given dire offence to several of these law-abhorring spirits, and they concocted a terrible scheme of revenge. One day, his worship returning home found the fashionable thoroughfare in which he lived blockaded by an immense number of various vehicles—drays, butcher's vans, hansoms, hearses, &c., all of which seemed to be struggling towards his door. On entering he was informed that his house-bell had been ringing violently all day, and that the distracted inmates were being perpetually called down-stairs by importunate carters and cabmen, who insisted that they had called as ordered by the master of the house. The hoax at last came out; some malicious person had forged letters ordering all these vehicles to repair at a certain hour to the house of the obnoxious Mr.——; and for long after, the unfortunate victim was a marked man, laughed at rather than pitied, after the way of the world on such occasions.

At ordinary times, the Scotch student is a hard-working, inoffensive animal; but any question of politics seems to act on him as a red flag to a bull. He knows little or nothing of the 'town and gown' rows which are among the favourite amusements of the Oxford and Cambridge man; his native sagacity prevents him from practicing such follies as the duelling habits prevalent in Teutonic Universities. Those who are inclined to sneer at him on account of his occasional disorderly outbreaks ought to remember that the causes which lead to them are productive of somewhat similar results on all classes; only that amongst those who have passed their 'calf days,' virulence of speech and unworthy ascription of motives are generally found to take the place of the horse-play, and rough but good-natured fun, which characterise the the Scotch student at election times.

GEORGE. H. B. GRAY.

SELMA:

A TALE OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

I

IN CAMP.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.
—*Longfellow.*

ON a certain bright July morning, in a certain year not long gone by, half-a-dozen men were lingering over a very primitive sort of breakfast. Their table-cloth was part of an old sail; their table the grassy surface of mother earth; and their breakfast-room an open space amongst the beeches and maples which shaded a romantic island in the St. Lawrence. Near them were two white tents, adding picturesqueness to a scene naturally picturesque, and at another spot close by, a fire smouldered in a rude oven, beside which an old seafaring man practised the art of cooking in its rudiments. Through the trees could be seen the masts and pennon of a schooner-yacht which was anchored in a bay at the foot of the island.

The men were 'camping-out.' They had fled from the fever-heat of the city, far up the lake, in the little vessel at anchor in the quiet bay; and in the temporary reaction against the miseries of civilized life which had taken place in their feelings, there was no hardship nor roughness of living which they did not court.

'Well, what's to be done this morning?' said a restless, wiry-looking young fellow, springing to his feet, after swallowing a last mouthful of frightfully strong coffee.

'Confound it, Daly, can't you sit still for ten seconds?' replied another, whose rather languid manner indicated that he was of a different temperament; 'you always want to be doing something or other. I thought we came here to do nothing. If you must be employed, go and get me another baked potato.'

'Get your own potatoes, sybarite!' was the response. 'I shall encourage indolence in no man. Who's game for fishing?'

'I'll fish, Daly,' said the doctor, a man somewhat older than the rest, who, seated on an inverted tea-box, was engaged in dissecting a knuckle of ham with gravity equal to the occasion. 'There's a stretch of quiet water over by the island yonder which I'd like to try.'

'Well, there's no accounting for tastes,' put in Walter Dean, the one who had been addressed as a sybarite. 'If any human creature can find satisfaction in crawling about and thrashing the St Lawrence under a broiling sun, in the hopes of murdering an innocent sunfish or eel now and then, he has a perfect right to do it of course. But how the deuce do you manage the black bass? Those dorsal fins always discouraged me.'

'Dean fishes in yellow kids, you know,' said another speaker.

'Salmon-colour would be more appropiate,' suggested another.

'Wilson has got over his sea-sickness at last,' retorted Dean lazily, 'or he would never have the stomach to make a pun like that. Go and fish, you fellows. I'll undertake to eat all you catch. I can't say fairer than that. Smith and I have arranged an excursion which will be both pleasant and profitable. We are going to take Smith's little sail-boat and scud about among the islands. It is all arranged. Smith sails the skiff, rows when necessary, looks out for squalls, and tootles his flute in true Arcadian style in intervals of leisure. I lie on my back and inspect the clouds, occasionally call Smith's attention to a fine bit of landscape, and criticize his music. Smith says that if there's anything he thoroughly enjoys it's that sort of thing. Eh Smith?'

Smith, a reserved, dark man, who was more noted as a listener than a talker,

smiled grimly at this picture of the proposed enjoyment, and said quietly,

'Dean is very anxious to make himself out more lazy than he really is. He thinks it's aristocratic.'

'That is nobler than your plan, my boy,' replied Dean, in self-defence. 'You are by nature a shamelessly lazy man, but you try and make out that you aren't, by going through all sorts of unnecessary labours. But I had all the exercise I wanted last night.'

'I thought you seemed restless last night, Walter,' said the doctor.

'*You* thought so, indeed! as though you were conscious of anything from the moment you entered that tent last night till nine o'clock this morning. It was in trying to turn you into some position in which you couldn't snore that I spent all my strength. You in one tent, and the sentimental Wilson in the other! Soul of St. Cecilia, what music you slumbering innocents did keep up!'

'Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me—'

quoted the doctor.

'And tune his merry *nose*—

Yes, we all know the quotation,' said Dean, 'and candour compels me to admit that I don't love it all. But if any one had been awake last night and inclined to quote Shakspere, he might have exclaimed,

"Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep!*"

That would have applied to the situation. What with crawling insects and snoring doctors, my life in camp is getting to be a burden. We have not been here twenty-four hours, but I'm quite prepared to brave again the lesser discomforts of the raging main at once.'

'You're in for a week of it now, my boy,' said Daly of the iron frame. 'But come along, doctor, I'll bring round the dingy.'

'We shan't do much in this roaring breeze, I'm afraid,' said the doctor, preparing, with his usual deliberation, to follow his more active leader. The doctor was a man learned in the laws—not in medicine—who did everything deliberately but thoroughly, from conducting a heavy case to sleeping a heavy sleep.

The party now broke up. Daly and the doctor proceeded to get out their rods and flies. Walter Dean and Smith set the sprit-sail in the little skiff which the latter had brought down on the yacht, and pushed from the shore. Wilson and Hawksworth, with Tyler the seaman, who made up the rest of the party, remained on shore. Wilson was an amiable youth given to sentiment and sea-sickness. He was understood to have recently become 'engaged,' a circumstance which gave rise to a good deal of delicate raillery on the part of his friends. He was in a chronic condition of 'having to write one or two letters,' and this excuse, while it did not deceive his sagacious comrades, was generously accepted as a ground for not taking part in their excursions. Hawksworth was a conscientious fellow, who had a faculty of doing right at the wrong time. He was reading for an examination, and having neglected his work in proper working hours, was now making a feeble but praiseworthy attempt to perform it in his holidays. Of Tyler the seaman it is only necessary to say that he was as lazy, as even-tempered, as servile, and as rash in his prophecies about the weather as most retired naval gentlemen in his position are.

It was a day to make glad the heart of man. A westerly wind which swept cool and strong over the whole expanse of Lake Ontario sang down the river. Fleecy clouds scudded swiftly before it, softening the dazzling blue of the sky. The great river rolled along in waves that curled and hissed and lashed themselves in foam against the rocky islands. On the islands the trees tossed their wild arms to the gale, as if they rejoiced in the rough sport. All was life and rush and motion, such as drive the blood thrilling through the veins of the young and bold.

The little skiff slipped from the shore; for a moment the sail wavered; it filled; the boat keeled over, then plunged forward; the water rippled about her, and away she dashed over the crested waves, as if she enjoyed her freedom as much as the two men whom she carried.

It is with these two, Walter Dean, fair, graceful, and inactive, and Maurice Smith, his senior by several years, plain, serious, almost taciturn, that we shall be chiefly concerned in this little story. With them

therefore we shall go as they scud here and there, on this tack and on that, amongst the isles against which the river beat itself on every side. To the two explorers a succession of beautiful landscapes, a panorama of loveliness in which surprise quickly followed surprise, was disclosed. They were threading the labyrinths of one of the thickest clusters of the famed islands of the St. Lawrence, in secluded channels undreamt of by the passenger who only knows the river from a steamboat. Now they had slipped into a landlocked bay, so sheltered from the wind that Dean had to take to the oars; now they were slashing away before the breeze past steep rocks crowned with overhanging foliage ; now they doubled a cape to come suddenly on a magnificent expanse of foaming water.

Walter did not enjoy the luxurious rest which he had promised himself. With the wind blowing half a gale in some places, and shut off from them entirely in others, both men had to be constantly on the alert. And in justice to Walter it must be said that he seemed to give countenance to Smith's comment, that his laziness was to a great extent assumed. Certainly his inertness was not of that selfish sort which is always seriously interfering with the comfort of other people. The truth was that under his indolent manner there smouldered some latent fire of energy, which, on occasion, broke into flame. But he was of opinion that a gentleman of means and station should not live in a fervour of excitement about the trifles of every day. As, moreover, when he did choose to exert himself, he did things more easily and better than most people, his friends, as well as himself, were inclined to think that his languor sat upon him with peculiar grace.

So engrossed were the explorers in the pleasure of threading the devious watercourses, that time slipt by unnoticed. It was past midday when the discovery that the wind had shifted and a line of threatening clouds was creeping up the sky from the northwest, reminded them that it was time to think of returning to camp. This promised to be a matter of time, for the skiff, with the merest apology for a keel and not remarkable for her sailing when 'close hauled,' had been gradually dropping down the river. They now attempted to beat up against both wind and current, a struggle to which the little craft was hardly equal.

After a time the clouds, which at first seemed to linger in their pace, swept up the sky with extraordinary swiftness. Soon a curtain, as black as the flood of Styx, hung across half the heavens.

'By Jove, old boy, we're in a for a ducking,' exclaimed Dean.

'It looks like it. We shall have to haul the boat up on an island and turn her over. There's no use trying to beat in this saucer. Take down the sail and I'll row.'

'No you don't. I'll do the rowing,' replied Walter ; and while Smith let the skiff come up into the wind, he lowered the little mast, and, seizing the oars, pulled lustily for the nearest shore.

A distant rumble in the firmament gave a warning of what was impending.

'It is all right,' Smith said in a few moments, 'I see a lighthouse round the next point. It must be the one opposite our island. We can get shelter there.'

In less than ten minutes they were close to a lighthouse, in its white nightgown and red cap, built on a little pier connected with an island by means of a slender bridge. The bridge and pier ran out into the stream from the head of the island, and on a low bank above it a white cottage, red-roofed like the lighthouse, nestled amongst the green bushes. Smith steered the skiff to a spot below the cottage where a small piece of shelving beach was visible, and they were soon on land with the boat turned bottom up.

So dark was it now that it seemed as if the sun had set before his hour. Big drops of rain fell here and there, like heavy shot, upon the river, and the thunder growled angrily.

'Now for the house,' shouted Dean. 'Come on, old fellow,' and like a stag he bounded up the bank. Smith followed at an equal pace.

They were not a moment too soon. Scarcely had Dean struck the door of the cabin with his hand, when the heavens opened, and the rain which everyone had been praying for for a month, was poured down upon the thirsty world.

II.

MIRANDA.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :

Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.
—*Waller.*

SHORTLY after the *Ariadne* had come to anchor in the bay, she had been boarded by an elderly individual who bore a faded resemblance to a jolly tar. There was a dim reminiscence of jauntiness in the way in which he hitched his trousers, and a suggestion of vigilance on the part of the weather eye, in his habit of keeping one orb partially closed, which carried with them a faint flavour of the sea. He had given himself out as Mr. Jacob Meres, of Her Majesty's ship *Physic* (presumably *Psyche*) at some remote period, and at present of Her Majesty's lighthouse on Jacob's Island. He had obligingly offered to 'bear a hand' towards rendering the yacht 'snug,' an offer which he proceeded to carry into effect with but little energy, though on a subsequent suggestion 'to bear a hand' in disposing of some whiskey-and-water, he displayed his seamanlike qualities to more advantage.

It was this decayed but still interesting person whom the young men expected to find in the cottage above the lighthouse. It was with surprise, therefore, that they discovered, when they burst into the house with some want of ceremony, that a girl was the sole occupant of the front room.

Walter, who was as polite to a nursery-maid as he would have been to a countess, excused their sudden entrance with many apologies. While he spoke he observed two circumstances with a certain degree of pleasure. The girl did not hang her head nor put the corner of her apron into her mouth, and, in the second place, she was young and nice-looking. To come upon a fresh and pretty girl in such a secluded place was interesting, but when it appeared that the female in question was capable of withstanding the address of strangers without the assistance of her apron, the discovery became romantic.

The girl had been knitting at one of the windows, and gave the strangers welcome with a stately little curtsey and a simple dignity of manner which were very pleasant. The two men had entered in a flash of lightning, which was simultaneous with a terrific peal of thunder—so might Mephistopheles and Faust appropriately appear to Marguerite—and the continuous uproar of the storm made talking difficult. So they sat down, and, after Walter had made one or two ineffectual attempts to introduce conversation in a high key, watched, in turn, the progress of the storm, the room in which they had gained shelter, and their gentle hostess. The room was such as in houses of the humblest class is generally used as kitchen, dining-room, and parlour, though at present the cooking-stove had been relegated to a structure in the rear which served as a summer kitchen. But in one important particular the room differed from others of its class; it smelt of mignonette and not of garlic. The walls and painted floor were spotlessly clean. Bright chintz curtains hung at the windows, and some of the furniture was covered with the same material. There were, besides, other evidences—some flowers on the window sills, a canary in its cage, a small shelf of books—that the spirit of refinement and intelligence ruled in the little cottage.

From these signs one naturally turned to the person of whose qualities they seemed to speak. In her outward aspect there was the same promise of taste, of brightness, and of love of order. The dainty figure, the dark hair drawn smoothly over a low broad forehead and gathered into a Grecian knot behind the small shapely head, so lightly set upon the trim shoulders, the white collar with the tiny bow at the throat, the black dress which though plain and old was well-fitting—all these things combined to create an impression of exquisite simplicity and neatness as distinct characteristics of the little islander. *Simplex munditiis*—meagrely translated by Milton 'plain in thy neatness,' and more adequately by a modern scholar, 'so trim, so simple'—are the words which would have been apt to describe her.

So, at least, thought young Walter Dean as he watched her when the clouds began to roll away and the sky grow light apace. For a long time the attention of all three had been engrossed by the storm, which shook the little house to its foundations. But when it had spent its fury, and the rain came steadily down, and the clouds promised to be emptied soon, new objects of attention became requisite. Smith drew a newspaper from his pocket; the girl re-

sumed her knitting; and Walter made a silent note of the surroundings.

He was of the age at which the imagination is warm and sympathetic, and particularly open to impressions from bright eyes and red lips. As he gradually took in the details of the situation, and the influence of that 'simple maiden in her flower' stole over him, he became ready to invest her with every feminine grace and virtue. But he dreaded to hear her speak, for he felt unhappily certain that the impressions gained from her appearance would receive a rude shock.

But the less romantic Smith had no such delicate caution. Having finished his article, he folded his newspaper, yawned wearily, and lounged across to a window overlooking the river. As the falling rain now filled the silence less completely, politeness seemed to require that he should open conversation.

'You are accustomed to be alone in thunderstorms, I should say,' he said, abruptly turning to his hostess.

'I should think so,' she replied, with a smile, as if she was not sorry that some one had spoken at last.

'You sat through it quite coolly,' he continued. 'Most girls would have been in hysterics half-a-dozen times in such thunder and lightning as we've had.'

'Oh sir,' said the girl, laughing pleasantly, 'hysterics are not for such as me. I have lived here for many a year, and have looked out of window in all sorts of weather, at the river there. You see it opens into a great lake in front of us, and you've no idea what a storm can rise there. We have grand storms here now and then.'

'You speak as if you enjoyed them,' said Smith, interested in the discovery that the little woman exercised her powers of observation intelligently.

'I love to watch the river in all its moods.'

'Say, rather, the weather in all its moods,' said Smith, who, when he did talk, sometimes carried off conversation into unexpected courses. 'My feeling is that the river never changes. It is to me an emblem of immutability. It goes by us on its steady way, never faster, never slower, whether the sky is bright or dark above it; whether the winds torment it, or fondle it; whether the rains beat upon it or the sun shines. The river sweeps on, irresistible, unchangeable. It is like a good man who advances steadily on the path of duty, never forgetting his purpose, and delayed in it by neither storm nor sunshine, threats nor blandishments. That is the feeling I get from looking at the river as it flows by me.'

The girl's face brightened as she listened, and she said eagerly,

'Some such feeling has often come to me, though I never put it to myself so clearly. The river has often taught me a lesson of patience and duty, and it seems to me that you have explained the reason.'

'It might teach one patience in a different way,' continued Smith, communing with himself more than his companions. 'In its inexorable and pitiless flow it is like the march of destiny. You cannot stay it; you cannot alter its course. In the presence of its resistless, silent power, you feel how weak and insignificant a human creature is—what is there for him but patient submission to the course of fate. You can no more struggle against it than against the current of this river; you must submit to be swept along to the "infinite main."'

The girl looked as if she did not quite understand this view of the matter, and resumed her knitting. Walter barely concealed a yawn.

'I say, Maurice,' he remarked, after a pause, 'you had better drop the St. Lawrence. You are taking us out of our depth. Is this Jacob's island,' he went on, turning to the hostess.

He was anxious to find out something about her, and on the whole preferred her voice to that of his friend Smith.

'Yes, my father, Jacob Meres, named it after himself when he took possession of the lighthouse.'

'I think I have had the pleasure of meeting your father,' said Walter, as if he intended to imply that he had encountered that individual at an evening-party or the opera. 'An old man, still good-looking—as your father must necessarily be.'

This direct compliment brought a slight flush to the girl's cheek. She bent her head over her work and made no reply.

'Our yacht, as you know probably, is not far from here,' he continued. 'We were cruising about in a skiff and the storm drove us to your hospitable roof.'

'I am sure you are most welcome,' she said simply.

'I'm afraid you must have thought us very rude, rushing in upon you so. But we expected to find your father here, and a man doesn't stand on ceremony much in a thunder-storm. Your father didn't tell us he had a charming daughter.'

'That is strange, for father talks about his daughter a great deal more than she deserves.'

'Never mind, the pleasure was greater because unexpected.'

Walter had adopted the tone and manner which he had learnt in drawing-rooms. A manner in which admiration was frankly though delicately expressed, a command of compliments, not earnest enough to be embarrassing, but still uttered with a flattering show of sincerity, were a stock-in-trade by which he had gained the reputation amongst charming women, of being 'nice.' But the lighthouse-keeper's daughter was unhappily unused to drawing-rooms, and ignorant of the fact that, in polite circles, 'praise to the face' is *not* 'open disgrace.' The attentions of this polished young gentleman were accepted by her without any show of gratitude. On the contrary, somewhat to his astonishment, she seemed rather to resent them. With a flush on her face which looked like annoyance, she turned abruptly to the plain and serious Smith, and said:

'You used the words, the "infinite main," just now. I think I have seen them in some verses about a river.'

> '"Strong and free, strong and free,
> The flood-gates are open, away to the sea:
> Free and strong, free and strong,
> Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
> To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
> And the taintless tide that awaits me afar;
> Till I lose myself in the infinite main,
> Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again."'

quoted Smith. 'It is a song of Kingsley's; dear old Charles Kingsley. You have heard of him?'

'I am not sure.'

'They are grand lines, and well describe a noble river like this of ours. I am fond of the song.'

'It is set to music, then. I should like to hear it sung.'

'Few women have the right sort of voice for it,' said Smith.

'And yet,' interrupted Walter, gratuitously, 'it is shrieked in every drawing-room by girls in silk, to whom it represents an idea about as distinct as the multiplication-table. Think yourself fortunate that you have not heard it sung.'

She seemed determined not to take kindly to Walter Dean. She made no answer to his remark, but looked out of the window and at the sky. It might have been an unconscious hint. If so, it was not lost upon the young men.

'I think we will go now,' said Smith. 'The rain has quite ceased. There is no reason why we should trouble you any longer.'

He rose to go, but at the same moment a step was heard on the gravel outside.

'It is father,' said the girl, and she opened the door.

There were indications that Mr. Meres had been recently bearing a hand in the stowage of further whiskey-and-water. His eyes were inflamed and his ancient knees more tremulous than usual. When he spoke, his articulation was not altogether distinct.

The fresh young face of his daughter grew grave and pale.

'Oh father!' she said, so sadly that Walter forgot the slight irritation her treatment of him had caused, and felt his heart smitten with pity. Those sorrowful words seemed to tell the story of a grief which hung like a cloud over her life. The old man, however, was not so overcome but that he was able to preserve appearances in his own house, before strangers.

'It's all right, Selma dear,' he said reassuringly, drawing himself up with considerable dignity, ''sall right.'

'Your coat is quite wet. You have been in the rain,' she said, touching his arm.

'Anatole and me have been at the gentlemen's yacht' (he said 'shellimansyaw,' but repeated himself slowly so as to leave no room for false impressions)—'we've been at the gentleman's yacht, and though Jacob Meres 'ud be the last to say anything agin gentlemen as is such real gentlemen as them, yet I will not deny that that there seafaring man as has the sailing of that craft, is not, as *I* should consider, up to his duty.'

There was apparently in Mr. Meres's mind, some rankling sense of injury at the hands of the incapable Tyler, which caused him to speak with bitterness.

'When a fresh-water sailor,' Mr. Meres

continued, indistinctly but proudly, 'a mere fresh-water sailor, a bargee, a bumboatman, a—marine, undertakes to teach *me*, Jacob Meres, late bosen's mate aboard of Her Majestys' ship *Physic*, how to lay to in a gale, it is then I says that for sich I can feel nothing but disgust.'

Mr. Meres looked at Walter, who, feeling that he was appealed to for sympathy, remarked that he was afraid Tyler was a painfully ignorant man.

'Ignorant!' exclaimed Mr. Meres. He laughed so scornfully that Walter felt he had used a ridiculously inadequate expression. 'But let it pass,' Mr. Meres at length went on, as if the affair after all was not one which should be allowed to ruffle a superior mind. 'Let it pass. The real question now is, gentlemen both, what will you be pleased to take?'

Both gentlemen protested that nothing could induce them to break through their regular habit of never 'taking' anything in the middle of the day. It was late. They must be getting back to camp.

Mr. Meres shook his head, as much as to say, that that sort of thing could'nt be allowed in his house, wherever else it might be considered legitimate.

'Selma, dear,' he said gravely, 'what can you offer these young gentlemen to drink?'

'Buttermilk,' replied Selma shortly.

Mr. Meres gave his daughter a look, not of anger, but of intense sorrow. Both gentlemen again protested that if there was one beverage which they particularly preferred to any other on a hot day, it was buttermilk; but it was really impossible to delay any longer, and so forth. So, having bid good-by to Selma, with warm thanks for her hospitality, they were conducted politely by Mr. Meres to their boat.

'I'd like you gentlemen to try the fishing about here,' he said; 'its not to be beat in the St. Lawrence, and though I say it as shouldn't, Jacob Meres knows a fly from a grub as well as the next man. I hope you'll honour us with your company again. Me and Selma'll always be proud to see you. You mustn't think Selma ain't hospitable,' he added, lowering his voice; 'but the truth is, she's down on grog, and that's so. She keeps her old father straight, I tell you. Now I have not been on a regular tear, so to speak, for two years come last twel'th July. Two years is a long time gentlemen, but tears,' he said with infinite pathos, 'is now a thing of the past. What with temperance societies, and pledges, and Selma with her ridiklous scruples, tears has become a dream. But she's a good girl, is Selma, and a blessing to her old father, and that's so;' and a maudlin tear rolled from his bloodshot eye to the end of his fiery nose.

The young men managed at last to escape from the lighthouse-keeper's effusive friendliness, and rowed away from Jacob's island.'

'This is an adventure,' said Smith.

'Yes,' said Walter, 'it's the first act of a—comedy, let us hope, which might be called the Tempest. The noble Ferdinand, Mr. Maurice Smith —'

'Mr. Walter Dean,' interrupted Smith laughing—

'Is driven by a storm upon a desolate Island. He discovers the beautiful and highly proper Miranda, blooming in solitude, like that rose which has blushed so long in the desert. She delivers appropriate reflections on nature—'

('And puts down impertinent young gentlemen.')

('I didn't notice that she put you down). She has developed in all her artless loveliness, under the influence of the sage and high-minded Prospero, who guards his daughter with beautiful parental love, occasionally testing the strength of her filial affection by getting drunk.'

'Seriously, Walter, that old reprobate must cause the girl no end of sorrow. I don't think he is brutal, though. He is evi dently fond of his daughter, and more weak than vicious.'

'The girl is interesting,' said Dean, 'but I confess I don't take to her.' (Smith indulged in a just perceptible smile). She's too prim and puritanical for my taste. I shall not revisit her. One doesn't care about being snubbed by a lighthouse-keeper's daughter.'

Walter gave a vicious tug at the rudder, and Smith smiled again, just perceptibly.

They were now rounding the head of the pier or crib, where the lighthouse stood. When they came abreast of it, Walter beheld an apparition which made him start. Stretched on the crib, with his back against the lighthouse, and basking in the afternoon sun, was a creature which seemed to be a mere bunch of deformity. Upon a

body, utterly misshapen, was the head of an Indian or half-breed. His skin was the colour of copper, and perforated by small-pox; his hair, which grew from within half an inch of his eyebrows, black and straight; his eyes were small, gleaming, and wide-apart; and his other features coarse and repulsive. He scowled so villainously at the young men as they floated by, that it seemed as if the misshapen frame contained a soul equally distorted.

'A monster, a prodigy!' whispered Walter, with a shudder.

'Caliban,' said Smith calmly.

No other event occurred to add to the surprises of this eventful voyage. When they reached the camp, Walter's first act was to seek out Tyler, and enjoin him strictly to see that Mr. Jacob Meres, when he visited the camp or the yacht, should get nothing to drink stronger than coffee.

III.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two,
With nothing else on earth to do
But all day long to bill and coo,
It were a pleasant calling.

—*Thackeray.*

THIRTY-SIX hours in camp impressed some of our holiday-seekers with the belief that the delights of 'roughing it' would be none the less appreciable if a few simple comforts were procured. The Doctor said that he had become too portly for gymnastics, and that anyway he thought acrobatic feats during meal-time would not assist the digestion of even the young and slender. As he had, ever since leaving home, whether pursuing his plate about the cabin of the yacht, or reaching for it on the ground from the lofty elevation of his tea-box, and protecting it from the ravages of the devouring—

'Elements?' suggested Dean.

'Reptiles,' said the Doctor, 'in which this happy isle appears to abound, I am free to confess that for the last week I have not enjoyed a single meal.'

This bold statement was received with exclamations of incredulity on all sides.

'Owing to the simplicity of my habits,' the Doctor continued unmoved, 'I can sleep, I am thankful to say, healthfully and soundly under any disadvantages, and in spite of all disturbances.'

'You can!' assented Dean feelingly.

'But Spartan-like and nobly simple as I can claim to be in my mode of living, I own that I cannot enjoy my frugal meal without something before me in the shape of a dining-table.'

A voice: 'Hear, hear!'

'Encouraged by the generous sympathy of the honorable member with the ham-and-eggs, I beg to move that this morning be devoted to the discovery of such building material as may be essential to the erection of a dining-table, and to the erection of said dining-table forthwith; and if my proposal is not so fortunate as to meet with the approval of this large and intelligent assemblage, I have only to say that I will carry it out myself, assisted by my honorable friend with the ham-and-eggs, which he will be so good as to pass this way at once.'

In spite of the protestations of the lean and wiry Daly, who scouted the idea of any such luxury, the doctor's suggestion was thought to be a reasonable one. The morning was devoted to carrying it into effect. Daly having been induced to give his assistance by the prospect of being idle otherwise, went to work with a will, and, as usual, by his fiery and concentrated energy outdid all his companions. Planks having been obtained from the neighboring village of Point Lansing, a rude but comfortable table was constructed, with stationary seats around it. The awning of the yacht was cleverly suspended above as a protection against the weather, and a marquee was thus improvised which would have done credit to a travelling circus. This occupied the morning.

After dinner, Walter inquired of Smith, with an air of indifference, what he intended doing with his skiff.

'I thought of rowing across to Point Lansing to post a letter,' said Smith. 'Besides, I hear Miss Lansing and the old people are at home, and I must call on them. You must come too. They would never forgive us if they knew we had been so close, and had not come to see them.'

'Confound—that is, defer Miss Lansing,

Let us avoid the artificialities of fashionable life for a few days.'

'Do you consider Miss Lansing an artificiality of fashionable life for a few days?'

'Yes, rather.'

'Indeed! I don't know as much about fashionable people as you do, but I fancied Miss Lansing was something better than the ordinary run. She giggles less than most girls, and is neither slangy nor rude in conversation for the sake of being considered a smart talker. In fact, I believed she was both sensible and kind-hearted. It is new for you, however, to speak slightingly of the flowers which bloom in the sacred hot-beds of fashion. You draw the breath of life in drawing-rooms. You shudder at the bare thought of contact with creatures who have not been bred in the pure air serene of good society. You carpet-knight! how dare you sneer about the artificialities of fashionable life?'

Walter heard this tirade with unruffled calmness. Smith was fond of attacking his friend, and sometimes attacked him rather roughly on what was considered the weak side of his character. Walter Dean's aristocratic tastes and bearing had obtained for him while at college the nickname of 'The Marquis.' One of his gifts, an aristocratic one in the best sense of the term, was a temper which it was not easy to disturb. Carefully removing his cigar from his lips, he emitted a column of smoke and then said, without a shade of resentment in his voice,

'You always speak well on this subject, Maurice. Please go on.'

'You know you are always dinning into my ears,' said Smith, moderating his tone a little, 'that this same mysterious thing you call "breeding," is the most excellent of virtues, and that no amount of ability or merit can make up for the want of it.'

'I like gentleness and refinement,' answered Walter, 'but I don't say that they are only to be found in what is called society.'

'You used to say so. Where else can they be found?'

'Oh, in several other places,' was the languid response. 'It's too hot to particularize.'

'In the cottage of Jacob Meres, for instance?' said Smith.

'Smith, how your mind is running on that little Puritan. But as you have mentioned the venerable Prospero, I think we are bound to respond to his hospitable invitation and try the fishing.'

'But you hate fishing.'

'That's true,' yawned Walter. 'But we can easily arrange that. You can do the fishing. I'll stay on shore with Selma.'

Smith laughed aloud. 'Why didn't you own up at once, you young hypocrite. As though I didn't see what you were driving at.'

'Yes, I knew you did, so I thought it unnecessary to mention it,' replied Walter, who liked to have the last word.

'Yesterday you were quite incensed at the way she treated you: *spretæ injuria formæ*. You swore you wouldn't revisit her.'

'Nor shall I. I shall call on Prospero: it's her own fault if she happens to be at home. I like Prospero,' said Walter, with his most passionless drawl. 'I have a scheme in my mind for reforming him.'

'Well,' said Smith, 'to give you a chance to try and reform anything or anybody would be worth breaking a resolution for. I'll take you to Jacob's Island and Jacob's daughter, if you'll promise to call with me on the Lansings.'

'Anything for a quiet life,' replied Walter; and the bargain was struck.

When the two young men reached Jacob's Island, they found Mr. Meres engaged in polishing the windows of the lighthouse. They made fast their boat, and Smith plunged into a discussion with Jacob as to the habits of the peculiar flies which had attached themselves in myriads to the glass during the night. Walter sauntered, casually, across the bridge and up to the cottage.

Perhaps Selma had prepared herself against the contingency of visitors. Certainly the neat print dress she wore was much more becoming than the old black lustre in which she had yesterday been surprised. She was employed, not in the prosaic task of knitting stockings, but in the more poetical one of arranging some flowers gathered from her little garden. She was setting them out in an old plate of tarnished crockery, but her taste was as undeniable as if she had used a silver *épergne*. Her sleeves were pinned up neatly, to protect them from the water, whereby two round white arms were dis-

played to advantage. She is not such a Puritan after all, thought Walter.

A faint blush touched Selma's cheek as Walter lounged into the cottage, and, as she held out her hand a little shyly, she looked distractingly fresh and pretty.

'Your father was so kind as to ask us to come over here and try the fishing,' said Walter, picking out the easiest chair in the room and occupying it. 'He recommends it highly.'

'Yes, it is considered good,' Selma answered rather coolly. 'You will find my father down at the lighthouse.'

This artless young woman is not going to rush into your arms, Master Walter!

'I have just left him,' Walter rejoined calmly; 'it appears we've come at the wrong time. Four o'clock in the morning is the best time, I understand, and in future I shall come at that hour. I left your father explaining all about it to my friend Smith.'

'I should think you might get some good sport this afternoon,' said Selma, quite innocently, of course. 'The fish rise very well on a day like this, if you get on the right side of an island.'

'Ah, but the difficulty is to get on the right side of an island,' Walter gravely replied. He had a rather strong impression that he was on the right side of an island already. 'But,' he added artfully, 'as I'm not going to be here long, I ought not to lose a chance. Perhaps I had better go down and persuade your father to take us out.'

He rose and walked thoughtfully to the door. As though he had the slightest intention of going away!

Selma glanced through the window, hesitated a moment, and then said seriously, 'I doubt after all if the wind is from the right quarter.'

'The wind is *not* from the right quarter,' said Walter decidedly; 'I shall stay where I am;' and with a secret sense of triumph he seated himself again.

'Are you fond of fishing?' asked Selma, after a short pause.

'Very,' was the shameless reply. 'Are you?'

'No; I think only very lazy people can really enjoy fishing from a boat.' It was but just that, having incautiously allowed him a slight advantage, she should take the first opportunity of revenge.

Walter felt that he was suffering needless aspersion, and regretted that he had not told the truth.

'Of course,' he remarked thoughtfully, 'fishing on the river here is not equal to fishing in a smaller stream where you don't use a boat, and have all the excitement of constant motion and change. Nothing like salmon-fishing for instance.'

'I am sure you would like the excitement of constant motion. You do a good deal of salmon-fishing, I suppose?'

'N-no, not much. In fact, none—*yet*,' said Walter, who began to feel that he was being handled rather ruthlessly. 'But I mean to,' he continued cheerfully, 'when I get anywhere near a salmon. So far, my exploits in angling have been quite unpretending; hooking speckled trout in a clear brook, overhung with bushes that dip into the water. That is really pleasant if you can get the musquitos to let you enjoy it by yourself. They generally interfere with me a good deal. They say they always assault good-natured people.'

'They don't trouble me much—because I'm not good-natured I suppose,' said Selma, who seemed now, however, determined to show that she was. 'But, as you say, trout-fishing is pleasant. I often tried it—when I was young. I once took as much delight in a dark hole where the white foam curled against a log, or a swift eddy, as any boy. I was quite a famous fisherman.'

'When you were young, I suppose? That must be a terribly long time ago.'

'It is indeed,' mused Selma, 'a long time ago. Or at least it seems a long time ago;' and she made an attempt to produce one or two wrinkles in her fair forehead.

'If you say that at—seventeen,' said Walter, polite but insincere, 'what will you say when you come to three-and-twenty, like me?'

'You know I am more than seventeen. You only say that to flatter me, as you tried to do yesterday. I was nineteen last month. But it is not,' she went on with supernatural solemnity, 'the weight of years so much as the weight of responsibility. There is father and the school. Having to look after such charges makes one feel old enough.'

'What school?' inquired Walter.

'Don't you know about my school?' she demanded, opening her eyes. 'But of

course not. I didn't tell you. I teach the school at the Point, though, thank goodness, the children have holidays now.'

'So you teach school?' This explained the superior education and keenness of the lighthouse-keeper's daughter. He said to himself that she did not resemble the ideal 'school-marm' as she existed in his mind. A vision of a certain elderly spinster, with sallow complexion, pinched features, bad temper, and a general suggestiveness of sour apples, who had been a natural enemy of his when he was yet of a tender age, rose before him. 'I hope you like it,' he said, after he had sufficiently considered the contrast.

'I don't dislike it,' she replied, thoughtfully. 'Indeed I couldn't live without some occupation in the winter and spring. But it's rather wearing. You see, nine children out of ten are so drearily stupid. You may be able to do something with the tenth, and I have one or two really intelligent pupils. They are a real pleasure. But the advantage is that you are learning all the time yourself, not only from the books but from the different characters you meet with. I am sure, little as I know, I should have been ten times as ignorant had I never taken to teaching.'

That the honey of knowledge should flow from such lips for the clods of a country village!

'I should like to go to your school,' Walter said after a time, slowly, as if he were weighing the advantages of such a contingency.

Selma glanced at him curiously. In the drooping corners of his mouth and in the slightly elevated eyebrows, was an expression of gentle melancholy, as if he were mildly deploring the deficiencies of an early education. He puzzled her completely. He was not the least like any other gentleman she had ever spoken to. Not like his friend Mr. Smith, who was so abrupt and straightforward; nor like Mr. George Lansing, who had a red face, stuttered dreadfully, and was disrespectful in his manners; nor like the young clergyman at the Point, who had weak eyes, and blushed when he spoke to you.

'You would never do,' she said at last, shaking her head seriously. 'You would be quite too lazy. I have too many lazy pupils already. I find them a great trouble and anxiety.'

He was so submissive and humble in his demeanor, that it seemed quite natural that an autocrat like herself should assume the dictatorship and talk to him severely. And the sensation of speaking with authority to a young and handsome man was new and not unpleasant.

'I believe I am considered lazy,' Walter answered, with the air of contemplating a rather interesting problem. 'But of course it's part of my disposition, which I'm not responsible for; and I don't think I ought to be despised for that. I have always thought I could be wonderfully industrious with a teacher whom I—reverenced. Now I'm sure you could make me industrious. I wish you would take me in hand.'

'The first thing I should try and teach you would be not to talk nonsense, and only to say what you really mean. I don't think it's right for people to say what they don't mean. Besides it's inconvenient. People can never tell what you really want them to believe.'

'I frequently say what I mean,' said Walter, 'although I have been brought up in bad company, where the saying is, that language is given us to conceal our thoughts. But come now, I am going to be here a week. There are hundreds of things you could teach me, about the island, and the river, and Nature, and—keeping a lighthouse, and so on. You give me permission to come and learn about these things, and I'll undertake to teach you some few things I have picked up, about the world, and—politics, and all that sort of thing. Shall it be a bargain?'

The suggestion was a whimsical one, but, as far as could be gathered from the manner in which it was offered, made in good faith.

'I should have the best of that bargain,' said Selma, laughing. 'It would be really nice for me, if you would take so much trouble. I am the most ignorant little school-teacher on the St. Lawrence. I've been teaching two years now, and I find I know less every day, because every day I find there is so much more to know. As for the world, I have never been a hundred miles from this island that I can remember. And politics, I think they must be a very noble pursuit. I have read a good deal about them in English history, about Chatham and his son, you know, and Burke and Fox.'

'They are a noble pursuit,' said Walter gravely, 'particularly in this country.'

The conversation was continued in an equally profound and profitable strain.

Selma *was* ignorant of most things which a girl of sixteen at a fashionable boarding-school would know. But she was naturally bright and clever, and had used to advantage her own powers of observation and the little stock of books which she possessed. There was a *naiveté* and freshness too in her ideas which were quite charming. She expressed her opinions courageously and with simple directness, the result no doubt of an avocation in which she was accustomed to lay down the law without fear of contradiction. Like most women, she was somewhat deficient in a sense of humour, and her simple seriousness was occasionally disconcerting to Mr. Walter Dean, who, it will perhaps be perceived by this time, was something of a humourist. But he had the faculty of adapting himself to his company, and he found himself almost unconsciously falling into a strain more in harmony with the genuine earnestness of Selma's disposition. As for Selma, she was not so guileless as to be quite insensible to the pleasure of conversing with a handsome young man, who was as deferential in his address as if she had been the rich Mrs. Lansing herself. She thought him much more agreeable than he was yesterday, with his compliments and self-complacency. He was still a puzzle, but, as such, a legitimate object of interest to a sagacious young woman.

In the drowsy afternoon a pleasant hour stole quietly away. Through the open door and windows, the scent of mignonette and sweet briar was wafted on the languid breeze. The bees hummed; the grasshoppers twittered; the climbing vines and shady bushes rustled faintly; and under all the river sang its slumberous monotone.

And where was Smith all this time? The shady side of the lighthouse seemed to him a particularly favourable spot for a pipe, and a pipe had charms superior to feminine society. So he stretched himself upon the little pier, lit his pipe, and listened to the well-sustained babble of Jacob Meres. That gentleman, glad beyond measure to get a good listener, poured upon him a flood of confidences. Keeping a lighthouse was all well enough, so Mr. Meres was of opinion; you got your pay reg'lar, and the work wasn't, to say, heavy, but the pay was nothing to brag of, and in winter you were thrown on your beam-ends. How long had he been on the island? A spell of twelve years or thereabouts. It was old Mr. Lansing at the Point—the gentleman had mebbe heard tell of the Lansings, the rich lumbermen? yes, of course, everybody knew *them*—well, old Mr. Lansing got him the lighthouse. He had been sailing a schooner of his on the lakes, and so came across him. His daughter, Miss Esther, was about the age of Selma. Selma was with him on the vessel once, and the young leddies come aboard at the Point, and Miss Esther took a fancy to Selma right away. Nothing would do but Selma must go and live with her, and be her little sister. But Selma, bless her, wouldn't leave her father, withal he was so rough, and she so soft and gentle, just like a born little leddy. So old Mr. Lansing he says, says he, 'Jacob do you think you could keep a lighthouse,' and says I, 'It's a landsman's business,' says I; 'but Jacob Meres is getting stiff in the joints, and ain't the able-bodied seaman he used to be, and the little 'un ought to have a better home than the cabin of a lake-schooner, and if it please your honour, and the pay's reg'lar, I'll try it on.' That was after Selma's mother had died; an uncommon female she was, the daughter of a ship's purser, and far above a sailor's wife in birth and eddication. But Jacob, in his day, was as trim a looking seaman as ever reefed a topsail, though folks did think it rum that she should marry him, not that he had any mind to run off with her, if it wasn't that she ran off with him, if the truth was told. She did it to spite her parents somehow, though he could never make out the rights of it exactly, but so she always explained to him afterwards. A wild and wayward woman she was, with a fiery will of her own—and Selma had a little of that herself—but she was too genteel for a sailor's wife; there was no mistake about that. He was afeard she wasn't very happy with him, though she stuck to him faithfully, and forgave him for marrying her on her bed of death, which was a blessed comfort to any right-feeling man, and she bade him give up grog, and told little Selma to live for her father and take

better care of him nor she had done. The little 'un never forgot these words, for she had looked after her father ever since, and well and kindly too, though she did keep rather a tight hand over him.

Had the Lansings continued to take an interest in his daughter?

That they had, and Selma would lay down her life for Miss Esther cheerfully. They grew up like sisters, Selma spending day after day at the big house, and getting book-learning from Miss Esther's leddy-teacher, and it was said that Selma picked up learning quicker than Miss Esther; and Selma being so much in the big house, had got, as he thought, manners as fine as any of 'em. But Miss Esther and she hadn't seen each other much of late years, Miss Esther visiting much in the city, and having been in furrin parts now for nigh on two years. And it was the Lansings got Selma the little school at the Point, which kept her busy most of the time, though she had holidays now.

Many more items of personal and domestic history did the garrulous Jacob confide to his auditor. When Smith had exhausted his pipe, as well as his interest in these revelations, he thought it time to be moving.

'We will go up to the house and get Mr. Dean,' he said, suiting the action to the word; 'we must return to camp.'

As they approached the cottage he observed the dwarf, whom he had named Caliban the day before, shamble into the bushes. He had been peeping stealthily through a window at the occupants of the house.

'Who is that amiable-looking — bat?' Smith asked.

'That is Anatole, the half-breed,' said Jacob; 'he is a poor, harmless cripple, that everybody hates and scorns but Selma and me. He keeps the light-boat that's moored out in the stream a couple of miles down, though he's here most of his time. Selma tries to teach him to read his Bible, but Anatole is a good Catholic, and doesn't take to it kindly.'

Selma and Walter came through the cottage door. Her face was bright and animated as she looked up to his.

'You must give me a rose?' said Walter, as he stood under a luxuriant bush of climbing roses.

'You may take one.'

'I shall not take one but from your hand.'

Selma blushed, laughed, hesitated. 'You have been quite a good boy,' she said at length, 'so take it,' and she handed him a rose.

'So!' commented Smith to himself, 'already?'

* * * * * * * * * * *

Smith did not offer to take Walter again to Jacob's Island, nor did Walter ask him to do so. Walter had an instinctive feeling that his friend would look with disapproval on a repetition of his visit, a feeling which was confirmed by Smith's subsequent silence on the subject of Jacob's Island and its inhabitants. Smith is such an absurd old moralist, Walter said to himself, that anything even distantly resembling a flirtation almost sends him into convulsions. He takes such extreme views of things too. If there is a possible evil in any course he at once assumes that that evil must exist.

Walter, to do him justice, if any objection to his conduct were even tacitly raised, was ready enough to examine it from, as far as possible, an independent standpoint. Before he went again to Jacob's Island, he asked himself, with a candour which to him seemed very magnanimous, if there was anything in the enjoyment of a few idle hours with Selma which the severest virtue could justly disapprove. What possible harm could there be in it? The girl was pretty, she had a certain charm of freshness and naiveté, but he felt perfectly confident that his heart was secure. Anything like a serious attachment for one in her station would be simply out of the question. As for her falling in love with *him*—that was within the limits of possibility, certainly, but she would only see him for a few days, after which he would pass from her sight for ever, and his conduct would be such, in the meantime, that when he did go, his departure should excite no more than a friendly and momentary regret. Besides, what the deuce was there to do for the rest of the week? He could not, like Daly and the Doctor, waste hour after hour in whipping the St. Lawrence with a fly. He could not, like Wilson, spend the time in reading and writing love-letters; nor could he bury himself in law-books, like Hawksworth,—

'And strictly meditate the thankless Muse.'

He would not go on and ask himself,

'Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?'

His intercourse with the little school-mistress would be much too prosaic to be thus described. Besides, she was not the sort of girl whose hair was ever in tangles. But, seriously, an occasional visit to Jacob's Island seemed to offer the only prospect of living through the holiday without utter weariness. He would keep his compact with Selma. She was undoubtedly intelligent, and it would be a real kindness to her to give her some new ideas, and direct her attention to new books, which he could afterwards send her, before, in the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches, he forgot her altogether.

So, on the next day, Walter attached the boat of Mr. Jacob Meres, in which that gentleman had rowed to the camp, and piloted himself to the lighthouse, leaving the owner to return as best he could.

The whole afternoon was spent by the side of Selma.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that subsequent days and evenings were passed by Walter in the same agreeable situation. They talked together (not much on politics, I fancy); they read from Walter's favourite poets, the beauties of which Selma seemed to discern with the keenest sympathy; they wandered on the wooded isle; they floated on the lonely river.

Thus, in the clear summer weather, was a compact of mutual instruction between a dark-eyed schoolmistress and a young gentleman of the world faithfully performed. It was all very beautiful, and very Platonic.

IV.

Leander Swims the Hellespont.

Yes, it was he on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo down-gazing;
Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung himself in it;
Eyeing, through eddying green waters, the green-tinted floor underneath them;
Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the glory of headers!

A. H. Clough.

THE week glided swiftly away. The islands had been explored, the river fished to death, the country-side traversed; and the crew of the *Ariadne* began to talk of change. At dinner on Friday it was determined that, with the morning light, the sails should be set, the anchor lifted, and the *Ariadne* steered to other scenes.

'To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new,' cried Daly the restless; 'we can't stagnate here any longer. We can drop about fifty miles further down the river, stopping at Nelson and some of those other places on the way. Then we'll come up the south channel and make the acquaintance of the Yankee coast. You who are so weak as to love the fickle sex, shall have a few days dalliance with the fragile beauties of Carthagena Bay. Then up the south shore of the lake, stopping at all harbours of note, and so home. We can put in another fortnight easily. How does that seem to suit you, Dean?'

'Oh, don't take me into your calculations,' said Dean, carelessly.

'Why not?'

'I intend to stay here.'

This extraordinary declaration produced a general silence.

'Yes,' continued Walter, calmly. 'Leave me one of the tents and a couple of blankets, and I'll wait here till you get back. The truth is I prefer this to the yacht. It is much healthier and pleasanter. I've no doubt Wilson thinks so too, and will stay with me.'

'Mad,' exclaimed Daly, sadly, 'mad as a hatter! That unknown milkmaid or shepherdess over at Jacob's Island has bewitched him completely. Our poor friend! A week ago he wanted to get away from this island after one night's experience. Now he thinks of staying for the rest of the summer. Dear, dear!' and Daly shook his head pathetically.

'It is a bad business,' said the Doctor, in the same melancholy strain, 'a very bad business. I fear the head has become affected, through the heart. Have you felt his pulse lately, Smith? If we can spare any ice from the butter, I think it should be applied to his temples.'

All this, and more, Walter bore with his usual indolent good-nature. It was not new to him. It had been impossible to conceal from his companions that one

of the opposite sex attracted him day after day to Jacob's Island, though all of them, with a crude sense of delicacy for which Walter was secretly grateful, had refrained from invading his sanctuary. But to refrain from chaff would have been an effort of virtue which neither the ruthless Daly nor the phlegmatic Doctor had ever the slightest intention of attempting. Much to the gratification of Wilson, who had been almost the sole subject of their caustic wit, Walter had been compelled to take a share of it. He had no right to complain. There was no one who, under ordinary circumstances, was fonder of raising a laugh at the expense of others than Walter Dean, though in his humour there never was a spice of malice.

He disengaged himself from his lively friends as soon as possible, lit a cigar, and strolled into the bushes.

So the week, which was to hang so heavily upon his hands, had slipt away like a dream, and he was longing to spend another in the same way. But that was absurd, impossible. Of course he had not been serious when he spoke of remaining on the island by himself. He had dismissed the idea from his mind five minutes after he had given it expression. There could be but one reason or justification for such ridiculous conduct. That was, that he was already in love with Selma Meres, and desired to become more entangled in the snare.

But he was not in love with Selma, that was clear. A gentleman does not fall in love with the daughter of a drunken light-house-keeper, simply because she has a head like a chiselled Daphne. Nor because she has eyes as liquid pure in their depths as the St. Lawrence. Nor lips like rosebuds, which excite in you a mad impulse to kiss them over and over again. Nor a smile which makes the blood run riot in your veins. A gentleman doesn't fall in love with a lighthouse-keeper's daughter for the sake of such trifles as these. That would be too absurd.

From an artistic point of view of course these things were admirable, and no man with a soul for the beautiful, like Walter Dean, could help admiring them. But that was vastly different from falling in love.

Then, not being in love with Selma, a manlier voice said, it was plainly right that his visits to Selma should come to an end for ever. The yacht was to start at daybreak. He had been at Jacob's Island all the morning; he would send Selma a letter explaining his hasty departure, and he would not see her again. The thought gave him a sharp twinge of regret. But it was better that he should not see her again. Parting interviews were unsatisfactory affairs at the best of times—and prior events sometimes made them embarrassing.

Dear little Selma! What pleasant days those seven short summer ones had been. He would never forget them: they would be a sweet romance at which he would sometimes look back, across the desert of of his hard, commonplace life.

It was a great pity that a girl should be superior to her station in life. A man was different. He often

> 'breaks his birth's invidious bar,
> And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
> And breasts the blows of circumstance,
> And grapples with his evil star.'

But for a woman, there was, in most cases, nothing for it but to come down to the level of her birth, instead of rising above it. And so it will be, thought Walter bitterly, so long as the social world is ruled by snobs and fools, and there are such infernal cowards as I to be afraid of them. After all, what were social standing, and forms, and wealth, and birth to him? Why shouldn't he love and wed this light-house-keeper's daughter? Was there a girl in all the simpering crew of empty heads and hearts which made up the 'society' of his native city, who was her peer in intelligence, in sensibility, in beauty? He would be a man, and ask her to be his wife, and take her to his home—drunken father and all.

It was a pity Jacob didn't drink himself to death at once. Selma was rather obstinate about her father. She would not let anybody abuse him but herself, and it was he who gave the pure-hearted girl the only anxiety she knew. Her devotion to that unworthy old man was touching and noble, but it was inconvenient. Walter felt confident, so mistaken was Selma's sense of duty on this point, that she would not consent to be separated from her father until he were

immured in an inebriate assylum, or some more effectual place. Jacob would be a highly desirable father-in-law to present to his friends.

And how would Selma herself appear in a drawing-room, amongst the polished dames of higher life? Does the daisy lose nothing of its beauty by comparison with the rose? Would she still seem graceful, self-possessed, intelligent? It was a pity she could not spend a couple of years at a good ladies' school. Those Lansings, if they really cared for the girl, should have either educated her completely, or not at all. Walter hoped to be a great politician some day and to improve, to some extent, the tone of politics. That was a field in which he thought that, by the help of his father's wealth and his own talent for speaking, he could gain power and influence, without the drudgery which was necessary in other spheres. As a minister of the Crown, he should expect his wife to play the duchess at the head of his table. He should have entertainments which would certainly not be behind the Governor-General's, in the splendour of their hospitality and the grace with which it was dispensed. How would Selma Meres, the schoolmistress, play her part in this programme? Not to look beyond the present, how would his parents accept such an addition to the family? He knew that his father valued social standing only as those can who have themselves had a hard struggle to gain it. Unfortunately it was necessary for Walter that he should keep on the right side of that parent, and he knew what to expect if he made what his father would call a *mésalliance.* A quarrel with him meant the abandonment of his plans of life, of luxury and ease, and recourse to the toil of a profession which he disliked. And would it be for Selma's happiness that she should be taken into an alien world, where she would be either entirely neglected, or received with open contempt? Under either treatment her sensitive nature would shrink and wither. And this was what she would be subjected to, unless he were prepared to give up his old associates and ambitious dreams, and in effect alter the whole tenor of his life. Having already decided that he was not in love with Selma Meres, he was not prepared to do this. Even if he did make such a sacrifice, what assurance was there that he would gain happiness which would be a sufficient compensation? After all, what did he know of Selma? Had a week's acquaintance disclosed the shadows as well as the lights of her character? There were many little graces and observances which he had come to look upon as almost indispensable to the perfect womanly character, the absence of which in Selma had sometimes caused a little shock to his fastidious taste. Would she ever acquire these, not being 'to the manner born,' or should he ever become content to see her without them?

And there was another reason why he should conquer any incipient regard for Selma, which all along had been uneasily present to his mind. Two years ago he had exchanged the usual vows of unalterable affection with one whom beauty and goodness, as well as wealth and station, commended to his esteem. But she was little more than a school-girl then; he just come of age and still at college. Her parents took the practical view, that the young people were too young to know their own minds, and forbade an engagement, but there had been a mutual understanding between the young people themselves that at some future time Walter was to press his suit again. In the meantime the young lady had gone abroad. You are bound to her, said Honour, until she chooses to release you from your youthful vows. There is not a woman you know, said Expediency, who would make you so suitable a wife as she.

He would see Selma no more. He would not harrow her feelings by a parting interview; nor would he endanger his own and her happiness for the future. He knew that he was weak. He knew that the appeal of a pair of dewy eyes might in an instant reverse the decision of reason, and draw from him vows which would be a source of never-ending regret.

As Walter had thus satisfactorily determined that he was not in love with Selma, that he ought not to fall in love with Selma, and that he should go away without even seeing her again, it was as unfortunate as it was strange, that his feet should lead him to a spot just opposite to and in view of Selma's cottage. But so it was. He looked up, and behold Jacob's Island was before his eyes. The lighthouse standing patiently

out in the river, the roof of the cottage just visible above the foliage, and a thin blue line of smoke rising in the still air from the chimney.

He saw, as clearly as in some magic mirror, a trim figure sitting by a window, half-hidden by climbing roses. Her little hands were idle, her work lying neglected in her lap, and her grave eyes looked out over the river, and he knew that she was thinking of him.

And Smith's boat lay on the shore at his very feet.

He threw himself moodily on the ground. Oh fool ! to try and make himself believe that lie, that he did not love her ! He was the most miserable man on earth !

Presently the figure which in fond vision he had so distinctly seen, appeared on the little bridge which joined the light-house to the shore, moved slowly along it, and was hidden behind the tower.

With a passionate exclamation he rose to his feet, sprang to the river's edge, and held out his arms towards her. He must see her, speak to her, clasp her hand again, let the cost be what it would. He laid hold of the skiff; then paused, for some one was coming through the trees.

It was Maurice Smith.

In his present mood there was no man in the world whom Walter Dean less desired to see than Smith. Their intercourse had not been very cordial lately. They had ceased to be companions, for Walter could not ask his friend to accompany him on his visits to Jacob's Island, or to hear the story of each day spent there, knowing what Smith's feelings must surely be on that subject. And it followed that the confidence which usually existed between them—for, unlike as they seemed to be, they were close friends—had been interrupted. As day after day Walter yielded to what, as he sometimes admitted to himself, was become a dangerous fascination, he felt that he was being gradually estranged from his silent friend, who not only disciplined his own conduct according to a severe standard, but, though he seldom criticized the conduct of others, tacitly judged his friends by rules equally strict. Most people cared very little what Smith thought about them, but not so Walter Dean.

'Do you want to use the boat, Walter?' Smith asked kindly enough, as he approached.

'It doesn't matter; you want it yourself.'

'I was thinking of paddling down to the village: I have to post a letter. You had better come along.'

'Thanks, I didn't want to go in that direction.' Walter looked wistfully across the water. After a pause he said frankly, 'To tell the truth, I wanted to get to the lighthouse. You might leave me there, if you choose; it won't take you much out your way.'

Smith was silent, and Walter instantly regretted that he had made the suggestion. How could he humiliate himself so much as to ask a favour of the man, who, in his superior virtue, was complacently condemning him as a wrong-doer.

'After all,' he added quickly, 'that won't be necessary ; I can use the dingy.'

'Why, didn't you know? They have all gone to the Point in the dingy, to a circus or something. They wont be back till midnight probably.'

Smith laughed as he said this. Walter, in his irritable mood, thought he laughed triumphantly, and set his teeth. There was a moment's silence. 'Not to be back till midnight,' was Walter's next thought, 'I can't see her in the morning. What the deuce am I to do?'

'Look here, Walter,' Smith said at length, good-humouredly, 'I wish you wouldn't ask me to take you across there.'

'I don't ask you,' answered Walter coldly; 'I shall get across some other way.'

'Then you mean to go?'

'I don't know what right you have to ask, but—I do.'

There was another pause, during which Walter smoked his cigar gloomily, while Smith remained grave and silent.

'I hate above all things to meddle with any man's conduct,' he said at last quietly, 'and no one knows that better than you. It's only because I care for you more than other men, that I run the risk of displeasing you by speaking plainly. I don't think you ought to go to Jacob's Island again.'

However sweet your temper may be, however open to conviction you feel sure you are, it is not agreeable, when you have set your heart upon a particular course, to be told, in rather a superior manner, that

that course is wrong, even if the person who undertakes to advise you is the best of your friends. And if you have a secret impression that he happens to be right, it is all the more galling.

Walter's face was dangerously white as he said, 'I would resent this from any other man. May I ask why I ought not to go?'

'Because if you go it will end in your staying here longer, as you hinted at to-day at dinner-time. You may not have been very serious then, but I know you well enough, my dear boy, to be sure that if the young lady over there favored such a scheme, you would feel bound to stay. And you have no right to stay, unless you have made up your mind to marry Selma Meres. I don't think you mean to marry her, though you have made her fall in love with you. Never mind how I know it I know it, and that's enough to make me speak out, for her sake and yours. The little woman has a character, Walter. If she wants to keep her school and position here she must keep her character. Don't think gossip and scandal are confined to cities. They are already talking about her and you over at that wretched village, for you seem to have some kind friend who keeps the chaw-bacons *en rapport* with events on the island. Now Walter, you know as well as I do that there is only one course open for an honorable man, and that is to break off the whole business at once, and the best way to do it is not to see her again. Frankly, even if you don't mean to stay, I doubt your power of bidding her personally farewell, without entangling her and yourself in some engagement, which can never be kept. I have a feeling that if you cross that river to-night you won't leave with the yacht to-morrow. You have a good heart, Walter; don't take a step which you may never cease to regret,'

During this exhortation, uttered with more emotion than Smith was won't to display, Walter's feelings were strongly moved. He became crimson with indignation. That any man, and that the man who knew him best, should insinuate that he could do anything inconsistent with the subtlest sense of honour! He! Walter Dean, 'the Marquis,' not in looks and bearing merely! Conscious that his intentions were much better than Smith gave him credit for, the imputation stung him like a nettle. All his usual softness of temper vanished, and it was with difficulty that he suppressed an outburst of anger. At length, however, his habitual self-restraint returned, and he said with stinging coldness,

'You seem to take a singularly strong personal interest in this young woman.'

In spite of the gravity of his feelings, Smith laughed aloud. 'Oh, come Dean, my motives for making myself disagreeable are not selfish ones, and you don't think so, I'm sure. But there is one thing I must tell you. As you failed to keep your promise of calling with me, I went to the Lansings' yesterday myself.'

'D——n the Lansings,' growled Walter under his breath.

'Esther Lansing has just come home.'

Walter started in spite of himself. His tell-tale face reddened and grew pale again,

'The news doesn't particularly interest me,' he said at length, with an assumption of indifference which he was far from feeling.

'It ought to, I think,' replied Smith, a little indignantly. 'As you have been so imprudent as to take me into your confidence pretty often, I know the feelings you have always professed towards that young lady. I thought it only fair to let you know that she has returned and was close to you. It might affect your plans to some extent.'

'Smith,' exclaimed Walter, so interested now as almost to have forgotten his bitterness, 'there never was anything really binding between Esther Lansing and me. We haven't seen each other for two years. She was a child then, and I nothing but a boy. I admired her, certainly, but so you did yourself.' (Smith winced a little at this). I think she rather liked me; there was some youthful nonsense between us, nothing that anyone could fairly consider an engagement. That was all, upon my soul!'

'Very well. Of course it's none of my business,' said Smith rising. There was a cold disapproval in the tone of his voice which was very irritating to Walter.

'Now look here, Smith,' he burst out, 'you seem determined to put me in the wrong, but you're on the wrong tack your-

self altogether. When I spoke of staying here this morning, you might have known I wasn't serious. Of course I shall go with the yacht to morrow and never see this girl again. But hang it, I must see her once more and say good-bye. What possible harm can there be in that? It would be simply brutal of me to go away without saying good-bye. She would suppose I thought ordinary civility of no importance in her case because she is not my equal in station? I should hate myself if I made her suppose that.'

Perhaps a judicious friend would have yielded here, and left the young fellow to his own sense of right and honour, to bring him safely through whatever dangers there might be. But Maurice Smith, having once settled to his own satisfaction what was right for himself or anyone else to do, admitted no compromise.

'You spent the whole morning with the lighthouse-keeper's daughter,' he said. 'What are your relations with her, formed in one week, that you cannot say good-bye by letter, but must spend the evening with her too. I believe that if you go there this evening, you will not come away with us to-morrow.'

'You are unjust to me,' replied Walter, sullenly, all his nature rising up in opposition. 'You seem to think my assurances of no value. You insinuate that I am base enough to trifle with the feelings of a poor girl like Selma. I don't know what worse you think me capable of.'

'I think none of us are so strong that we can afford to run into temptation. I have said more than I intended. I am sorry I touched the subject at all. It goes against my grain to preach, and you know it.'

Walter said nothing more, but lay upon the ground revolving bitter thoughts in his mind. For a time he positively hated Smith, and wondered why he did not rise up and strike him. One thing he had made up his mind to, he would cross the river, some way or other, if all the powers of good and evil conspired to prevent him. Smith sat near in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. He felt that, with the best intentions in the world, he had opened a breach between himself and Walter, for whom he entertained a strong affection, without apparently effecting any good. He was enjoying to the full the pleasures of candid friendship. He felt that the best thing for him to do was to get out of the way, but it seemed to him that it would look inexpressibly mean and sneaking to row away in the wretched skiff which had been the direct occasion of the disagreement. An event, however, soon occurred to relieve both men from their embarrassment.

The gentle girl who was the unconscious cause of difference between the friends, suddenly reappeared by the lighthouse, behind which she had been hidden. She was some six hundred yards away, but her movements were distinctly visible as she walked across the bridge. When she reached the bank, she paused, and gazed across the water, looking towards the spot where the young men were. Walter rose to his feet. And then she waved—or was it fancy, and did she only seem to wave?—her hand, and straightway disappeared amongst the bushes.

Walter, excited by a sudden impulse, threw away the end of his cigar, and began unlacing the deer-skin moccasins in which he lounged about the camp. He took them off—his feet were innocent of stockings—and turned up his trousers from the ankle till they were smooth and tight about his thighs. He next drew his light flannel-shirt—he wore no coat—over his head, rolled it into a small compass, attached his moccasins to it, and slung it loosely round his neck. He wore a blue-silk yachtsman's cap, and this he pulled down tightly on his head.

He stood erect, his chest expanded, his lips compressed, his eyes sparkling. Standing thus, partially unclad, with his spare, well-knit frame and shapely limbs, he might have passed for some young Greek, in the full glory of health and strength, stript to contend for the olive crown of Olympia.

'What the deuce are you going to do?' exclaimed Smith, in utter amazement.

'Swim the Hellespont,' said Walter calmly.

'Don't make a damned fool of yourself,' was the grave answer.

But Leander was in the stream, and breasting the current with athletic strokes which bade fair to land him soon at Hero's feet.

ELLIS DALE.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

NO ONE, certainly, who feels in any adequate degree the importance of the Temperance Problem, and of finding for it the best possible solution, can regret the fullest discussion of it from all points of view. More particularly is it well that, in discussing the question of restriction of the liquor traffic by legislation, whether absolutely prohibitory or not, the fullest weight should be accorded to every valid argument on the negative side; and it is, therefore, very satisfactory to have these so fully stated as they have been, by so able, courteous, and generous an opponent as Mr. Allen. If these arguments, stated by one who is honestly desirous of promoting the good of humanity, can be satisfactorily met—as the present writer ventures to think—the plea for a restrictive policy will be so much the stronger. If, on the other hand, they cannot, the warmest advocates of such a policy might well hesitate before pressing its adoption.

It is a striking instance of the difficulty of according strict justice to what is written from an opposite point of view to our own, that so fair an antagonist as Mr. Allen, has, undoubtedly without the slightest intention of doing so, seriously misrepresented the position of the present writer, in his list of 'premises,' by supplying several which were neither implied nor expressed in my previous article.

To begin with the first:—'That a Government is entitled to curtail the rights of A. if it conceives that thereby it will benefit B., though A. may be the better member of society.' So far from expressing or implying any such premise, the writer expressly contended that the right to sell liquor could *not* be included among the 'natural rights' of man, because it seriously conflicts with the rights of others, as exemplified in various instances; and, secondly, that by making and submitting to license-laws, men have already admitted this, since, 'if it were the natural right of any man to sell intoxicating liquor, it would be the natural right of all.' Furthermore, it was contended that it is not a 'natural right' of man to find alcoholic stimulants exposed for sale to suit his convenience, since, 'if he were not a member of "society," he certainly would not do so, and "society," by its very constitution, has a right to protect itself from the abuse of the privileges which itself creates.' These quotations sufficiently dispose of the first 'premise' attributed to *Fidelis*.

Still less ground is there for the second 'premise' with which the writer's argument is credited—that a Government 'is likewise entitled, if it deems proper, to take of the goods or earnings of A. in order to carry out its system of benefiting B.' It is difficult to see how this 'premise' could have been 'developed' out of my argument, since the vexed question of 'compensation' was not even touched upon, it being a side issue, and one which the present writer does not feel competent to discuss—desiring only that, if prohibitory or restrictive measures should be adopted, they should be so on the fairest and most equitable basis possible to devise. This much, however, may be remarked in passing—that, in the first place, holders of licenses tacitly admit that they hold the right to sell liquor *at the pleasure of the Government*, and that the reduction of licenses, which means the cutting off of the legalized rights from *some* former holders, has already become part of the law of this country. The *principle has been admitted*, and what has been done in the case of some may with equal justice be done in the case of all. Moreover, if, in the face of many significant tokens of the growth of a strong public opinion antagonistic to the open sale of liquor, and of various measures, more or less stringent, tending in the same direction, men deliberately choose, for the sake of gain, to persevere in a traffic which they well know is the cause of more ruin, disease, crime, and death, than all other causes put together—then it would be indeed difficult to suppose a case in which the losers by the passing of a great

public measure could claim less sympathy. There is hardly a rise or fall in the tariff which does not in some degree 'take of the goods or earnings' of some members of the community; and when a great national emergency absolutely requires the imposition of a special tax, the Government imposing it is not usually charged with injustice, though in some cases it may fall with a ruinous pressure. Precisely analogous, we hold, would be the case of a prohibitory law directed against a more gigantic and inveterate enemy of the common-weal than would be an army of Krupp guns.

The third 'premise,' 'that a system of things characterized by the absence of temptations leading the weak to transgress, would be a far better system of things than that under which we live,' is equally absent from the article in question. The 'system of things under which we live,' in which the mistakes and weaknesses of men are doubtless overruled for ends higher than our thoughts can grasp, did not form a subject of discussion. What was discussed was, whether *we*, as responsible beings, with certain definite issues clearly before us, should unite as members of a corporate body, called 'society,' in legalizing the office of *tempter*—in placing before the weak and untrained in resistance temptations to which they, in their *present* moral condition, must inevitably succumb, to their unspeakable misery and degradation. In ordinary social life, the employer or parent who should so act would meet with the most unqualified reprobation. And though it has been said that corporations have no consciences, yet the individuals who collectively compose them have not lost the sense of right in this matter, to which we may with some confidence appeal.

As to the fourth premise, that 'the principles of Prohibitionists harmonize with those of Christianity, though not with the actual practice of Christ,' Mr. Allen is perfectly correct. That is exactly the writer's position. We hold that the Lord Jesus Christ left, not an example of detail or ceremony, but large and comprehensive principles to guide his followers; that what was simply a kindly and loving act in the circumstances of Judæa, A.D. 30, would be a very different kind of act in Canada, A.D. 1877, and with the very different stimulants most in use among ourselves; and that the charge to 'love our neighbour as ourselves' covers and is the animating principle of the action of our *Christian* temperance men and women. We hold that since we, with our clearer sense of rights and wrongs, happiness and misery, pray 'lead us not into temptation,' and would earnestly desire not to be exposed to a temptation greater than we could bear, we should equally desire that our brother should not be so exposed; and that, according to the Golden Rule, if we, who are stronger and happier, can do anything to shield the poor victims of this terrible temptation from their destroyer—anything to protect the poor women and children who are the deepest and most helpless sufferers—it is our bounden duty, as Christians, to do it. Then we have St. Paul's application and amplification of his Master's more general precept—'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.' If a large number of the best, most philanthropic, and most enlightened members of the community, agree to remove this 'accursed thing' from among them, to debar *themselves* as well as others from its temperate use, because it so obviously 'makes their brother to offend,' are they to be prevented from carrying out their beneficent intention, because a number of the 'baser sort'—the more sensual, selfish, mercenary, and reckless—reinforced by many of the unhappy victims themselves, place themselves in opposition to it? It is not for a moment implied here that all its opponents belong to the classes above specified. The writer is well aware that men like Mr. Allen, for whose character and judgment it would be impossible not to feel the utmost respect, oppose certain restrictive measures—especially Prohibition—from a sincere want of confidence in their usefulness, and from such the writer differs diffidently and with reluctance; advocating Prohibition, in so far as it has been advocated, only because years of observation and effort have seemed to compel the conclusion that nothing, humanly speaking, short of some stringent measure of the kind can effectually stay the ravages of the greatest enemy of our country, and we might safely say of humanity at large.

Premises nos. 5, 6, and 7 are the premises

of Mr. Allen's criticism, not of my article. The present writer ventured to make no statement as to the point whether the Gothenburg and other systems had 'effected the good so sanguinely anticipated by their authors.' Probably no measure ever does effect all the good anticipated. What was said of the Gothenburg system was, that 'Sweden, encouraged by the success . . is now endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom.' This is strictly correct, as is shown by Mr. Chamberlain's first article in the *Fortnightly Review*. It was also stated that we 'had very favourable accounts of its success,' which, as they were gathered by Mr. Chamberlain in person, might be considered trustworthy. These 'accounts' were given exactly in the language of the writers—Swedish witnesses who may be supposed to testify that which they have seen. Since these quotations were given, however, as Mr. Allen observes, very strong counter-testimony was given in the House of Commons in the debate on the question. When the testimonies of eye-witnesses are so conflicting, those who can view the matter only from a distance must hold their judgment in suspense—unavoidably, perhaps, leaning towards adopting that view of it which most coincides with their own theories and predilections. That restrictive measures have effected this good without greater or countervailing disadvantages in any other direction was not said, nor would it be easy to arrive at an absolute conclusion on this point without greater knowledge than the present writer can claim. In the absence of positive testimony to the contrary, it is natural at least to hope the best. And as to 'predicting with certainty the future effect of this or any other measure on a complex being like man,' so bold a thought never suggested itself to the mind of the writer. At the best, and in our best efforts, we are but groping through the dark—feeling our way amidst unknown quantities, making attempt after attempt, and experiment after experiment, and by-and-by, perhaps, hitting, after a blunder-fashion, on something which succeeding ages at least, if not the present, will recognize as a great step in human progress. This is the best, the writer sincerely believes, that we can hope to do with the Temperance Problem; and if Prohibition do not prove the best solution, we may, amid our seeking, find something better on the way.

Premise no. 8, also, the writer is compelled to disavow. *No* comparison was instituted between the Mohammedan and Christian systems, as religious sytems. A *single point* in Mohammedan legislation was referred to as having had, by the direct testimony of Christian missionaries, a most beneficent influence in keeping the destroying tide of intemperance from rolling across the whole interior of Africa. Will anyone say that this saving cause had no place in God's providential arrangements, like certain other salutary regulations of what we consider false religious systems. But no comparison is possible between legislation of any kind and Christianity, for the simple reason that Christianity and legislation have provinces entirely distinct. The one concerns itself with external conduct, the other brings a good influence to bear on the very springs of human action. The one is human, the other Divine. But because Christ initiated the inward law of love, which is finally to supersede outward law by fulfilling it, human Governments—even Christian ones—have not thought it un-Christian to maintain their criminal codes unrepealed. Nay, an Apostle recognized the duty of rulers to be 'a terror to evil works,' and of Christians to be subject to them, not only for wrath, but conscience sake. Christ's 'kingdom is not of this world,' and He did not concern Himself with legislation of any kind. His purpose was to win men's hearts, and by winning these, to alter their lives. When all men shall love God with their whole being, and their neighbour as themselves, our whole criminal jurisprudence will be a superfluity; —and it is the duty of every Christian to labour to bring about this very result. But, in the meantime, we do not think it un-Christian to have laws to protect peaceful citizens from assault and robbery, and few, even of the most earnest Christians, would advocate the closing of our prisons and the disbanding of our police. But the argument against the Mohammedan legislation referred to, would bear as strongly in this direction as in that in which it was applied by Mr. Allen.

Premises 9th and 10th must equally be disavowed, at least as stated by Mr.

Allen. The writer ventured and ventures no opinion as to the paternality of governments. It was simply pleaded that if a majority of the best citizens of a State united in believing a measure to be urgently needed and of signal good to a community, the opposition of a few should not prevent that measure from becoming law. And as to the duty of a government to punish vices and failings as well as crimes, what was said was, that intemperance, by virtue of its usual results, was really a crime against society, and that 'the man who sells that which will produce this crime, is actually an "accomplice before the fact;"' and, moreover, that to prevent men by restrictive laws from becoming such 'accomplices before the fact,' would be 'wiser, more humane, and more effectual than any policy which merely punishes after the mischief is done, and seldom succeeds in preventing it in future.' This, it is submitted, is somewhat different from premise number 10 as rendered by Mr. Allen. As to the 11th premise, that the working of natural selection, or the 'survival of the fittest,' should be cheated 'by a universal artificial system of preserving the constitutionally weak,' etc., etc., it may reasonably be asked, what are *all* our so-called philanthropic movements, our hospitals, our sanitariums, our asylums of all kinds, our very hygienic and salutary reforms, but artificial attempts to interfere with the relentless forces of Nature, which cry '*Væ victis!*' and drive the weakest to the wall? As regards science, we have simply *facts*, to be taken as they stand; and we have to remember that the 'order of things' now includes human actions, and actions, too, regulated by what Mr. Allen recognizes as the highest influence, that of Christianity. *That* does not leave us in doubt as to whether we may or may not interfere with the hard laws of Nature, as we call the ordinary working of the forces around us. It bids us, in no doubtful terms, to 'make straight paths for the feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way;' to 'lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees;' and, by the Master's example, 'not to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax.' This is not to preserve the weak *as weak*, but to tenderly nurture them into strength; not to propagate their weakness and uncontrol by leaving them to sink under temptations which they are as yet powerless to resist, and then transmit to their children natures burdened with the fatal hereditary craving; but to place them in circumstances in which, no longer under the pressure of chronic intoxication, appeals to the sense of right and self-preservation shall have some chance to work, and a constitutional habit of sobriety shall be formed in the absence of over-mastering temptation.

As regards Mr. Allen's twelfth and last 'premise,' it is enough to say that the question as regards Government was argued on the same basis on which all license laws and measures of a similar nature are founded, a basis by most tacitly admitted. Without going into any profound questions of political economy, it is surely implied in the idea of popular representative government as contrasted with despotism, that a number of individuals combined, whether as a body of electors or the Government which represents them, *have* rights of a kind distinct from those possessed by any individual, the right, namely, of framing such measures as their collective wisdom may decide to be for the common-weal. And one good reason for this is the greater confidence which is felt in the judgment and freedom from personal bias which would almost inevitably characterize the decisions of the individual, the greater breadth of view and the wisdom which lies in 'a multitude of counsellors.' It is a principle on which we act in all other matters, and there is no good reason why it should not apply to temperance legislation.

As the 'premises' attributed by Mr. Allen to the previous argument of the present writer have nearly all been disavowed, it may be well briefly to sum up the actual premises which led to the conclusion arrived at, if, indeed, any definite conclusion can be said to have been reached. In brief they were these: Intemperance is an inexpressible evil to the whole community, the source of more pauperism, misery, disease, crime, lunacy, and death than perhaps all other causes put together. Apparently it is decreasing very little, if at all, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the very people who are pleading most earnestly for restrictive measures, mainly because others, recklessly selfish, are, for the sake of gain, multiplying temptations and pitfalls to en-

trap the weak and unwary. Governments claim and exercise the right of interfering for the good of the community in cases which demand special action, by enactments which, *in different circumstances*, would be oppressive and unwarrantable. It is sometimes necessary to make a choice between evils, and to meet a great evil with a remedy which only the evil can justify, just as 'heroic treatment' is sometimes necessary to save a patient's life. And as very considerable interference with private liberty is held right and necessary in cases where a solely physical danger is apprehended—witness the often vexatious requirements of quarantine, etc.—it seems that these are at least equally justifiable when the evil to be avoided is one which threatens not only the physical welfare of the community, but its intellectual and moral well-being also. Prohibition could not possibly be less justifiable than the suspension of the *habeas corpus* Act in times of national emergency. There are times when there must be a compromise with what at other times would be the natural liberty of the subject, and, as has been already quoted from Professor Jevons, 'the rights of private property and private action may be pushed so far that the general interest of the public are made of no account whatever.' The man who slightly wounds his neighbour by a hasty and unpremeditated blow is rightly brought under the penalty of the law. But knowingly and deliberately to tempt a man into habitual intoxication for the sake of gain is infinitely worse, both as regards the victim and the action itself. Is one and the same law to forbid and punish the one, and legalize and protect the other.

A very few words may be added in reference to those points of Mr. Allen's reply not already taken up. He implies that prohibitory or restrictive measures are vain attempts at 'short-cuts to morality.' Now, it is true that there can be no short-cuts to morality, subjectively speaking; that 'we cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament.' But will any one maintain that our criminal laws and penalties do not most materially conduce to the peace and morality of the community, and thus bring about a condition of things more favourable to the growth of individual morality? Surely it is a great point gained when we can clear the moral atmosphere, and banish predisposing causes of crime; not to speak of causing, in time, a great diminution of the hereditary tendency which is almost a dead weight in the race with evil.

Mr. Allen also implies that prohibitory or restrictive legislation would be providing for the good, real or seeming, of a few, by tyranny to the many. Surely this position could not be maintained by any thoughtful man! In the opinion of temperance men and women, it is almost exactly the *reverse*. The *present* system provides for the good, real or seeming, of a few, at the expense of the suffering of the many. Indeed, there is hardly an individual of the community who does not suffer in some way, at some time, in mind, person, or estate, through the agency of intemperance. Even those who receive or think they receive most benefit and least harm from the open liquor traffic, might, if they could see a little further, find that the balance sank in the opposite direction. Cases in which stimulants are really required are, of course, provided for in all restrictive legislation. In other cases, where they are used merely as a luxury, could the deprivation of a mere luxury, which good judges believe to be a dangerous and often injurious one, be for a moment set against the degradation and misery, the starvation and suffering, of helpless women and children; the premature decay of mind or body or both; the crimes which fill our prisons, so large a proportion of which, we have some reason to hope and believe, would be averted by an efficient prohibitory system? As to the hotel-keeper who supplies a dinner and, with it, 'when requested, a glass of beer or wine,' we have no quarrel with him. If he be an honest, respectable hotel-keeper, he can go on supplying dinners, minus the beer or wine, and will do very well. But we all know well who are the offenders who make a prohibitory law needful, the human vampires who thrive, or think they thrive, on the destruction of their fellow-creatures; who for the sake of worldly gain, deliberately entice their neighbour to his ruin, betray him, soul and body, to destruction, and often end, as is most natural, by becoming utterly demoralized themselves. Yet so nice and complex are the gradations of liquor-sellers, so difficult is it to elicit the exact truth in such matters, that it is impossible to prevent the ravages of such

vampires if the traffic is legalized at all. If even the ruinous whiskey could be prohibited, while milder stimulants, such as lager beer is said to be, were permitted to be sold in moderation, much would be gained. But even this distinction, it is to be feared, would lead to evil.

As to the question whether intemperance is increasing or decreasing, it is one of those in regard to which 'much might be said on both sides.' That it has decreased much among the higher classes may readily be admitted. That it has decreased among the lower classes admits of serious questioning. In many parts of England and Ireland, the clergy, at least, who have some right to judge, seem to think it is on the increase. In Scotland, in particular, there are many parishes in which habitual drunkenness used to be almost unknown among the peasent class, where now it is the rule rather than the exception. The general arousing of the clergy in Britain on the subject shows that they feel the gravity of the situation, and have almost lost confidence in ordinary means. And even if we could be sure that, in course of a number of generations, the evil would slowly disappear, is that any reason why we should not try to hasten the end? We act on this principle in regard to such diseases as small-pox, cholera, &c.; why not also in regard to intemperance? A good doctor seeks to save his patient the suffering of lengthened illness, even when he is confident of ultimate cure. If by prohibitory enactment, we could save some thousands of lives from premature death and moral degradation, would it not be well worth while? Against the classical adage, *Festina lente*, let us place this other from our great English classic: 'If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly!'

Of course the 'if' is a great one; but there seems to be no good reason why this law should not be as well carried out as other laws, or why its possible infraction should be a valid reason against it. 'Where there is no law there is no transgression;' but this does not prevent our making such laws as we think conduce to the peace and order of the community, even although the intrinsic wrong of the transgression should be aggravated by the existence of the law which it transgresses. Mr. Allen's picture of the 'solitary sot sneaking off slily into some private corner to indulge unseen,' is sad enough; but is it of such rare occurence now, or is it not doubtful whether the man who would thus act under a prohibitory law is so very much higher in the moral scale in present circumstances? But for one who might thus persist in indulging a depraved appetite, *malgré* the law, there would, we trust, be hundreds saved from forming the debasing habit, hundreds and thousands of young and hopeful lives saved to themselves and the community. Is the persistent sot to be made of so much account that we must, out of consideration for him, sacrifice this infinitely greater good?

By all means, let moral suasion and every other means of elevating or strengthening the moral nature, be vigorously pursued. If the community were, indeed, in general, composed of volunteer temperance missionaries, prohibitory measures would be less needed. But how stands the case, and how must we expect it to stand until Christianity ceases to be with the average man a mere creed, and becomes an all-pervading, all-vivifying power? Are not men in general absorbed in their own affairs, in the 'struggle for existence,' ready to answer every appeal with that old cry, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and to talk complacently of 'minding their own affairs, and letting other people alone.' But the poor victims we seek to save are not let alone, but pursued with every wile the liquor-seller can use, to entice them into evil to which they are naturally only too ready to succumb. This being so, what headway can the few hope to make, who, with the strong hereditary propensities of the victims, and the mercenary selfishness of the liquor-seller, and the narrow-minded selfishness of the general community arrayed against them, are painfully rescuing one here and there by the agency of moral suasion; endeavouring to dam up a torrent with a few twigs and straws, or detach a granite crag with the point of a penknife? They do not want to remit the use of 'moral means,' to leave undone anything that can be done to provide interests of a higher kind than mere sensual ones, and comforts and amusements which shall not be fraught with danger of excess. But they do want, as has been said before

by the present writer—a sentence surely overlooked by Mr. Allen—while 'seeking to raise their brothers out of the slough of intemperance, to have the vantage-ground of restricted opportunity, that they may hope, with God's help, to complete the victory by using "moral means" with men who are no longer slaves!' They may be mistaken in asking for this vantage-ground, but few will venture to deny the need of it, in order to cope with a deep-seated evil with any hope of success. That the means have been successful in the United States we have abundant testimony besides that of Dr. Leonard Bacon,—testimony of competent and trustworthy witnesses,—to give even a tittle of which would too much swell the limits of this article, and which is worth far more than the vague, floating accounts, often spread by interested persons, that 'the whole thing is a failure.' Clergymen, magistrates, and other officials emphatically bear witness to its effect on on the peace, prosperity, and good order of the community, and to the high value they attach to it, after a fair trial of its working; which, it may safely be said, *no* restrictive measure has yet had in Canada.

It is not necessary to enter into the question of ruling by majorities, since Mr. Allen himself admits that it is, 'as things go, an indispensable way of reaching a conclusion as to what ought to be done or not done.' If all cases were simple, and just and unjust means clearly marked on the face of them, it might be sufficient—were all men just—simply to appeal to the merits of each measure. But as opinions now differ widely as to every complex question—witness this very one of Prohibition—the only possible method of arbitration can be an appeal to the majority, and this, with those who believe in the greater soundness of a *mass* of men, should be satisfactory enough. It is only by trial, sometimes by failure, that such difficult questions can be solved. If Prohibition proved a failure, our laws are not the laws of the Medes and Persians, and it would be easy to retrace our steps, having perhaps in the meantime found out a better way. If the first awkward, lumbering printing-press had never been made, should we to-day have our Hoe and Walter presses, with their wonderful perfection? We would ask for Prohibition rather as an experiment and a step in advance, than as a finality. Twenty years of it might make it unnecessary in the future.

But in the opinion of a good many earnest folk, it is an experiment worth trying.

FIDELIS

CANADA.

ALL-WORTHY offspring of earth's noblest, thou!
Bold in thy honest truth and staunch-knit frame—
Wherethro' full course, as thy stout deeds proclaim,
The healthful currents which from freedom flow—
Thou stand'st among the nations! On thy brow
Beams Virtue's diadem, whose jewels bright,
Kept by thy jealous care, a peerless light
Unwavering shed. With equal balance, lo,
At thy right hand sits Justice, Mercy-crowned!
Thy handmaid Honor; while firm at thy side
Stands armoured Loyalty, pointing with pride
To thy Imperial Mother, high o'erthroned!
Champion of justice, truth, and liberty,
As they are great, so shall thy glory be!

R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IN walking through a friend's house for the first time, how much we enjoy looking for and finding various marks of individual taste, the expression and outcome of our friend's mind. We like to exclaim to ourselves, as some little peculiarity strikes us, 'Ah! that is old C—— all over,' or, 'any one would know this is D——'s room.' And yet how many rooms do we daily visit in which we see no special character, no touch of the owner's taste, but, instead, the furnishing of the upholsterer, and the arrangement of the next-door neighbour or of anyone who happened to be considered a judge in such matters. In this way, in place of people cultivating their own tastes, and keeping in their rooms the stamp of their characters, they allow their judgments to be warped by what is in vogue, or by what they have seen elsewhere. Furnishing a room is a matter of so much importance generally, that the owners are afraid of relying on their own innate ideas of what is tasteful, for fear they should be wrong, and think it safer to consult the furniture-dealer as to what he generally sells for such and such an apartment. Yet, as each room belongs to its owner and to no one else, how much more to our educational advantage (in an artistic sense) would it be if we strove to take some little pains to show that our house is indeed our own, and could not be mistaken for another's! Imagine what our disappointment would be were we to be shown the house of George Eliot, or W. Morris, or Whistler, or of anyone whose intellect we revere, and found horse-hair sofas, slippery and hard, vases and statuettes under glass cases, or sideboards loaded with all the family plate, or any other excruciating examples of want of taste. We should expect something quite different, something that would tell us at once we were amongst the surroundings of a great man or a great woman. Apropos of sideboards, who has not been obliged to sit opposite one at dinner, covered with plate, much of it never used for the meal, silver snuffers and tray, wild-looking candlesticks and eccentric tea-caddies, and shivered at the ostentatious vulgarity of the thing? Let us do our best to bring what is artistic and beautiful into our every-day life, believing that it is just as easy to have things charming about us, as it is to have them hideous, and feeling that by so doing we are daily making ourselves and those around us more appreciative of what is true, and lovely to the eye. Great minds, whether great in art or science, show their greatness in everything they come across or touch, glorifying it as King Midas did of old with his philosopher's stone.

—I have another crow, of a more seriously black complexion than last month's, to pluck in company with my friendly editor. In fact if he does not mend his ways, I greatly fear that he will supply me with ample material for a monthly diatribe upon his failings and errors of omission and commission. I shall adopt on this occasion the best possible mode of keeping the culprit awake, that is to say I will remove him from his post-prandial and nap-inducing chair and hurry him with me to a solitary cell in the Central Prison of Utopia. In Utopia, you know, the code is much more extensive than here. It might be called all-embracing, and certainly takes into its purview not a few actions which produce praise and pence in the extra-Utopian territory. And one peculiarity of punishment there is, that they have returned to that antiquated system of 'an eye for an eye.' Not a year's imprisonment and perhaps twenty lashes for an eye, but the exact pain, the precisely similar agonised apprehensions, in short the whole surroundings of the crime must be reproduced for the criminal's benefit, with such additions or heightenings of local colouring as may be necessary to pierce to the proper depth through the presumably dead-

er and thicker moral cuticle of the transgressor.

The cell door creaks on its hinges, and the cell itself exhales a musty smell, corrected by chloride of lime. Look in, Editor, and you my dear public, look in too, over his shoulders, but not (as is too usual) with his spectacles. We see a man in fairly decent apparel, with a sharp look upon his tolerably intelligent face, and with hands that work, and work, and work restlessly and incessantly. There, upon the bench, clamped with iron to the hard, cold floor, lie the instruments of his guilt. That is another peculiarity of prison-life in Utopia. No, you are wrong, the Editor knows better than you do, *he* does not look for blood-stained axe or knife, for a cold, glittering toy-revolver or a screwed-up paper of arsenic. He knows full well it is the pen and ink and the newspaper file that tell this malefactor's tale.

But we must get to business. The *lex talionis* in Utopia, as we have said, demands that we should do to him as he has done unto others. Touching his shoulder, we get him to raise his fevered head from the position where it lies huddled between his twitching hands, and he looks up. God help him! he thought it was some friend come to visit him in his calamity, some one who would bind, not bruise, the broken reed, and rekindle, not quench, the smoking flax of hope. I put on a semi-sympathising but wholly business-like air of regretful importunity and sit beside him on his hard pallet, note-book in hand. Here is our conversation; I put in brackets what I shall not print in the 'Utopia Gazette.'

Myself. 'I am on the staff of the Gazette, and it struck me you would feel easier in your mind if the people knew how you were led into this crime. Will you tell me about it, my only object is your own good (and my reputation as a smart penny-a liner).'

Reporter-prisoner. 'Easier in my mind? I shall never be easier. I have awaked from a hideous dream. All my life I have lived in this sin and known it not. Suddenly I am plunged into this dark prison, and the reading of the charge made against me has got hold upon me like the pains of hell. I see my guilt now. My brain whirls in this dizzy solitude; I could shriek aloud and accuse myself of impossible crimes if it would win the lowest of mankind to sit by me and listen.'

Myself. 'Hold hard, you forget I want to write this all down.' (After a pause) 'Go ahead—are you mad?'

R. P. 'No, I am not mad. I hear voices though, wailing round me all day and all night. Speak to me and drown them for a season.' N. B. All that I report of this is that the prisoner was perfectly sane and answered my questions without reluctance.

Myself. 'What are you brought here for?'

R. P. (Ask me anything but that! What? are you a man or a devil that you would tear open my wounds afresh, and pour the bitter lees into the cup to drink again and again? But I *must* tell you; something drags me to it; the basest human being, although he makes his bread out of my sin's recital, is better, fitter audience than these bare walls). I was also on the staff of an influential paper. Like yourself (oh! be warned in time by my sad fate) I also visited jails, not to comfort those that were in misery, but to play upon their wounded heart-strings.'

Myself. 'Whom did you injure?'

R. P. 'I tortured a poor prisoner. A woman too; it might have been my own mother, She was accused of killing her two babies; to see her in her cell, a tiger might have had pity on her.'

Myself. 'Well, you meant her no harm.'

R. P. 'I tell you, I asked how she killed them, and if they died quickly, and at every word she writhed with agony. If she did not answer, I asked again, and yet again, till I had wrung out her tale with tears mixed with blood.'

Myself. 'You must have had great skill to have made her confess?'

R. P. 'Yes, the more is the pity. I watched her coldly and dispassionately; I fell in with her thoughts and made her think aloud, so that at last when she was even protesting she would tell me nothing, she told me, in a broken whisper, *all*.'

Myself. 'That was a great crime, was it not?'

R. P. 'It is not the worst of it. I never knew what it was that I had done, till I came here, Listen while I tell you—she had meant that agonised confession for her Heavenly Father—and I, *I* had caught it on its way.'

Myself. (With an eye to another half column.) 'Is this all you have to say?'

R. P. 'All? Is it not enough? No it is *not* all. That confession was used against her; on that evidence alone she was found guilty. At her trial she had counsel to defend her, the judge to see fair play, the jury, hoping the best for her, the very prosecuting counsel feeling she might have been more sinned against than sinning. Neither sheriff nor constable would have dared extort such a confession. But there was no one by when I found her in a moment of weakness, and she put her life between my hands, which valued it only for the power it gave me of slaking a momentary curiosity in the people.'

Myself. (Feeling my half column secure). 'It is indeed sad to see you brought down so low. Good day my friend.'

And once outside the jail doors I add the following lines, condensing into them all the unspeakable torture, the self-loathing, and the terror I had inspired:—'The prisoner seemed very tired and had to stop and rest several times during the interview.'

Good-bye, dear Editor, and the next time you see such a report in a country paper, *don't* transfer it to your 'widely circulating and highly popular columns.'

—SORDELLO, who writes in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY on 'The Ethics of Vivisection,' seems to have taken serious umbrage at my slight passing allusion to the subject, 'at the Table,' and is ingenious enough to find out some things that are not. He has discovered that I have an 'animus against science,' which, so far as my own consciousness goes, I am innocent enough of possessing or of having any reason for possessing. On the contrary, I have the sincerest respect for true science, or, to drop abstract terms, for the patient scientific labourers who unveil for us the wonderful processes of the material universe; and I agree heartily with a late eminent and lovable American naturalist, that 'it must be one of the happiest and heartfullest things in the world to find out something which only God has known before.' It implies no disrespect to science, surely, to say what is an undisputed fact, that cruelties have been and are perpetuated in its name, and that, too, by some spurious disciples who care little for the pursuit of truth, and much for their own amusement and exaltation. Nor does it imply any 'animus' against science to say that it is regarded in these days, in some quarters, 'with an over-estimation which becomes idolatry,' because the knowledge of mere material phenomena is not seldom set above those moral and spiritual truths which are as much more valuable as the moral and spiritual part of man is higher than his merely physical nature. SORDELLO also seems confident that I am quite unaware of the complications of the subject, whereas there is no consideration mentioned in his article which had not already presented itself to my mind. It is hardly necessary to say that I never dreamed of attempting an exhaustive discussion of the subject, or arriving at the solution of a complicated question, in a desultory scrap of 'table-talk.' I was simply presenting the subject from one point of view, which had been suggested in a paragraph in the letter of a friend who takes a different view from myself. And SORDELLO has not met anything I said with a satisfactory reply. Indeed, in the close of his article, he declares his substantial agreement with the main points of my paragraph, with which I am almost entirely satisfied.

As to the main question, whether it is not a transgression of man's legitimate rights over animals to put them to torture (a very different thing, it should be remembered, from the comparatively small amount of pain with which alone killing needs to be accompanied) for the sake of possible good to humanity, or for the sake of ultimately increasing knowledge, whether this is not 'doing evil that good may come,' SORDELLO confessed himself unable either to affirm or deny, a conclusion which is a significant testimony to the strength of the moral instinct which condemns vivisection. Certainly the fact that many cruelties are committed both in peace and war, and that man makes the animal creation 'groan and travail in pain' to gratify his ambition or his passion, is no more an argument for vivisection, than it is true that two wrongs make a right, and whatever we may think of the mysterious problem of vicarious suffering, it is more than doubtful whether we, as subordinate beings, have any right to make right of might, and in virtue of our greater strength, impose vicarious torture upon the animal creation. If this be made

legitimate, I see no reason why, ultimately, human beings might not consider it equally justifiable to pursue the same policy towards their weaker fellows. And it should not be forgotten that, while the sufferings of humanity have, we believe, their compensation in another sphere, those of the animal creation have, so far as we know, no prospect of this. It can hardly be a compensation to the tortured animal to feel, if it could know it, that its agony was the price of some alleviation to the misery of humanity, and it might be inclined to reply that it had an inalienable right to the life and the happiness which came to it as the gift of God in the ordinary course of nature. But if one creature must be the tortured and another the torturer, I would, as a moral being—hard as the alternative would be — rather take the place of the tortured, and should not enjoy the relief which I knew was purchased by the agony of a poor dumb creature.

—Oh for the days of good St. George and the seven champions of Christendom to rescue fair Lady Truth from her well! The recent up-bubbling to the surface, of that vile sediment of society, *sans* purse, *sans* conscience, *sans* heart, *sans* honour, *sans* self-respect, *sans* everything, at Montreal, is not the worst feature in the revelation of the moment. *That* is a simple matter which might have necessitated the excision of a few score of scurvy scoundrels whose loss would have been a gain to the community; a matter not worth talking about. The real harm lies in the use of their acts to lay onus on an, at the time, innocent class, honestly striving, as no unprejudiced man can doubt, to avoid riot on the part of windy mischief-makers, empty 'egos,' the filling of whose stomachs depends upon their keeping one set of silly geese constantly hissing at the other, while they themselves pick up the grain on the ground between them. These fellows are like showmen with their constant 'Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen. Here you have the fe-ro-shus lions of the desert!' Then, aside to the assistant behind the canvas, 'Stir the lions up with the long pole, Jack, and make 'em growl.' The growls follow, up flocks the crowd, and, in flow the dollars. Q. E. F. As for the bitter ickerings of religionists—'See how these Christians love one another,' is as caustic a piece of jocularity to-day as when Bonner or Laud made men's bodies pay for the freaks of their souls. The desire to arbitrate as to your neighbour's religious views is as natural as the wish to govern the colour of his political ticket or the number of his children, and quite as laudable; but they might 'play fair,' as the pathetic and always-respected call to school-boy honour has it. In all affairs of the day, non-political or religious, the question to be put as to any assertion or representation is, '*Which side makes it*, "Catholic" or "Protestant," "Grit" or "Conservative," "Globe" or "Mail."' The answer is immaterial; in either case, divide by two, and boil down the remainder with twice its own weight of salt, and you will then possibly get at something like the truth. One would like to know how much political capital, municipal interest, and favour-currying generally will be made out of this Montreal trouble. Oh times! oh manners! If dogs do delight to bark and bite, 'for 'tis their nature to,' it is but a pitiable business to see two fine animals destroy each other; and a mean, shabby, lying office, fit only for a selfish brute and not an honest man, to be bottle-holder and setter-on in such a devil's game.

—At the risk of wearying the company assembled at the table, I avail myself of the permission of our host, to make some further remarks on the Sabbath question, by way of winding up the discussion. I agree with my friend who spoke last month, that temperate controversy has its uses. In the present instance, it has served to show that we are in substantial accord, in principle, at least. We agree as to the necessity for Sunday observance, and we agree also that it would be unwise to seek to *compel* such observance in any particular fashion, in matters of detail. I also heartily concur in the opinion that it would be better to spend the day in high and serious—not gloomy—thought and converse, than in frivolity. Still, though we are in substantial harmony to this important extent, we apparently differ fundamentally in our reasons for the faith that is in us, and we should be apt to diverge to some extent in applying our principles practically. This divergence is only another phase of the

great controversy between science and religion. My fellow-guest, I fancy, views the subject from a theological standpoint; I, from a purely secular one. In common with the Apostle Paul; with Fathers of the Church such as St. Cyril and St. Jerome; with great reformers and theologians like Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, Grotius, Tyndale, Milton, Bunyan, Paley, Warburton, McNight, and Neander; and with the greatest of modern thinkers—John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer—I hold that 'the Sabbath' is in no sense religiously binding on Christians. The word is a Jewish one, and the institution is equally Jewish. The period set apart for its observance was *Saturday*, the *seventh* day. The Lord's day (that is, *Christ's* day), the Christian festival, on the other hand, is kept on *Sunday*, the *first* day of the week, the day on which Christ rose from the dead, which event, no doubt, led to the selection of the day, which would, consequently, naturally be and actually was kept, not as a day of rest, but as a festival of rejoicing. The Judaic idea of 'rest' was not mixed up with it till long after its institution. Indeed, that idea has never penetrated to any great extent into any section of Christendom except where the English language is spoken, nor even there prior to the rise of the Sabbatarian party in England, in the 16th century, who consistently attempted to change the day of observance from Sunday to Saturday. Among the Jews, the Sabbath, though in theory a day of rest, was always held as a festival of rejoicing, a practice in accord with the spirit of the fourth commandment as given in Deuteronomy v., 12-15, a version, it may be remarked in passing, utterly inconsistent with the earlier and therefore probably less accurate one given in Exodus xx., 8-11. Throughout Christendom, too, up to the rise of the Puritans in England, in the 16th century, almost simultaneously with that of the Sabbatarians, the Sunday was always observed as a day of rejoicing. In fact, the Puritan 'Sabbath' is neither a Jewish nor a Christian institution, but an Anglo-Saxon one, and, moreover, has existed among that race for only about 250 years. Let me not be understood as advocating a return to the old method of spending Sunday afternoons in England, in games and sports such as wrestling and bull-baiting. I simply urge, that, as the day is made for man, it should be utilised in the best possible way for man's highest benefit, irrespective of any Judaic or theological ideas of 'rest' or 'keeping holy.' I have already intimated that, in my opinion, it would be a blessing if the day, or a portion of it, were *spontaneously* devoted to spiritual concerns, and passed 'in serious thought and solemn contemplation'; and I can quite sympathise with all M. St. Hilaire's belief that France would gain greatly by a reform in this direction. Still, experience shows that such a reform would not be without its special dangers. There are worse vices than frivolity. To be eaten up with spiritual pride is worse. Far worse is that unctuous national Pharisaism (of which there is a good deal yet remaining in Puritan circles in England and Scotland, and which is not altogether unknown in Canada) which rolls up the whites of its eyes in an ecstasy of self-righteousness, and thanks God it is not as those other nations of Belial, the French, Germans, Austro-Hungarians, Swiss, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Hollanders, Belgians, Mexicans, Guatemalans, Peruvians, Chilians, Brazilians, and the rest of the outer sons of darkness, who, in spite of the bright and shining example set them by the children of light of Puritan Anglo-Saxondom, persist in keeping their Sunday as they have kept it ever since they became Christians. It would be an advantage if this spirit of superiority were to turn its eyes downwards occasionally, and contemplate such scenes as are to be witnessed nightly in the Haymarket, the Argyll Rooms, and among the gin-palaces of church-going London; or in Glasgow, at once the most puritanically-Sabbath-keeping and the most drunken city on the face of the earth. Why should not the museums, art-galleries, and libraries in such cities be opened on Sunday afternoons? Surely they would afford opportunities for mental and moral improvement to vast numbers of people who now seek for them in vain. The Rev. Mr. Haweis, the well-known London clergyman, writing recently in favour of the opening of such places on Sunday, in a letter to the London *Echo*, says:—

'While Christians have never been able to convert the Jews, the Jews have converted most Christians to the Sabbatical observation of the Lord's Day; but, in fact, the

rules of the Sabbath have never been authoritatively transferred to the Lord's Day—not by Christ, who declared that even the rigid Sabbath was made for man, and therefore should not be used to hinder or mar his development; not by the Apostles, who told people that they might do as they pleased (Romans xiv., 5, 6), forbade a superstitious observance (Galatians iv., 10, 11), and declared the Sabbath abolished (Colossians ii., 16); not by the Bishops and Fathers of the Church, who, like St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem in the fourth century, forbade the observance of the Sabbath Day, or St. Jerome, who, in describing the Lord's Day, expressly mentions that Christians were free to work after church hours if they pleased; not by the Church Councils, more than one of which contains strictures on the Sabbatical rule; not by Luther in Germany, upon whom the 'Sabbath' rule seemed to act like a red flag, and who ordered his disciples to work, to ride, to feast—to do anything on Sunday rather than set the Lord's Day on a Jewish foundation; not by Calvin, who played bowls on Sunday; not even by old Simeon, who said, although he was strict himself, he did not wish to impose his rules on other people; and lastly, not by anyone who reads his Bible with common intelligence. The first Christians, still under Jewish influence, kept both seventh and first day, but never confounded the Sabbath with Sunday. That was left for some of the Reformers, who—when so many Roman Catholic feasts and festivals were swept away—sought to prop up the Sunday as a day of rest with the Fourth Commandment; and, later on, the Puritans rivetted the sophism which has proved a burden too heavy for us or our fathers to bear. Let us state it fairly, then—Sunday is the Christian's Day of free worship, rest, refreshment, and recreation; it is an institution analogous to, but not identical with the Sabbath; and it is of Scriptural indication and of Apostolical precedent. Let us then have done, once for all, with the Scriptural argument, together with all this confusion about what may and may not be done on Sunday, and let us make up our minds that—as long as we conform to certain positive duties, such as rest and refreshment for body, mind, and spirit, not neglecting the assembling of ourselves together for worship, nor those acts of charity which the followers of St. Paul were specially reminded of on the Lord's Day—no man has a right to judge us in what we choose to do on that day, either in work or play, although we may and ought, out of good feeling, often to waive our rights in order to save the conscience of a weak brother. Generally speaking, all recreation which tends to refresh, invigorate, and relieve—without demoralizing—the mind and body is lawful for Christian people under proper restrictions, and highly conducive to the moral progress of the masses, especially athletic sports, music, lectures, readings, excursions, or visits to museums, art collections, and libraries; and the clergy of all denominations ought to use their authority to define in detail, and their influence to obtain for the masses, such wholesome and exhilarating Sunday recreations.'

The Prince and Princess of Wales, together with the young Princess, Count Gleichen, and a numerous suite, paid a visit on a Sunday, recently, to the Grosvenor Gallery, a new picture-gallery just opened in London. The party made a long inspection, and did not leave the exhibition until seven o'clock, and the Manchester *Guardian* justly remarks: 'Perhaps it may be taken as a sort of royal sanction to the arguments for the opening of art exhibitions and museums on Sundays.' Dean Stanley has also given his sanction to the movement, by taking the chair at a public meeting in London, in favor of opening the museums, galleries, and libraries on Sundays. Apropos of this movement, a good story is told of Prof. Tyndall, who, in making a speech recently in favour of opening the public libraries on Sunday, was unwittingly uncomplimentary to Dean Stanley and some other clergymen who were present, in saying: 'We do not desire to invade the time set apart for the pulpit; we only want half of Sunday for intellectual improvement.' Roars of laughter first suggested to him the uncomplimentary nature of his well-meant remark. Before closing, I may remind my fellow-guests that this whole question was discussed in a very able article, by Mr. McDonnell, of Lindsay, on 'The Day of Rest,' which appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for June, 1876, an article which I am glad to say has since been reprinted in pamphlet form.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ON the second of last month, the Dominion—or the major part of it at all events—celebrated the completion of the first decade of its existence. It can scarcely be said that there was any exuberant patriotic enthusiasm in the various local demonstrations. The people were, for the most part, holiday-making—much as they are in the metropolis of the Empire on Whit-Monday—with little reference to Canadian nationality, not more than Londoners consciously make in regard to the day of Pentecost. Yet the opportunity was a favourable one for stock-taking in the political domain—for making out a ten years' balance-sheet, and fairly gauging our profit and loss account under the federative system. Most of the journals took advantage of the occasion to attempt some such task, and, generally speaking, with that care and thoughtfulness which usually command success. The strongly partisan papers, of course, persisted in spreading party homilies before their readers, which it is consoling to think were not read, or seriously heeded, even by the disciples of their respective schools. Still these were not unworthy of attention, and occasionally showed signs of moderation, not usual immediately on the back of pic-nic demonstrations.

In some Provinces of the Dominion, notably on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, there was manifest, here and there, either studied neglect of the day, or violent denunciation of the measure whose practical operation it is designed to keep in memory. Both in British Columbia and in Nova Scotia, there occurred in the press manifest signs of contemptuous indifference, finding vent in congratulations that no notice was taken of the day, or vehement assaults upon the Act of Confederation as a tyrannical usurpation of power. Now it is well to inquire into the causes of this discontent, the aims of those who give it expression, and also their proposed remedy, whether constitutional or administrative. In the Pacific Province, the first are not far to seek. A very imprudent pledge to achieve an impossibility, given by one Government, and a humiliating attempt to bribe on the part of another, have given the British Columbians a bill of grievances almost as long, and not more genuine, than that thrust in the face of the Imperial Parliament by the Home-Rulers of Ireland. It cannot be urged that the Dominion authorities have been guilty of a breach of faith, since they are as anxious to complete the Interoceanic Railway as the Provincials. When the promise was rashly made, the Dominion Treasury could show a large surplus on hand, and if there be any apology for plighting the public faith at that time, the flourishing state of the finances and the natural enthusiasm of the rulers of a new nationality may be pleaded as one. In the first glow of success and promise, some excuse may be admitted on behalf of those who failed to see the 'rocks ahead.' However, the tempest came, and the treacherous peaks appeared above the surface of the main, and our financial interests found themselves in danger of shipwreck. Considering the strain upon the resources of the Dominion, aggravated by commercial depression, the new public works of all kinds, from one ocean to the other, not to speak of the begging for increased subsidies by all the smaller Provinces, is it fair to act as British Columbia or some of its spokesmen have done? The Nova Scotians have had more than their share of the public revenue, and it is rather too late in the day to reproach Canada with an offence, which, supposing it to be real, has been condoned and wiped out by munificent compensation. The people of the Province are not chargeable with the noise and agitation of demagogues now, but they will be if they heed their insane complainings and give them countenance and succour.

With regard to the immediate sins chargeable to the recalcitrants, no one can be in any doubt. They have extravagant Governments to support, are constantly clamouring for aid

to purely local works to be constructed by and at the cost of the older Provinces, especially of Ontario, which contributes more than her share by twenty per cent., and gets less in proportion than they do. If British Columbia would draw the line between what is desirable and what is reasonable or even possible, and if the Maritime Provinces would close up all their little Parliaments and unite in a legislative union, they would find the Dominion not only tolerable, but exceedingly profitable to them. That, however, would not suit the malcontents, who are not amenable to reason or justice. They seem to regard the Dominion as an inexhaustible mine of wealth, upon which they may successfully draw, if only they can persuade the Government that they are in the sulks and must be coaxed and pacified. It need hardly be said—though perhaps it is as well to say it—that no reflection is intended to be cast here upon the intelligent people of these Provinces; it seems clear that the so-called discontent there is entirely affected and factitious—a laboured device of interested wire-pullers, for temporary and local purposes.

Now it was indisputably the purpose of Confederation to put an end to parish politics, to sectional quarrels and local jealousies; and if it has not succeeded in building up a noble Dominion extending from Halifax to Vancouver, it has so far failed. Perhaps this important aspect of the case is not yet ripe for examination. There are too many noisy partiasns in Parliament, supplemented in the common work of discord and disintegration by a horde of selfish local politicians in every Province, who have not patriotism enough to be forbearing or discreet, and scarcely conscience and intelligence sufficient to keep them passably honest and reasonable. The only diversion familiar to them is the game of 'grab,' which they pursue with ever-increasing zest and eagerness. In short, we are passing through the troublous stage, with which students of American history are acquainted, extending over the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The statesmen of that era were too single-minded to fan sectional jealousies or play off the interests or prejudices of one State against those of another; and the Union survived the ordeal, and still survives, after passing through the fiery furnace of civil war and the more insidious years of corruption and 'carpet-bag' tyranny which succeeded.

Those who gladly recognize the wisdom of confederation do not despair of the Dominion's future, although they reluctantly acknowledge its partial failure in the first decade. The state of parties at its inauguration differed in many respects from anything to be found in the early history of the American Union. When the revolution broke out, there were two parties clearly marked and bitterly hostile—the 'patriots' and the loyalists—and the appeal, above all, was not to compromise, but to arms. The primary cause of the great American struggle was, no doubt, the fatuous legislation of the Imperial Parliament, from the ill-omened Stamp Act of George Grenville; but the progress of the struggle, from its inception in New England to its close at Saratoga and Yorktown, was determined by other causes not foreseen by statesmen. Had the war, in its early stages, been pressed with vigour, the result would have been different, although it was perhaps fortunate that it was not. The same folly which inspired the legislation of England, paralysed her arm, by infusing a spirit of contempt for the colonists into the minds of the English people. The reverses which overtook the Americans during the early years of the contest, whilst they nerved the rebels with the strength of desperation, lulled their enemy into false confidence. The triumphs of Howe, and the defeat of Montgomery and Arnold, led to the alliance of France and Spain with the colonies, and the final defeat of the Imperial cause. But they had a further effect, with which we are more concerned here, in uniting the scattered commonwealths and welding them together. Adversity fused them into a homogeneous mass, and paved the way for the foundation of the Federal Union. The loyalists may, or may not, have been in the majority at the outset; at any rate, they formed a large and important element of the population. But revolutions effect rapid changes in human opinion, especially when coercion is employed to chill and dampen loyalty. Moreover, it was not long before the dominant party began to resort to a cruel and disgraceful terrorism, and so it came about that the 'Tories' were either converted, silenced, or banished. After the peace, those who still adhered to Britain

for the most part left the country for ever. Now, whatever may be thought of the brutality and harshness by which the result was brought about, all this was eminently serviceable to the cause of union. Congress had united the colonies, Alexander Hamilton gave them a Federal Constitution—defective in many important respects, as we now know—and the United States Government was consolidated on a purely patriotic basis. This broad statement requires no qualification because of the discussions and diverse opinions on the Constitution, as we need not stop to show.

Now our scheme of Confederation was a *dernier ressort* to avert a catastrophe which was evidently impending. The Coalition which devised it was a hollow one, since, although the bugles of party 'sang truce,' it was only because 'the night-cloud had lowered,' and both belligerents looked forward to the morrow, when they could fly at one another's throats as before. The struggle between the East and West touching the representation was over, but sectionalism was not. It would be nearer the truth to say that the tenant of the house that had been 'swept and garnished,' returned to it in more dangerous companionship than before. Some discordant elements had been left *en délibère*—postponed till a more convenient season—soon to appear in a more serious form. One 'burning question' was got rid of, only to leave the door open for half-a-dozen others. Party had temporarily disappeared, but faction, its hideous counterfeit, was to take its place. The result is visible now, at the end of ten years. Province is played off against Province, and bought by bribes in the shape of subsidies or exorbitant outlays for dubious public works. Religious interests are flattered and purchased: but they usually require purchasing over again. The party feuds of former years have left a baneful heritage behind, and the Dominion is sole legatee. To the American Federalists nothing had to be dealt with but a *tabula rasa*, smoothed and polished by a severe patriotic struggle. They did not break with the past utterly; nor was there need to do so. If the school of Jefferson and Paine had gained the day, the United States would not have lasted a quarter of a century; but wiser heads laid broader foundations on the liberal basis of a common nationality. Canada has been the victim of a party compromise, and it is much to be feared that years must yet elapse before she recovers from the effects of it.

Yet it is impossible not to observe with pleasure that the experiment, feeble in design and feebler in execution, has wrought much. When our broad prairies are settled, when the weaker elements of our nationality succumb to the stronger and nobler, it will no longer be in the power of the factions to buy off a dozen representatives, or rather their constituents, by a few paltry thousands a year, the purchase and improvement of a harbour, or the construction of branch railways *ad captandum vulgus*. But the goal ought now to be clearly in view, and politicians should learn, if only for the country's sake, that the temporary triumph of this party or of that has little or no value—still less the miserable shifts and unworthy expedients by which to secure or maintain the baser object of office and supremacy. No one need despair with Mr. Goldwin Smith, because of the supposed failure of the National cause. It has not failed and cannot ultimately fail, whatever the organs of faction may assert. Let those *qui hurlent avec les loups* shout with the particular crowd which takes their fancy; thirty years hence the people of the Dominion will be ashamed of the politics in vogue to day. Our ultimate destiny is not annexation to the United States or a precarious independence, with filibustering Blaines to the south of us, but to be a free British dependency, at once the grateful scion and the faithful and potent ally of the mother-stock.

It is a mercy that some respite has been granted to us after the pic-nic mania. Expositions of great principles are never out of place, and when the discussion is conducted by public men of ability, they constitute an important branch of popular education. On the other hand, of all humiliating spectacles, the most humiliating to self-respect and pernicious to general morals, is the bandying to and fro of personal accusations, the flippant and illogical use of the *tu quoque*, or the deliberate selection, *faute de mieux*, of scandal and counter-scandal as a party policy. Yet that is the stage at which our factions have arrived, and they appear to be proud of it. Page after page of charges or the refutation of charges is

served up day after day, sometimes weeks after they have been submitted to the public. They are elaborated, polished, made plausible and logical, or else are served up, in small quantities, with appropriate enlargements or rebuttals editorial. Now, how many converts have been made during the pic-nic campaign, on either side—nay, who reads these dreary columns, save out-and-out partisans and opponents in search of weak points? One can understand Mr. Gladstone successfully arraigning Turkey before popular opinion, Mr. Trevelyan urging the County Franchise Bill, or Mr. Thos. Hughes pleading against the Liberationists or the Ritualists, for the National Church; but who can get anything but disgust, not information, from the fifty-times-told tales of the Pacific Scandal, the Secret Service, the Georgian Bay Branch, the Steel Rails, or any other job? Public demonstrations in England, where great principles are at stake, are a healthy agency, because they either instruct and convince, or provoke manly and honest discussion; here their influence is altogether demoralizing, since no man who attends them can fail to conclude that one or other, or both, of the factions are hopelessly corrupt. The worst feature in the matter is, that in nine cases out of ten, the partisan really finds a mare's nest when he discovers a scandal, and his only object is to delude the people, making the most of his slender material by hammering it out so as to cover the widest surface. Unlike the malleable metals, scandal, the baser it is in value or quality, can be beaten out the more readily and with more temporary advantage, by the political mechanic who is at work upon it. Neither party will recover the respect of the people until it takes its stand upon some principle, not a catch-word or a pretence, but a reality, and eschews 'evil-speaking, lying, and slandering.'

One of the many distasteful features in the prevailing system of party tactics, is the sinister colouring given to the acts, and even the motives, of opponents. Those who have read specimens of the vacation rhetoric on both sides, cannot fail to have remarked the entire want of consideration for the feelings and reputations of others which marks the attack or vindication, whichever it may chance to be. The same facts and figures are so distorted, that a dispassionate judgment is wholly at a loss when it seeks to arrive clearly at the truth. Where an English statesman would say that his opponent's policy is a mistaken one, or his administration has been blundering, the Canadian politician habitually attributes immoral motives and corrupt action. All the so-called scandals have a certain substratum of truth to rest upon, but the superstructure owes much to an uncharitable fancy, if not to a wilful perversion of the facts of the case. The prime virtue of the contemporary partisan is not that which 'thinketh no evil,' but that which denies that there is good anywhere out of his own fold. It is a sort of political Pharisaism, directly leading to popular pessimism—a disbelief in political virtue anywhere. Take the case of the steel rails, for example. It is quite possible to regard Mr. Mackenzie's purchase as an error in judgment, and to contend that it involved a great loss of money to the country: but that will not answer the purposes of faction. Corruption must not be vaguely insinuated, but broadly charged, and the name of the Premier's brother unjustifiably dragged in to give the charge an air of verisimilitude. Politicians now-a-days feel it necessary to daub on their colours thickly and coarsely, and not to spare the varnish-brush. For our own part, it seems impossible, from what is known of Mr. Mackenzie, to believe that he was swayed by any corrupt motive, and the undignified rage with which he repelled the imputation confirms that view of the case. It is true that guilt will sometimes simulate anger, but the *mens sibi conscia recti* alone really loses its temper and balance. The real and spurious article, however, differ widely both in character and mode of manifestation, and can generally be distinguished without serious difficulty. To any one who impartially considers the matter, it would be difficult to imagine that the Premier's passion was other than genuine, or that his acerbity resulted from any other cause than the natural recoil of a sensitive man of integrity and honour. At the same time, it is clear that he did commit an error in judgment when he purchased so large a quantity of rails, not immediately or even now needed, in a falling market. It is true that the steel and iron manufactures form a special department of themselves, and

that the Premier could hardly be expected to possess any profound acquaintance with that department of commerce; still it should be frankly confessed that a mistake was made. Mr. Mackenzie, doubtless, took the soundest advice at his command, and acted, as he believed, for the best; but that ought not to prevent him from admitting that he and his advisers miscalculated. It is the weak side of a vehement nature not only to vindicate its honesty from unjust aspersions, but to assert the soundness of its every judgment—to claim, in fact, not only integrity of purpose, but infallibility in all its acts and designs. The Premier, being vehement, attempts to justify what is commercially unjustifiable, and his opponents taunt him with corrupt motives which never existed. This is the way in which our parties carry on warfare, after ten years of confederation. The instances in point are many; but we may merely allude to two unjust charges against the leader of the Opposition—the Secret Service matter and the Northern Railway subscription to his testimonial. The first was a cowardly accusation, because those who made it were well aware that Sir John could not produce conclusive proof on his own behalf, and yet sufficient evidence was forthcoming to show that the charge, hinted at rather than formally preferred, had no foundation. The other was equally mean and baseless, because, in the evidence of Sir John, Mr. Macpherson, and all concurred in the testimonial, it clearly appeared that the ex-Premier could not, and in fact, did not, know that a dollar had been subscribed from the funds of the Northern Railway. The dominant party has not one single fact to present in evidence, although upon them rests the *onus probandi*, and a verdict of not guilty would be given by any jury without leaving the box. These cases are mentioned to show the depth of degradation reached by parties which have degenerated into factions, and we contend that a few years more of such tactics, will shake the stability of the Dominion to its very foundation.

It is a saying 'something musty,' that figures may be made to mean or prove anything, from a philosophical theory, however paradoxical, to the balance-sheet of a bankrupt, no matter how suspicious. Politicians are, as might be anticipated, skilled in their manipulation. Most people have generally, no time, inclination, or aptitude for the examination of complicated statistics. Many years ago, somebody remarked that there were only two persons in Parliament thoroughly acquainted with the Provincial finances—the Hon. Francis Hincks and Mr. George Brown. The number has been largely increased since 1867; yet it still remains true that the bulk of the people are fairly bewildered in the labyrinth of figures, and wander through them 'in endless mazes lost.' They are fond of ease, and do not at all like to be dazed and puzzled; the readiest way, therefore, for the partisan, is to select his oracle, and believe everything it utters by faith, as if it were a part of Holy Writ. The financial jugglery of the leaders is certainly more dignified and less demoralizing than the policy of scandal, but not more ingenuous. It is unnecessary to notice all the conflicting statements drawn from the same figures in the Public Accounts: one example will suffice. In Mr. Cartwright's Colborne speech, he stated that the late Government had, during the period 1867-74, increased the gross expenditure from $13,500,000 to $23,316,000—an increase of ten millions, to which he added another three for liabilities incurred, making in all thirteen millions of dollars. The Finance Minister contrasted with this an increase under the three years of his own Administration, of only from three to four hundred thousand dollars. The Premier, with the same figures at his command, stated in Parliament that the increase under the Macdonald *régime* was eleven millions of dollars, and under his own one million and a half. Now *audi alteram partem*. The Hon. Mr. Macpherson has reprinted, in pamphlet form, his speeches in the Senate on financial matters. In mentioning this *brochure*, we may notice, in passing, that the *Globe* has unconsciously borne testimony to its importance, by pouring out the vials of its Billingsgate wrath upon the writer. Mr. Macpherson complains that the Premier has overstated the expenditure of 1873 by nearly $700,000. Then follows the everlasting dispute on the question how far, if at all, the present Government is responsible for the expenditure of the fiscal year 1873-4. Into that we have no space to enter; but it may be stated that the financial

year extends from June 30th in one year to the same date in the following. Now Mr. Mackenzie came into power on the 7th November, 1873, and Mr. Macpherson's contention is that his Government must be held responsible for two-thirds of the expenditure, whilst Mr. Cartwright maintains stoutly that it is not answerable for any part of it. To an impartial but unskilled listener to both sides, it would appear that each has exaggerated his case and that the truth lies between them. Mr. Macpherson urges that a fairer account of the increase under the late Administration would be obtained by comparing 1868 with 1872-3, and then it would be found to be only five millions, seven hundred thousand nearly. And even taking in 1874, it would only be nine millions, eight hundred thousand, instead of eleven or thirteen millions. He then passes on to the increase under Mr. Mackenzie, which he claims as over three millions, six hundred thousand, but then he takes 1873 as his starting point. The difference between Ministerial and Opposition conclusions would appear much more glaring if we could descend to details; but let any one read Mr. Cartwright's statements, in and out of Parliament, on the one hand, and Mr. Macpherson's pamphlet or Dr. Tupper's utterances on the other, and he will have very little faith in financial statements.

Whether it be that the oppressive heat of the dog-days has driven thousands of men mad, or that lawlessness occurs, in its wildest forms, periodically, or from whatever other cause, it is certain that the 'dangerous classes' were peculiarly dangerous and unmanageable during the month of July. The terrible destruction of life and property caused by the railway strike, the onslaught upon the Chinese in San Francisco, and the Orange troubles in Montreal and Charlottetown, were the most serious manifestations of lawlessness on this continent; although minor instances of a similar character have occurred elsewhere. The Montreal riot and the murder of one unoffending young man touch us most nearly, because the feud which caused it is religous, of old standing, and likely to recur periodically. The term 'religious,' as used in common parlance, is a ludicrous misapplication of a much abused word. There is, in truth, no religious principle involved in the matter at all—the *animus* of both parties being distinctly at variance with the plainest teachings of Christianity. There can be no doubt that the rational and peace-loving masses of our population are strenuously opposed to all offensive party processions. All party processions are not necessarily offensive—a fact which some of the journals have overlooked, when contending that any attempt to draw a line is impossible. If the supporters of the Dunkin by-law chose to parade the streets with bands and banners, that would be a party demonstration; yet, whatever rational men might think of its wisdom, it could not offend or arouse the evil passions, even of the tavern-keepers. Torchlight or other receptions of party chiefs, or the little explosions of triumph which follow elections, are not generally dangerous, because the opponents console themselves with the reflection that every political dog has his day, and that if they do not triumph here, their party is triumphant somewhere else. National processions, again, are only to be deprecated when creed influences cause dissension, as in the case of Ireland; yet there is no valid reason why the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society should not walk without giving umbrage to anyone. St. Patrick was, perhaps, a better Protestant, and King William III. a worse one, than either of the parties who use their names imagine. The Catholic societies and their clerical and lay spokesmen are to blame if they are not in the same category with the sons of St. George and St. Andrew. But it is not altogether agreeable to the feelings of a loyal community to see Fenians imported from Buffalo on the national festival, to hear the lugubrious drone of 'The Wearing of the Green' or the treasonable utterences of Power St. orators. Still, as a general rule, the people can afford to smile at these vagaries as eccentric, instead of breaking the heads of those who indulge in them. It is the conscious strength of the vast majority which makes them so indifferent. Purely religious processions, again, ought not to offend rational men; they appear puerile and foolish, but that is all that need be said or thought about them. The pilgrimage of last year which gave rise to disgraceful riots or, the *Fête Dieu* or *Corpus Christi* displays in Quebec, are perfectly innocent, and ought to be an offence to no one, so long as the Protestant by-

stander is not compelled by force to commit what he believes to be an act of idolatry, by doing homage to the Host. In Ontario, Orange processions provoke no breach of the peace; but they stir up a good deal of bad blood, which causes eruptions on the surface from time to time. In Quebec they are unquestionably mischievous, and common charity, no less than common sense, condemns them.

The Orange society may be briefly described as a volunteer contingent of irregulars, which has taken upon itself the defending of the Protestant faith and the offending of those who adhere to the Catholic Church. In strongly Protestant communities, it is an excrescence of no earthly use; and in strongly Catholic ones it does no good, and may do a great deal of harm. To talk of it as the bulwark of Protestantism, or of civil and religious liberty, is the most puerile of absurdities. Its antecedents are against it here and elsewhere. Being by nature intolerant, it is out of the question to speak of Orangeism as the protector of anything but its own narrow prejudices. It has always been ranged on the side of class and creed distinctions, and must abide by the verdict of history. The enemy of anything like freedom or equality, either in religion or politics, as it has always been, no one can expect from its adherents now, either consideration or active exertion for the feelings or rights of others. One has only to imagine the passions aroused in the mind of an ill-educated Catholic Irishman to whom the feud of the colours is an hereditary possession, when the orange is flaunted in his face, and when he hears tunes wedded to words, strange indeed as coming from the champions of religous freedom—'Teatur, tauter, holy water, sprinkle the Catholics, every one,' or that Bashi-bazouk utterance, 'the face of a Papist daren't be seen.' The Orange gospel, in short, is one, not of toleration, but of suppression.

The commercial metropolis of Quebec is the last place in which such a demonstration can be justified. If there were any purpose to be served by it; if anyone could believe for a moment, that the 'ear-piercing fife,' the blare of brass, or the thumping of sheepskin were religious agencies, or that the sermons of such men as Mr. Doudiet could be of utility, it would be different; but it is far otherwise. The pulpit, whether tenanted by the pupil of Father Chiniquy or by Father Leclair has done here as elsewhere a world of mischief, and the *Witness* and *True Witness* are on on an equally bad eminence in the press. Against Ultramontanism and its aggressions in Quebec we have often protested, and shall do so again whenever it rears its head. But the contest, as in Germany and France and Italy, is not between ecclesiastics of either narrow section of the Church militant, but between the supremacy of the State and the overweening assumptions of Vaticanism. To deal with these we require neither processions nor frothy oratory, but the firm decision of the law; and, to drive back the tide, the calm dignity and peremptory judgment of the Supreme Court are worth all the Orangemen in both hemispheres put together.

Let us now turn to another phase of the subject. Party processions are legal; therefore Orange processions are so, and the intended parade in Montreal unquestionably was legal. Now, whatever is legal ought to be under the protection of law, however we may doubt its propriety. The Mayor of Montreal, however, chose to put a strange construction upon the duties devolving upon him as a conservator of the public peace, attempting to draw a distinction between bodies of individuals and their separate units. He would protect the latter but not the former—the members of the Orange Society as individuals but not as a body—with this singular result in the end, that he resolved to protect neither the one nor the other. Individuals, even if they chose to walk two deep in the middle of the street in a line, were entitled to protection, but they could not receive it, because they were not recognized as a body. Now incorporation has nothing whatever to do with the right to protection, civil or military; it simply confers a right to sue and be sued under a corporate name—nothing more. Incorporation cannot enforce the right to corporate protection, neither can want of incorporation take away from any number of individuals associated together the right which attaches to each of them separately. Above all, it was M. Beaudry's business to preserve the peace, not as against those who were within their legal rights, but those who assailed them. Does the Mayor mean to say that if any of the innumerable Catholic societies unincorporated

had made an appeal to him he would have returned that imbecile answer?

The Orangemen, reluctantly as was natural, abandoned their procession. In doing so they must be credited not only with forbearance but with great moral courage. It is only to be hoped that they will not follow the wild counsels of the Rev. Mr. Doudiet, who has reason to be ashamed of himself for his anti-Christian conduct from first to last, but resolve, at once, or as soon as reason has mastered passion and just indignation, not to undertake another. The murder of poor Hackett after the Orangemen had withdrawn every pretext for lawlessness was cowardly and brutal, but it is too much to visit the acts of the Irish roughs upon all Irish Catholics. There is a class in every community whose passions are their guide, as well as their incentive to action; and when these are fairly aroused, the rowdy and murderous demon 'is spoiling for a fight,' and will have one at any risk. If Mayor Beaudry or the magistrates had called upon the military on Thursday as they did on Monday, there would have been no riot and no murder, and to their pusillanimity the *fracas* from first to last must be charged. The *True Witness*, rabid and unscrupulous as usual, is bent upon fanning the flame which still smoulders on both sides. Like the Doudiets and Leclairs of the clergy, but in yet more violent language, it has deliberately set to work to excite, alarm, and provoke, instead of striving to allay the trouble. It demands that the law shall step in and stop Orange processions, and that Quebec shall have Home Rule on the subject. The reply is that the plan has been tried before and failed, and further, that Quebec has as much 'home rule' now as is good for the people, in ecclesiastical matters. The only sort of rule wanted there is a firm and impartial exercise of authority in vindication of the law, and that is certainly abroad rather than at home under the Mayoralty of M. Beaudry. Much as reasonable men may be opposed to Orangeism, they are equally opposed to unfair coercive laws curtailing the liberties of any class of the Queen's subjects. If processions are made illegal, they must be prohibited without distinction; and to that we are also opposed because any abridgment of popular liberty would be as improper and impolitic as it would be futile. Our hope is that as the country, imbued with a spirit of nationality, grows in strength and population, as well as in intelligence and a just view of one's neighbours rights and feelings, we shall get rid of these old-world feuds and dissensions—which had better be left at home, or rather should be strangled in the land of their birth. It is to the growing power of the Canadian spirit of sound sense, prudence, and charity that we must look for eventual triumph over the demon of sectarian bitterness. And it is not past praying for that, even in the immediate future, Orangemen themselves, convinced of the folly, the inutility, and the danger of these childish displays, will quietly abandon them as the Imperial Parliament eliminated the Gunpowder Treason service from the Book of Common Prayer.

The wave of turbulence and disorder which has swept over the United States, from Baltimore to San Francisco, discloses to view, with fearful vividness, the substratum of lawless recklessness and criminality which underlies American society. It used to be the boast of our neighbours that their institutions were so free, the intelligence and education of the people so immeasurably superior to those of other nations, that they were under no apprehension of any popular uprisings, such as the Old World has periodically witnessed and groaned under. The question of slavery disposed of, there was no danger which even approached the verge of probability, or need be seriously taken into account. They have a ridiculously small standing army, and Gen. Grant the other day, not without a suspicion of the motive which nerves Senator Gotobed in Mr. Anthony Trollope's latest novel, remarked that he had seen a larger number of troops in camp at Aldershot than the entire American army contained. And this is the outcome of it. A devouring flame, literal as well as metaphorical, sweeping across the Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a terrible loss of life, a wanton destruction of untold millions of property, a paralysis of production, trade, and transport, and, in some districts, the gaunt spectres of famine and distress. Gen. Grant's noted standing army, too small to be of the slightest use upon the scene, if it could spread itself over the devastated surface, was for the most part far away, fighting the

Indians in Idaho, cowing the Mormons, or settling the border question on the Mexican frontier. The militia has proved itself an utter failure, save in exceptional cases; undisciplined, it fires without orders and suffers for it, and occasionally fraternizes with the mob from which it sprang. Whatever else may result from this terrible revolt of the proletariat, it may safely be predicted that the army of the United States will not be permitted to remain small any longer, or be pointed at by American guests to English hosts as an evidence of peace, content, and national superiority.

The cause of the outbreak is not so readily stated as its occasion. The railway strikers have risen from different causes in different localities—mainly from a necessary reduction in the rate of wages. The depression of trade has produced a serious diminution in traffic, and the large number of railways, necessary in times of plenty, seems to have aggravated the evil. Railway managers have been compelled to underbid each other by lowering freight and passenger rates, or drop out of the running. Now there is a minimum below which profits cannot be suffered to fall, because the capital invested would at once be withdrawn and staked more profitably elsewhere. When the carrying-trade suffers by a commercial crisis, failing crops, or any other cause, the first palliative resorted to is a reduction of freight tariffs so as to attract business, but in the end this necessitates a reduction of expenses, including wages. No number of strikes, however unanimous and formidable, still less a system of brutal terrorism followed by a wholesale destruction of corporate or individual property, can mend matters in the least. These uprisings serve only to intensify the distress to an incalculable degree. At this moment it is impossible to make a proximate estimate—or any estimate at all—of the fearful damage wrought by the criminal deeds of July. Under the inspiration of professional demagogues, the unreasoning and unintelligent amongst the working-men have been taught to believe that their employers wantonly lower the rate of wages, when the fact is they cannot help it, and therefore cannot be made to help it by strikes and violence. In fact, the latter render them still less able to meet the wishes of their employees. There seems to be a notion that the wages-fund is practically inexhaustible, and those who are deluded by it appear naively ignorant of the inflexible laws which rule the relations between capital and labour. Moreover, they are inordinately selfish, because their war-cry is that although all others must suffer, the workman shall not. He must have the same rate of wages, no matter where it comes from, and has not yet learnt the lesson that, in a time of distress, he cannot get it at all, either by fair means or foul, and that when the social body is suffering, he, as one of its members, must suffer with it.

It is in vain to urge that the cost of living is higher, and that therefore it is unreasonable that wages should be reduced. It is not a matter of equity, but of dire necessity. Like other classes of society, the working-men must economize, live a more frugal and thrifty life until trade revives and better times return. A strife between capital and labour is unnatural, because they are by nature allies and fellow-helpers, the one unable to flourish without the other. To do further injury to commerce by outrage is to arrest the wheels of progress, and retard the advent of prosperity. It seems singular that rational men should imagine they can get richer by killing or maiming the goose that lays the golden eggs. The remedies proposed are, of course, legislative. When men are in trouble they imagine that Parliament or Congress is omnipotent to save, forgetting the fable of Hercules and the carter. One sapient Congressman is going to demand a vote of ten millions of dollars 'for the labouring men of the country,' a wilder whim even than 'the organization of labour,' practically put to the test in 1848 by Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Albert, *ouvrier*. Far down in the south-west, at Galveston, the assembled working-men clamour for a law to make it a penal offence for any corporation or firm to advertise for men so long as there are sufficient in the locality to supply the demand—they fixing the rate of wages, of course, as they choose. It is to be feared that the march of intellect is proceeding at a snail's pace.

Let us now look at some of the salient features of this formidable outbreak. To begin with, the extent of the strikes is noteworthy. They are not confined to railway men, but embrace many other branches of labour, even down to cigar-makers. It

is difficult to say how far this movement was preconcerted ; we are inclined to think, from its sporadic character, that it was not. Outside the railway men there has been no general strike, and it is possible that the other ebullitions are partly the offspring of the wide-spread distress, and partly the result of that mysterious infection which is propagated by sympathy. It is true that the cords which bind the trades-unions together are, where possible, tightly drawn ; yet it is a noticeable fact that, in many cases, the attempt to involve some classes of artizans in the general chaos has failed—a promising sign for the future. The right to combine ought to be held sacred both for employers and employed. Any number of workmen have a right to say as a body—'these are our terms, accept them or we leave your employ,' though they have no right to coerce or intimidate those who differ from them. Now it must not be forgotten that the working-man of to-day is not as his predecessor of the last generation. Combination has given his class power, and is gradually widening the sphere of his intelligence. The time is not far distant when, unlike the blind Polyphemus roaring and striking about wildly in his cave, he will use his power reasonably and well. It is noticeable, further, that the bulk of the excesses were not committed by the strikers, but were the work of roughs, tramps, thieves, and the 'dangerous class' generally. But this should teach the rational working-man the imminent risk he is running when he puts his machinery in motion. The snowball heedlessly set rolling from a mountain-top may soon become an avalanche, uprooting trees, devastating crops, and overwhelming villages. Trains of cars were wrecked, and huge piles of buildings fired, often for the mere purpose of plunder. At Pittsburg, a mob of unkempt women, emulating the example of the Amazons who marched to Versailles in 1789, and the *petroleuses* of the Commune, were foremost at the work. All these bad elements, as has often been remarked, rise to the surface, by some law of human chemistry, in times of popular ferment ; society 'has bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them.'

Much has been made of the appearance of a communistic spirit during the disturbances—much more than need have been made. It is only another symptom of a social *bouleversement*, and is sure to prove ephemeral. There have been many examples of Communism in history, and they have usually marked a period of transition. Sometimes they have a religious tinge, as in the German peasants war of 1525, and Lollardry culminating in Wat Tyler's rebellion in England ; sometimes a social cast, as under Jack Cade ; again, they arise from political and class oppression, as in the Revolution of 1789. But they never last, and usually pave the way for military rule. On the 5th of October, 1789, the women of Paris were clamouring at Versailles, and on the 5th of October, 1795, Napoleon Bonaparte mowed down the mob with his artillery on the day of the Sections. Nor do we believe that universal suffrage is the cause of the American disturbances ; it is rather the safety valve of the Union. Universal suffrage is not desirable either theoretically or practically, and no thinking man would urge it upon any people. It has often been a potent engine in the hands of a usurper; but it is neither the ogre nor the goddess extremists take it to be. At any rate, no other system is now possible in the United States, and it will always be neutralised in a plutocratic country like the Union by the overwhelming power of property. 'Knowledge is power,' and when allied to wealth it is practically, and always in the long run, irresistible.

Finally, the utter impotence of the American governmental system to control popular uprisings, or protect persons and property, is manifest. Thackeray says somewhere in his Paris Sketch Book, that several European governments are too strong, and that the United States has no government at all. The events of last month prove that there is at least a grain of truth in the observation. The executive power collapsed temporarily under an unusual strain, and the restoration of order was left to volunteer efforts and vigilance committees, or postponed until the lawless movement had spent its force. The price of provisions has taken a sudden leap upward, business has been brought almost to a standstill, and there are not wanting forewarnings of deep distress and a consequent increase of crime during the autumn and winter. It is fortunate, no doubt, that the uprising took place so early in the year ; but there is a feeling

of unrest and anxiety amongst the wealthy class which cannot fail to leave its mark upon the legislation of Congress during the approaching session. There is a cry for a larger standing army, and there can be no doubt it will be heard and answered. Our neighbours are passing through a crisis, political and social as well as commercial, of which no man can foresee the end. For our part we have confidence in the recuperative resources of the great republic, and in the intelligence and sound practical sense of its people, and there appears to be no fear as to the ultimate result. It must be remembered that Europe has contributed more than a contingent to the army of crime and violence; the civil war left a legacy of danger behind it, for the surrender of General Lee let loose upon the North a horde of vagabonds, the saviours of the Union, if you please, in 1860-5, but the tramps, the roughs, the 'dangerous classes' of to-day. All this peril may be surmounted by firmness and wisdom, and we believe Mr. Hayes and his cabinet are firm and capable enough to do their duty. While General Grant is busy airing his vulgarity in Europe, his successor has been endeavouring to repair the mischief Grantism has wrought in the Union; instead of urging for 'one hour of Grant,' as some one is said to have done the other day, every American should rejoice that the dream of a third term was rudely dispelled, and that a well-meaning civilian, rather than a reckless and blundering soldier, is at the helm of the affairs. Were the ex-President's policy in the South transferred, *mutatis mutandis*, to the North, it would shiver the Union to atoms. What is wanted is not a blind, brutal application of force, but an intelligent, thoughtful, yet firm and unhesitating grappling with the difficulties of the time. Merely the outer rim of the wave reached Canada, and only touched the Southern line, which is, to all intents and purposes, American. The shrewdness of Mr. Broughton and the praiseworthy disposition of the men have preserved the Great Western from any trouble. The only overt act of violence which we see to condemn within our own limits, was the absurd attempt made to prevent the transport of passengers from St. Thomas, by the Great Western, and of that, too much ought not to be made. It may, in the future, be a serious question, and even now it deserves attention, how far prospective changes in the American system, especially the enlargement of its army, may alter the relations between the Dominion and the Union. The subject is too large a one to be entered on here, but it does seem proper that the Government should watch what is going on across the lines with care, and consider its probable effects upon the commerce, general prosperity, and national *status* of Canada.

The submission of a by-law to put in force the Dunkin Act of 1864 in Toronto, has given rise to a great popular agitation. The friends of the law are well organized and enthusiastic, and unquestionably earnest and sincere. It has seemed unnecessary to enter into the discussion before in this department of the Magazine; however, during the last few months our readers have had the opportunity of reading pleas on both sides. Even now, when a 'current event' of surpassing importance claims attention, the subject is approached with reluctance, though without a shadow of doubt. That terrible evils have been inflicted upon individuals and society by intemperance, unfortunately admits of no doubt. The evidence is before our eyes, for the vice of drunkenness, unlike most others, is not furtive and secretive, but blatant, obtrusive, and obvious. It is perhaps the mere fact of this being its salient characteristic that has marked it out for special notice, whilst others, which are not less destructive to mind and body, are seldom or never singled out for rebuke, still less for stern legislative action. Now, in endeavouring to take a calm survey of the question, it is necessary to avoid personal reflections, and to approach the matter quietly, and if possible, judicially. No one can fail to have observed that the tone of both parties has, generally speaking, been vastly improved by contact and discussion, though we are sorry to say not always so. It is hardly *à propos* to a serious debate for a reverend gentleman to call a speaker 'not the makings of a man,' or for Mr. Rine to say that another is a 'snipe.' That is a method of argumentation which hardly befits a winning cause.

In endeavouring to examine the Dunkin Act upon its merits, there are several matters to be taken into preliminary consideration. It is not, strictly speaking, a prohibi-

tory law, but only a restrictive one. Yet it is, or may be made prohibitory to a large portion of the population, and thus lay itself open to the odium which awaits all class legislation. But that again opens up a wider question. If a man, or a number of men clubbing together, purchase liquor to the amount of five gallons, at a cheaper rate than he or they can obtain it by the glass, will not the result, *prima facie*, be, that more liquor will be consumed, and that more rapidly? Moreover, it is extremely likely that there is a large class of drinkers hovering upon the border-land between the moderate indulgence and abuse of strong drinks, who feel unable to trust themselves, knowing their weakness, with barrels and demijohns at their homes, that would be hurled over the precipice by a necessity imposed by this Statute. The system of treating is unquestionably an abominable nuisance; but if it were prohibited in saloons, would it not take refuge in homes, clubs, and places infinitely worse? There appears to be serious danger that instead of destroying the virus, you may assist in spreading it. The provision which renders it necessary to take five gallons to homes where liquor was never kept before, makes it possible that many houses now free from drinking might be made treating-places and schools for the uprearing of inebriates. The result would be much as if a small-pox hospital were demolished, and those afflicted with that loathsome disease were sent back to the midst of their families. No such law, therefore, can be effective, in the sense of preventing intemperance, which does not first eradicate the appetite for stimulants from human nature. Baron Liebig, although he was an enemy to the use of alcoholic drinks, frankly admitted that—how it was he could not say—the taste for stimulants was universal, and to deprive men of one was to drive him to another. History, and such more or less impartial evidence as we can gather, prove the futility of legislative attempts at regulating an appetite, which is rational and certainly innocent, like other human appetites, when properly indulged, and like them, becomes a vice in the abuse. 'Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess,' is the only Prohibitory Liquor Law sanctioned by the Gospel. It appears to us, therefore, that no legislative measure prohibiting the use, or what comes to the same thing, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, could ever be made of any use as a check to drunkenness; and that measures of restriction, to be wholesome and effective, must be reasonable and moderate, and have for their object the regulation of the traffic, not its destruction, since any effort to compass the latter will only prove a delusion and snare.

On the abstract question of right and justice, it is unnecessary to enter here at length, because that aspect of the question was ably and, to our mind, convincingly presented in the last number, by Mr. Allen of Kingston. The *onus probandi* rests, however, upon the advocates, not upon the opponents, of a coercive measure such as this, and it is strange that no attempt has yet been made to demonstrate the soundness of their position. It is quite certain that no writer on the sphere of government, however much he may be opposed to the doctrine of *laissez faire*, has ever taken the sweeping ground occupied by this Act. There is a constant tendency here to employ the words 'power' and 'right,' as if they were convertible terms. Parliament, in a certain rough sense, is omnipotent; but, there are many measures which have been passed and enforced with rigour, which were obviously the grossest violations of 'right.' No one doubts the power to enact such statutes as the Act *de hæretico comburendo*, the Act of Uniformity, the Five Mile Act, the Test and Corporations Act, &c., and the many acts against the Catholics. The power is unquestionable, but now-a-days everyone agrees that it was not right to exercise that power. Parliament has the strength of many giants; yet desirable as it may be to possess a giant's power (as our great dramatist puts it), 'it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.' The confusion of language referred to evidently arises from not discriminating between the ethical or equitable, and the juridical senses of the term 'right.' Right is often confounded with expediency; and certainly the legislator must consider expediency to be ordinarily the basis of law; still, where individual rights are concerned, to say that they may be abridged solely on the ground of expediency, without regard to the immutable laws of justice, is to sanction the plea of bigotry and tyranny in all ages. What is

not right *per se*, can never be expedient, and, in the long run, must ignominiously fail. The well-known definition of natural law in the Pandects, is to the point: its 'precepts are three—to live honourably (*honeste*), not to injure another, and to render to every man what is his.' Now it is, of course, evident that this maxim applies to individuals; but obviously the last two precepts apply also to governments, whenever they meddle with individual freedom. It is as culpable in governments to wrong or injure any man or to withhold his rights from him, as it is for individuals to do so. Therefore it appears to us that the Dunkin Act, and, in a greater degree, the Maine Law, of which the former is the forerunner, transgress the plain principles of justice. Amongst the least disputable rights naturally belonging to men is the right to choose their meats and drinks. Regulating laws, such as the Adulteration Acts, acts relating to *abattoirs*, &c., and Licensing Acts, are perfectly within the sphere of government; but when they take the form of prohibition or restriction amounting to partial prohibition, they clearly violate one of the cardinal rules of natural justice, because they trespass upon individual rights. Now it is urged that although it may not be right, strictly speaking, to interfere with a man's diet, the evils of intemperance are so glaring and so terrible that it may be justifiable to do so, in order to suppress them. What is that but a circumlocution for—let us 'do evil that good may come'? Moreover, supposing we admit the argument, several questions arise:—Are measures of this kind likely to suppress intemperance, even if enforced? Are they likely to be, or can they be, so enforced as to compass their end? Would they be supported by so strong a power of public opinion as to make them effective? Is the Act it is proposed to put in operation adequate to the needs of the case, either in its scope or practical machinery? Now all these questions, without exception, ought to be answered in the affirmative, when it is proposed to deprive some, engaged in a legal trade, of their business without compensation, and to judge others, contrary to the admonition of St. Paul, touching meats and drinks; and not only to judge, but to coerce. People who desire to restrict original and indefeasible rights, ought to be sure that they occupy a position completely unassailable on every side. Yet it would not be difficult to show that every one of these interrogatories ought to be answered in the negative.

On the main question, as well as upon these subordinate but highly important ones, it would be easy to multiply authorities. Leaving Mill and Herbert Spencer on one side, it is better to give two passages from the well-known work of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, because he is opposed to Mr. Mill's theory of individual rights: 'A law which enters into a direct contest with a fierce imperious passion, which the person who feels it does not admit to be bad, and which is not directly injurious to others, will generally do more harm than good,' &c. (*Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, American edition, page 148). *A fortiori*, a law which prevents or seriously imperils the temperate indulgence of any taste or appetite, not only not admitted to be bad, but deemed natural and salutary, and not the result of 'a fierce, imperious passion,' must also be mischievous as it is certainly unjust. Once more: 'Legislation ought in all cases to be graduated to the existing level of morals in the time and country in which it is employed. You cannot punish anything which public opinion, *as expressed in the common practice of society*, does not strenuously and unequivocally condemn. To try to do so is a sure way to produce gross hypocrisy and furious reaction. To be able to punish, a moral majority must be overwhelming' (page 159). Now these are the words of a jurist who, believing in the expediency doctrine, deems the sphere of legislation to be practically illimitable; and it may now be asked, tried by this test,—'the common practice of society,'—can it for a moment be contended that the 'moral majority' in favour of prohibition or restrictive legislation, is overwhelming? Every one knows that it is not. That juries, even where the Act is in force, would acquit transgressors of it in the vast majority of cases is certain; and although we agree that the notion juries have of administering certain crude principles of equity or common-sense in place of the law—the 'what-they-think-ought-to-be' fancy, as Baron Bramwell termed it—is unjustifiable, surely the fact that they cherish this notion and act upon it, is powerful evidence that the law is

not sustained by public opinion in such cases. Indeed, when forging, sheep-stealing, or larceny where the value of the article stolen exceeded five shillings, were capital offences, this reluctance or refusal to convict was urged by Sir Samuel Romilly and his coadjutors, as a strong reason for the abolition of the death penalty. Judge Gowan recently, in one of his able charges, complained that the magistrates were acting in a similar manner in the county of Simcoe, and the *Globe* complains of the County Judges in Prince Edward and Grey. Now there is still less excuse for them than for juries; but their conduct shows that the 'moral majority' is not overwhelming, otherwise neither judges, magistrates, nor juries would venture to defy it. As for the numerical majorities in counties actually polled under the Dunkin Act, they may safely be said to prove nothing. Allowing for absentees and duplicate votes, in no case has the by-law received anything approaching a moiety of the voters on the roll. A mere fraction of the electorate has imposed the Act upon the municipality. The reason of the indifference is not far to seek. Farmers generally do not vote one way or the other, because those who use liquor are independent of the public houses, or because they believe that the law will not be carried out and that they will always be able to get what they want, *sub rosa*, at the roadside taverns where they have stopped to bait and water their horses for years. Moreover, the advocates of the by-law are thoroughly organized, and every member of a lodge or division is a missionary and a canvasser; the tavern-keepers have no organization at all, but are rather divided by trade jealousies; they are comparatively few and scattered, and not usually disposed to exert themselves beyond the limits of their business.

It is, of course, urged that the Dunkin Act is not prohibitory, but only restrictive. That, in our view would make little difference; but inasmuch as the champions regard it as only the thin end of the wedge, it is clear that the plea is irrelevant. Moreover, the *Globe*, in a very temperate but inconclusive article, admits that there are large numbers of the working-class to whom it would be practically a prohibitory law, because they could not afford to buy five gallons—forgetting that they could club together. So far, however, as its statement has any force, it corroborates the objection that the Dunkin Act is a piece of class-legislation. There are economical as well as moral reasons against the Act, which we must pass by. It is impossible not to regret our inability to agree with a strong and, on the whole, salutary agitation; but we believe that although the movement is, in itself, a healthy one, it will succeed, like many another human struggle, in doing most good if it fails. No one has a right to speak otherwise than sympathetically of the earnest band of men and women who are endeavouring to grapple, in their own way, with a gigantic evil. But we do not think it is the best or even a good way, because, as there is 'no royal road to learning,' so it is equally certain that there is no legislative path to virtue. Let our temperance men once learn to lean upon a legal crutch, and their moral power will be paralyzed. The exploded dogma of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' or any other Benthamism will fail to serve their turn; for it must first be proved that the greatest happiness is not sacrificed rather than secured by a law which deliberately tramples upon the individual rights of the greater, or any smaller, part of the population. A piece of legislation which goes farther than the impetuous Bassanio, and, instead of bidding us, in order 'to do a great right, do a little wrong,' ordains that a great wrong shall be done, for the sake of a little, and that a problematical good, ought not to commend itself to the sober common-sense of mankind.

There are many European topics of interest upon which it would be our duty to touch, did space permit. In England, Mr. Trevelyan's motion to assimilate the county and borough franchises, which was only lost by a strict party majority of 56, deserves a passing notice. Two Liberals, Messrs. Goschen and Lowe, deserted their party and voted with the majority; one Conservative, Mr. Serjeant Spink, the first swallow of approaching summer, gave Mr. Trevelyan his vote. Mr. Lowe's silent vote was to be expected, for he has opposed every Reform measure since he took his seat in the House; but Mr. Goschen committed himself wofully by a laboured appeal against the policy of his party, united only on this

question. It is observable that no member of the Government argued against the principle of the motion. Indeed, how could they after the memorable declaration of Mr. Disraeli—we hate the 'Beaconsfield' because it forces one to think of a Brummagem Burke—that the assimilation was only a question of time. The *Spectator* says, 'If the Tories remain in power they will give us a Reform Bill yet.'

Three religious matters of moment, widely differing in character, must be passed over—the agitation following upon the Ridsdale judgment of May last, the *exposé* in the matter of 'the Priest in Absolution,' and the Pan-Presbyterian Assembly at Edinburgh, which we are pleased to see was a great success.

In France, Marshal McMahon, lead by the reactionaries, has harangued his army in terms which, if the real honesty of the old soldier were not above suspicion, would be ominous. If Napoleon III. had said to the French soldiery, 'You will help me, I am certain, to maintain respect for authority and law in the mission which has been confided to me, and which I shall fulfil to the end,' everybody would have known what was coming. But the Marshal-President is not unscrupulous enough to be a Napoleon. The resolution to fulfil his 'mission,' which he received from a moribund Assembly, to the end, looks like a threat to dissolve the new Chamber unless it prove subservient, which is not at all likely. Meanwhile M. Fourtou, the indefatigable, has been giving a hard piece of his mind to the prefects. 'Functionaries of every kind are knit to the Government which has appointed them by ties which they are bound not to forget;' those who do not take the hint 'need expect neither tolerance nor indulgence'—in other words, you are appointed by us, though paid by the people through the Assembly; but, although the purse-strings are theirs and your mere appointments would be of little use, you must obey us and not them. Meanwhile the Republicans are calm and confident, and there is not the slightest doubt of their success in October.

The month has been a stirring one in the East. So far as Asia is concerned the Russian invasion, which promised so well at first, has collapsed; although the rumoured journey of the Czar to Tiflis would seem to indicate an intention to make another effort. In European Turkey the Russians have displayed unwonted dash. On the 26th of June, the Danube was crossed at Simnitza and possession taken of Sistova. Here there was a delay, consequent upon a foiled attempt to cross at Turtukai. But the delay did not prevent a flying column from penetrating to Tirnova, the old capital of Bulgaria; Nicopolis was next taken and Rustchuk bombarded; finally, troops were sent through the Balkan passes, under native guidance. It is impossible at this moment to gather the exact position of affairs. Let no man repose trust in telegrams, especially if they come from the Divan. There have been so many Turkish victories lately, that the Russians ought to have been annihilated by this time, and yet there comes a telegram direct from Adrianople admitting the defeat of Suleiman Pasha and his precipitate retreat upon that city; it also states that the railway between Philippopolis and Adrianople is in the hands of the enemy. Rustchuk and Silistria are invested, and so the redoubtable quadrilateral has been cut in twain. Shumla is as good as besieged, because her sources of supply are cut off; Varna which is on the sea is, of course, under the protection of the fleet, and unassailable. Naturally there are rumours of negotiation, and the time is certainly at hand when they must begin. Prince Gortschakoff has formally announced that his master will not treat directly with the Porte, but commit the final settlement into the hand of the Powers. That Lord Derby is fully convinced that the cause of Turkey has at last become hopeless, is evident from the sudden embarkation of troops to Gibraltar and Malta, as well as the previous shifting of the fleet from the Piræus to Besika Bay. Of course, according to the *gobemouches*, troops are going everywhere—to Gallipoli, Egypt, Constantinople, and Syria. The end is not far distant; and the hope of every true Briton must be that, whilst protecting herself and Europe from the overweening ambition of any Power, she will not sully England's flag and England's honour by bolstering up the rotten and debauched *régime* of the Moslem, or abandon to their fate the unhappy people, Bulgarian and Sclav, for whose deliverance Russia unsheathed the sword.

July 28th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

How to Study: Hints to Students in Colleges and High Schools. Second revised edition. By John Schulte, D.D., Ph. D. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

So alluring a title as that of Dr. Schulte's brochure, 'How to Study,' has the effect of filling the mind with anticipations of the supply of a great want—a minute, well-considered and ably compiled practical treatise upon courses of study, as adapted to different minds and as producing certain desired results, showing the lines of reading to be taken, the blunders to be avoided, the authors to be read for the following out of certain issues of general mind-growth or special culture, the dominant characteristics of partial historians, the vitiating effects of the writings of certain poets, in others the ennobling flood of godliness and manliness in which the mind that bathes comes out clear and pure and strong as the Michael in Doré's noble picture; all this and much more is an educational want, together with practical hints on the manner of working, and practical suggestions for the maintenance of physical vigour and cheerful, healthful spirits. The doctor's treatment of the somewhat important subject, 'Development of the Moral Sense,' is scarcely satisfying in these difficult days. The beginning, middle, and end is, 'study the scriptures;' to this he adds, that *faith* should accompany this study; as though the study of the scriptures were a matter of the simplest and not of the most perplexing, and faith could be bought like a new hat. His recipe for bodily health is likewise of the briefest: 'Avoid extremes of laziness and over-exertion,' 'Find pleasure and delight in in your work;' while he holds 'A brisk walk of several miles, the cheapest and most delightful form of exercise.' The doctor is strongly opposed, contrary to the judgment of many able teachers, if not to the tendency of the present day, to the use of translations; though on another page he commends the practise of the master giving verbal translations to his class. Like everything else, translations may be abused, as every schoolboy knows to his cost, but the experience of the writer goes to show that, in the interest to be excited by a, from the first, readily comprehended work, lies no mean motor in the ready and hearty digestion of a new langurge.

The suggestion that the essays of the session, from the highest to the lowest forms, with errors marked, and the master's sentences of praise or dispraise recorded thereon, should be laid on the table for public inspection at the public examinations, strikes us as not only useless, but mischievous—to say nothing of the pettiness of the proceeding, excellent, no doubt, for the purposes of an infant school; and further, of the competency of the general public to appreciate perfection or imperfection in Latin or Greek composition, during a five minutes stroll round the tables, in which Mrs. X would triumphantly show her Harry's five mistakes as against Mrs Z's Tom's ten. An error is not unfrequently as praiseworthy as accuracy; may show more thought, more careful though misdirected consideration, and rejoice a master's heart as much as work nearer perfection, but is to be valued fairly by him alone, and not by the outside world. Let *results* be shown, but as for the *means*—the number of soiled cravats which go to make the perfect Brummel tie—let them, like our linen, be washed at home. Indeed, public school examinations, as a rule, are a nuisance, a farce, and a mischievous farce.

Ariadne. By Ouida. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

Ouida has the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of being one of the shining lights among modern writers of fiction. Her works are devoured by men and women who profess to find in them unequalled charms and attractions, and we understand that two publishing houses in London arranged to float, simultaneously, first editions of this her latest venture. What is there within the book to answer such rich expectations?

There is learning in it; it matters little whether it is the author's own, or read up for the occasion. We say it matters little, for it is but a superficial smattering, and when at its thickest, still nothing but a somewhat tougher husk than usual. We should think Ouida's admirers will find it a little troublesome to be told at every moment—here the Dioscuri watered their horses, there Augustus shuddered, Livia sat disheveled, or the Roman dames got their *strenæ*—or again, on this or that *via*, Propertius sighed to the red and white Cynthia, whose trotting mules had their tails tied up. 'Goodness'—we can hear the afflicted reader exclaim, a reader who would understand what was meant by *etrennes*, but have no ghost of an idea about *strenæ*, and who expects words in italics to be drawing-room French and not school-boys' Latin—'Goodness! where are our rich young officers

of the Household Brigade, or French dandies fierce, languid, heartless, muscular, and, highly lacquered as to the moustache? Where are the members of the Parisian *demi-monde?* Cannot Gi-Gi-oja (if that's her name) look out of a balcony without our being told that Livia or Julia or Nærea or Beatrice Cenci was also addicted to that innocent pastime, and might, could, should, or (if she had known her business) *would* have leant on a balcony at this very precise spot? Must our walks round Rome be interminably long, and the tale stand aside, like the chief actors in a Greek tragedy, while the Ouidan chorus pipes away for a page or two over the ruffianly old emperors, demigods, heroes, and saints (to say nothing of those rascals of bishops) whose bones have been ground into the Roman dust that is blown into our eyes, and whose victims' blood is exhaled in the malaria that is floating into our nostrils?' To such an one we would say: Courage; if your Life-guardsman is not at hand, you will probably find his prototype not far off nor very deeply disguised; and though the heroine, by some mischance, does not belong to the demi-monde, she takes the speediest steps possible to reduce herself to that position. Like others of our author's creations, you will find her virtue increasing, as mathematicians would say, in the ratio of the square of her disgrace, and death is happily introduced at the last, as a *deus ex machina*, to prevent the irreparable insult and injury of marriage offered her by her seducer.

The principal characters in 'Ariadne' are four in number; the rest are more or less dummies and posture-makers, suitable to enliven the storied streets of Rome with a little flesh-and-blood upholstery. All of them except Gioja have impossible names. Maryx is a sculptor of great renown who teaches his art to Gioja (*alias* Ariadne) after she is rescued by the old shoemaker. From master he becomes lover, but woos in a half-hearted sort of a way, and does his best to drive the girl into the arms of his rival, the poet Hilarion. Crispin, the ecstatic cobbler, is the nicest character in the book, which is indeed his monologue. But he proses! ye gods, how he proses! as none but a cobbler, instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians, yea, and the Grecians, Latins, and Italians too, and conceited to boot, could prose. He finds perfect antique statues, the lost books of Livy, the sites of forgotten baths and temples, and other things nearly as marvellous, with the precision of a pig nosing for truffles. He drinks Lachryma Christi with the rich Hilarion, with whom he is hand-in-glove, and generally leads, with his dog Pales, a sufficiently jolly life, whilst sleeping in his open-air stall and cobbling old shoes for the peasants. We pause to ask, *is* this meant for a real character, who could possibly exist to-day or yesterday in Rome, or are all the *dramatis personæ* idealized beings, set in motion at Rome because of the abundant 'local coloring' that can be had there. In fact, the 'coloring' predominates so much that the novel reminds us of nothing more than cochineal, with the vanilla, the ice, and the cream left out.

If the characters are idealized, why make Gioja, perfect heroine as she is meant to be, such an ungrateful being? She accepts the cobbler's services, Maryx's lessons, and the means of supporting herself, with perfect nonchalance, and as though they were her due, and albeit she *talks* of gratitude, she never dreams of showing it in her actions, but takes the earliest opportunity of refusing her friends' advice, deserting them, and running off with Hilarion. As for that effeminate poet himself, Maryx should have tweaked his nose at an early stage of his proceedings, and not let him defile Ariadne with his hollow addresses, void of aught but self-love. Instead of this, Maryx contents himself with delivering a slashing diatribe against Hilarion's false poetry, which finds its canker in every rose-leaf, and hides its analysis of morbid passion in a flow of melodious thoughts and linked words. We would caution Ouida that this criticism might be well taken to heart by herself. She has so long indulged in Hilarion's vein, so long depicted women (to use Hilarion's own words) as balls of soft wool, or peaches with a needle stuck in them, that she will find it hard to conjure up a different spirit in her pages if she should ever try to do so. Like Maryx, when her eyes are opened, as one, even though a reviewer, may hope they will be opened, to the falseness of the thing she loves, she may find the eyes of her heart blinded and closed, and even the skill she formerly possessed gone from her, leaving only the power to reproduce, without originality, endless variations on some worn-out theme.

Enough of this. We can yet truly praise some of the pictures of Roman scenery and life as vivid and striking, and the conversations (were they but disburdened of their classical trappings) as pointed and inclined to be epigrammatic. Still, if Ouida has shown in this work some of the instincts of an artist, as in her discourse against the false frippery of modern sculpture, imitating lace-work in marble, and so forth, we must reluctantly confess that in the greater part of the work she has shown herself inspired rather with the instincts of a catalogue-compiler, and burdened with the memory and loquacity of a Roman cicerone.

The pseudonym, 'Ouida,' has given rise to a good deal of discussion, many thinking it an Indian word. It is really a compound of two old-French ones, *Oui-da*, and simply means, 'Yes, indeed.'

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST LOOK.

ALL around us the great unbroken circle of the sea, overhead the paler color of the morning sky, and this huge floating palace of 4500 tons crashing its way through the rolling waves of a heavy ground-swell—that was what we found when we stepped on to the white and sun-lit deck.

'What cheer, Madame Columbus? And how goes the log?' cried the lieutenant, making his appearance at the top of the companion-way.

Madame Columbus had been up betimes—in order to make sure of her bath—and was now engaged in private conversation with Lady Sylvia.

'We are a point west by north of Ben Nevis,' she answered, promptly, 'but the Irish coast is not yet in sight.'

The latter half of her statment was true, anyhow; there was not even the faint cloud of an island visible all round the dark blue horizen. And so we set out on our march up and down the deck, which had been strictly enjoined upon us by our admiral-in-chief, but which was occasionally interfered with by a lurch that sent this or that couple flying toward the hand-rail. And we were all full of our new experiences; of the strange sensation of plunging through the night at this terrible speed, of the remarkable ease with which articles could be taken out of portmanteaus, and of the absolute impossibility of getting them put in again so as to secure something like order in our respective cabins. It was a brilliant morning, with a fresh and delightful breeze; but so blue was the sky, and so blue was the sea, that the eyes, becoming accustomed to this intense blue, saw every thing on board the ship as of a glowing brown or red, while the human faces we looked at in passing were simply a blaze of crimson. Then we went below to breakfast, and instituted a sort of formal acquaintance with two or three folks who had been, the previous evening at dinner, absolute strangers to us.

That forenoon, as we sat on deck with our books, which were seldom looked at, we could not understaud why Queen T—— was so fiercely opposed to our going ashore at Queenstown for an hour or two. As the pale line of coast now visible on the

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horizon came nearer and more near, she seemed to regard both Ireland and the Irish with great disfavor, though we knew very well that ordinarily she had a quite remarkable affection for both.

'What is Queenstown?' said she. 'A squalid little place, filled with beggars and trades-people that prey on the igorance of Americans. They give you baskets of fruit with brown paper filling up half. They charge you—'

'Why, you have never been there in your life!' exclaimed our Bell, with staring eyes.

'But I know, all the same!' was the retort. 'Haven't Americans told me again and again of their first experiences of Irish hospitality? And what is the use of being at all that trouble of going ashore to look at a miserable little town?'

'Madame,' said the lieutenant, with a loud laugh, 'I do think you are afraid we will not come back if we once are on the land. Do you think we will run away? And the company—will they give us back our passage-money?'

She relapsed into a proud and indignant silence; we knew not how Queenstown had managed so grievously to offend her.

And now we drew near the point at which we were to bid a real farewell to our native land; and as we slowly glided into the broad, bright bay, Queenstown gave us an Irish welcome of laughter shining through tears, of sunlight struggling through fleecy clouds of rain, and lighting up the beautiful green shores. There was a beautiful green, too, in the water of the bay, which was rippled over by a light westerly breeze. Well, we remained on board, after all. We were informed by our admiral-in-chief that now, when the ship was almost empty, and certainly still, was an excellent opportunity for setting our cabins to rights, and putting away every thing we should not require on the voyage. What was there to see by remaining on deck? A quiet bay, a green shore, and some white houses—that was all. Those of us who rebelled, and insisted on remaining on deck, she treated with silent scorn. She was successful, at least, in carrying Lady Sylvia with her below.

And yet it must be confessed that we were all of us glad to get away from Queenstown. We wished to feel that we had really started. Wasting time in waiting for mails is not an exciting occupation, at Queenstown or elsewhere. When, therefore, the tender came out from the shore, and discharged her human and other cargo, and when the order was given to let go the gangway, we were glad enough—all of us, perhaps, except one; for what meant that slight exclamation, and the inadvertent step forward, as this last means of communication was withdrawn? But there was a friendly hand on her arm. The child looked on in mute despair as the great vessel began to move through the water. There was a good deal of cheering as we now, and finally, set out on our voyage; she did not seem to hear it.

And now we were out on the Atlantic, the land gradually receding from sight, the great ship forging ahead at full speed through the rushing waves, the golden glory of the afternoon shining on her tall masts. They were getting out some sail, too; and as the string of men were hauling up the heavy gaff of the mizzen try-sail, one tall fellow, the leader of the choir, was singing so that all could hear,

'Oh, it's Union Square as I chanced for to pass,
Yo, heave, ho!
Oh, it's there I met a bonnie young lass:'

while the idiotic refrain,

'Give a man time to roll a man down,'

sounded musically enough with its accompaniment of flapping canvas and rushing waves. And there were rope-quoits got out, too, and the more energetic shovel-board; while those who scorned such vain delights were briskly promenading the deck with an eye to dinner. And then, at dinner, the sudden cry that made every one start up from the table and crowd round the nearest port-hole to look out on that extraordinary sunset—the sea a plain of dark and rich purple, almost hard in its outline against the sky; the sky a pure, dazzling breadth of green—a sort of olive green, but so dazzling and clear that it burned itself into the memory, and will forever remain there—with a few lines of still more lambent gold barred across the west. That fire of color had blinded all eyes. When we returned to our seats we could scarcely see each other.

'What a beautiful night we shall have!' said Lady Sylvia, who was doing her best to be very brave and cheerful—because, you see, it was our common duty, she considered, to cheer up the spirits of the young mother

who had left her two children behind her —'and what a pity it is, my dear Mrs. Von Rosen, that you did not bring your guitar with you! Half of the charm of the voyage will be lost. And you know it will be moonlight to-night—you might have sung to us.'

'I am like Mrs. S——'s little girl,' said our Bell, 'whom they used to bother so before visitors. She said, one day, in the most pathetic voice, "I wish I didn't know no songs; and then I shouldn't have to sing none." But the guitar has been put away for a long time now. That belonged to the days of romance. Do you know any Scotch songs, Lady Sylvia? I have gone mad about them lately.'

'I believe it was once remarked of you, Bell,' says one of us, 'that your heart is like a magnetized needle, always turning toward the north. But what we want to know is where you are going to stop. Cumberland ballads used to be enough for you; then you got to the Borders; then to the Lowlands; and now you are doubtless among the clans Does any body know if there are stirring tunes in Iceland, or any *Volkslieder* to be picked up about the north pole? Nevertheless, we will take what you like to give us. We will pardon the absence of the guitar. When the moon comes out, we will take up the rugs on deck, and get into a nice shadowy corner, and—and what is that about "Above—below—all's well?"'

'We are indeed well off,' says our grave monitress, 'that we have nothing to think about but moonlight and singing. What I am thankful for is that the clear night will lessen the chances of our running down any unfortunate small vessel. Ah! you don't know, Lady Sylvia, how often that happens —and nobody ever hears of it. A huge ship like this would simply cut down one of these smaller vessels to the water's edge and go clean over her. And of course the greatest danger of our doing so is near land. Think of the poor men, after being months at sea, perhaps, and within a day or so of meeting their wives and families again, finding this huge monster crashing down on them! I tremble when I hear people speak of the vessels anchored on the Newfoundland Banks, and the fogs there, and the great steamers going on through the night. A collision is nothing to us—I suppose we should scarcely feel any shock at all—but it is certain death to the unhappy wretches who are out there at the fishing. Well, it is part of the risk of their calling. They have to support their families somehow; and I suppose their wives know each time they leave the land that they may never be heard of again. I wonder whether these poor men ever think that they are hardly used in life. No doubt they would prefer to belong to a fine club; and their wives would like to drive about in carriages. But I suppose they have their conpensations. The home-coming must be pleasent enough.'

'But do we go right on through a fog, all the same?' asked our Bell, in some alarm.

'At a reduced speed, certainly; and people say that the booming of the fog-horn at night is one of the most horrid sounds in the world.'

'You never thought of that danger, Lady Sylvia,' said Bell, with a smile, 'when your —when Mr. Balfour and you used to speak of going round the world in a steam-yacht. By-the-way, I suppose that steam-yacht that came out with us has got back to Queenstown by this time.'

Queen T——glanced quickly and nervously at her.

'I hope so,' said Lady Sylvia. 'It was very friendly of the people to escort us a bit on our way. I suppose they knew some one on board. But I did not see any one waving a good-by to them when they left.'

'Oh,' said Queen T——, carelessly, 'I have no doubt they only came out for a run.'

When we went on deck we found the last glow of the twilight fading out of the northwestern skies. We were all alone on the moving world of waters, the huge metallic-hued waves breaking over in masses of white foam that were clearly visible in the semi-darkness. But by this time we had grown so accustomed to the monotonous sound of the rushing waves that it was almost the equivalent of silence; so that any other sound—the striking of the bells every half hour in the steering-room, for example, and the repetition by the man at the look-out—was startlingly clear and distinct. We got our chairs brought together, and the shawls spread out, and formed a little group by ourselves, whose talking, if we were so inclined, could not well be overheard. But there was not much talking, somehow. Perhaps that monotonous rushing of the water had a drowsy effect. Perhaps we were try-

ing to find out the names of the pale, clear stars overhead, far beyond the tall masts that kept swaying this way and that as the vessel rose and fell on the long waves. Or were we wondering whether the man at the look-out, whose form was duskily visible against the clear, dark sky, could make out some small and distant speck—some faint glimmer of a light, perhaps—to tell us that we were not quite alone in this awful world of waters?

Then the stars grew paler; for a new glory began to fill the lambent skies, and the white deck began to show black shadows that moved on the silvery surface as the ship rose to the waves.

'Do you remember that moonlight night at Grasmere?' says Queen T—— to her friend. 'And won't you sing us "The Flowers of the Forest?"'

It was quite another song that she sang—in a low voice that mingled curiously with the monotonous, melancholy rush of the waves. It was about the bonny young Flora who 'sat sighing her lane, the dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e.' Why should she have picked out this ballad of evil omen for our very first night on the Atlantic?

'She looked at a boat wi' the breezes that swung
Away on the wave like a bird o' the main;
An' aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung,
"Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again."'

Perhaps her conscience smote her. Perhaps she thought it was hardly fair to suggest to this poor young thing who was thrown on our care that the cruel parting she had just undergone was a final one. At all events, as she began to sing this other song, it seemed to some of us that she was taking a clear leap across a long interval of time, and imagining herself somehow as already returning to English shores. For she sang—

'Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!
But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!'

Perhaps it was only our idle fancy, on this beautiful and pensive night, that coupled Bell's selections with the fortunes of our guest; but all the same, one of us—who is always tenderly thoughtful in such small matters—suddenly called out,

'Come, Bell, we shall have no more sad songs. Who was it that used to sing "The Braes o' Mar" with a flushed face as if all the clans from John O'Groat's to Airlie were marshalling under her leadership?'

Bell is an obliging person. She sang that song, and many another; and there was an attempt at a modest duet or two; while the ceaseless roar of the waves went on, and we watched the moonlight quiver and gleam on the hurrying waters.

'Oh, my dear,' says Queen T——, putting her hand on the head of her old friend and companion, who was nestled at her feet, 'this is not at all like crossing the Channel, is it?'

'Not much,' says Bell. 'I am already convinced that my ancestors were Vikings.'

Nor was it at all like crossing the Channel when we went below for the night—passing the great ruddy saloon, with its golden lamps and hushed repose—and sought out the privacy of our quiet and neat little cabins. But here an act of retributive justice had to be administered. There were two people standing alone in one of these cabins, amid a wild confusion of slippers, dressing bags, and clothes-brushes. Says the one to the other, sternly,

'What did you mean by that suspicious glance when the steam-yacht was mentioned?'

'What steam-yacht?' says she innocently; but in the dusky light of the lamp her face is seen to flush.

'You know very well.'

Here her fingers become somewhat nervous; and a piteous and guilty look comes into the eyes.

'Do you mean to deny that Balfour was in that boat, that you knew he was to be in it, and that you dared to keep the knowledge from his wife?'

'And if he was,' says she, with her lips beginning to quiver, 'how could I tell her? It would have driven the poor thing mad with pain. How could I tell her?'

'I believe you have a heart as hard as the nether millstone.'

And perhaps she had; but it was certainly not her own sorrows that were making the tears run down her face, as she pretended to be busy over a portmanteau.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MID-ATLANTIC.

THOSE glad days!—each one a new wonder as our tremendous speed drove us into successive and totally different worlds of light and color. The weather prophets were all at fault. Each morning was a surprise. There might have been, for example, a plunging and roaring during the night, that told us there was a bit of sea on; but who could have imagined beforehand the brilliant and magnificent beauty of this westerly gale—the sea rolling along in mountainous waves, the wild masses of spray springing high into the air from the bows of the ship, the rapid rainbows formed by the sunlight striking on those towering clouds, when a rattle as of musketry fire as they fell on the sun-lit and streaming decks? And if there were two obstinate young creatures who would not at all consent to stand in the huddled companion-way—if they would insist on having their morning march up and down the plunging decks, with the salt-water running down their reddened faces—had they not their reward? They were the discoverers of the fact that we were running a race. What were those black objects that leaped clear into the sunlight, and went head-foremost again into the rushing waves? One after the other the merry dolphins sprung into the air and vanished again, and we were grateful to them for this friendly escort. They were sociable fellows, those dolphins—not like the whales, which generally kept away somewhere near the horizon, where they could only be made out by the recurrent jet of white foam.

And then, again, it might have been the very next morning that we found the world of water and sky grown still and dreamlike, pervaded by a mystic calm. The sea, like vast folds of silk, dull, smooth, and lustreless, a waste of tender and delicate grays, broken only by the faintest shadows where the low waves rolled; the sky lightly clouded over and also gray, with lines of yellowish light that grew narrower and narrower as they neared the horizon; and here the only bit of color in the vague and shadowy picture—a sharp, bold, clear line of blue all round the edge of the world, where the pale sea and the pale sky met.

And so we went on day after day, and the bells tolled the half hours, and the gong sounded for meals, and the monotonous chorus of the sailors—

> 'So now farewell,
> My bonnie young girl,
> For I'm bound for the Rio Gran'"—

told us of the holy-stoning of the decks There was rather more card-playing than reading; there was a good deal of perfunctory walking; sometimes there was a song or two in the long saloon of an evening. And by this time, too, people had got to know each other, and each other's names and circumstances, in a most surprising manner. The formal 'Good-morning' of the first day or two had developed into 'And how are you this morning, Mr.——?' The smallest civility was sufficient warranty for the opening of an acquaintanceship. Ladies freely took any proffered arm for that inevitable promenade before dinner—all except one, and she the most remarked of all. What was it, then, that seemed to surround her, that seemed to keep her apart? A certain look in her face?—she was not a widow. Her manner?—she was almost anxiously courteous to every one around her. All sorts and conditions of men were eager to bring her chair, or pick up her dropped book, or bid other passengers stand aside to let her pass through the companion-way; and all the elder women—to judge by their looks—seemed to bless her in their hearts for her sweet face, and all the young women appeared to be considerably interested in her various costumes; but somehow she made no familiar acquaintances. They might challenge our bright-faced Bell to make up a side of rope-quoits; and that brave lass, though she seldom landed more than two out of the dozen of quoits on the peg, would set to work with a will, her eyes bluer than ever with the blue light from the sea, the sunlight touching the constant gladness of her face. But when our beautiful, pale, sad guest came near to look on, they only moderated their wild laughter somewhat. They did not challenge her. It was not she whom they expected to pencil down the score on the white paint of the ventilation shaft. But there was not one of these brisk and active commercial gentlemen (who were the most expert performers) who would not instantly stop the game in order to dart away and get

a chair for her ; that modest smile of thanks was sufficient reward.

There was a young lady who sat near us at dinner, a very pretty young lady, who had come all the way from San Francisco, and was returning home after a lengthened stay in Europe. It was quite evident that she and her friends must have staid some time in Geneva, and that they had succumbed to the temptations of the place. She seemed to be greatly struck by Lady Sylvia's appearance, and for the first day or two paid more attention to her than to her meals. Now on the third day, imagine our astonishment—for small things become great on board ship—on finding the pretty young San Franciscan come in to breakfast without a scrap of jewelry either round her neck or on her hands. She had even discarded the forefinger ring—an opal surrounded with diamonds—which were unanimously declared to be beautiful. Moreover she never wore any jewelry during the rest of that voyage. Why was this? Wearing jewelry, even Genevan jewelry, is a harmless foible. Is there any magnetism radiating from a human being that is capable of destroying bracelets and finger-rings, or at least of rendering them invisible? These are the mysteries of life.

But indeed we had more serious matters to think about, for we had with us a stern monitress, who did not fail to remind us that existence, even on board a transatlantic steamer, is not all composed of dry champagne and rope-quoits. She had made the acquaintance of the purser, and from him she had obtained particulars regarding some of the emigrants on board. The piteous tales she told us may have received a touch here and there from an imagination never of the dullest, but they sounded real enough, and it was very clear that they went right to Lady Sylvia's heart. Was it not possible, she anxiously asked, to do something for this poor man who was dying of consumption, and who, conscious of his doom, was making a struggle to have a look at his two sons out in Montana before the sunken eyes finally closed? What we had to do for him a day or two afterwards, was to attend his funeral. The weighted corpse, wrapped round with a union-jack, was borne along by the sailors to the stern of the ship, and there a number of the passengers congregated, and stood with uncovered head to hear the short burial service read. It was not a pathetic scene. The man was unknown to us, but for that brief hint of his dying wish. The wild winds and the rushing waves drowned most of the words of the service. And yet there was something strange in the suddenness with which the corpse plunged down and disappeared, and in the blank loneliness of the sea thereafter. The man had neither friend nor relative on board.

There was an open space on the lower deck into which, for the freer air, the emigrants often came ; and there they followed their domestic pursuits as unconscious as bees of being looked down upon from above. Surely it was no impertinent curiosity that our Queen T—— taught her gentle friend to regard these poor people : rather it was with a great sympathy and friendliness. One morning she drew her attention to a young woman, who appeared to be also a young mother, for she had a couple of children dawdling about her heels ; and Lady Sylvia was greatly distressed that those young things should be so dirty and obviously neglected. She was for sending for the invaluable Mr. Evans, and begging him to take some little present to the mother.

'But why should they be dirty? And why should they be neglected?' demanded that fierce social philosopher, whose height is five foot three. 'Look at the mother ; look at her tawdry ribbons, her unkempt hair, her dirty face. She is a woman who has got no womanly pride. If she has a husband, God help him ! Fancy what his home must be. If he has got rid of her, I should imagine he must be glad ; he could keep the house cleaner without her. But look at that young woman over there—I know she has a young family too, for I saw them this morning. See how she has tucked up her dress so that she can go over the wet decks ; she how she has carefully braided her hair ; and do you see how all those tin things she has been washing are shining bright ; and look at her now, polishing that knife, and putting the cloth up on the rope to dry. For my part, I have no sympathy with women who are squalid and dirty. There is no reason in the world why they should be so. A woman—and especially a wife—ought to make the best of her circumstances ; and if her husband does

drink and ill-use her, she won't make him any the more ashamed of himself by becoming a slattern, and driving him away from a dirty house. I am going down to speak to that young woman who is polishing the tin jugs.'

And she did, too, and became acquainted with all the young wife's circumstances. These were not at all dreadful or pathetic. She was a brisk and very active young Irishwoman, who was very proud that her husband in New York had at last saved up enough money to send for her and her children; and her only fear was that, New York being such a big place, there might be a chance of missing her husband on going ashore. Queen T—— wholly reassured her on this point, and begged to be allowed to make the acquaintance of her children, and of course she gave them a keepsake all round, with a whole heap of fruit and sweets obtained by illicit means from the chief saloon steward.

On—on—on, night and day, with this tremendous speed. Even our women folk now had dismissed all fear of being ill. On one morning, it is true, during a pretty stiff gale in the 'Devil's Hole,' or 'Rolling Forties,' they were remarkably abstemious at breakfast, but not one of them succumbed; and now that we were getting near the Newfoundland Banks, they waxed valiant. They declared that crossing the Atlantic was mere child's-play compared to crossing the Channel. Bell grew learned about square-sails and try-sails, and had picked up all the choruses of the sailors. 'Give a man time to roll a man down,' is not at all a proper sentiment for a young lady; but a great deal is admissible at sea.

Then we had a dolorous day of rain, and there were more huddled groups than ever in the smoking-room playing poker, and more disconsolate groups than ever at the top of the companion-way looking out on the leaden sky and the leaden sea. Moreover, as the day waned, fog came on; and that evening, as we sat in the saloon, there was ominous conversation abroad. We heard the dull booming of the fog-horns as we sped through the night. Was not our course rather too northerly? What about icebergs? Towards morning should we not be dangerously near Cape Race—not dangerously for ourselves, but for the anchored schooners and smacks on the Great Bank, any one of which would be ploughed down by this huge vessel, with only perhaps one shriek of agony to tell what had happened. It was a gloomy evening.

But then, the next morning! Where was the fog? A dome of clear blue sky; a sea of dark blue, with the crisp white crests of the running waves; a fresh invigorating westerly breeze. And now surely we were getting out of the regions of unknown and monotonous waters into something definite, human, approachable; for it was with a great interest and gladness that the early risers found all around them the anchored schooners, and it was with even a greater interest that we drew near and passed a rowing-boat full of men whose bronzed faces were shining in the sun.

'These are the poor fellows I told you about,' said our admiral and commander-in-chief to her friend. 'Think of the danger they must be in on a foggy night—think of their wives and children at home. I should not wonder if their wives were glad to see them when they get back to shore?'

'It is dreadful—dreadful,' said Lady Sylvia; and perhaps it was the new excitement of seeing these strange faces that made her eyes moist.

We had to pass still another long, beautiful day with nothing around us visible but the blue sea and the blue sky; but if the honest truth must be told, we were not at all impatient to find before us the far low line of the land. Indeed, we looked forward to leaving this life on board ship with not a little regret. We were going farther, perhaps to fare worse. We had become a sort of happy family by this time, and had made a whole host of friends, whom we seem to have known all our lives. And one of us was rather proud of her skill at ropequoits, and another was mad on the subject of sea-air, and another—his initials were Oswald Von Rosen—was deeply interested in the raffles and betting of the smoking-room. What would the next day's run be? What would the number of the pilot be? Would that ancient mariner have a moustache or not? There was a frightful amount of gambling going on.

The next morning our admiral insisted that there was a strong odor of sea-weed in the air, and seemed proud of the fact.

'Madame Columbus,' said our German

friend, seriously, 'it is a happy omen. I do not think you could prevent a mutiny much longer—no; the men say there is no such place as America; they will not be deceived; they will return to Spain. The crew of the *Pinta* are in revolt. They do not care any more for the presence of those birds—not at all. If we do not see land soon, they will kill you and go home.'

But the confidence which we placed in our admiral was soon to be justified. Far away on the southern horizon we at length descried a pilot-boat flying the flag of proffered assistance. We hailed with joy the appearance of this small vessel, which the savage inhabitants of the nearest coast had doubtless sent out to welcome the pioneers of civilization; and we regarded with awe and reverence the sublime features of Madame Columbus, now irradiated with triumph. As for the wretched creatures who had been mutinous, it is not for this hand to chronicle the sudden change in their manner: 'They implore her,' says a great historian, 'to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created so unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of her well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronouced her whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.'

Stranger still, the native which we took on board this friendly boat was found to be clothed, and he spoke a language which, although not English, was intelligible. We regarded him with great curiosity; but there was nothing savage or uncouth in his manners. He had rings in his ears, and he smoked a short clay pipe.

Of course our excitement all that day was great, and there was a wild scene in the smoking-room in the evening—a mock trial by jury having produced a good many bottles of whiskey in the way of fines. The songs were hearty and hoarse. We raffled a rug.

On the following morning there was something to make one rub one's eyes. It was a long faint, pale blue thing, stretching along the western horizon, and having the appearance of a huge whale lying basking in the mist of the early sunlight. We called aloud to those who were below. That blue line in the mist was—America!

CHAPTER XXX.

LANDED!

THERE was excitement enough, to be sure. Every one was on deck, eagerly regarding the land that was momentarily drawing nearer. And who were these ladies whom we now saw for the first time? Surely they could not have been ill all the way across the Atlantic? Or had they not rather given way to an abject terror of the sea, and hidden themselves close in their berths in order to get a sort of ostrich safety? And the gentlemen who attended them, too—whence had they procured such a supply of tall hats? We resented the appearance of that ungainly article of costume. We had grown accustomed to the soft and delicate colours of the sea and cloud; this sudden black patch struck a blow on the eye; it was an outrage on the harmonious atmospheric effect all around us.

For now we were slowly steaming over the bar, in the stillness of the summer morning; and the beautiful olive green of the water, and the great bay before us, and the white-sailed schooners, and the long semi-circle of low green hills were all softened together with a mist of heat. The only sharp point of light was close at hand, where the promontory of Sandy Hook, blazing in sunlight, jutted out into the rippling water. It was all like a dream as we slowly glided along. The pale hills looked spectral and remote: we preferred not to know their name. And then, as we drew near the Narrows, our blue-eyed Bell could not conceal her astonishment and delight. Surely, she said, we have missed our way somewhere, and got back to the wrong side of the Atlantic! The wooded hills coming close to the sea; the villas on the slopes, half hidden in soft green foliage; the long line of shady shore; the small yachts riding at anchor in the clear and rippling water—why, surely, surely, she said, we have just come down the Clyde, and have got to Dunoon, or Inellan, or the Kyles of Bute. We knew quite well that one of these yachts

was the *Aglaia*. We knew perfectly that if we were walking along the shore there, we should meet a thickset little man in smart blue uniform, who would say,

'Ay, ay, mem, and will you be going for a sail to-day, mem? Mr.——, it is away up the hills he is to-day; and he will be penting all the day; and the wind it is ferry good to-day, mem, for a run down to the Cumbraes and back, mem.'

And what would our Bell answer? She would say,

'Dear Captain Archie, we will go on board the *Aglaia* at once, and go to the Cumbraes, and further than that. We will go far beyond the Cumbraes, to Lock Ranza and Kilbranan Sound, to the Sound of Jura and Lock Buy, and we will listen to the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay. And I pledge you my word, Captain Archie, that we will never once in all the voyage begin to cry because we are not bound for Idaho.'

But these idle dreams, begotten of the morning mist and the sunlight, were soon dispelled. We came to anchor off Staten Island. We regarded the natives who boarded us from the small steamer with great interest and wonder; they were as like ordinary human beings as possible, and did not seem at all depressed by having to live in a place some three thousand miles away from any where—which was our first notion of America. Then we had to go down into the saloon, and go through the form of swearing we had no forbidden merchandise in our luggage. It was a tedious process; but we did not fail to admire the composure of one stout little gentleman who passed the time of waiting in copying out on a large sheet of paper a poem entitled 'Love.'

'The love that sheds its mortal ray,'

the verses began. He had stumbled across them in a book out of the saloon library, and they had been too much for his kindly heart. Happily he had his copy completed before the great ship was got into the dock.

And now the dusky, steepled mass of New York lay before us, and experts were eagerly naming the principal buildings to strangers, and the sun was beating fiercely on us with a heat we had never experienced at sea. There was a little black crowd of people on the wharf; this great floating palace seemed bearing down on the top of them. And surely it was preposterous that handkerchiefs should be waved already.

Now the people who had warned us of the awful isobars, and generally recommended us to say our prayers before stepping on board a transatlantic steamer, had also harrowed our souls with a description of the difficulties of landing. Two sovereigns was the least tip to be slipped into the hands of the custom-house officer, and even then he might turn upon us with a fiendish malignity and scatter our innocent wardrobes all about the wharf, Then what about getting to a hotel in a city that has no cabs? Should we get into a labyrinth of tramway cars, and end by getting back to the steamer and demanding that we should be taken to Liverpool forthwith? Well, we never quite knew how it was all managed; but there was no scrimmage, and no tipping of any sort, and nothing but the most formal opening of one portmanteau out of a dozen; and such remarkable civility, swiftness, and good arrangement that, before we could wholly understand it, we were being whirled away in a huge hotel omnibus that had high springs like a George IV chariot, and that ploughed through the thick dust, and then sprung up on the tramway rails with a bound that flung us about like peas in a bladder.

'Gracious goodness!' cried Queen T——, clinging on to the window, so that she should not be flung out on the other side; 'this is more dangerous than crossing a dozen Atlantics!'

'Madame,' said our German companion, with his teeth clinched, and his hands keeping a tight grip of about a dozen bags, umbrellas, and shawls, 'the Americans suffer a great deal from liver complaint; that is why they keep their streets so.'

But what was the use of his talking about America? Any body could have seen we were not in America at all. We had expected to find New York a sort of overgrown Liverpool; but here we were—in Paris! Paris everywhere—in the green casements of the window, the plaster-fronted houses with Mansard-roofs, the acacia-looking ailanthus along the pavements, the trailing creepers about the balconies, the doors of carved wood with white metal handles. Paris, Paris everywhere—in the hot dry air and the pale and cloudless sky,

in the gaudy shop fronts and restaurants with Parisian lettering on the signs. And surely this, too, is a Parisian hotel that we enter—the big and gilt saloons, the bedrooms heavily furnished in dark red velvet, an odour of tobacco everywhere, and blue clouds and pink Cupids decorating the staircase!

And already we are involved in our first quarrel, for that vehement German has been insisting on the Irish porters bringing up all our luggage at once; and as there has been a sort of free fight below, he comes fuming up stairs.

'Ah, it is true,' says he, 'what an American did once tell me. He said, "You think it is all equality in my country? No, no; that is a great mistake. The obsequiousness," said he, "that marks the relations between the waiter at a hotel and the guest at a hotel, that is shocking—shocking. But then," said he, "the obsequiousness is all on the side of the guest.'

We did not believe for a moment that any such American ever existed, though all nations, except the Scotch, have a common trick of saying evil of themselves. We believed that this young man had impudently invented the story to excuse his overbearing and blustering treatment of three poor down-trodden sons of Erin, who, when they did bring up our portmanteaus, showed how they revolted against this ignoble slavery by pitching them down anyhow. They had our respectful sympathy; but we dared not offer them the common consolation of a piece of money. They were doubtless, as their bearing showed them to be, the descendants of kings.

There is one distressing pecularity of American hotels which has never been remarked upon by any traveller, and that is their extreme instability of foundation. As we were engaged in opening our portmanteaus to get some costumes more suitable for the prevailing heat, those French-looking bedrooms, with their tall and narrow windows sheltered by white casements, and their solid couches and easy-chairs all covered with that crimson velvet which is a sweet solace in July—our bedrooms, I say, kept oscillating this way and that, so that we could scarcely keep our feet. The passages, too! After a great deal of knocking and calling, we mustered up our party to go down to luncheon, and then we found the long lobby swaying hither and thither far more violently than the saloon of the big ship had done in the 'Rolling Forties.' We dared not go down the stairs without clinging on to each other. We began to believe that the city of New York must be built like a water-hen's nest, which rises and falls with the rise and fall of the stream. It seemed very hard, indeed, that we should have successfully crossed the Atlantic without experiencing any discomfort, only to find ourselves heaved about in this fashion. It was observed, however, that this strange conduct on the part of the hotel gradually ceased as we sat at luncheon, so that we were happily allowed to examine the characteristics of the American family at the next table—the first distinctive group of natives we had seen on shore. They fully bore out all we had heard about this country. The eldest daughter was rather pretty, but sallow and unhealthy, and she drank a frightful quantity of iced water. The mamma was shrunken and shrivelled—all eyes, like a young crow—and seemed afflicted with a profound melancholy. The papa devoted himself to his newspaper and his toothpick. And there were one or two younger children, noisy, turbulent, petted, and impertinent. All these well-known characteristics we perceived at a glance. It is true, we afterward discovered that the family was English; but that was of little account.

We went for a drive in the hot, clear, brilliant afternoon. Paris—Paris—Paris everywhere. Look at the cafés, with their small marble tables; look at the young men in straw hats, who are continually chewing the end of a damp cigar that won't keep alight; look at the showy nettings of the small, wiry, long-tailed horses, and the spider-wheeled vehicles, that spin along to the Bois de—to the Central Park, that is. Of course when we meet one of these vehicles we keep on the right hand—any body could have foretold that. And here is the Park itself—a very beautiful park indeed, with green foliage, winding roads, ornamental waters, statues, fountains. There is a band playing down there in the shade of the trees. And here is a broad paved thoroughfare—a promenade—with a murmur of talking, and a prevailing odour of cigarettes. Of course it is Offenbach the band is playing; and it is pleasant enough

to take a seat at this point of the Bois and look at the people, and listen to the music, and observe the glare of the sunlight on the greensward beyond and on the crystal shoots of the fountains. And the plashing drops of the fountains have a music of their own. What is it they are singing and saying and laughing?

'Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira!
Tant qu'on le pourra,
L'on trinquera,
Chantera,
Aimera
La fillette.
Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira!'

'How do you like being in Paris?' says Lady Sylvia, with a gentle smile, to her companion, the German ex-lieutenant.

'I do not like thinking of Paris at all,' said he, gravely. 'I have not seen Paris since I saw it from Versailles. And there are two of my friends buried at Versailles.'

And what was making our glad-faced Bell so serious too? She had not at all expressed that admiration of the thoroughfares we had driven through which was fairly demanded by their handsome buildings. Was she rather disappointed by the French look of New York? Would she rather have had the good honest squalor and dirt and smoke of an English city? She was an ardent patriot, we all knew. Of all the writing that ever was written, there was none could stir her blood like a piece that was printed in a journal called the *Examiner*, and that begins:

'First drink a health, this solemn night,
A health to England, every guest;
That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.'

Was it because she had married a German that she used to repeat, with such bitterness of scorn, that bitterly scornful verse that goes on to say:

'Her frantic city's flashing heats
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.
Why change the titles of your streets?
You fools, you'll want them all again!'

But it was surely not because she had married a German that, when she came to the next appeal, the tears invariably rushed to her eyes:

'Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood;
We know thee and we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours!
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round!'

And was our poor Bell grieved at heart, now that she had crossed the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, to find that the far daughter of the West had forsaken the ways of her old-fashioned mother, and had taken to French finery and to singing—

'Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,
On se damnera, larira!'

'My dear child,' it is necessary to say to her, 'why should you be so disappointed? They say that New York changes its aspect every five years; at present she has a French fit on. London changes too, but more slowly. Twenty years ago every drawing-room was a blaze of gilt and rose-colour; people were living in the time of Louis XIV. Five years ago Kensington and St. John's Wood had got on to the time of Queen Anne; they fixed you on penitential seats, and gave you your dinner in the dark. Five years hence Kensington and St. John's Wood will have become Japanese—I foresee it—I predict it; you will present me with a pair of gold peacocks if it is'nt so. And why your disappointment? If you don't like Paris, we will leave Paris. To-morrow, if you please, we will go up the Rhine. The beauty of this Paris is that the Rhine flows down to its very wharves. Instead of taking you away out to Chalons, and whipping you on to Bar-le-duc and Nancy, and making you hop across the Vosges—the Vogesen, I beg your pardon—we will undertake to transport you in about twenty minutes for the trifling sum of ten cents. Shall it be so?'

'I am not so stupid as to be disappointed with New York yet,' said our Bell, rather gloomily.

She called it New York. And she still believed it was New York, though we went in the evening to a great hall that was all lit up with small coloured lamps; and the band was playing Lecocq; and the same young men in the straw hats were promenading round and round and smoking cigarettes, and smart waiters were bringing

glasses of beer to the small tables in the boxes. Then we got back to the hotel, not a little tired with the long, hot, parching day; and we went to bed—perchance to dream of cool English rains and our Surrey hedges, and the wet and windy clouds blowing over from the sea.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GHOSTS AND VISIONS.

OF course we did not run away from New York merely because our good Bell was of opinion that the city had something too much of a French look. We had many excellent friends pressing their hospitalities on us; we had many places to visit; and then Queen T—— must needs insist on telegraphing to England that letters should be sent out to us by a particular steamer. Letters! No doubt when Columbus landed on the shores of San Salvador, and found a whole new world awaiting his explorations, his first impulse was to sit down and cry because he could not hear whether his mother-in-law's cold was better.

She was most economical, too, about that telegram. She would not have Lady Sylvia send a separate message.

'A couple of words extra will do,' she said, 'and they will understand to go over to the Hall and let your father—and Mr. Balfour too—know that you have arrived safely. Why should you send a separate message?'

Why, indeed! The young wife was grateful to this kind friend of hers for so considerately throwing dust in her eyes. Why should she send a separate message to her husband, when the expense would be so desperate?

And although Queen T—— lavished her time on writing letters to her boys at home, she always did that in the privacy of her own room, and rather strove to hide, or to make little of these communications with England. Columbus himself, when the king and queen asked him to give an account of his travels, could not have been more particular than this new discoverer in describing the wonderful things she had seen. The amount of information conveyed to those boys—who would much rather have had a sovereign sewn up between two cards—was enormous. On one occasion she was caught giving them a precise account of the Constitution of the United States, obviously cribbed from Mr. Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans*. But then these budgets were generally written at night, and they were never paraded next day. When, before Lady Sylvia, she spoke of England, she treated it as a place of little account. Our necessary interests were in the things around us. One could not always be looking back and indulging in sentiment. That was more to be pardoned—and as she said this, the small philosopher was down at the Battery, her tender eyes gazing wistfully at a certain archway which barred our view of the sea beyond—that was more to be pardoned to the thousands upon thousands of sad-hearted men and women who had landed at this very point, who had passed through that archway, with their hopes of the New World but feebly compensating them for their loss of home and kindred and friends. This, said she, was the most interesting spot in all America, and the most pathetic. And as she had been two whole days on this continent, we calmly acquiesced.

And at length the arrival of our letters, which contained a vast amount of important news about nothing at all, relieved the anxious hearts of the two mothers, and set us free. We bid farewell to this Atlantic Paris, with its hot pavements, its green ailanthus-trees, its dry air, and intolerable thirst; and at about three o'clock on a strangely still and sultry day we drive down to the wharf and embark on a large and curiously constructed steamer. But no sooner have we got out on to the broad bosom of the river than we find how grateful are these spacious saloons, and lofty archways, and cool awnings, for now the swift passage of the boat produces something like a breeze, and for a time we cease to brood on iced drinks. Under the pleasant awning we have our chairs and books and fruit; but the books are not much regarded, for, as we noiselessly and swiftly steam up against the current, it appears more and more certain that we have got into some mystic dream-land which can in no wise be any part of America, and that this river is not only neither the Hudson nor the Rhine, but wholly unlike any river seen out of a

vision of the night. What is the meaning of the extraordinary still haze that kills out natural colors, and substitutes for them the mere phantasmagoria of things? The low and wooded hills that here bound the river ought to be green; they are, on the contrary, of a pale opalesque blue and white. The blue sky is faintly obscured; we can only catch glimpses of white villas in these dusky woods; all around is a sort of slumberous, strangely hued mist; and the only definite color visible is the broad pathway of sunlight on the stream, and that is of a deep and ruddy bronze where the ripples flash. We begin to grow oppressed by this strange gloom. Is it not somewhere in this neighborhood that the most 'deevilish cantrips' are still performed among the lonely hills, while the low thunder booms, and unearthly figures appear among the rocks? Should we be surprised if a ghostly barge put off from that almost invisible shore, bringing out to us a company of solemn and silent mariners, each with his horn of schnapps, and his hanger, and his ancient beard? Will they invite us to an awful carouse far up in the sombre mountains, while our hair turns slowly gray as we drink, and the immeasurable years go sadly by as we regard their wild faces? 'Bell! Bell!' we cry, 'exorcise these Dutch fiends! Sing us a Christian song! Quick—before the thunder rolls!' And so, in the midst of this dreadful stillness, we hear a sweet and cheerful sound, and our hearts grow light. It is like the ringing of church bells over fields of yellow corn:

'Faintly as tolls the evening chime—'

the sound is low, but it is clear and sweet as the plashing of a fountain—

'Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.'

And, indeed, there are two voices now humming the subdued melody to us—

'Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.'

Surely the mists begin to clear, and the sun is less spectral over those dusky hills? Hendrick Hudson—Vanderdecken—whatever in the devil's name they call you—be off, you and your ghastly crew! We will not shake hands; but we wish you a safe return to your gloomy rocks, and may your barrels of schnapps never be empty! We can see them retire; there is no expression on their faces; but the black eyes glitter, and they stroke their awful beards. The dark boat crosses the lane of bronzed sunshine; it becomes more and more dusky as it nears the shore; it vanishes into the mist. And what is this now, close at hand?—

'Saint of this green isle, here our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!'

Vanderdecken, farewell! There will be solemn laughter in the hills to-night.

But there is no romance about this German ex-lieutenant, who exhibits an unconscionable audacity in talking to any body and every body, not excepting the man at the wheel himself; and of course he has been asking what this strange atmospheric phenomenon meant.

'Ha!' he says, coming along, 'do you know what it is, this strange mist? It is the forests on fire—for miles and miles and miles—away over in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania, and it has been going on for weeks, so that the whole air is filled with the smoke. Do you smell it now? And there is not enough wind to carry it away; no, it lies about here, and you think it is a thunder storm. But it is not always—I mean everywhere; and the captain says there is not any at West Point, which is very good indeed. And it is very beautiful there, every one says; and the hotel is high up on the hill.'

In the meantime this mystical river had been getting broader, until it suddenly presented itself to us in the form of a wide and apparently circular lake, surrounded with mountains, the wooded slopes of which descended abruptly to the shores, and were there lost in a wilderness of rocks and bushes. Do you wonder that Bell called out,

'It is the Holy Loch! Shall we go ashore at Kilmun?'

And then the river narrowed again, and the waters were very green; and of course we bethought ourselves of the Rhine, flowing rapidly along its deep gorge.

Or was it not rather one of the shores of the Lake of Geneva? Look at the picturesque little villas stuck over the rocks, amid the bushes and trees, while the greens seem all the more intense that the sun out there in the west has become a rayless orb of dusky crimson fire—as round and red and

dull a thing as ever appeared in a Swiss lithograph. It never seemed to occur to any of us that, after all, this was not the Holy Loch, nor the Rhine, nor the Lake of Geneva, but simply the river Hudson.

And yet we could not help reverting to that Rhine fancy when we landed on the little wooden pier, and entered a high hotel omnibus, and were dragged by two scraggy horses up an exceedingly steep and dusty road to a hotel planted far above the river, on the front of a plateau and amidst trees. It was a big, wide hotel, mostly built of wood, and with verandas all round; and there were casements to the bedroom windows; and everywhere in the empty and resounding corridors an odor as of food cooked with a fair amount of oil. We threw open one of these casements. There was a blaze of fire in the west. The wooded hills were of dark green. Far below us flowed the peaceful river, with a faint mist gathering on it in the shadows.

Then by-and-by we descended to the large, bare-walled, bare-floored, but brilliantly lighted saloon, in which the guests were assembling for dinner; and now it was no longer the Rhine, for the first object that struck the eye was the sharp contrast between the dazzling white of the tables and the glossy black heads of the waiters. From this time forward, it may here be said, we began to acquire a great liking for these colored folk, not from any political sympathy, for we were but indifferently fierce politicians, but simply because we found Sambo, so far as we had the honor of making his acquaintance, remarkably good-natured, attentive, cheerful, and courteous. There was always an element of surprise about Sambo, the solemn black bullet-head suddenly showing a blaze of white teeth, as he said 'Yes Sah!' and 'Yes, mahm!' and went off to execute orders which he had never in the least understood. There was so much of the big baby about him too. It was quite certain that Queen T—— deliberately made the most foolish blunders in asking for things, in order to witness the suppressed and convulsive amusement of these huge children; and that, so far from her being annoyed by their laughing at her, she was delighted by it, and covertly watched them when they thought they were unobserved. She was extremely tickled, too, by the speech of some of them, which was a great deal nearer that of Mr. Bones, of St. James's Hall, than she had at all expected it would be. In fact, in the privacy of her own chamber she endeavored once or twice— But this may be read by her boys, who have enough of their mother's wicked and irreverent ways.

Then, after dinner, we went out to the chairs on the wide and wooden balcony, high up here over the still-flowing river, in the silence of the hot, still, dark night. A gray haze lay along the bed of the stream; the first stars overhead were becoming visible. Far away behind us stretched those solemn hills into which the solemn Dutchmen had disappeared. Were they waiting now for the first glimpse of the moon before coming out to begin their ghostly carouse? Could we call to them, over the wide gulf of space, and give them an invitation in our turn? 'Ho! ho! Vanderdecken—Hendrick Hudson—whatever they call you—come, you and your gloomy troop, down the hill-sides and through the valleys, and we will sing you a song as you smoke your clays! The dogs shall not bark at you; and the children are all in bed; and when you have smoked and drank deep, you will depart in peace! Ho! ho! —Ho! ho!'

Could we not hear some echo from those mystic hills?—a rumble of thunder perhaps?

'Listen!' called out our Bell—but it was not the hoarse response of Vanderdecken that she heard—'there it is again, in among the trees there. Don't you hear it? Katy-did! Katy-did! Katy-did!'

And by-and-by, indeed, the hot, still night air became filled with these calls in the dark; and as we watched the moon rise over the hills, our fancies forsook the ghostly Dutchmen, and were busy about that mysterious and distant Katy, whose doings had so troubled the mind of this poor anxious insect. What was it, then, that Katy did that is never to be forgotten? Was it merely that she ran away with some gay young sailor from over the seas, and you, you miserable, envious, censorious creature, you must needs tell all the neighbors, and give the girl no peace? And when she came back, too, with her husband the skipper, and her five bonny boys, and when they both would fain have settled down in their native village, she to her spinning-wheel, and he to his long clay and his dram, you

would not even then let the old story rest. Katy-did! Katy-did! And what then? Peace, you chatterer, you tell-tale, you scandal-monger, or we will take you to be the imprisoned spirit of some deceased and despicable slanderer, condemned forever to haunt the darkness of the night with petulant, croaking cry.

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Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! Can not you send us a faint halloo? The moon is high over the hills now, and the wan light is pouring down into the valleys. Your dark figures, as you come out from the rocks, will throw sharp shadows on the white roads. Why do you draw your cowls over your face? The night is not chilly at all, and there is no one to see you as you pass silently along. Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! The night is clear. Our hands shall not tremble as we lift the bowl to you. Can not you send us a faint halloo?

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'Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!'

Or is it the tinkling of the sheep bells on our Surrey downs, with the sunlight shining on the spire of the church, and the children walking between the hedges, the blue sky over all? Or is it the clear, sweet singing of the choir that we hear—falling on the grateful sense like the cool plashing of running water? Gloomy phantoms have no place on our Surrey downs; the air is bright there; there is a sound as of some one singing.

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Katy-did! Katy-did! Was it on such a night as this that she stole away from her home, and looked pale and troubled as she fled along the lonely road to the side of the stream? See how the moon lights up the dusky sides of the hills, and touches the rounded foliage of the woods, and flashes a bold line of silver across the broad, smooth river! There are other lights down there, too—the colored lights of moving boats. And will she step on board with a quick, hurried, trembling foot, and hide her pale face and streaming eyes in her lover's arms? Farewell, farewell to the small, empty room and its flowers; farewell to the simple life and the daily task; for the great, eager, noisy world lies all ahead, unknown and terrible. Swiftly speeds the boat through the moonlight and the mist—there is no sound as it goes—not even a faint and parting cheer from Vanderdecken and his merry men as they solemnly gaze down from the hills.

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It is the lieutenant who rouses us from our dreams.

'Lady Sylvia,' says he, 'you know the Rhine—were you ever at Rolandseck? Do not you think this place is very like Rolandseck?'

For a second or two she could not answer. Had she ever been to Rolandseck on the Rhine!

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUR RANCH-WOMAN.

FAR away in the north, where the sea is —the real sea, not the decoction of chalk we have around most of our southern English shores—the small boy sits on the rocks, over the clear deep, and carefully baits his hook (five a penny from the village grocer). As soon as he has hidden the blue barb with a crisp white bit of cockle, or with a slice from a spout-fish, or with a mussle of tawny orange and brown, he lowers it into the beautiful water, where nothing is as yet visible but the wavering outline of the rocks, and the moving purple of the sea-weed, and mayhap the glimmer of a star-fish on the sand at unknown depths below. Then suddenly, from the liquid darkness around, comes sailing in, with just one wave of its tail, a saithe!—and the eager eyes of the fisherman follow every movement of his prey, ready to prompt the sudden twitch. But now the fish begins to play the hypocrite. He does not at all make straight for the tempting morsel suspended there, but glides this way and that by the side of it, and under it and over it, pretending all the while to pay no attention to it whatsoever. Occasionally he seems to alter his mind; he makes a dart at the bait, coming right on with his eyes staring and his mouth agape, and then, again, the youthful fisherman says something about *vich an-dhiaoul* as he sees the narrow green back of the saithe shoot down again into the deeps. But the doom is near and certain.

Now this was the way in which our Bell proceeded to take possession of that tempting property that was waiting for her at Colorado. She was never tired of suggesting that we should go to this place and that place, rather than that her legitimate curiosity should be satisfied as to her new home. Her eyes went down to New Orleans, and then went up to Montreal, but were scarcely ever turned due west. And when we, who rather feared that she was proposing these diversions for our sakes alone, remonstrated with her, and pointed out that she would have ample opportunity of visiting the great lakes and Canada on her way back at the expiry of her year of banishment, you should have seen the light that came suddenly into her face. She seemed already to imagine herself free.

'Take a roundabout way home?' exclaimed the young matron, with proud eyes. 'I think not. The moment my year is out, you will see if I don't come home straighter than any crow that ever flew. If I could only go up to the top of the mountains—and spread my wings there—and make one swoop across the plains, and another swoop across the Atlantic—'

'Stopping at New York, of course, for a biscuit.'

'—you would see how soon I should be in England. Just fancy the first evening we shall spend all together again. Lady Sylvia, you will come to us that evening?'

'I hope so,' said Lady Sylvia, with a startled look—she had been dreaming.

And so, in pursuit of these idle vagaries we left West Point and ascended the Hudson a bit by boat, and then landed and got into a train which most kindly kept by the side of the river as it whirled us along. The carriage was a comfortable one, with arm-chairs on pedestals by the windows, and with small tables for our books, fruit, and what not; and while the lieutenant had passed along to the smoking-car to have a cigar and some iced drink on this blazing hot day, the women-folk amused themselves by spreading out on the table a whole store of trinkets belonging to a youthful merchant attached to the car, and by selecting a vast number of perfectly useless presents for people at home. It was an agreeable occupation enough, to connect the names of those who were far away with those bits of ivory and photograph frames and puzzles; and Queen T—— faithfully undertook to deliver all these little gifts with appropriate messages. The representation that they were going to carry those trumpery things about with them all over America, that their boxes would be encumbered, that the things themselves would be broken, and that the proper time for purchasing presents was just before sailing from New York, met with that absolute indifference which was generally accorded to the advice of a person who had by this time subsided into the position of being a mere chronicler of the doings of the party, and who had found out that in this land of liberty it was as unsafe for him to open his mouth as it was in his own home in England.

'My dear Lady Sylvia,' said Queen T—, as this Swiss-looking railway-car was rumbling along towards Saratoga through a dusty and wooded country that looked parched enough under the blue sky, 'I guess I feel just real mean.'

Lady Sylvia's eyes asked what this extraordinary language meant.

'Don't you?' she continued. 'Here we are going into Saratoga in the company of a ranch-woman, a farmeress, a stock-raiser, a bowie-knifer. What was it the judge said in New York about Saratoga?—that we should find there "a blaze of wealth, beauty, and culture such as was not to be found in any capital in Europe?" and of course it would have been bad enough in any case for us simple country-folk to go into such a whirl of fashionable life; but with one of the wild desperadoes of Colorado—what will they think of us?'

'I guess you want a tarnation lickin',' said the stock-raiser, calmly. 'Buffalo Jack, where's my cowhide?'

Buffalo Jack, being immersed in time-tables, would pay no heed to her nonsense; but Lady Sylvia was heard to say that the conduct of a ranch-woman in coming to Saratoga was deserving of respect rather than ridicule, for she no doubt would learn something of manners before going back to her bowie-knives and cattle.

What, then, was this big, busy town through which we drove, with its broad thoroughfares, deep dust, green trees, and huge hotels?

We look at the jewellers' shops and the *cafés* and the promenaders, and one cries out, 'Baden-Baden!'

We catch a glimpse of some public gardens and coloured lamps and avenues, and another calls out, 'It is Kreuznach, and the band is playing!'

We whirl along another spacious thoroughfare, and a third calls out, 'It is the Boulevard Poissonnière!' when it is mildly suggested, that, after all, this may be no more Kreuznach than the Hudson was the Rhine, and that it might be better, on the whole, to call it Saratoga.

It was with great diffidence that we ascended the steps of the monster hotel, and found ourselves in a large central hall. We were conscious that we were travel-stained, and had scarcely sufficient moral courage to ask the clerk for rooms. We knew that the smart young men standing around were regarding us; and oh! so snowy were their white neck-ties, which they wore in the middle of the day. And then, to make matters worse, this pernicious ranch-woman had donned in the morning a costume of light blue serge, in which she had done some yachting the year before; and we knew, though we dared not look, that there must be stains of the salt sea foaming on it. Finally, our inward rage and humiliation were complete when, having been furnished with our keys, we entered the lift to be conveyed to the floors above; for here we found ourselves confronted by three young ladies—but the human imagination refuses to recall the splendor of the attire of these angels in human form. Each of them had a jeweler's shop on her hands.

However, we dried our eyes in silence, and made as brave an appearance as possible when we assembled together in the saloon below.

'Look here child,' said Queen T—— to our ranch-woman, as she lifted a white object from the table. 'Do you see that? That is a fork. You take it in your left hand, and you lift your food to your mouth with it, instead of with your fingers, as you have been accustomed.'

'It's a thorough good lickin' you want,' said this child of nature doggedly. It was all we could get out of her.

Then we went out for a drive; and a mighty fine show we made, with our green gauze curtains to keep out the dust, and *with our two horses.* The lieutenant was perched up beside the driver. Occasionally he disappeared from our sight altogether, hidden away by the dense clouds of brown dust that came rolling in the wake of some carriage. And the further we went out into the country, the deeper the dust in the roads appeared to become, until our German friend had assumed the guise of a baker; and there was scarcely any difference between the color of his hat, his beard, and his coat. But we came to our journey's end at last, for we reached a series of deep gullies in the sand; and in each of these gullies, which were a good bit apart, were some more or less temporary buildings, mostly of wood; and at each of them we found a gentleman in a tall black hat, who in the most corteous manner offered us a glass of the saline water he was prepared to sell, informed us of its chemical qualities, presented us with a prospectus of his company, and was generally most affable. It was a terrible temptation. We might have remained there all day, drinking gallons of the water—for nothing. And indeed we began to pride ourselves on our connoisseurship; and if the present writer had only the various prospectuses by him at present, he could pick out the particular spring which we unanimously declared to be the finest. We had to tear ourselves away.

'After all,' said Bell, with a sigh, 'they manage these things better at Carlsbad.'

Then we drove away again through the thick sand, and in process of time found ourselves on the broad, bare avenue which leads out to Saratoga Lake. And here we found ourselves still further ashamed, notwithstanding our two horses, by the fashion in which the people shot by us in their light little carioles, their toes perched up, their swift little trotters apparently running away with them. In spite of the dust, we could see the diamonds flashing on the fingers and shirts and neck-ties of the brown-faced, brown-bearded gentlemen, who appeared to have come right up from California. We reached the lake, too—a large, calm extent of silvery gray water, becoming somewhat melancholy in the evening light. We gathered some flowers, and bethought ourselves of another lake, set far away among lonely woods, that we had seen in the by-gone days.

'Once upon a time,' says Queen T——, as we are standing on the height, and looking abroad over the expanse of water, 'I can remember there were two young people

sailing out on a lake like this in a small boat in the moonlight. And one of them proposed to give up his native country in order that he might marry an English girl. And I think it is the same girl that now has to give up her native country—for a time—for the sake of her children. Were you ever at Ellesmere, Lady Sylvia?'

Lady Sylvia had never been to Ellesmere, but she guessed why these things were spoken of. As for Bell, she was putting the gathered flowers in a book; they were for her children.

We drove back to dine in the large saloon, with its flashing lights and its troop of black waiters. We were more than ever impressed by the beautiful attire and the jewelry of the ladies and gentlemen who were living in Saratoga; and in the evening, when all the doors of the saloons were thrown open, and when the band began to play in the square inside the hotel, and when these fashionable people began to promenade along the balcony which runs all round the intramural space of grass and trees, we were more than ever reminded of some public evening entertainment in a Parisian public garden. Our plainly dressed women-folk were out of place in this gay throng that paced up and down under the brilliant lamps. As for our ranch-woman, she affected to care nothing at all for the music and this bright spectacle of people walking about the balcony in the grateful coolness of the summer night, but went down the steps into the garden, and busied herself with trying to find out the whereabouts of a katydid that was sounding his incessant note in the darkness. What was it they played? Probably Offenbach; but we did not heed much. The intervals of silence were pleasanter.

But was it not kind of those two gentlemen, both of whom wore ample frock-coats and straw hats, to place their chairs just before us on the lawn, so that we could not but overhear their conversation? And what was it all about?

'Pennsylvania's alive—jest alive,' said the eldest of the two. 'The miners are red-hot—yes, *Sir!* You should have heerd me at Maunch Chunk—twenty thousand people, and a barbecue in the woods, and a whole ox roasted—biggest thing since "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." When I told 'em that the bloated bond-holders robbed 'em of their hard-earned wages, to roll in wealth, and dress in purple and fine linen, like Solomon in all his glory, and the lilies-of-the-valley, you should have heerd 'em shout. I thought they would tear their shirts. The bond is the sharp-p'inted stick to poke up the people.'

'And how about Philadelphy?' says the other.

'Well, I was not quite so hefty there. There's a heap of bonds in Philadelphy; and there's no use in arousing prejudices—painful feelings—misunderstandings. It ain't politics. What's good for one sile ain't good for another sile You sow your seed as the land lays; that's politics. Where people hain't got no bonds, there's where to go in heavy on the bond-holders. But in Philadelphy I give it to 'em on reform, and corruption, and the days of the Revolution that tried men's souls, and that sort o' thing—and wishin' we had Washington back again. That's always a tremendous p'int, about Washington; and when people are skittish on great questions, you fall back on the Father of his Country. You see—'

'But Washington's dead,' objected the disciple.

'Of course he's dead,' said the other, triumphantly;' and that's why he's a living issue in a canvass. In politics the deader a man is, the more you can do with him. He can't talk back.'

'And about Massachusetts now?' the humble inquirer asked.

'Well those Yankees don't take too much stock in talk. You can't do much with the bonds and corruption in Massachusetts. There you touch 'em up on the whiskey and the nigger. The evils of intemperance and the oppressions of the coloured brother, those are the two bowers in Massachusetts.'

'Rhode Island?'

'Oh, well, Rhode Island is a one-horse State, where everybody pays taxes and goes to church; and all you've got to do is to worry 'em about the Pope. Say the Pope's comin' to run the machine.'

Then these two also relapse into silence, and we are left free to pursue our own speculations.

And indeed our chief manageress and monitress made no secret of her wish to leave Saratoga as soon as possible. We

had taken it *en route* out of mere curiosity; it was obvious to her that she could gain no moral here to preach at the head of her poor pupil. These lights and gay costumes and languid quadrilles were the mere glorification of idleness; and she had brought this suffering one to America to show her —in our rapid transit from place to place —something of the real hardships that human nature had to fight against and endure, the real agony that parting and distance and the struggle for life could inflict on the sons and daughters of men. Saratoga was not at all to her liking. There was no head for any discourse to be got out of it. Onward, onward, was her cry.

So it was that on the next day, or the next again, we bade farewell to this gay haunt of pleasure, and set out for grimmer latitudes. We were bound for Boston. Here, indeed, was a fruitful theme for discourse; and during the long hours, as we rolled through a somewhat Bavarian-looking country—with white wooden houses set amid that perpetual wooden forest that faded away into the hills around the horizon—we heard a great deal about the trials of the early settlers and their noble fortitude and self-reliance. You would have fancied that this lecturess was a passionate Puritan in her sympathies; though we who knew her better were well aware that she had a sneaking liking for gorgeous ritual, and that she would have given her ears to be allowed to introduce a crucifix into our respectable village church. That did not matter. The stern manners and severe discipline of the refugees were at the moment all she could admire, and somehow we began to feel that, if it had not been for our gross tyranny and oppression, the *Mayflower* would never have sailed.

But a graver lesson was still to be read to us. We could not understand why, after a time, the train was continually being stopped at short intervals, and we naturally grew impatient. The daylight left us, and the lights in the carriage were not bright enough to allow us to read. We were excessively hungry, and were yet many miles away from Boston. We had a right to speak bitterly of this business.

Then, as the stoppages became more lengthened, and we had speech of people on the line, rumours began to circulate through the carriages. An accident had happened to the train just ahead of ours. There was a vague impression that some one had been killed, but nothing more.

It was getting on toward midnight when we passed a certain portion of the line; and here the place was all lit up by men going about with lanterns. There was a sound of hammering in the vague obscurity outside this sphere of light. Then we crept into the station, and there was an excited air about the people as they conversed with each other.

And what was it all about? Queen T— soon got to know. Out of all the people in the train, only one had been killed—a young girl of fifteen: she was travelling with her father and mother; they had not been hurt at all. The corpse was in a room in the station; the parents were there too. They said she was their only child.

We went on again; and somehow there was now no more complaining over the delay. It was past midnight when we reached Boston. The streets looked lonely enough in the darkness. But we were thinking less of the great city we had just entered than of the small country station set far away in the silent forest, where that father and mother were sitting with the dead body of their child.

(*To be continued.*)

GREATER OR LESSER BRITAIN.*

BY SIR JULIUS VOGEL.

ABOUT the end of the year 1869 much anxiety was felt, not only in political circles but throughout the country, on account of the supposed desire of several members of the Liberal Government to detach the colonies from the empire.† The denials which were made, and the discussions in Parliament which ensued, are matters of history. They did not very much change the impression which previously existed, except to remove apprehension of immediate hostile action against the colonies.

Mr. Disraeli, in the address which he delivered to the Conservative Association at the Crystal Palace on the 24th of June, 1872, commented on the action which the Liberals had taken towards disintegrating the Empire. He said:

'If you look to the history of this country since the advent of Liberalism forty years ago, you will find that there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported with so much energy and carried on with so much ability and acumen, as the attempts of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the Empire.'

He then commented upon the ability with which the effort was sustained. Self-government, he considered, was granted to the colonies as a means to the end. He continued:

'Not that I for one object to self-government. I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, when it was conceded, ought, in my opinion, to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a Military Code, which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should have been defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought further to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government. . . . . Well, what has been the result of this attempt during the reign of Liberalism for the disintegration of the Empire? It has entirely failed. But how has it failed? By the sympathy of the colonies with the mother-country. They have decided that the Empire shall not be destroyed, and, in my opinion, no Minister in this country will do his duty, who neglects an opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our colonial empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land.'

Probably there was no part of the Conservative programme that more powerfully appealed to the masses of the people than this indirect pledge to respect the integrity of the Empire, for the feeling was very general that the Liberals did not care how soon it was broken up. Since the accession of the Conservative Government to office, they have scarcely ever failed on any available public opportunity to express the high

*[This paper on the subject of Imperial Federation, by the Premier of New Zealand and one of the leading statesmen of the Empire, may be read as a pendant to the articles of Mr. Goldwin Smith, Sir Francis Hincks, and Mr. Elihu Burritt, recently published in this Magazine.—ED. C. M.]

† 'If there is any lesson which we should draw from the loss of the United States, it is the misfortune of parting from those colonies in ill-will and irritation. We parted with those great colonies because we attempted to coerce them; and if we now part with our present colonies it will be because we expel them from our dominion. The circumstances are different, but the result will be the same, and that result must be the bitter alienation and undying enmity of these great countries. For my own part, I see with dismay the course which is now being taken, a part at once cheeseparing in point of economy, and spendthrift in point of national character. I will be no party to it, and I beg to enter my humble and earnest protest against a course which I conceive to be ruinous to the honour and fatal to the best interests of the Empire.'—*Lord Carnarvon in the House of Lords, February, 1870.*

consideration in which they hold the colonies.

It will be interesting to consider whether those utterances have had more meaning than mere grace and compliment. Seven years since, the feeling was wide-spread that the Government desired to detach from the Empire the colonies* not held for military purposes. New Zealand was virtually given to understand that she was at liberty to secede from the Empire; and in Canada and at the Cape of Good Hope† the respective Governors discussed the separation of the colonies as a contingency neither remote nor improbable. Lord Kimberley, the Secretary of State for the Colonies who preceded Lord Carnarvon, has, however, frequently stated that it was not the policy of his Government to throw off the colonies. No one would presume to doubt his Lordship's assertion, and it was made in a manner meant to convey that it expressed the truth both in letter and spirit. It is generally understood that individually some of the members of the late Government looked upon the colonies as sources of weakness, and it is scarcely unfair, in the face of these supposed individual opinions, and of Lord Kimberley's specific declarations, to come to a conclusion that the subject was discussed in Cabinet, and at some time or other a decision arrived at, that whatever the individual opinion of some of Her Majesty's Ministers might be, the Government should not adopt as their policy the disintegration of the Empire.‡ But without any policy of the kind, and with the intention to administer the law as it stood, a strong conviction might have been entertained that the colonies would in course of time be detached from the Empire, and that the sooner the result ensued the better.

Now, Lord Beaconsfield's utterances mean otherwise. He looks forward to the colonies becoming more valuable to the the Empire. He had nothing, he said at a banquet given to Her Majesty's Ministers by the Lord Mayor in 1875, to add to his previously expressed views, 'that we should develop and consolidate our colonial empire; that we should assimilate not only their interest, but their sympathies, to the mother-country; and that we believe they would prove ultimately, not a source of weakness and embarrassment, but of strength and splendour to the Empire.' In Lord Kimberley and Lord Carnarvon we have the representatives of opposite points of view. Lord Carnarvon administers the Colonial Department as if he thought the colonies would remain with the Empire. He has asserted on several occasions an authority for the Colonial Department which his predecessor would not have claimed. It would be wrong to attribute to Lord Kimberley either indolence or indifference. He administered the Colonial Office not without exerting authority, but exerting it in a manner that indicated his

* Throughout the rest of this paper, unless the context otherwise implies, the word 'colonies' will be used to designate the constitutional colonies and the dependencies which are likely to become constitutional colonies.

† 'In North America, we have unmistakable indications of the rapid establishment of a powerful independent State. In Australia, it is probable that its several settlements, with their great wealth and homogeneous population, will see their way to a similar condition. In New Zealand, the severance is being accomplished under very painful circumstances. In Jamaica, where responsible government was wholly inappropriate, it has ceased to be. In this colony I cannot think that any desire exists for its transfer to the rule of another power, neither can I think that, with its scanty resources and its divided population, it would desire to stand alone. *Extract from speech of His Excellency the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope* (*Sir P. Wodehouse*), *delivered January 25, 1870.*

‡ Even the *Spectator*, one of the most able, earnest, and thorough-going supporters of Mr. Gladstone's Government, felt constrained to accept this view of the situation. Take the following passage for example :—

'Ministers have changed their policy, have changed it very abruptly, and have changed it for the best of all reasons—because they had begun to discover that their line was not the line of the people of England, and would, if pushed to its logical results, end in events which would bring down the bitter displeasure of the people of England. Unless the colonies clearly understand this, we shall not reap half the benefit of the change, and therefore it is that we wish the only reasonable and intelligent *rationale* of this sudden change of front to be clearly understood there. This is, in fact, a death-bed repentance made in the moment of its dissolution—far be it from us to anticipate that distant event—but a repentance that came only just in time to secure its salvation, to assert the most emphatic popular condemnation of its policy towards New Zealand. Had the colonial agitation and request for peaceable separation come, we at least entertain no doubt that even Mr. Gladstone's popularity would not have sufficed to save the Ministry.'—*Spectator, May 21, 1870.*

aim to fit the colonies for a career of independence. Lord Carnarvon administers the department not only without a thought to such a change, but he constantly gives recurring evidence that he considers the colonies permanently bound to the Empire. South Africa has presented to him a most delicate and difficult problem. He might have temporarily dealt with it by refusing to recognise its gravity. But he has conscientiously grappled with it, and its various phases have found him not unprepared. It is probably reserved to him to complete the work of consolidation in Africa which he has so well begun. Then will belong to him the proud reflection that he stands alone in the character of his work—that no one before him, by peaceful means, has ever succeeded in consolidating such vast territories as those of Canada and South Africa. The reflection may nerve him to the larger task of consolidating the Empire. The annexation of Fiji and of the Transvaal Republic strikingly illustrates the difference, wide as the poles asunder, between the policies of the Liberals and Conservatives. The two administrations to which we have so lengthily referred thus typify opposite points of the colonial question.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the desire to see the colonies separated, or indifference to such a result, is shared in by all Liberals. On the contrary, amongst the Liberals the colonies have strong supporters. There has been no more powerful utterance in favour of confederation than the address delivered by Mr. Forster, at Edinburgh, in November, 1875, though much of the force was lost by the unfortunate declaration that if a colony wished to separate he would be no party to preventing it. Mr. Childers, again, must be credited with a high opinion of the value of the colonies. He has never abated the early interest he took in them, and probably commands from them more personal support than any other English statesman. Mr. Magniac, Sir R. Torrens, Mr. Mundella, Mr. McArthur, and Mr. Kinnaird, have stood forward at various times as earnest advocates of colonial interests, and Sir John Lubbock has lately given evidence of the same goodwill by laborious investigations, the results of which have been published in these pages. It is generally understood by the colonists that the colonies remain colonies because it suits them and the mother-country that they should so continue. It is equally generally supposed that if the colonies wished to secede they would not be forced to remain—that they are free to go. From this has followed the widespread feeling that the independence of the colonies is merely a question of time; and the colonists are insensibly imbibing that belief. If it is meant to retain the colonies, can any words do justice to the folly and the wickedness of training the people to a false belief as to their future institutions, of teaching them to expect that for which they ought not to look; of leading them along a path at some point of which the destiny they are taught to believe in must be overthrown?

The practical follows the theoretical, and the colonies involuntary exercise their power in the direction in which they believe their destiny tends. It is difficult to establish that the question is urgent. It cannot be made to appear urgent in the ordinary sense. It cannot be said, 'If you neglect to deal with this question during this or that session, calamity will arise before you meet again.' But is that not urgent, the delaying to do which means in years to come a compound interest of calamity? The question is urgent in the sense that the forest-planting question is urgent. You may destroy forests and neglect to replace them, and the middle-aged may not live to suffer in consequence. But the time will come when the country will suffer, when regularly-flowing rivers will become fitful torrents, when the earth, deprived of its moisture and its soil washed into the ocean, will cease to produce as it did before the hand of man commenced to destroy without concurrently reproducing. Who could point to the exact time when destruction exceeded desirable limits and reproduction became an imperative necessity? Even so, who can say when it may be too late to deal with the colonial question? In calmness and repose it may be easily dealt with. But when immediate urgency appears, when angry passions are aroused, when it will be perceived that the course of legislation during the long past, and the direction in which men's minds have been trained, have all converged to a future disintegration, what hope then without disaster to preserve the unity of the Empire?

The colonists, as a rule, are ardently loyal, and those who emigrate to colonies recall to themselves in the reproduction of the institutions to which they have been accustomed the scenes and the ties they have left behind them. They love to think that they have not abandoned their country, but merely removed to another portion of it. The young persons born in the colonies are taught to venerate and love the mother-country. Yet the idea prevails alike amongst those who are born in or who emigrate to the colonies that the time will come when these will be independent. If this assumption is wrong, and it is not meant to break up the Empire, is it not vicious to educate these young communities to a false view? And if this false view continue, if this national independence always looms in sight, must not the time come when it will be imperatively demanded, and even the most trifling incident at any moment may cause the demand to arise? Nor is the idea that the colonies are growing into nations confined to the colonists. The originators of colonial constitutions had it largely in their minds. It finds favourite expression in after-dinner speeches, and not unfrequently in the House of Commons, when speakers launch into patronising remarks describing the colonies as young nations. From that point of view which regards the colonies as integral and inseperable parts of the Empire, prognostications of the kind are little short of treasonable. They are, and should be, open to the same exception as would be taken in the several countries concerned to advocating the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, Hungary from Austria, Alsace from Germany, or the reinstatement of Poland as an independent kingdom.

A settlement one way or other should be arrived at, so that the nature of their future position should be made known to these communities. If the colonies are to understand that they have not, and will not have, the power to deprive the Sovereign of these realms of portions of her dominions, and that every inch of territory is dear to the Crown, let it be so declared. There is one very difficult point to be considered—would the colonies have the right to complain of a decision which would deprive them of the prospect of future independence? If the question were put before them of immediate independence or continuing to remain with the Empire, the election would probably be favourable to the latter. But a feeling more or less strong has grown up, that independence has been placed at the disposal of the colonies, and it might be to some extent felt that they have a right to the choice. In other words, the education in the direction of independence already alluded to has made progress, and the question is, ought it to be recognized? There are those who will say that the very fact of this question having to be asked is a proof that it would be better to leave the subject alone. We might agree with this view if we held that ultimate separation was a conclusion to be desired. But if the nation should, as we believe, recoil in horror from such an eventuality, it is clear that the longer the impression is allowed to continue that the colonies have the right to expect future independence, the more difficult will it be to remove or deal with it.

Here it may be aptly asked, why alone of all nations is Great Britain to hold her dominions by ties so slender, that their disruption is virtually invited? In the greatest of her difficulties, and in spite of all temptation, Spain has refused to relax her grasp on Cuba. The United States, carved by force of arms from out another nation, was not long in learning the lesson that the first duty a country owes to herself is to preserve her own integrity. Hence the later, and perhaps the grander, of her two great wars. Is it because Great Britain, having first provoked the war by her own misconduct, failed to come off victorious in the struggle, that she is for all time to come to be so cowed, so timorous, as to submit to her Empire being broken up by any one who succeeds in persuading her subjects in any part of her dominions that they will do better to set up on their own account? If Great Britain is indeed to become a second-rate power in the scale of nations, let her people have the gratification of carrying with them into obscurity the recollection that they renounced the colonies, not these renounced Great Britain.

Before considering the details of a scheme of confederation, it would be well to further pursue the point of the right of the mother-country to impress it on her colonies. It might be considered expedient to give to

the colonies separately the power of deciding within a definite and early time whether each would join the confederation or prefer an independent career; but it is to be doubted whether the colonies have the right to demand such an option. True, the acts of constitution seem to lead to future independence; true, such an idea was, in a measure, present in the minds of their framers; and true, moreover, that it has been offensively pressed on the colonies by the doubts freely expressed as to whether they are sources of strength or weakness to the Empire. But, on the other hand, property is property, and the right to it ought not to be prejudiced by inexact and inferential obligations. The designs of a political school, and the quiet success with which such designs have been worked out, cannot be held to bind or commit those who have not been a party to them. The property of the Sovereign in the dependencies of the Empire should be more firmly asserted in consequence of any doubts thrown upon it. To give to the colonies this option would in itself be an admission of a right to which, notwithstanding they have been deceived, they can scarcely be said to be entitled. But there is a limit to all things, and if they are too long allowed to remain under a false impression, something of a right must grow up.

If the union is to continue only so long as both the colonies and the mother-country are contented with it, if the mother-country or any colony at any time can end the connection, then it is impossible that the union can be more than temporary. The time must come when one side or another will see, or think it sees, an advantage in separation. The doctrine that the union should depend for its continuance upon the pleasure of either party to it, affords a comfortable excuse for inaction. Meanwhile it serves the purpose of those statesmen who strongly desire to see the colonies abandoned, and do their best in various ways to promote that end without declaring their purpose, without the knowledge of their Sovereign or the support of their country. There is no more disagreeable phase of existence than that of a feeling that a quiet but powerful movement is being exerted in a direction contrary to one's wishes, but with such concealment and denial that it is nearly impossible to rouse others to the sense that a counteracting movement is necessary. Like the Italian dungeon that slowly contracted round its inmate till it crushed him to death, but the diminishing volume of which it was difficult to perceive, so are many subjects crushed into unwelcome shape by a force unapparent in its action until the effect approaches completion. A union, lasting only as long as all parties to it please, means a union open to be insidiously undermined by opponents, means one liable to be broken by innumerable accidents, means one which even its friends assist to destroy: for, in contemplating the contingency of its future disturbance, they shape their course to meet that consequence. If the union is desirable, it should not be open to question. The institutions, the policy, the legislation, the habits, and the thoughts of the people should grow round and about till the unity of the Empire becomes embodied in the inmost affections and traditions of the nation.

It will be very suggestive to consider what are the prevailing ideas concerning the colonies entertained in the mother-country. It would be idle to pretend to determine, with even approximate accuracy, the numerical strength of the supporters of the various views. But the attempt to do so will have its use; for the proportions can be guessed with sufficient exactness to lead to the conclusion that the present position of public thought upon the subject is eminently unsatisfactory. Probably two-fifths of the population of the United Kingdom have friends or relations in one or more of the colonies. Inasmuch as these two-fifths comprise, in great measure, the adult population, it is a larger proportion of the thinking population than at the first glance appears. But only a small number of those who have friends or relations in the colonies have an accurate knowledge of more than one colony. Even the particular colony to which their connections belong is often known to them but slightly. A substantial knowledge of the colonies is mainly confined to those who have resided in them, or who have political or business relations with them. But interest in the colonies is not confined to those who have a knowledge of them. A very large proportion of the adult working classes hold the colonies in high, though mystical, veneration. The

colonies, to them, are places where, if they ever resolve to leave their native towns or villages, they may find all the comforts denied to them at home. They think of the colonies as lands of plenty—as lands where the labouring man is held in high estimation—as lands where a career is open to him, where he can become an employer instead of a servant, above all, where he can become an owner of land, and where his children will be well educated and have great positions within their reach. For the higher classes, the colonies have less attraction. To them, the colonies are lands in which it may or may not be desirable to try to make money. Some emigrate with the hope of bettering their positions, but hoping, also, to return to the mother-country; although it is commonly the case that they remain there by preference after they have earned the means to live at home. A great many who never visit the colonies try to make money through their business connections with them.

But, whatever may be the feelings entertained concerning the colonies themselves, the minds of the vast mass of the people are quite colourless on the question of the relations between the mother-country and the colonies. They recollect that disintegration was talked of some years since, and are under the impression that it was abandoned on account of its unpopularity. They think it was a freak of a small body of politicians, and that it was finally disposed of by the Conservative reaction. They are less disposed to struggle about it now than they were seven years ago, when the question was more before them. They have no knowledge of the changes constitutional government has worked in the colonies. If they were questioned on the subject, they would probably say England is essentially a colonizing country, and they suppose will continue to hold her dependencies. Why should she give them up? If she could afford them before steam and electricity made communication easy, why should she now get rid of them? Even of those who most prize the colonies, few will look upon the subject as pressing. Of those who really do consider the question, and with whom, therefore, its practical decision rests, a powerful section believes that it would be well, both for the mother-country and the colonies, that the connection should be severed. They think that to propose the severance would be unpopular, but that, if the matter be left alone, the result will work itself out. A much larger section shares the belief as to what the result will be, without desiring it. They look upon the matter as decided, and they think it only a question of time when these young nations will declare themselves. The zealous longers for separation, and those who believe it must come whether they like it or not, compose nearly all of those who have thought about the question. There remains a few very ardent men who long for confederation, who believe it to be possible, but who hesitate to commit themselves to the course which must be taken when it is desired to initiate a great political crusade. They are not wanting in earnestness. It may be they are not agreed as to what is to be done; and it is useless to preach a theory without indicating the practice that should flow from it.

The case here presented is less hopeless for confederation than at first sight might appear. If the vast body of the people, whose minds are now colourless on the question, are favourably predisposed to retaining the colonies, there is good material to work on if the case be vigorously taken up. Given those who are willing to become advocates of the cause, they will find multitudes ready to follow them; and large as their object is, they may reduce it to the simple proposition that it is the duty of the mother-country to declare that she holds, and will hold, the colonies as part of her territories—that throughout the Empire the people must grow up in that belief, and must shape their legislation, their institutions, and their aspirations accordingly.

The question of whether confederation is desirable is another way of asking if it is desirable to retain the colonies. But although the declaration of the unity of the Empire must pave the way to confederation, it is not to be supposed that the work of confederation will end with such declaration. When once the unity is declared, a serviceable machinery must follow for giving to the colonies a share in the government of the Empire proportioned to their importance. What might have been without the constitutions the colonies enjoy it is useless now to consider. They have been made in large measure self-governing

communities ; and if they are not to be independent, they must have, as an alternative, a share in the government of the country.

In considering, from an imperial point of view, the policy of retaining the colonies, let us ask ourselves what positions the colonies fill, and of what consist their charms and counter-charms. It has already been said that to the great mass of the people of this country the colonies have an engrossing and peculiar fascination. It is not to be supposed that this arises from a conviction or impression that they are better governed than the mother-country. The colonies have not the leisured classes that really govern the United Kingdom. The masses generally are not inclined to undervalue the ability and unselfishness of the leisured classes. To those whose very existence depends on daily toil, the charms of a life to which all toil is unnecessary assumes an exaggerated character. The spectacle, then, is most forcible which constantly meets the view of the workers by compulsion—the spectacle of work, hard, absorbing, laborious work, performed by those who, but for ambition, a love of doing good, and an innate sense of the *noblesse oblige*, might lead lives of Epicurean ease. This voluntary hard work is not confined to those holding positions of conspicuous power. The willingness to labour, the desire to do good, the determined mastery of special knowledge for purposes of philanthropy, the devotion of time and means, and the subordination of ordinary engagements to the pursuit of many varied objects, are sufficiently common to make the bulk of the people think they are not unfortunate in the classes which mainly wield the governing power. It would be an injustice to the discernment of the people to suppose that they are of opinion that, amidst the absorbing pursuit in the colonies of pecuniary gain, abler governing men are to be found. They may be pleased at the idea that the government of the colonies is more generally distributed amongst all classes of the populatton, but they do not feel that, therefore, that government is abler. It is the space, the unoccupied room, that the colonies enjoy, which speaks to the hard-worked denizens of a densely-populated country. Next to Belgium, England, in proportion to its area, is the most heavily populated country in the world. It has a population per square mile nearly double that of India and Japan, and more than three and a half times that of the Chinese Empire. Taking Great Britain and Ireland together, the population per square mile, though much less than that of England and Wales alone, exceeds very much the population per square mile of any country in the world except Belgium. Can it be wondered at that the colonies have such charms to those who most suffer from the crowding ? The colonies are the safety-valves of the poorer classes, and the affection which they feel for them is to be justified by logical considerations. Recent developments, which point to the permanent loss of foreign markets for many different articles of British manufacture, have increased the hardships of the crowded state of the country, and much enlarged the desire to seek new homes in the colonies. Of course this desire is controlled by the cost of emigration. It is the fashion to speak of the vast improvement in the condition of the labouring classes. In instituting a comparison between the then and now, no consideration seems to be given to the growth of new wants. If a similar comparison were to be made between the past and present conditions of the middle classes and of the upper classes, it would be recognized that so many new necessities had become inseparable from their lives that the requirements which sufficed for their predecessors would be insufferably insufficient for them. The lower classes are amenable to the same argument. For them, also, new necessities and wants have arisen, as sternly demanded for their comfort as were the recognized wants of bygone times. As man continues to live, his wants increase with the improved knowledge of how to supply them. The denial of the new wants inflicts as much hardship as the denial of the old. A great deal of the so-called improvement in the condition of the working classes has to be qualified by the consideration of the demands necessary to insure the same amount of comfort and happiness. If an abstract standard could be set up, we might compare the condition of the working classes now with that of the early inhabitants of the country, who found in the woods and forests a larder and wardrobe, with which they were satisfied till they learned to require something better.

The dread of the producing power and the population of the mother-country being reduced is unreasonable, if the subjects of the nation, their wealth, industries, and resources are merely transferred from one part of the Empire to another. It is otherwise if the mother-country has no external possessions, and the wealth and population that she loses pass to other countries, making them proportionally more and her less powerful.

The landed proprietors are generally supposed to feel little interest in the colonies, and to be opposed to emigration to them. At first sight such a feeling seems natural, but on reflection its shortsightedness is apparent. The emigration of agricultural labourers may, it is true, raise the rate of agricultural labour, or, perhaps it is more correct to say, prevent it from falling. The landed proprietors, again, are not likely to be swayed by those sentiments of personal liking for the colonies so deeply sunk in the minds of the working classes. A colony may become the home of the working man and his family. The landed proprietor does not look forward to anything of the kind. Even if some junior members of his family go to the colonies, their ambition in commencing is to make enough money to be able to live at home, although frequently, as has been said, a residence in the colonies changes this feeling to one of preference for the new home. But if the landed proprietors have not the same personal interest in the colonies as that possessed by the working classes, they have indirectly a very deep interest, and one with which the coming years are likely to vividly impress them. The maintenance of those institutions they most prize, the safety of their order, of their lands and their family possessions, depend upon the colonies remaining as outlets for surplus home population. If England is to be kept within herself, it cannot be long before the conditions of land tenure are rigidly scrutinized, and the question asked if the nation has not the right to buy up the land for redivision into smaller holdings. But revolutionists would vainly raise such questions whilst the means to become possessors of estates in the Empire is more open to the poorer classes of to-day than it was to those who in times past, from the humblest beginning, founded some of the greatest families in the country. The landed proprietor should see in the colonial outlet his best guarantee of safety, and, with the humblest classes, should sturdily resist the decolonizing policy of the international school. Lord Beaconsfield has at various times vigorously asserted the common interests that bind together the extreme classes—the landed and the labouring classes. Probably in no sense is this more remarkably true than in that grand interest which the labouring and landed classes jointly have in upholding the colonies against the machinations of the politicians who reduce everything to a pounds, shillings, and pence denomination, and whose chief notion of the future is compound interest.

The probable increase of the population of the colonies is a subject full of interest. In a masterly speech recently delivered by Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor of New South Wales, on the subject of intercolonial federation, some calculations were given as to the increase of the population of Australia. Sir Hercules is of opinion that he is below the mark in the following estimate :—

> 'Supposing, however, that only the recent New South Wales increase of four per cent. annually is maintained, the population of this continent at that rate at the end of the present century—twenty-five years hence—will be over 5,000,000 ; twenty-five years later it will be 12,500,000 ; while in the year 1950 it will be 31,250,000, which was the population of the United Kingdom by the last census taken in 1871.'

Mr. Forster believes he will be within the mark in estimating the population of the British North American, the Australasian, and the South African colonies at the end of this century at 15,000,000, and accepts as a certainty that before the middle of next century 'our colonies within the temperate zones' will outnumber the population of the United Kingdom. Sir Hercules and Mr. Forster are both moderate in their prognostications, and we venture to predict that their estimates will be immensely exceeded if, in the meanwhile, the colonies are constituted inalienable portions of the Empire. In the face of a declining foreign trade, it is of the utmost importance to commercial Great Britain to cultivate the colonial trade. But it is by some denied that the trade follows the flag. We are of those who believe otherwise. It is incon-

testable that there is scarcely a civilized nation whose ambition or jealousy or economical policy does not prompt it to desire to use as little as possible British manufactures. Great Britain has, with equal liberality, preached and practiced free trade, but it is to be doubted if she has gained two nations to her opinions. In each country a few advanced men adopt free-trade principles, and very much they are glorified in return in English publications. But the nations themselves do not yield, and perhaps, if the governments stated exactly what they thought, they would say that they know what suits their respective countries better than the English who so kindly volunteer their advice. England's foreign trade is falling off, and is likely to continue to do so, because she is dealing with unwilling customers. In the colonies she may be sure of constantly increasing trade and willing customers.

A very interesting paper on the colonies was read by Mr. Archibald Hamilton in 1872 before the Statistical Society, in which he specially set himself to show that the trade followed the flag. He adduced the instance of the conquered colonies. For example, the French Canadians, who have never been absorbed into the British colonial population, consume a very small proportion of French compared with British goods, without the latter enjoying any protection. The Dutch population at the Cape affords a similar example, whilst conversely the trade of Java is essentially Dutch. Mr. Hamilton gives some interesting figures as to the consumption of British products per head of population in British possessions and in foreign countries. He takes the average of three years, viz., the year of census with the preceding and succeeding years. The consumption of the North American colonies was 1*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.* per head; Australia and New Zealand, 8*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.*; Cape and Natal, total population 2*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, white 8*l.* 12*s.* 2*d.*; West Indies, 2*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*; Mauritius, 1*l.* 14*s.* 7*d.*; United States, 17*s.* 10*d.*; France, 6*s.*; Spain, 2*s.* 1*d.*; Portugal, 10*s.* 4*d.*; Germany (Prussia, Hamburg, and Austria), 6*s.* 11*d.*; Italy, 4*s.* 3*d.*; Russia, 11*d.*; Holland, 2*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.*, a portion of which probably belongs to Germany; Belgium, 11*s.* 10*d.*; and Brazil, 11*s.* 2*d.* Mr. Forster, three years later, pursued the same subject at Edinburgh. He said:

'I must ask you to look into the facts for yourselves, and if you do so I think you will incline to believe that the balance of evidence shows that the trade does follow the flag. Remember, all that is required to justify that opinion is to have ground to believe that we have more trade with the colonies than we should if they were foreigners. Take these figures. We find by the parliamentary returns that our exports last year were in value to

		£
Australia (including New Zealand) .	more than	20,000,000
France	less than	30,000,000
British North America . . .	more than	10,000,000
The United States	less than	33,000,000
The Cape and Natal . . .	about	4,700,000
China	less than	5,000,000

He went on to point out that the seven millions of colonists are not bad customers. 'Our import from them is about 11 per cent., and our export to them about 12½ per cent., of our import and export to and from all foreign countries.'

An important point, to which Mr. Hamilton calls attention, should be remembered. The British trade with the colonies is not represented only by British exports and imports. There is a great deal of indirect trade under British auspices. The colonies draw supplies from all parts of the world. In a majority of cases these are paid for by British exports to the supplying countries. The whole course of colonial trade is in connection with British houses and British joint-stock companies. Let the colonies cease to be British, and we may be certain that, to whatever extent they are able, they will endeavour to divest their trade of its British character.

The colonies already absorb large amounts of British capital, and would absorb much more if it were understood the union was to continue. Doubts as to the colonies separating from the mother-country alone stand in the way of large investments. The *Times* recently published a return of the sums owing by certain defaulting States for principal and interest, by which it appears that no less an amount than 335,000,000*l.* is due to credulous England, of which she is likely to recover very little. With consummate irony the *Times* headed the paragraph, 'English Charities Abroad.' Whilst the colonies continue to belong to Great Britain, it is scarcely possible for them to default. The interest and principal of their public debts are made first charges on their whole yearly revenues. The governor, the government, and the audit department would be guilty

of a gross infraction of the law if they allowed a penny of public money to be paid away for ordinary services whilst any of the legally constituted first charges remained unsatisfied. The colonies, therefore, must pay their debts before their ordinary services can be carried on. As far as private affairs are concerned, the laws of the colonies offer as much security as the laws of Great Britain. It is urged we are aware that the colonies are no more friendly than foreign countries to British commerce. This is deduced from the supposed leaning of the colonies to Protection. A great deal of misapprehension exists on the subject. It may safely be said that the bulk of the colonial discussions about Free Trade and Protection are of a *doctrinaire* character. Whether the colonies are avowedly in favour of Free Trade or Protection, their actual policy is much the same. New South Wales, for example, is a colony firmly imbued with the principles of Free Trade. The Colonial Treasurer in his last Budget proposed that tobacco manufactured from colonial leaf should be subject to an excise duty of 6*d.* as against 1*s.* 3*d.* chargeable on tobacco manufactured from imported leaf. He hinted, also, that at some future time there should be an excise duty on wine and sugar. He does not propose this at once. He knows that colonial wine and sugar would never have been produced and manufactured if, at the commencement, they were subjected to an excise duty. But he wisely foresees that in the course of time they will be able to compete with imported articles of the same kind, and contribute to the revenue. Meanwhile, like his Protection-favouring neighbour Victoria, he relies on his customs revenue to supplement the revenue derivable from sales of land, from railways, and from other sources. He has more land revenue than Victoria, so he does not require so much customs revenue. His stamp and succession duties may be a little more severe than Victoria, but practically they do not come to much, and otherwise he has no direct taxation. Canada, assumed to be favourable to Protection, has heavy excise duties which yield an amount equal to a third of the customs duties and one-fifth of the entire revenue. But none of the colonies, we believe, have a property or an income tax, and it is not difficult to discern the reasons which lead to their avoidance. The colonies depend little upon any feeling for or against Free Trade, but much upon a keen appreciation of the immediate interests to be served. The annual profits in the colonies of almost every business or profession are, as a rule, unequal. To reckon these profits as income, and not to regard a considerable part of them as capital, would be imprudently to forget the possibility of lesser earnings in succeeding years. Hence, there is not that well-defined distinction between capital and income that is to be found in older established countries, and an income tax would be regarded as to some extent a tax on capital. A great deal of foreign capital is invested in the colonies in various enterprises. By foreign is meant capital not belonging to owners residing in the colony. An income tax would very much discourage the introduction of such capital which is generally considered to be of service in promoting undertakings which otherwise might be neglected. To a property tax there are even stronger objections. In most of the colonies a large part of the country is still unsettled and unsold Crown lands. A property tax on sold land would more than by its own amount reduce the value of the land which remained to be sold. There is a popular idea that such land should be given away, but no one who has watched the experience of several land systems in different colonies can doubt the subtle force of Gibbon Wakefield's dictum, that even if the money is to be thrown into the sea it is better to exact for the lands from which the Crown parts a fair price. A property tax would not only affect the value of unsold Crown land, but discourage settlement. The cultivation and improvement of land are of paramount importance in these young countries, and a property tax would have a deterring effect. By means of rates property is made to contribute to local purposes. This, however, is not regarded as a hardship, for the return for the payment is more apparent than if the money went to the Treasury. The Government of Victoria lately went to the country on the policy of a property tax to be levied with the object of enabling the customs duties to be reduced. From a late telegram it is to be inferred this object has not found favour, since after the election the Government tendered their resig-

nation. Both sides, however, appear to incline towards some kind of property tax, and there is little room to doubt that such a result is approaching. That it is so rather confirms the arguments which have been used. Victoria has given away, or parted with very cheaply, an immense quantity of her best land. Strangely enough, a conception of maintaining, and benefiting by, the value of her public estate has never found a place in the policy of her public men, so that the fear of a property tax injuring that value does not deter them. Besides, if they really gave heed to that consideration, the colony having divested itself of so much land has approached the margin beyond which the returns from a property tax may more than compensate for the injury to the value of the unsold estate.

The colonies, then, find it on the whole convenient and expedient to chiefly rely upon the customs as a means of raising revenue, apart from any considerations in favour of protection. Discussions take place as to which articles should be taxed, which admitted duty free, and a great deal is frequently said about Protection. But if a certain amount of revenue has to be raised through the custom-house, and this end be kept steadily in view, the details are not of very much importance. There is every reason to believe that, if confederation took place, the colonies would readily lend themselves to the consideration of a Customs union or agreement. They rather lean to the opinion that the mother-country was unmindful of what she owed to her children when in respect to their trade she placed them on the footing of foreign countries, and claimed from these credit for the unselfish manner in which she was willing to deal with her own possessions. For the rest, if a colony does sometimes legislate in a manner which shows more anxiety for its own than for the mother-country's interest, let what has already been said be remembered, that the colonies are being educated into the belief of future independence.

It has been urged that, whether or not the colonies continue to be united with the mother-country, they will receive emigrants from it. To such an extent as this is the case, the arguments as to the separation of the colonies closing the outlets of emigration from Great Britain and reducing the rate of wages are modified. The separation of the colonies would not altogether close emigration to them, but the emigration would be very different in nature and extent. From a national point of view, the emigration to colonies which had become independent nations would be the reverse of beneficial. Granted that the evil of an overcrowded population is great, yet it is only a lesser evil to a nation to lose large numbers of its subjects. The emigration to the United States during the last twenty-five years has lost Great Britain more of her subjects than the wars of the whole of the century. It has not been the removal of so many of her subjects to other portions of her dominions with the purpose of extending the power and prosperity of the country, but it has been the departure of hostile subjects, who, besides hoping to find a more congenial home, have, to a greater or less extent, carried away with them unfriendly feelings to the country they have left. The Irish emigration to the United States nearly caused Great Britain, and possibly in the future may yet do so, a war which would cost more than the most lavish liberality could devote to the material improvement of the colonies.

It is very much to be questioned if it is possible for Great Britain and her colonies to separate with mutually friendly feelings, although, as has been said, they are being educated into expecting separation. If, at the last, separation proceed from the action of the mother-country, the colonies will vividly retain a feeling of soreness at the slight they will consider put on them. If the separation arise through the action of the colonies, there will remain with Great Britain the bitterness arising from the conviction that the lofty aspirations of the past are frustrated, and that a small career remains to take the place of a great destiny. The progress of the released colonies would be so many reproaches to the country that had been deprived of them. Inasmuch as, whenever separation occurs, it will not be clear to whose fault it will be due, and each will blame the other, the probabilities are that the bitterness of feeling will exist on each side.

Suppose the colonies detached, emigration to them will mean emigration to a foreign country. To Great Britain it will mean the loss of so many subjects, with the

not unwarranted suspicion that each subject lost means one gained by a not very friendly nation. True, to whatever extent such emigration may proceed, it may serve as an outlet for an overcrowded country driven to great straits. But how vastly different the ebb and flow from one part of the same dominion to another of a friendly population, seeking in less crowded areas more scope for industry and enterprise, to driving people from their country under the oppressive influence of actual want, or, as in the case of the Irish proceeding to America, under the influence partly of want and partly of a feeling of strong resentment against the Government of the country they are leaving.

Even if it were statesmanlike to view with complacency the loss of so many of a country's subjects, it is not to be supposed that as a mere outlet the colonies when independent will suit the interests of the poorer classes as they do now. Emigrants from the mother-country land in the colonies amongst their fellow-subjects on a footing of perfect equality. Let those who know the feelings with which the native-born Americans receive the Irish emigrants deny that the position of persons seeking in a new country a new nationality is widely different from that of emigrants who proceed from one portion of their own dominions to another. Although, too, if the colonies were independent, assisted emigration from the United Kingdom might not altogether be stopped, it would be fallacious to expect it would continue on the same scale. Some of the colonial governments now assist German emigrants, but such assistance is small in proportion to that which they render, and are likely to render, to their own countrymen. In brief, the whole character of the interchange of population would be altered if the colonies became independent nations. In the one case, emigration means the beneficial dispersion through the Empire of friendly subjects, in the other, an outlet for the disaffected to swell the ranks of the unfriendly of other nations.

The confederation of the Empire would largely encourage the investment of capital in the colonies. Great Britain finds the money for the wars of other nations. When two countries determine to fight, they look to Great Britain for the money they require. She aids in keeping up the immense armaments of the Continent; she finds the means for the employment of the labouring population of foreign countries; she opens up those countries by railways and other modes of communication. It is natural that capital should seek investment. But how much would be absorbed by the colonies if it were understood they were to continue parts of the British dominions! We have already said that investors in colonial securities and colonial enterprises have before them the contingency of separation. With separation, the value of property in the colonies and of colonial securities would, for a long while, be much depressed. As new nations, they would be subject to the difficulties, the changes, and revolutions, from which young countries are seldom free.

If new territory were to spring up from the sea, adjoining Great Britain, as soon as it could safely be visited, it would be covered with works. British capitalists would eagerly invest their means in what they would regard as beyond doubt their own territory. Declare the colonies inseparably portions of the Empire, and they will be so many provinces added to Great Britain. Enterprise, population, and capital would fly to them, not only in the shape of joint-stock enterprises, but in that of enterprises personally conducted, or conducted on personal behalf. At present, such is the want of confidence in the permanency of the connection with the colonies, that trust funds (notwithstanding that in the deeds of trust no prohibition is contained) are not allowed to be invested in colonial lands or colonial securities, although such investment is permitted in some Indian securities not enjoying an imperial guarantee. The want of means of investing trust funds is notorious, but their colonial investment has been obstinately opposed—the principal ground being the doubt whether, in course of time, the investment might not prove to be made in a foreign country. The rise in the value of their securities, and the flow of capital, enterprise, and population which would follow confederation, would no doubt greatly benefit the colonies, and reconcile them to a position which, to some people, might appear the lesser one of being part of a great confederation, instead of becoming separate and independent nations. The colonies now believe, and many people in

Great Britain share the belief, that they may at their option cease to be parts of the Empire. Is that a position a great nation should accept, to be exposed to dismemberment at the pleasure of her dependencies? The favourite dictum is, that England will never burn another ounce of gunpowder to retain a colony that wishes to be free. Is it possible to fail to see that such a condition is only compatible with the belief that the time for secession will come?

If the great colonies are to continue parts of the Empire, it is utterly unreasonable that they should be free from all contribution towards national expenditure. The fleet belongs to the nation, and is essentially for the service of the nation, and nothing can justify freeing the colonies of British America, South Africa, and Australasia from contribution towards its cost, except the intention to free them from the nation. Whilst they possess so little property and population, their proportionate contribution would not be large, and, with the intention of getting rid of them, the anti-colonial party may think it wise to forego the present contribution to lessen the difficulty of severing the connection. But consider what those colonies will be fifty years hence, and the extent to which they might and should relieve the tax-payers of the mother-country, while helping to maintain an irresistibly powerful fleet. If Great Britain will be stronger without her colonies, it seems to be clear that she would be stronger without India. The possession of the latter is at least as likely to lead to complications which might commit the nation to an exercise of power or the necessity of expenditure. The United Kingdom should either divest itself of all external dominions, or make the scheme of the nation march with their continued possession.

Humanitarian influences might be appealed to. It is at the least probable that if the colonies become independent they will for a considerable period be subject to all those ills of internal and external war which overtake young countries. They will fight amongst themselees sometimes; they will combine to fight against others; they will in some cases, before their institutions attains to the age which commands reverence and veneration, experience a great deal of internecine dissension and bloodshed. The United States may be considered very fortunate in having had only one great civil war, but what a destructive war that was! If the colonies of Great Britain become independent, they cannot hope to escape war and war's consequences. A confederation, on the other hand, whilst it would be free from civil war, would, in time, own such a powerful fleet that it would escape war with foreign countries. To no class of persons should confederation more appeal than to those who desire to abolish the horrors of war.

Concerning the plan of federation, we have already said that the mere declaration of the continued unity of the Empire would arrest its disintegration. But before the declaration was made some heed would have to be given to the conditions of that unity. Even were it desirable, it could not be expected, after all that has taken place, that the mother-country would retrace her steps, and the colonies submit to such an alteration in their prospects, without a knowledge on each side of what the change meant. The colonies have been too much advanced on the road to self-government to submit to a total exclusion from a share of control in the affairs of the Empire, and we have already admitted that they should contribute to the national expenditure by bearing a portion of the cost of the navy. Obviously the share of control should increase with the share of contribution. It is not to be supposed that the contribution would be very large at first, though made on strictly fair terms. The proportions of population and property in different parts of the Empire should rule the rate of contribution. A census throughout the Empire might be taken every five years, and on the results the payments of the next five years be based. Although there should be so much payable on account of population and property, it should be open to each part of the Empire to make up its contribution in the way it determines. It need hardly be said that it should be no part of the policy or scheme of the confederation to interfere with the local government of either the mother-country or her confederate dependencies. Some difficulty might be experienced in deciding whether and to what extent native population and property should contribute.

The references made to the fleet required for the Confederated Empire presuppose a very powerful naval armament—one so

powerful that it would be safe from all attacks, and that it would, as far as could reasonably be expected, relieve the Empire of the dangers and risks of protracted or even brief wars. The Confederated Empire could afford to pay for any fleet that could possibly be found desirable. Each portion of the Confederation would probably have its own local forces, and, as it became necessary, provision could be made to give to those forces a combined and consolidated character. It is often argued that the colonies would be sources of weakness to the mother-country in case of war. Too much weight is probably attached to this idea. If Great Britain and America were at war, Canadian territory would very likely be involved, but it would be just as well to make Canada the battle-field as any other territory ; somewhere the fight would have to be fought out. With this exception, the colonies, for a long while to come, are not likely to be prominently affected by war. No nation would desire to permanently occupy or wantonly injure them. They might be placed under contribution, but any amount so obtained would wait the settlement of the war. If victorious, Great Britain would exact restitution ; if not victorious, the loss inflicted on the colonies would form a small fraction of the total bill of costs. It really comes to this, then, that, to the extent of their value as strategical points, the mother-country should encourage the fortification and defence of the colonies. Those which remained unfortified would suffer little if a clear understanding existed as to the consequences of war being shared by the whole Confederation. The money the colonies have expended, and are continuing to expend, on fortifications, shows they are not afraid of their proper share of responsibility.

To resume, the control or representative power should correspond with the contribution. The question of representation is the great stumbling-block in the way of confederation, not on account of its real, but of its fancied difficulties. What ! swamp the House of Commons with colonial votes, add to the many embarrassments of party another perhaps as troublesome as the Home Rule combination ? Anything is better than that, and thus many who have large views of what a Confederated Empire might be shrink from the subject. If their fears were to be justified, there would be small hope of federation ; for it is easy to see how great would be the objection to relinquish for the United Kingdom a thoroughly local government. But it should be quite as vital a point to maintain the ordinary government of Great Britain as the ordinary government of any dependency. The aim should be to build up a federal government without impairing the machinery of ordinary government. If this were well understood, there would be no inconvenience from haste on the part of the colonies. Whilst they would not consent to be excluded from a prospect of either independence or of control in federal affairs, they are by no means eager for immediate representation. For some time to come they would be well content with representation at a Board of Advice to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. This, at any rate, would not be a revolutionary step, for it would be only following the example of the Council of the Secretary of State for India. After a time, which could easily be designated in advance, the population, wealth, and importance of the colonies would entitle them to more direct representation, and their representatives should form part of the Federal legislative body. The constitution of the Federal Legislature would not involve much difficulty. The House of Lords, as one chamber of it, would equally be available for the Federal Legislature as for the ordinary Legislature of Great Britain. There is nothing to prevent persons who may reside in the colonies from being called to the peerage, and already many peers possess considerable colonial estates. The House of Commons, as the House of Commons for Great Britain, should not be disturbed. It is a question very important, but which need not be decided at the moment of confederation, whether the Federal Lower Chamber should be the House of Commons plus the colonial representatives, or whether the Federal representatives of Great Britain should be distinctly and separately selected. The Imperial Parliament, until the Federal Parliament grew into being, should, as it now is, be superior, and the Government of the United Kingdom would be the executive of the Confederate Empire. There are two familiar instances of exceptional representation that show how easily particular

requirements can be dealt with. In the French Legislature the colonies of France are represented; in the House of Representatives of the United States, territories are allowed to be represented by delegates.

The measure of confederacy, then, which we advocate, is a declaration that the colonies are inseparably portions and provinces of Great Britain; that all parts of the Empire should contribute to the cost and maintenance of the fleet; and that, in course of time, as the importance of the outlying dominions warrants it, all parts of the Empire shall be represented in the Federal Legislature; and that, in the meanwhile, the Colonies be represented at a Board (or Council) of Advice to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Many references have already been made to the advantages the colonies would enjoy from federation, while it has not been concealed that possibly they may, to some extent, think that their independence has been so guaranteed that they have the right to complain of its being denied to them. But it is to be supposed they would be consulted during the passage of the measure; and, whatever the hopes held out to them, they are not entitled to set up the result of the machinations of a few statesmen against the wishes of the vast masses of the people. And the colonies have much to gain. There will be preserved to them a national feeling —a desire to be great amongst the great, not amongst the little, to be parts of a powerful Empire instead of being powerless independent countries. They will save themselves from the risks of small States—the risk of external wars with countries like themselves, or internecine wars as various parties in the State energetically try to assert the supreme control. Nor will the colonies be pecuniarily losers. Against the actual contributions they would make might be set the increased value of colonial securities and colonial property already mentioned. They might indeed regard their payments as premiums of insurance on their possessions, which in consequence of such payments would be more than proportionately increased in value.

And what does confederation mean to Great Britain? It means that, instead of sinking into a small money-loving State—a second Holland—she is to retain in her own dominion her subjects and their wealth and not to drive them abroad. The enterprise of her people is to be devoted to enlarging the power of their country, instead of diminishing it by becoming the subjects of other nations. The trade which she is losing as other nations are able to supply themselves with their own manufactures, she will more than regain through the wants of millions of her people dwelling within her various dominions which she will have to satisfy. She will look forward, not to declining trade, but to its unlimited increase. For the great mass of her population, the toiling millions, she will retain the possessions which will open to them and their children and children's children the means of rising to distinction and wealth if their ambition so prompts them. The most powerful of nations, with irresistible naval armaments, she will be able to stay war. The pauperism of the country will be reduced by the increased demand for labour; and portions of the British possessions, which are now wildernesses, will be covered with useful works and teem with prosperous communities.

The endeavour has been made to show in this paper—

1. The unsatisfactory nature of the relations between the mother-country and the colonies.

2. The urgent necessity for doing something to arrest the disintegration towards which progress is being made.

3. That a union, depending upon the pleasure, for the time being, of the different parts of the Empire, means separation sooner or later.

4. That, under the union-during-pleasure condition, much is being done to hasten separation.

5. That the mother-country is entitled to retain and consolidate her possessions.

6. That confederation is desirable, and would be fraught with advantage both to the parent country and the colonies in the shape of increased trade, increased value of property, the augmented happiness of the people, and the saving of much misery and disaster.

7. That its accomplishment does not present great difficulties.

—*The Nineteenth Century.*

THE POETRY OF SHELLEY.

IN this age of practical effort, in which thought assumes materialistic and concrete forms, and science seems altogether predominant, we must not be forgetful of those great problems of the soul, which, though ever eluding satisfactory analysis, are all the more fascinating and alluring; nor of the valuable help in their solution to be derived from those men of clear insight, profound intellect, and humanitarian sympathies—the poets of our own and of past ages. The works which Percy Bysshe Shelley has left to us should be dear and precious as a rich heritage of thought and emotion such as few have been capable of expressing; fewer still capable of expressing in such tones of varied sweetness, beauty, and passionate strength. His life has been much condemned because parts of it were inconsistent with the universal position assumed by Christian belief; the tendency of his aspirations been often misunderstood; his purposes and motives even coarsely misjudged; yet no one has ever denied to him power of intellect and perception, nor failed to attribute to him the characteristics of a true artist, and of a nature animated and brightened by the divine light of genius.

Lucian, when giving counsel to one who, though ignorant of art, was aspiring for fame, exclaimed sharply: 'Should *you* presume to climb Parnassus, the muses, instead of presenting you with a laurel-branch, would whip you with rods!' Our English Parnassus has different altitudes of dignity and honor—the mountain crests are not *all* golden in the sun. Shelley's ascent was glorious and swift, but weariness, pain, and premature death opposed him ere he reached the cloudless summit. But he won the laurel branch, and is a poet crowned among men.

Margaret Fuller says, that he who surrenders himself to the magnetic power of Shelley's genius, must 'not expect to be satisfied, but rest content with being stimulated.' While reading his poetry there is indeed an impression given of either reserved or undeveloped power, equalling or surpassing that of any other poet of modern times. We know it is there, whether in conscious or unconscious possession; hence we cannot fail to regret the premature death which prevented its complete and definite manifestation. It would be impossible to calculate the gain to the world if the treacherous, stormy waves of the Bay of Spezzia had not closed over his bright young life on that fatal 8th of July, 1822.

There is a mystical, abstruse element in the poetry of Shelley, the 'threads of rare and subtle thoughts'* are so fine, so 'rapidly interwoven,' as to make their meaning often obscure, sometimes unintelligible. This should not preclude investigation, nor invite arrogant reproof. It is always necessary to carefully distinguish between the obscurity in the "mind of a reader from that in the mind or mode of expression of a poet.' If there are, in a poem, dark depths in which we can see neither light, form, nor color, we should be at first willing to attribute this unfortunate condition to faults in our own perception. A Scotch woman, when asked if she understood the sermon she was very highly praising, replied, 'Wad I ha'e the presomption to onderstand it?' With very appreciable modification such humility as this should be imitated. While not giving up our independent judgment, we should be careful to eliminate from our mode of criticism, all pride of heart and presumption of intellect.

Coleridge affirms that an author is obscure when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, inappropriate, or involved. Now, it is indisputable that Shelley formed tangible, vivid conceptions of the abstract objects so fascinating to his intellectual vision, and as clearly as mortal man can define, he has defined the nature of these ideas and objects. Nevertheless, he often fails to make them concrete and real to our less delicate and sensitive intelligence. They are often

* Shelley's Letter to Maria Gisborne.

seen through a 'sunset-tinted haziness,' or by means of a ghostly, shadowy moonlight. The cause of this must be indicated further on. It is owing more to unfortunate choice of objects and ideas than to unskilful or inappropriate use of language.

The poetical faculty is undoubtedly the highest endowment of man. It is that intellectual power which intuitively apprehends those principles which lie beyond the grasp of sense and understanding. The surface of things—phenomena only—are revealed in visible action; the substance or inner nature is hidden. These appearances are ephemeral, fugitive, and brief: the spiritual meaning of that which abides, immutable and permanent, is what the poet must seize by means of the 'vision and the faculty divine.' It is his prerogative alone to see as far as mortal can into the open secret of the universe.

Shelley's discernment is often exquisitely accurate; his genius, peculiarly sensitive to spiritual influences, pierces beneath the shows of things to the essential principle of which they are composed, and submits these to the 'desires of the mind.' Therefore his poetry 'doth raise and erect the mind by having some participation of divineness.'*

Moreover, the investment in symbols of these spiritual truths (as, in the limited range of language, is necessary) must be attractive in symmetry and luminous with beauty. Poetic diction is only secondary to poetic insight. Devoid of one, poetry is dull and unimpassioned; without the other it is but a glittering and brilliant disappointment.

Now, the prevailing quality of Shelley's poetry is beauty—beauty of rhythm, of expression, and of thought. And the nature of this beauty is such that it is not always at first perceptible, it being neither superficial nor external. As the morning sunbeams had to fall on the statue of Memnon at Thebes in order to call forth the divine harmony, at other times silent and unheard, so must the poetry of Shelley be illuminated by an interpretive and sympathetic criticism, in order that the exquisite beauty clustering around the expression of every thought may be perceived in its fullness. Then its 'mystical charm' will exert an influence before unfelt, neither fugitive nor capable of producing weariness,—an influence like those deep-hearted 'Songs without Words' of Mendelssohn—the harmony often hidden away in intricate passages, once discovered and interpreted by a kindred mind, through his whole nature awakening echoes which—

> 'Pierce the sense
> And *live* within the soul.'*

The complex sweetness and harmony of the rhythm of Shelley's poetry indeed constitutes its chief charm. There is a witchery of enchantment in the musical arrangement of mere words and sounds even considered apart from the thoughts or conceptions embodied in them. Of all forms and variations of metre (and these invariably suit the ideas aad emotions expressed, and change and vary as they change), from the common ballad stanza to the stately, majestic stanza of Spencer, Shelley has proved himself a perfect master. In every poem he is a true architect—'builds the lofty rhyme' with apparently no flaw in the workmanship, and moulds sentences which for their captivating rhyme and delicate imagery, make us almost spring to our feet in the sudden surprise and joy of satisfied desire. And there is nothing about his language either forced, turgid, or constrained. It is like a cascade, rolling and tumbling in glad and joyous freedom, over the rocks in a far-off mountain glen.

If an attempt were made to select examples of this wonderful power which Shelley, as a poet, possesses, the greater portion of his poems quoted would be the result. Adonais, Alastor, The Revolt of Islam, and all of his odes, vibrate with rich, well-sustained melody; while the lyrics in Hellas aud Prometheus Unbound. have all the rhythmic music and beauty of the old Greek choruses. His poetry

> 'Is a perpetual Orphic song
> Which rules with Dædal harmony a throng
> Of thoughts and forms which else senseless and shapeless were.'†

We spoke of symmetry. It is a correlative term for perfectness, unity of idea and purpose—the essential and distinguishing quality of a work of art. However at-

* Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

* Prometheus Unbound.
† Prometheus Unbound.

tractive a poem may be, teeming with great thoughts or majestic with eloquence, if it has no unity of design or aim, if the poet wanders wherever his fancy beckons him, if he follows remote associations, or transfers to his pages brilliant metaphors not suggested directly by his subject, nor valuable except for their independent beauty—his poem is not a work of art.

Though the characteristics of a true artist have not been denied to Shelley, he has not in every instance given us perfect works of art. Not in all of his poems are we conscious of this undeviating purpose. His subject, instead of being moulded as a whole, in order to impart a complete, unbroken impression, is made up of brilliant parts not always harmoniously allied. As an instance, take the Revolt of Islam—that glorious word-structure built of wood and gold, rubbish and diamonds, in about equal proportions.* Half the time we cannot tell at what the poet is aiming; his thoughts too often drift into cross-currents, and thus lose half their impetus and force. Then comes every now and then a vivid description or magnificent burst of eloquence, which arrests, enchants, and chains the mind.

According to the nature of a poet's imagination, is this impression of constructive harmony given. It must not only be comprehensive, but compact; modified by a discriminative judgment, and trained to habits of self-denial. Shelley's imagination is certainly comprehensive, wide-reaching, soars even into the empyrean itself; but it is not always well-balanced—in perfect equilibrium with the rest of his intellectual faculties. Always kingly and magisterial, it is sometimes despotic.

It is this imaginative power which, more than his discernment of hidden meanings, more than his power as an artist, more even than his skilful use of the most captivating language—makes his poetry the rich treasure we believe it to be. To say that his imagination is vivid and strong, but expresses a half-truth; to say that it is brilliant and magnificent, as well as vivid and strong, is inadequate praise. It is brilliant and magnificent, even to excess; diffuses its light on objects, emotions, and thoughts, in such profusion, that the eye is dazzled by the sparkle and flash of his splendid metaphors.

Too much imagery embarrasses the clear expression of conviction, and is sometimes a mere artifice to conceal its absence. Shelley had no such poverty to ignobly disguise. During his life, his nature was in a condition of continual enthusiastic fervour for the welfare and happiness of humanity. Always devising plans for the most rapid attainment of that happiness, his opinions and beliefs in regard to human nature and destiny (themes the most fascinating to poets) could not be otherwise than sincere, profound, and well thought out. The desire to diffuse these opinions, and thus influence men universally was, as Mrs. Shelley tells us, the master passion of his soul; but often he has failed to embody them in a form which produces immediate and irresistible conviction on the part of the reader. He has 'ulterior visions' which allure the mind away from the main line of thought. But the images, the metaphors by which Shelley adorns his poetry, considered by themselves, are subtle and delicate as well as fresh, spontaneous, and original, and as beauteous as his matchless imagination could conceive. Take this: he is speaking of man, 'a traveller from the cradle to the grave through the dim night of this immortal day:'

All things confess his strength. Thro' the cold mass,
Of marble and of color his dreams pass;
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes their children wear.*

. . . . . .

So we sate joyous as the morning ray
Which fed upon the wrecks of night and storm
Now lingering on the winds.†

. . . . . .

Twilight o'er the east wove her *serenest* wreath.†

. . . . . .

Linger where the pebble-paven shore
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy,§

. . . . . .

'Even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height, are seen
The locks of the approaching storm.‖

. . . . . .

'Evening came on,
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues
High mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray;
Twilight ascending slowly from the east
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks

* 'A long and labyrinthine maze.' (Revolt of Islam).

* Prometheus. † Revolt of Islam § Epipsychidion. ‖ To the West Wind.

O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;
Night followed, clad with stars.'*

. . . . . .

'The One remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly ;
Life like a dome of many coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity
Until death tramples it to fragments.'†

. . . . . .

'Bacon's eagle spirit . . . leapt
Like lightning out of darkness—he compelled
The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept
To wake, and lead him to the caves that held
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.‡

. . . . . .

'The earth and ocean seem
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all that we
Read in their smiles, and call reality.'§

But the greatest triumph of his imagination is shown by his power to give form and color to abstract ideas, and to express in tangible speech what is inexpressible by the most persevering efforts of the other intellectual faculties. Observe how he treats this bare abstract idea—Time flies. Asia and Panthea are watching the brilliant approach of the Spirit of the Hour. The former speaks—

'Through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds
Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :
Others with burning eyes, lean forth and *drink*
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before
And now, even now they clasped it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all
Sweep onward.'‖

Contrast with this the image which Beatrice Cenci employs to express her impatience :

'How slow
Behind the course of thought, even sick with speed
Lags leaden-footed time.'

Now just one quotation, in which the 'most inexpressible of all sweet emotions is shaped into a palpable form.' Asia, one of the Oceanides, has heard the voice of a spirit in the air, and she exclaims in sudden rapture :

'My soul is an enchanted boat which like a sleeping swan doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;
And thine doth like an angel sit beside the helm conducting it,
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing . . .
We have passed Age's icy caves, and Manhood's dark and tossing waves,
And Youth's smooth ocean smiling to betray ;
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee of shadow-peopled Infancy,
Through death and birth, to a diviner day ;
A paradise of vaulted bowers, lit by downward-gazing flowers,
And watery paths . . . peopled by shapes too bright to see,
And *rest, having beheld ;* somewhat like thee ;
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously !'*

Shelley's fine intellect takes thoughts and shadows of thoughts which flit through some minds unembodied, scarcely caught by consciousness, and clothes them in words of great beauty and delicate grace :

'From these create he can, forms more real than living man,—
Nurslings of immortality.'*

If these forms to us are vague and indistinct, it is because our imagination is neither subtle nor fine enough to appreciate his.

Measureless thanks are due to this poet for the charm which he has thrown over familiar ideas also, by linking to them the 'most profound and recondite analogies.' Inexhaustible material for contemplative study in *every* record of the flight of his imagination, although it does sometimes soar to heights beyond the range of ordinary experience, into an atmosphere too pure and rare for common lungs to endure. And yet his own breathing-powers are in enviably sound condition,—the wings of his Pegasus are tireless and strong. He comes back from this empyrean laden with 'news.' Our own loss if these escape our grasp through indolence, impatience, or caprice.

Next to Shelley's imagination, his descriptive power deserves attention. He gazed on clouds and skies, mountains and landscapes, with intense appreciation, his heart vibrating with rapturous delight. In fact,

'Nature's most secret steps
He, like her shadow, pursued.'*

She was ever to him wondrous, mysterious in all her loveliness ; hence, his perpetual companion, an object for his most affectionate study, until

*Alastor. †Adonais. ‡Triumph of Life. §Epipsychidion. ‖Prometheus.

* Prometheus.

'Meaning on his mind
Flashed like strong inspiration.'*

Then, because the poetic instincts within him were strong,

'The majestic theme
Shrined in his heart, found utterance.'†

Though he shows a passionate love for Nature, a deep sympathy with her varying forms, the tendency of his sensitive taste is to exclude from contemplation what is repulsive and commonplace, and fasten itself on the beautiful, the majestic and sublime. But it is not alone sensuous, material beauty which Shelley so intensely loves. This suggests that higher kind of beauty which relates to the intellect and to the spirit, personified by his creative imagination into—

'The awful shadow of some unseen Power
That flits, though unseen, among us—
Spirit of beauty that doth consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form.'‡

He loves this because of its very mysteriousness, because it transcends nature, while at the same time the source of its most fascinating charm. He determines he will dedicate his powers to its service, will believe in it as the ruling inspiration of his poetry :

'Have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatched with me the *envious* night;
They know that never joy illumined my brow
Unlinked with hope that thou would'st free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful Loveliness,
Would'st give whate'er these words cannot express.'‡

Indeed, Shelley has announced his sympathy with Nature, and his apprehension of her spiritual meaning, with such vividness and eager enthusiasm, has so 'freely personified her forms and phenomena,' as to be charged with Pantheism. Belief in this fascinating heresy is not an anomaly in literature. Of it there are faint but many traces in Goethe; even Wordsworth is not free from the stain. To investigate Shelley's theological opinions does not lie within the limits of this paper, wide, withal interesting investigation as this would be. Suffice it to dismiss this charge by saying that whatever portion of the system he adopted, was idealized. A 'logical Pantheist' he certainly was not; his belief was a mere metaphysical reverie, coloured by the brilliant hues of his own poetical fancy. He worshipped beauty,—many times because so absorbed in its contemplation as almost to lose consciousness of his own individuality; he worshipped Nature, no doubt believed her to be infinite, coeval with God, although it is not probable he intimately concerned himself with the great problem of the evolution of matter or of its resolution into the Divine Essence.

As a descriptive poet, Shelley is not national like Wordsworth. His restless life in England and early departure for the Continent prevented this. But his life abroad, most of all in Italy, opened to him visions of enchantment and delight especially suited to his intense, passionate nature. The Valley of Chamouni; Mont Blanc and its surrounding peaks, with all the majestic grandeur of their scenery; the Euganean Hills from which is visible that 'sun-girt city, Venice, its temples and its palaces like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven:' are vividly and powerfully described in language picturesque and highly charged with imagination; while for Italy's 'sapphire-tinted skies,' her sublime storms, sunrise, with its cloud and mist—'a heaven-sustaining bulwark,' and sunset—

'When half the sky
Is roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grows
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold.'

For such scenes he has a fine sensibility, and the hand of a master is seen in his treatment of them all.

But his minute observation of minute objects is especially worthy of note. He not only glories in the white-crested mountains, in wide expansive landscapes; but affectionately studies the changing lights and colours caused by sunbeams shining in a drop of water, or the varying hues of the flowers which nestle in the shade far up the mountain-side. Ah, Shelley! thy

'Heart didst ever beat
In mystic sympathy'

with *all* which is fair and beautiful and divine.

* Alastor. † Revolt of Islam.
‡ Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.

'Alastor,' of all Shelley's poems, is perhaps the best exponent of his genius, inasmuch as it contains in almost equal proportions all the elements which make it what it is. The diction has all the charm of his later poetry; the imagination is soaring, daring, magnificent; the thoughts delicate, subtle, and profound; but for its felicity in description is it to be most valued. The description of Alastor's voyage, beginning

> 'The day was fair and sunny: sea and sky
> Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind
> Swept strongly from the shore,'

is too long to quote, but we wish to call special attention to it as representative of Shelley's peculiar power.

Note also the whole of the first canto of the 'Revolt of Islam.' It starts off with this beautiful picture of a retiring storm. The thunder had burst in loud peals, and 'darkness more dread than night was *poured* upon the ground;' then came a pause of calm:

> 'For where the irresistible storm had cloven
> That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen
> Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven
> Most delicately, and the ocean green,
> Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,
> Quivered like burning emerald: calm was spread
> On all below; but far on high, between
> Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,
> Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.
>
> Forever as the war became more fierce
> Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,
> *That spot grew more serene:* blue light did pierce
> The woof of those white clouds, which seemed to lie
> Far, deep, and motionless; while through the sky
> The pallid semicircle of the moon
> Past on, in slow and moving majesty;
> Its upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon
> But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.'

To see Shelley's versatility, compare with this the simple description of the road leading to the Castle of Petrella, where Count Cenci was murdered. Beatrice is speaking:

> 'But I remember
> Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
> Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
> And winds with short turns down the precipice;
> And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
> Which has from unimaginable years,
> Sustained itself with terror and with toil
> Over a gulf, and with the *agony*
> With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
> Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
> Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging, leans;
> And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
> In which it fears to fall: beneath this crag
> Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
> The melancholy mountain yawns—below,
> You hear but see not an impetuous torrent
> Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
> Crosses the chasm; and high alone there grow
> With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
> Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
> Is matted in one solid roof of shade
> By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
> 'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.'

You perceive that these descriptions, these pictures are not mere transcripts of Nature—there is in them an ideal as well as a real element. Here, as everywhere, Shelley's imagination works tirelessly. And this is not being untrue to Nature. You are wrong if you think the poet misrepresents reality. True, his taste exercises choice,* his imagination creates combinations from some elements and excludes others, but it defines and brings before us the true meaning of each material object,—into which hidden meaning a poet, of all men, we said, has alone an eye of sufficient keenness to penetrate. In as far as we grasp his definitions, understand his interpretations, and accept his announcements as true, do we share in the intense emotion with which the sublime or the beautiful inspires him.

In common with many poets who with him are called subjective, Shelley not only delineates what lies visibly before him, what his memory reproduces or his imagination creates, but he tells us what effect it has upon his own mind or the minds of those represented as witnessing the scenery. He is not always self-forgetful, obtrudes self in the midst of the loveliness and wonderful mystery of Nature; hence much of its interest is made subservient to the power of associated thought. He confesses this himself in that noble apostrophe to Mont Blanc:

> 'And when I gaze on thee
> I seem as in a trance sublime and strange
> To muse on my own separate fantasy.
> My own, my human mind which passively
> Now renders and receives fast influencings,
> Holding an unremitting interchange
> With the clear universe of things around.'

And this is not all. He even is so subjective (*i. e.* abstractly subjective) as to look at Nature as sharing man's moods, as having an almost human participation in his griefs and desolation of heart. Nature, with its varied aspects, is made typical of human

* Of descriptions other than those quoted are we speaking.

experience. For instance, Alastor, in pursuit of the ideal for which he at last sacrifices his life, comes to a little rivulet which flows through the forest:

'Sometimes it fell
Among the moss, with hollow harmony
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced: *like childhood, laughing as it went:*
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud
That overhung its quietness.'

Observe the imagination displayed here: when the stream falls on the moss the harmony of its flow is hollow; on the stones it dances in the sunlight *like childhood laughing;* then as it *creeps* through the plain, the waters are so tranquil that they reflect surrounding objects. But to come to the point. Alastor pauses on the bank and thoughtfully exclaims:

'O stream
Whose source is *inaccessibly profound,*
Whither do thy *mysterious* waters tend?
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,
Thy dazzling waves, . . . thy searchless fountain
And invisible course, have each their type in me.'

Notice also, in Adonais, that grief because of the death of Keats has made the

'Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she autumn were,
Or they dead leaves, since her delight is flown . . .
. . . . . The lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain.
. . . . . .
And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.'

In 'Prometheus Unbound,' all things,—earth, ocean, even personified phenomena—sympathize in the affliction and terrible punishment which has overwhelmed the proud Titan. The eagle-baffling mountain to his sad, despairing eyes is black, wintry, dead, and he exclaims bitterly:

'I ask the Earth, have not the mountains *felt?*
. . . . . The sea in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow spread below,
Have its waves not heard my agony?'

And when, on the fall of Jove, Prometheus is at last unbound, everything sympathises in the joy and feels the influence of the new life. For instance, the Earth exclaims: 'It' (that is the joy, the blessing which has now become universal and widespread):—

'It interpenetrates my granite mass,
Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass
Into the utmost leaves and delicatest flowers:
Upon the winds, among the clouds 'tis spread.'

Whether Shelley so far imputes to Nature qualities arising from the peculiar condition of his own mind, as to be often betrayed into the use of the 'Pathetic Fallacy,' is an interesting question.'* To avoid this fault, not only accuracy of perception is necessary, but well-sustained control of one's feelings. The ocean tossed into broken waves by wind and storm cannot form a perfect and truthful shadow of the clouds hurrying across the sky. Shelley's heart was often swept by emotions he could not control; even more than his imagination they overpowered his reason; he soared at the bidding of impulse, or because the passion (the inspiration) of the moment was impetuously strong. That της θειας μανιας, that godlike frenzy or divine transport of the old Greeks is manifest, in large measure, in his poetry. It makes it impassioned, warmly glowing, and instinct with life. Hear Plato's tribute to its value: 'Whoso knocks at the door of Poesy untouched with frenzy — fondly persuading himself that art alone can make him a thorough poet—neither he nor his works will ever attain perfection; but are destined, for all their cold propriety, to be eclipsed by the effusions of the inspired madman.'†

We call Shelley subjective, say he was not self-forgetful; and yet there were times when the life in Nature became so interpenetrated with his own—his being absorbed into its mysterious beauty, that his own separate personal feelings were lost to view. The lines written among the Euganean Hills, commencing:

'Noon descends around me now: 'tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist like a vaporous amethyst,'

confirm this assertion. From such poetry we should be unable to divine the poet's individual traits, the nature of his personality; human emotion does not alter the scenery or even affect it in the slightest degree. But this is not characteristic of Shelley's poetry as a whole. He most often saw objects by the light of his own heart. If that heart was sad and desolate, 'burdened with the weight of the superincumbent hour,'‡ these material objects appeared different than if he had been joyous. Yet

* *Vide* Ruskin's Modern Painters, vol. iii.
† Phædrus. ‡ Adonais.

observe, that whenever there are fallacies in his representations, they are always 'pathetic,' and as such, always noble:

> 'He wrought from his own fervid heart
> The *eloquence* of passion.'*

But it is not to the description of natural objects that Shelley's genius is confined. He is almost equally skilful in pourtraying events and external conditions; also the most subtle and delicate emotions of the soul. Notice the remarkably vivid descriptions of battles scattered through 'the Revolt of Islam;' the slaughter of the rebels; the approach of Cythna on the 'black, tartarian horse of giant frame;' of Laon's mental delirium consequent upon solitary confinement; the struggle between the Eagle and Serpent, unsurpassed in magnificence and startling power.

Then, for proof of his felicity in delineating emotion, read 'Julian and Maddalo,' 'The Triumph of Life,' 'The Sensitive Plant,' and 'Epipsychidion.' In the analysis and expression of emotion he is intensely psychological, in fact sometimes too abstract and ideal: here as everywhere, his wonderful imagination lives and works.

We have briefly noticed how Shelley deals with the 'poetry of Nature:' how does he treat the poetry of man? The interests and welfare of men lay very near to his heart; he regarded them as members of one universal brotherhood, and to make them believe this truth for themselves, enjoy and trust in it as one of their best blessings, was perhaps the noblest motive of his poetry. Oppression, wrong, despotism, as being the outgrowth of ignorance of and unbelief in this great truth, stirred all the fiery passions of his heart into action; and poem after poem was written, song after song was sung, in order to bring men back to a condition of loving fellowship. Perhaps 'Prometheus Unbound' is one of the sublimest poems ever written for this object. 'In it there is an elevation and sweep of idea, a breadth of conception, illuminated by flashes of swift-piercing thoughts,' although the imagery is a fairy-web of gossamer texture, sometimes intangible, and always shadowy. If the poem were only instinct with *dramatic* genius, it would be much more universally read—its aim and meaning more intelligible.

When Shelley tried to create characters, M. Taine says he 'only produced unsubstantial phantoms.' What reality to us have Ahasuerus, Laon, Cythna, or even Prometheus himself? Take away the accessories of the poems—the gorgeous, beauteous imagery; the wealth of opinion on politics, love, and Nature—and what remains? Certainly not living men and women whose personal traits we can grasp, in whose natural vitality we can believe.

Shelley has not the majestic simplicity, the pathos, nor yet the vigorous dramatic strength of Æschylus. By Æschylus the terrible sufferings which Prometheus endures—sufferings which only a god could support and not sink under their accumulated weight—are described with a vivid sense of reality, an intense participation, an imaginative insight into the very depths of the brave Titan's heart,—and *we* live and suffer with him. Shelley's Prometheus is cold, abstract, far removed from our spontaneous sympathies; we only realize that he must be overwhelmed by the voices of the multitudinous spirits, furies, and personified earth-forms, which perpetually surround him. It was almost impossible for Shelley to entirely merge himself into the minds of his human-creations; he looked at man 'speculatively, from the point of view of the intellect.' Æschylus projected himself into the mind and heart of his subject, and for that reason his Prometheus is more real and lifelike.

In Shelley's poems we see, in almost every case, that man himself it made subordinate to Shelley's opinions about man and his happiness (very didactically expressed), or to the natural scenes surrounding him. He has not the foreground of the picture; he is put in the poem to witness the landscape, to describe its imaginative meaning, or to be a passive mouthpiece for the utterance of the poet's mystical abstractions. When Shelley restrained his controversial, argumentative tendencies, and became less didactic; when he tried to avoid 'diffuseness, generality, and vagueness,'* he produced such a work as 'The Cenci,' by many considered the best trage-

* Julian and Maddalo.

* Preface to Cenci.

dy of modern times. But even here there is a lack of spontaneous life, an aspect of unreality or perhaps unnatural reality about the delineation of every character except that of Beatrice; *she* stands out in clear, well-defined outline and as beautiful as a Greek statue, in fact one of the finest creations in all modern art. It shows of what Shelley was capable; and when we think of this wonderful knowledge of human passion displayed at the age of twenty-six, we wonder what kind of dramatic work his later years would have produced. Perchance he would have reached the cloudless summit of Parnassus.

But it is not for the dramatic element in his works that he is now to be honoured; he has drawn little from those sources of 'interest which incident and situation supply,'—hence it is not as a dramatic, nor yet as an epic, but as a lyric poet that he should be accorded the most unreserved praise; and partly because in most of his lyrics he has given us perfect works of art. Seer though he be, peering into the 'open secret of the Universe,' to most men entirely secret, never open, he yet is still more a Bard, singing rapt songs for our delight.

His genius was essentially lyrical and he could not escape from its control. 'Queen Mab,' 'Prometheus,' 'Hellas,' are lyric dramas; only in the Cenci has he given us a legitimate drama. His 'singing robes' are never doffed; the gems which adorn them never grow tarnished or dim—they sparkle and flash as though sunbeams ever shone through them. Though like his own skylark he 'singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singeth,' even beyond the limits of our insensitive hearing, there are in all literature no lyrics which surpass those of Shelley, but few which in any measure equal them:

> 'Orphic songs indeed—
> Songs divine of high and passionate thoughts
> To their own music chanted.' *

He who cannot appreciate and delight in such lyrics as 'The Cloud,' 'The Skylark,' and all of his odes, especially that 'To the West Wind,' has little perception of the true beauty of poetry, indeed cannot with any truth fancy himself in possession of fine perceptions at all. His ear is so dulled by the loud, discordant chatter of earthly voices, that it cannot catch these delicate, ethereal notes of this most musical, most ethereal of poets whose whole life was one of wondrous rhythmic inspiration.

Owing to the natural bent of Shelley's mind towards the contemplation of abstruse, mystical subjects, and born of his intense desire to solve the problems which life presented to him—to penetrate into the enigmas and mysteries of the universe, there is a philosophical and speculative element in his poetry which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the thoughtful reader.

The habit of investigating metaphysical puzzles is often detrimental to the highest excellence in art. Shelley's temperament and imagination saved him from becoming unpoetical. With all his philosophy he was undoubtedly the most 'essential poet,' except perhaps Keats, among all his contemporaries. That fine order of intellect which can discriminate the faintest distinctions between ideas, or even between different phases of the same idea; which can evolve the most delicate subtleties of thought, is not antithetical with depth of passion or accurate perception and sympathetic appreciation of the outward world.

Shelley was blind to the fact that logical processes are not the only instrument for the attainment of truth. That the search for absolute truth founded on uncontrovertible *demonstration* proved unavailing, the keys which unlock these mysteries seemingly flung by fate beyond the reach of his eager grasp, was one of the many causes of his religious scepticism. His soul was never steadfast in one unalterable and comforting faith, it was ever the subject of trouble, restless change, and doubt—feverishly, impetuously longing for and seeking in Nature, in his friends, in his own beautiful mind, that which alone can be found in God.

With such a temperament, faith was absolutely essential for happiness. Yet he despised faith and ascribed to its influence the sorrows and afflictions which result solely because humanity has become alienated from the Infinite Father—who is all-powerful to help His suffering children.

Thus, because Shelley excluded from his life all companionship with God, he could not, alone and unaided, attain the high ideal for which he ceaselessly aspired. His

* Coleridge.

disappointment and failure; the insufficiency of all things earthly, however sublime and lovely, to satisfy his boundless needs, but fostered that natural tendency towards a deep-hearted sadness which his poetry so clearly reveals. But although Shelley often writes of his own disappointment and pain, it is done in a manly, sincere way; he does not obtrude himself unpleasantly; the shadows are relieved by flashes of brightness, the sepulchre is decked with fairest flowers. Perhaps the saddest poem of modern times is the last one Shelley ever wrote—'The Triumph of Life.' The poet is baffled by mystery, heartsick, and hopeless. Life is a mockery, a shadowy, deceptive phantom; all things first charm and attract us, but their beauty and grace soon wane, leaving as our only possession, disappointment, bitter, useless, irreparable. Then that touchingly sad description of himself as coming to the bier of the dead Keats :—

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's-wilderness;
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

'A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—
A love *in desolation masked*;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.'

'Of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart,
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's dart.'*

This sadness without hope, this weariness of soul with no trust in the possibility of Divine relief, makes Shelley's poetry, with all its intellectual depth and range, its energy and intensity of passion, with all its splendor of language, its grace of rhythm, 'a thing in which we feel there is some hidden want.'†

* Adonais; cantos xxxi-xxxiii.
† To a Skylark.

Because in this matter of religion we cannot trust this poet as we should like to trust all poets, we must not shun his poetry. The good we should then miss would far exceed the evil we desire to avoid. There is a tone of sincerity in all he wrote, which creates, or ought to create, charity for the man's errors and lamentable falsities of doctrine.

In this paper it will be impossible to discuss the moral influence of the poetry of Shelley. There are depths of greatness and nobleness in life, in thought, in action, which he did not fathom, perhaps scarcely conceived of; yet the direct tendency of his works, though not always healthful, is certainly not pernicious. Though his perception of moral distinctions is not as clear as Wordsworth's, he does not gild vice like Byron, or sing the charms of selfish sensual indulgence like Moore. He wished freedom, purity, and self-denying love to be blessings of universal experience, although he erred in his judgment of the means for the attainment of these conditions. Many of his schemes for the reformation of society, contrary to religion as they are, are still so visionary and unpractical, so extremely ideal, there is little danger of their being adopted by any reader, howsoever enthusiastic and credulous he be. They are valuable now historically—only as they indicate the mental and moral influence which Shelley breathed. What could be nobler than this ending to his greatest work, 'Prometheus Unbound.' This is the 'moral' of the poem :

'To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than day or night;
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter;
This like thy glory, Titan! is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!'

Yet no mention of faith, of *progressive* love to God. He is spoken of as the Power which *seems* omnipotent, which we are to defy.

We have been able to designate but a few of Shelley's multiform characteristics, which make his poetry the rich and precious heritage it is :—A strong, high-soaring imagination; an intense sympathy with Nature, and in most cases an accurate perception of her spiritual meaning; a sensibility alive to the most delicate and subtle

emotions; an intellect capable of embodying in beautiful forms the most evanescent and abstract ideas; and a wealth of language unsurpassed for its ease, varied music, and majestic eloquence.

We close by quoting his elegy on the death of Alastor:

'Thou art fled
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams—ah! thou hast fled!
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,
The child of grace and genius. Heartless things
Are said and done in the world; and mighty earth
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,
In vesper low or joyous orison,
Lifts still its solemn voice:—but though art fled—
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes
Of this phantasmal scene, who *have to thee*
Been purest ministers . . . . . .
It is a 'woe too deep for tears' when all
Is reft at once, when some *surpassing Spirit*
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
It dark.'

F. LOUISE MORSE.

SUNSHINE.

I STOOD where the chequered shadows fell
Across the narrow lane,
And through the blooming hedge-row watched
The sun shine o'er the plain.

The sunbeams touched the ripening corn,
And flashed upon the rills,
And swept across the waving grass,
And lit the distant hills.

The ruddy gleam, like shafts of fire,
Shone through the autumn wood;
But still, the chequered shadows fell
Upon me where I stood:—

'Emblem of life, and joy, and hope,
Oh summer sun,' I cried,
'I see thy golden glory fall
On all the world beside.

'My path alone is dark and sad,
Grant me one cheering ray
To pierce the overhanging gloom
And cheer my lonely way.'

I heard a gentle footstep come
Behind me in the lane,
And turned to meet and greet my love,
And breathed that prayer again.

As, through the opening gates of dawn
The first bright sunbeams dart,
So flashed her answering smile, and fell
Like sunshine on my heart.

And still, whene'er the chequered shades
Across our pathway come,
Her loving smile hath power to make
The sunshine of our home.

W. S. MARTIN.

ANCIENT AND MODERN AZTECS.

THE unpleasant contrast between fact and fancy is nowhere more strikingly presented to the mind than in the grand old Mexico of history, and the Mexico recently seen by the writer. Prescott's story is a delightful dream, begotten of the excited fancies floating through the minds of the Spanish adventurers of the sixteenth century, and perpetuated in tales entitled to the same historical credibility as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. A practical knowledge of the character and disposition of the nineteenth century Aztecs, leaves the most vivid modern imagination utterly unable to realize that they have descended from anything but very ordinary barbarians. To a people living in a state of nature, the lovely climate of Mexico would naturally give the original Aztecs many and great advantages over their northern brethren ; but that they had attained to anything like the degree of civilization claimed on their behalf is entirely beyond the bounds of reasonable probability. It must be remembered that our ideas of ancient Aztec civilization are derived entirely from Spanish sources ; and when we consider that to this day the Spanish intellect is peculiarly fervid, glowing, and unpractical, it is easy to understand how the romantic adventurers of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella came to describe the new world and its people in the highly exaggerated language that has gained acceptance for historical truth. To every person of extended experience in life a feeling of disappointmeut must come when brought face to face with the reality of the world's wonders, of which a previous idea had been formed from reading. Fancy always outstrips the truth, and raises up in the mind such pleasant pictures of greatness, that it is almost a pity to step in and destroy the illusion. If the grand old Mexico of history ever existed in reality, it has left but few traces behind to indicate such a fact to the critical intelligence of the present age.

Perhaps amongst the minor civilized nations of the world at the present time, there is none of equal extent of which so little is really known in other countries as of Mexico. Without railways or newspapers, and with the highways infested by robbers, each city and town in the interior exists as a separate and distinct community, with no more intercourse of commerce or travel than absolute necessity requires. It is no unusual circumstance to find a town of ten thousand inhabitants without an hotel ; and from Mexico city to Matamoras there is not a newspaper in the country excepting the official *Gazettes* of the several State Governments by the way. Foreigners arriving in Mexico city after a pleasant ocean voyage terminated by a railway ride through the attractive scenery of Orizaba, are apt to form erroneous opinions about the country. When the traveller sets out for the interior he soon finds that the natives, though extremely polite, and claiming to be fully abreast of all modern improvements, are an uncomfortable class of people to live amongst. Travelling is done in stage coaches, eight mules driven at a racing gallop being attached to each vehicle ; accommodation of a very inferior and expensive description is provided at lodging-houses by the way, where the traveller is shut up with bars and bolts in a room frequently without a window in it ; and even then it is scarcely possible to go a hundred miles without being overhauled and robbed by the *Ladrones*. Having occasion to make a twelve day's stage journey into the interior, from Mexico, city we heard all these consoling stories with no little discomfort. When fitted out with a revolver and a repeating rifle we felt ashamed of our brigand appearance, but seeing everybody else ironclad in the same manner the feeling gradually wore off. Singular to say we made the entire journey without being robbed ; and afterwards, when more familiar with the country, made many more journeys with the same success. The longer we remained, however, the more our discomfort increased, until at last we would not cross the street of

a populous city in broad daylight without being well armed.

The climate of the country is probably superior to anything on the face of the whole earth. Havana, at which we stopped by the way, is a delightful place, but rather warm. Vera Cruz on the coast is also too hot for the comfort of a northern man, but a few hours on the railway towards Mexico city brings the traveller up to the level of the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, where for hundreds of miles is spread out before him the famous valley of the Aztec emperors, immortalized in the pages of Prescott. Truth to say, however, our own experience of the beauty and richness of the region did not realize the ideal picture in the mind of the historian. The lovely climate still exists, but all else has been greatly modified by the changes of time. The richly-wooded slopes have all disappeared, excepting in the mountain gorges of Orizabo, and in the immediate vicinity of the capital city. The herds of wild game are replaced by droves of half-starved scrubby-looking cattle. The gallant Princes, Nobles, Warriors, and Chieftains are represented by a mean-looking tribe of thievish mongrels; whilst the gorgeous palaces, magnificent temples, acqueducts, and causeways, said to have existed before the arrival of the Spaniards, can be found only in some shadowy rivers that might possibly have represented such things to a highly imaginative and poetical fancy. The commercial spirit of the nineteenth century is a deadly enemy to poetry. The only really fine scenery in the Republic is that along the railway between Vera Cruz and Mexico city. In the course of seventy miles this road gains an elevation of seven thousand feet above the level of the coast. The cars are pulled up by an enormous double-engine, which winds around the mountains in gradually ascending circles until the top is reached, when away it plunges into the valley to the base of another mountain, which again in its turn is overcome in the same manner. The track, for the greater part of the way, is simply a ledge cut into the face of the mountain, with a precipice on one side and towering rocks on the other. Looking out of the car windows at the heads of the lofty pines spreading their leafy foliage over the valley a thousand yards beneath our feet, and on the other side observing huge rocks suspended in the air an immense height over our heads, the thought of an accident came unbidden to the mind, as many of the passengers involuntarily withdrew their gaze from the dangerous view. It is no figure of speech to say that the mountains of Orizaba pierce the clouds. Their lofty tops are covered with eternal snow, rendering them visible as a beacon to the mariner many miles at sea; whilst to the railway traveller slowly creeping up their side, they present the unusual experience of witnessing a magnificent panorama of celestial scenery spread out between him and the earth below. During our journey up the mountain we witnessed the striking spectacle of a heavy rain pouring down from clouds through which the train had just passed, whilst in a neighboring valley just by, the sun shone with all the dazzling brilliancy of the tropics. Where the crests of the mountain are too high to be climbed by the train, their sides are pierced by tunnels, of which fifteen or sixteen are encountered in a few miles. Great chasms are covered by bridges resting on iron posts standing a hundred feet in the air. Some of these bridges describe a curve of nearly half a circle, whilst others are pitched at an elevation which makes the boldest heart beat quicker, as the engine slowly grinds its way to the other side of the terrible gorges over which they are constructed. The region through which the road passes from *Boca del monte* (mouth of the mountains) to the level of the plains on which stands the city of Vera Cruz, is without doubt the richest and most picturesque in the country. The vapors arising from the Gulf of Mexico by evaporation, being blown inland by the sea-breezes, become condensed in the colder atmosphere of the mountains of Orizaba; and daily descending in gentle showers on the valleys below, impart a beauty and fertility to this region surpassing anything seen by the writer in other parts of the country. Amongst the rocks of this region, in ancient times, dwelt the fierce Tlascalens who sallying forth to drive back the invaders of their country, were doubtless surprised to find themselves trampled under foot by the haughty Spaniards. In viewing these mountains, and allowing the historians a liberal discount, there is still ample room left to admire the achievments of Cortez. With his little band of four or five hundred adventurers, he

climbed these rocks, conquering tribe after tribe of warriors, till he finally stood before the haughty Montezuma in the beautiful city of the lakes. Had he failed in the enterprise, the same historians who now extol his wisdom and valor, would have condemned the madness of his undertaking; but he succeeded—and 'there's nothing so successful as success.'

During the time of our stay in the country there was continued talk of the approaching revolution that has since ended in the downfall of President Lerdo de Tejada. This gentleman got himself invested by Congress with 'extraordinary faculties' to face the situation, and being a man of first-rate abilities, he would no doubt have succeeded in maintaining himself, but for the treachery of his friends. Mexican politicians are the most unreliable people in the world. Their professions are utterly and thoroughly insincere. In August, 1875, we witnessed a review of the troops in Mexico city by President Lerdo, Gen. Escobedo, Chief-Justice Iglesias, and Senor Diaz, who is now President. They all made speeches, and congratulated each other on the prosperity of the country and the stability of the government under President Lerdo, whom they eulogized in the high-toned manner peculiar to Spanish orators. To an English-speaking person, accustomed to the direct and more or less truthful expression of thought, a Spanish speech is terrible nonsense. Nobody ever thinks of telling the truth, and nobody ever believes a word said by anybody else, and yet they are all the time so polite and apparently so high-toned and impressively sincere in what they say, that it is really difficult to regard them as the utter and thorough liars that they certainly are. In a year after uttering these fine sentiments, both Diaz and Iglesias were in the field against Lerdo, and succeeded in driving him out of the country. Notwithstanding the success of Diaz, Lerdo governed the country much better than it has ever been governed by native rulers. He is a smooth, oily gentleman, of very gracious manners—a good deal like what our own Sir John Macdonald might be if he had no conscience. As they say in Mexico, *Quien sabe* (who knows?) as to that. The revolutions that seem such terrible affairs to people in this country, are regarded in a very different light in Mexico. They are simply equivalent to a general election in Canada. There is no other possible way of effecting a change of Administration. Those in power maintain themselves by fraud until the Opposition gets strong enough to put them out by force. Nominally the government is a Republic and everybody has a vote, but in reality the President and his civil and military army of office-holders keep on re-electing themselves until the Outs can't stand it any longer, and then up springs the Revolution and they have their turn. It is a most miserable farce of a government, from our point of view, but it seems to be about as good as anything the Spanish race are capable of producing. We returned to Canada thoroughly convinced that the British people alone are capable of originating and putting in practice governmental ideas and systems of administration that combine individual liberty with public security in just and equal proportions. And it is our pleasing conceit as Canadians to believe that this idea has its highest practical expression in our beloved Dominion.

Away from the main highways between the chief cities, travelling is done by private conveyance or on horseback. There are no towns, villages, farms, or farmers as with us, the land being divided into great estates called Haciendas, on which there are usually several hamlets, inhabited nearly altogether by the workmen and servants of the great landowner. These people are very abject in their manners, always taking off their hats in presence of their superiors and standing uncovered until ordered away. The hacienda men are generally hospitable, and willingly entertain those who apply for accommodation, taking their pay in such conversation and information of the outside world as the traveller may be able to impart. They are as much isolated from the rest of the world as though living in the heart of China, and naturally feel glad to see any one who can relieve the dull monotony of their existence. We once stopped at a hacienda where the young lady of the house had never been off her father's lands. The larger haciendas are usually managed by Administradors, the proprietor preferring to live in the more congenial atmosphere of the cities. In such cases an allowance is made by the owner for the entertainment of

travellers. Don Miguel Rul, a wealthy gentleman owning ninety-seven square leagues in Zacatecas, allows his representative three thousand dollars a year for this purpose. Hospitality and polite manners are so universal amongst all classes, that Don Pepe Berruman, Senor Rul's administrador, made this statement in ordinary conversation as being quite a matter of course.

The relations of commerce are very much restricted, not only from the natural condition of the country, but by the operation of the vexatious laws being continually imposed by the idlers who successively govern, on the few industrious ones who continuously work. Every merchant in business is obliged to keep so many books, and on every page of these books there must be a government stamp, for which the merchant has to pay a certain sum of money. As the merchants are always trying to evade this impost, a whole army of deserving young men is employed to look after them. Every telegram is stamped; the doctors' prescriptions are stamped; receipts, notes, drafts, bills, and mercantile paper of every description must have stamps according to the value of their contents. But a small portion of the revenue thus collected finds its way into the Federal treasury, and it is not intended that it should, the well-understood purpose of the whole system being to provide offices and salaries for the supporters of the government. The equivalent to our Internal Revenue is collected by a custom-house, with a staff of officers stationed at the entrance to every street in every town in the Republic. Foreign goods are swamped with taxes as they unload at the seaports, and taxed again and again at every step they take through the interior, finally paying at last eight or ten per cent. to the municipality in which they are retailed to the consumer. When hard pressed by new applicants for office, the old offices are subdivided and beat out so fine, that the officials with all their ingenuity are frequently forced into joining the next revolution by sheer necessity. With such an opportunity as the recent Ontario Liquor Bill, for instance, the genius of Mexican statesmanship would find expression in a full staff of inspectors and commissioners for every hotel in the country. It must be admitted that our Canadian Government have hitherto displayed but little ability in this department of administration. A Mexican statesman with the opportunities of Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Mowat, would maintain himself in power until even cheerful Sir John would be glad to exchange his chance for the hopes of the Wandering Jew. In a country where every possible opening is utilized to the highest possible extent, so grand a conception as a new office-creating Act would be regarded as the highest conception of human genius.

They have a system of municipal government in the cities that differs from ours in some important respects that might be considered worthy of attention. All the land in every city belongs to all the people in the city, and not to individuals as with us. When the place is laid out, it starts with the grand plaza, or square, in the centre. The streets are then laid out for the different purposes required, and the character of the buildings for each street prescribed. Anybody wanting to build a house according to the plan, gets the land for nothing. He can afterwards sell or devise his house the same as we do here, the title to the land always remaining vested in the municipality. Silver mining being the staple industry of the country, nearly every municipal corporation owns and works several mines, by which means employment is furnished to the working-classes, who, in their turn, purchase goods from the merchants composing the corporation. Notwithstanding the general dishonesty pervading the whole country, this system works well: all the rogues watch each other, and they have not half the trouble in managing their municipal machinery that we have in Canada.

Too much politics are the principal evil that afflicts the country. Elections for something or other are going on nearly every day in the year. Everybody is supposed to have a vote, but the 'counting in' of the elected is the prerogative of the administration for the time being. It is always customary to elect a first and a second man to the same office, so that in the event of the first man being shot, the second is ready to take his place and finish the term. The representatives in Congress are nearly always lawyers, and their idea of legislation seems to consist in the continual making and repealing of laws without giving either operation the slightest consideration.

This performance is varied occasionally with an elaborate speech gotten up on a classical model, filled with grand sentiments and declaimed in the most approved oratorical fashion. When a congressman gets off an oration of this kind he expects to be taken into the ministry, and if there is no room for him there, he must get an office of some other kind or he joins the revolution. The revolution is always brewing: everybody who can't get an office joins it; the government does everything possible in that way, but there are only two millions of offices for eight millions of peeple, and at last somebody 'pronounces,' the old crowd run away, and the new fellows take their place amidst general rejoicing, till the offices are filled—and then the same process is again repeated.

Having occasion to make a journey from Aguascalientes to Mexico city, and the coach road being infested with robbers, we determined on going with 'la conducta.' This is an institution so peculiar to Mexico that it is doubtful if anything like it is known to the inhabitants of any other civilized country. Silver being the only circulating medium in use, *la conducta* is the means employed to transport it to the centre of exchange at the capital city, where it is absorbed in the payment of goods from foreign countries. Literally the *conducta* is a train of mule carts loaded with silver dollars, escorted by soldiers, and commanded by a person appointed by the government for that purpose. The transportation of money in this way is a slow, laborious, and expensive method of handling business, but in the present condition of the country there seems to be no other way of doing it. There are no banks, no paper money, and no commercial credit. Every three months a *conducta* starts from one of the cities of the interior, some going north to Matamoras, and others south to the capital city. The *conducta* is paid nine dollars per thousand for carrying the money, furnishing his own transportation, and guaranteeing its safe delivery—the Federal government furnishing a military escort sufficient for the purposes of protection against robbery. Frequently travellers who want to journey in safety take their carriage and go along with the train. It is rather a slow method of locomotion, but combining, as it does, safety with an opportunity of seeing the country, its advantages are frequently embraced by persons having time to spare and unwilling to risk the chances of being robbed on the stages.

We left Aguascalientes on the evening of July 7th in the carriage of Senor Don José Arbaiza, commander-in-chief of the train, and arrived at Mexico on the evening of August 9th, having spent just thirty-three days on the journey. Gathering strength as we proceeded, our train left the city of San Luis Potosi with about forty tons of silver dollars in carts and waggons. A ton weight of dollars looks like a big sum to the imagination, and it takes a good deal of time to count and handle it, but when we recollect that a thousand dollars weighs sixty pounds, we find that there are not much over thirty-three thousand dollars in a ton. Thus our forty tons of dollars figure up to not much over a million and a quarter, which is a small sum certainly compared with the immense labor of handling and transporting it. Each cart carried a ton and a half, and was drawn by six mules, whilst the heavy waggons carrying five tons were drawn by eighteen mules. Two companies of infantry and a regiment of cavalry escorted the train. It is a curious sight to a Canadian to witness this strange cavalcade, and reflect on the difference it suggests between the civilization of Mexico and that of the bleak and rugged land we delight to call our home. With a European civilization of three hundred and fifty years, and blessed with the most perfect climate on the face of the globe, Mexico is still so vastly inferior to 'the newest of the nations' in all the elements of material progress, as to afford scarcely any ground of comparison. The difference lies doubtless partly in the race, but not altogether: the very loveliness of the climate is an enemy to public prosperity, by depriving the people of that stimulus to exertion—necessity—which forces every man in Canada to work or freeze. There is no danger of freezing in Mexico, consequently no absolute necessity exists to provide either clothing, fuel, food, or houses to meet the rigors of winter. The absence of rivers and the dryness of the climate make it impossible to divide the land into those small farms that constitute the best nursery of a vigorous people; whilst its divisions into large haciendas, by creating two classes widely distinct, the proprietor

of the soil and the common labourer, destroy that unity of society so essential to the public prosperity of nations.

Getting up every morning at the sound of the bugle, our coffee was soon prepared, and by four o'clock the train was in motion. Part of the cavalry and one company of infantry took the lead, then came the carts, waggons, and carriages, with the rear closed up by troops. If the shade of a tree or the presence of a ranche presented itself in the middle of the day we halted to cook breakfast; and in the evening usually camped in the vicinity of a hacienda, where water and provisions might be procured. At night the carts were drawn up in a square and the mules and horses placed inside, whilst around the outside were ranged the troops and travellers. With the singing and dancing of the soldiers, who, poor fellows, after their weary day's march, were still none too weary to enjoy the passing pleasure of the moment; the tramp of the sentinels; the humming of the myriads of insects that filled the soft and balmy air; the occasional note of a tropical songster; and the whole lit up with the 'pale light of the moon' or the camp fires of the soldiers, the scene presented was at once striking and picturesque to the mind of a stranger accustomed to a manner of life so entirely different. Sometimes indeed scenes of a different character presented themselves. Rain began to fall heavily as we approached the southern part of the country, and then the condition of the troops and animals was miserable enough. The roads became so heavy that frequent doublings-up of the teams took place every day to haul the waggons out of the mud. It was by no means unusual to see as many as forty-two mules hitched to a waggon—eighteen on the tongue, and six on each wheel, rings being left on the outside of the axles for this purpose. There appears to be a great waste of power in teams arranged in this manner. With proverbial obstinacy, some mules pulled one way, some another, and others stood still. The drivers yelled, flogged, and called them bad names, until finally the mules would pull, and out came the waggon. In this way we frequently spent a day in making a couple of leagues. The poor soldiers tramping through the mud looked miserable, and the *soldaderas* (female soldiers), presumably wives of the others, still worse. There were nearly as many women as men, and it was really surprising to see the loads they carried of youngsters, little pigs, chickens, and other household commodities, and to witness the energy with which they made the final tramp through the streets of the Aztec capital. In dry weather, the soldiers amused themselves gambling on the march, having a large kind of dice for that purpose, which they throw up before them on the road, stooping to pick it up as they arrived and again throwing it up before them. In this way a young darkey among them got into trouble. His name was Elijah Parks up north, he said, which got translated into Hilario de la Paz in Spanish. He had a wife, too, like the rest of them. 'I give her a licking every now and then,' says he, 'and she's a first-rate woman.' Woman's rights are still unknown in Mexico, and 'licking' the women, by the way, is very common amongst the poor people. One day Hilario got into trouble. He was throwing up the dice with a private, which he should not have done, he said, as he was a corporal, and won a real y medio (18 cents) from him. The private got angry and drew his knife: Hilario drew his bayonet and killed him. For this offence, a court-martial, convened on the spot, sentenced him to ten years imprisonment. Another darkey soldier informed us that he had come to Mexico for the good of his health, and subsequently enlisted in the Mexican army. 'The ossifers,' said he, 'lets me do juss as I like. These Mexicans aint no account for sojers, and I tell you the ossifers likes to get hold of American men for their army. I have a fuss-rate time. The ladies too,' he added, with a lofty smile of self-complacency, 'the ladies in this country they likes the sojers too.'

The said 'sojers' are rather a curious-looking crowd. Discipline seems to be very lax, the principal part of it consisting in mounting guard and calling the roll every time we halted. This precaution is said to be necessary to prevent desertion, the bad pay and harsh treatment to which they are subjected rendering the men specially liable to desert. They are picked up on the streets, and forced to serve whether willing or not, though lately a law has been passed under which such involuntary 'sojers' may claim their liberty by applying to a judge of the Supreme Court—if they can get a

chance of finding one, and have the money to pay him after he is found. They are all however, finely armed, the infantry with Remington breech-loaders, and the cavalry with Spencer eight-shooters, or Winchester twelve-shooters. The latter are mounted on excellent horses, and have a generally serviceable equipment. In their white cotton uniforms, they present quite a picturesque appearance on the march. The cavalry soldiers are picked men and look well, but the rank and file of the infantry have a timid appearance, and look as if a small excuse would serve them to run away. The inferior officers are badly paid—the lieutenant nominally getting fifty dollars a month without supplies, and the captains eighty, without much chance to steal. Official stealing is one of the prevailing vices of the country. Every one of the officials especially endeavors to steal all he can without being caught, from the President down to the town constable. 'Why sir,' said a gentleman to us in the capital city, 'the President sets the example of stealing. His salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He came here as poor as a rat, and in eight months paid fifty-six thousand dollars cash for a house. Of course he stole the money.' Shortly afterwards we read an account of a speech made by this same gentleman, in which he praised the President as being a model of wisdom, integrity, and patriotism. This is the way the humbug is carried out, without sincerity or honesty in any dealing between man and man. 'The inferior officers of the army,' said a fellow-traveller, philosophically looking at the poor fellows splashing through the mud in a rain-storm, 'have a hard time, but as soon as they get to be *teniente coronels* (regimental commanders) they have a *mina de oro* (gold mine) in bonanza all the time.' Looking at the officer holding this position in command of the troops along with us, the cause of the remark seemed apparent. He was a common-looking fellow covered all over with silver buttons, chains, spurs, pistols, and everything else he could possibly hang around his clothes; whilst his horse was similarly attired, with a silver-covered saddle, bridle, stirrups, saddle-cloth, and reins.

And thus we jogged along for thirty-three days, occasionally stopping at the large cities to take in more specie, until we finally arrived in the capital city with the accumulated dollars of the interior. The approach to the city from Tula, the ancient capital of the Tlascalens, is over a road lined for many miles with a fine avenue of trees.* The character of the country also greatly improves. The land, formerly the bottom of the lake, becomes richer, the fields greener, and the crops of corn more abundant. Everything points out the change from the dreary table-lands of the interior, to the rich and fertile valley of the Aztec Emperors. The people, however, remain the same; and looking at them with the unromantic eye of a nineteenth century Canadian, it is hard to realize that they are the descendants of great warriors, noble chieftains, wise princes, mighty emperors, and other mythical worthies of wisdom, valor, and renown.

*This road was originally a causeway through the lake of Tezcuco, now dried up, and over it the gallant young Cavalier Sandoval fought his way inch by inch against the Indians until he joined Cortez before the Teocalli, in the place now occupied by the Grand Plaza, in front of the great cathedral of Mexico.

M. McNAMARA.

SELMA:

A TALE OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

V.

GOOD-BYE.

Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

SMITH watched his friend's progress with some anxiety from the shore.

The chief danger, to a good swimmer as he knew Walter to be, in crossing the channel, was from the current, which midway between the two islands ran strong and rapid. It was possible that a swimmer might be swept below Jacob's Island altogether, and the distance thus indefinitely lengthened. Moreover it was not at every point that a landing could be effected, for Jacob's Island presented for almost its entire length on this side, a wall of precipitous rock.

As these things occurred to Smith he got into the skiff, and pulled gently into and down the stream, so that in case of need he might quickly row out to his friend's assistance. He was in a state of mingled anger and amusement at the turn which affairs had taken, but his heart warmed withal to the high-spirited boy whose absurd impulse he had so roughly denounced. He watched the blue cap as it moved, slowly but steadily, across the river, and it was with a good deal of relief that he at length beheld Walter land at a point far below the lighthouse, and indeed almost the extreme lower end of Jacob's Island. Satisfied of his friend's safety, Smith turned his boat and went on his own way meditating.

Walter Dean, under all his assumption of impassivity, had an impressionable nature, and one which was often strangely influenced by mere physical conditions. Before he had passed one-fourth of the distance to Jacob's Island his ardour had become literally cooled, and he began to think that his conduct was rather ridiculous. But he was not the man to turn back from anything he had once undertaken, and he was upheld by the feeling that he was doing something which tested nerve and muscle, and which most men would have been slow to attempt.

Before he had reached the middle of the channel, he had fully made up his mind that, in his present relations with Esther Lansing, he could not honourably think of pledging himself to any other woman. The fact that Smith was evidently of the same opinion, served to bring this consideration, which before had been rather kept in the background, into clear and startling prominence.

By the time he had gained the island, and crawled chilled and exhausted from the water, he felt thoroughly discontented with the whole system of things, but more especially with himself and the women whom it had been his ill-fortune to admire.

He was not sorry that he was compelled to land so far from the cottage. It gave him an opportunity of determining how he would manage the final interview with Selma, and, what was even more to the purpose, of drying himself at leisure. I suppose that even Leander, while engaged in wringing himself out — for it would have been putting the affection of his mistress to too severe a test to require her to receive a dripping lover to her silken bosom —must have sometimes felt his passion falter. It is certain that his humble imitator, Walter Dean, damp, shivering, and dispirited on the rocky shore of Jacob's Island, thought only of the practical objections to the continuance of his intercourse with his Hero, which now appealed to him with new and overwhelming force.

By the end of half-an-hour he was clothed

and in his right mind, as he now felt assured, as to the course which he was bound to pursue. He would bid Selma good-bye, perhaps for ever, at any rate for a long time; and in doing so he would exercise such discretion and kindness as might win the approval of even the superior Smith. But he would not cease to take an interest in the little schoolmistress. He would take care that she should be substantially better off for having known him. He even tried to think of some way in which he might do her an immediate service, so that his leave-taking should be signalized by some act of generosity which would come gracefully and appropriately from a gentleman of position to a lighthouse-keeper's daughter of merit.

When he reached the cottage, Selma and her father were sitting down to tea, with a young person for their companion, who, though an inhabitant of Jacob's Island, has not yet appeared in this story. This was Mary Jane, a damsel sweet as to age—for she was sixteen—and negative as to characteristics. She had a freckled face, magenta hair, and features of no particular significance. It was her province to scrub, wash, and do the heavier household work in the Meres' cottage, in consideration of which services Selma had undertaken to clothe her body and improve her mind, if on investigation Mary Jane appeared to possess one. Walter had occasionally encountered Mary Jane in the house, but she had always chastely retreated from his presence, falling over chairs and slamming doors in her withdrawal, and otherwise displaying an unusual gift of coyness and maiden modesty which was quite engaging.

There was a fourth person who had apparently expected to be honoured with a seat at the table. It was the dwarf Anatole. When Walter entered Anatole treated him to one of his amiable scowls, and, rising hastily, shambled away, muttering what sounded a good deal like a French curse between his teeth.

'Anatole doesn't seem over fond of me,' said Walter, after he had given an excuse for his reappearance. 'Whenever he sees me he gets out of the way, scattering smiles and benedictions like flowers in his path. He evidently considers me an intruder on this island.'

'Anatole ain't what you might call easy in his manners,' said Jacob apologetically, 'but he is a harmless creetur.'

'He is a wild beast,' exclaimed Walter, forgetting his usual suavity.

'No, he is not that,' said Selma, flushing a little, 'he is one of God's most unfortunate creatures, and ought to be pitied and helped, instead of despised and shunned. But I am not surprised that people spurn him. For a long time I could not bear to look at him, but I got over that wicked feeling, and it now really gives me pleasure to be kind to him and try and teach him. He is so grateful, just like a dog accustomed to kicks, who licks your feet if you look at him kindly. I don't think Anatole is really bad at heart. It is only because he has always been mocked and ill-used, and has lived a lonely life, that he seems so morose. Anatole is never cross to me; he would do anything for me.'

'I have occasionally looked at him kindly,' said Walter, 'but as yet he has shown no disposition to lick my feet. However, I'll take your word for it that he is better than he looks. If he will do anything for you I wish you'd ask him not to make such ghastly faces at me; it is sometimes quite disturbing.'

Walter yielded to the pressing invitation of Mr. Meres and sat down to tea. There was no necessity for apologizing for the absence of a coat, for Mr. Meres seldom incumbered himself with that garment at his own board. Walter explained that he had swum the river for a wager, and was consequently obliged to present himself in dishabille. Selma looked surprised, but said nothing. Had he been dressed for a wedding-breakfast, he could not have looked more handsome than he did now in his dark blue shirt with the broad open collar, showing his well-turned neck and throat, and with his light hair tossed and straggling about his temples.

Some such thought might perhaps have strayed through the maiden fancy of Mary Jane, for Walter, happening to look up, found her gaze concentrated upon him. Her shoulders were hunched up to the level of her ears, her lower jaw dependent, her eyes fixed and glassy. With one hand she grasped her bowl of tea, the forefinger hooked over the rim for greater security; with the other a thick slice of bread-and-butter, a segment of which broke the symmetrical curve of one graceful cheek. Caught in this overt act, Mary Jane blushed exces-

sively, and vainly attempted to hide her confusion in her tea-cup. This only brought on a severe fit of coughing, in the midst of which Mary Jane violently retired to the woodshed. There, after a prolonged agony of coughing, she regained her breath, and, is may be presumed, her composure, though she did not appear again.

'Drat the girl! I wonder what ails her,' said Jacob in a helpless voice.

> 'Her manners had not that repose
> Which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere.'

murmured Walter, as he sipped his tea.

He felt rather amused at his position. There was a certain piquancy in sitting down to tea in his shirt-sleeves with a scullery-maid—or a 'lady-help' perhaps—and a retired bosen's-mate. Old Meres, weather-stained, rugged, puerile—he wondered how he would look at his own table in a suit of cast-off dress-clothes, holding up a glass of claret to the light! Then he looked at Selma at the head of the table. Grave, self-possessed, refined, she seemed to belong to this social atmosphere as little as he did himself.

As Walter reflected on the painful self-consciousness of Mary Jane, something which Smith had said to him in the morning suddenly recurred to his mind. 'You seem to have some kind friend who keeps the chaw-bacons *en rapport* with events on the island:' 'You have made Selma fall in love with you—*never mind how I know it.*'

After tea, Walter, having been furnished by Mr. Meres with a clay-pipe and some tobacco which was cheap and proportionately nasty, strolled with him down to the lighthouse. He lighted his pipe and seated himself on the edge of the crib, and Jacob straightway followed his example.

Walter had determined not to say good-bye to Jacob's Island without impressing upon Mr. Meres the desirability of reforming his habits. As delicate but unmistakable odours of stimulants pervaded the air which Jacob breathed this evening, the approach to the subject was rendered easy. Walter did not as a rule trouble himself about the way other people chose to live. He had no relish for vice himself, but it did not occur to him that it was any of his business to go about trying to improve the morals of others. As no young lady in whom he had taken an interest hitherto, had possessed a parent who specially invited the attentions of a missionary, the task he had imposed upon himself was a novel one, and he went at it after a fashion of his own.

'Did it ever occur to you, Jacob,' he said, going to his subject with Homeric directness, but without any perceptible accent of reproach in his voice,—'did it ever occur to you that you are a miserable wretch?'

Somewhat dazed by the suddenness of this appeal, Jacob scratched his head and muttered that he didn't know as he had ever looked at it in that light.

'Well, you know you are,' continued Walter calmly. 'I've only had the pleasure of your acquaintance for a week, and in that time, I grieve to say, you have been twice extremely drunk. Now Jacob, it wouldn't matter much, if you had only yourself to consider, whether you chose to make a beast of yourself or not. But there is Selma; on her account you shouldn't do it.'

Mr. Meres, who was always more ready to acknowledge his transgressions than to correct them, shook his head and said candidly that he was afeard there was a good deal in what Mr. Dean said.

'There is Jacob, a great deal. It wounds Selma to the soul when you come home even smelling of liquor. For a man who would wilfully wound the feelings of such a daughter there is only one name. He is a wretch, Jacob, a miserable wretch. I suppose you love your daughter?'

'That I do, bless her heart,' Jacob replied, while an easy tear rose to his sleepless weather eye.

'You say bless her heart, when you are doing your best to break it. She tries to keep you straight, but you won't be kept straight on any consideration.'

'I try to keep straight, Mr. Dean, blow me if I don't. Put it ain't my fault: its natur: natur has given me a powerfuller thirst than other men, that she has Mr. Dean.'

'Oh yes, of course, that's what they all say,' said Walter, drawing upon his large experience amongst the unregenerate. 'But a man's nature is just about what he chooses to make it. Have you ever taken the pledge? Yes, I think you said you did once.'

'No, no, Mr. Dean, I ain't so bad as that, to go back on my bible-oath. I never

took the pledge ; there was no lodge about here till lately, but Selma holds it over me and threatens to make me take it, and that keeps me pretty straight now-a-days.'

'Good heavens ! if you are straight now-a-days — but never mind. Jacob, you must take the pledge.'

'Mr. Dean,' said Jacob, bristling up a little, 'I know what pledges is and I know what liberty of the subject is. A pledge is nothing better than interference with liberty of the subject and of action, and as a hex-British sailor, Mr. Dean, I'm agin that sort of thing on principle.'

'Oh don't talk nonsense, Jacob. I suppose you've been listening to some bar-room orator, who has been mixing his ideas and his liquors. If you have any affection for Selma, you must take the pledge.'

'It's all very easy for a gentleman like you to ask a poor man to give up his drop of grog altogether. You would'nt be so ready to give up your glass of wine at dinner every day if any one was to ask you, Mr. Dean,' said Jacob, now thoroughly on the defensive.

'I would—if I thought it necessary.'

'So would I—if I thought it necessary, Mr. Dean,' answered Jacob audaciously.

'But hang it, it is necessary with you, when the result of your tasting a drop of liquor is that you must go on drinking more, and make your home unhappy, and endanger your livelihood.'

'Moderate indulgence is my idea, Mr. Dean, moderate indulgence,' said Jacob, who seemed to have the vocabulary of the temperance question at his command.

'I wish to heavens you would carry out your idea then.'

'So I do, Mr. Dean, so I do,' said Jacob soothingly, 'and if ever I go beyond that, it ain't with my own knowledge or approbation. I mean well, Mr. Dean ; no man better ; and I ain't the man to go and get drunk knowingly, I can tell you. And, meaning no offence, I don't see why I should give up my glass of grog, every day, because I keep a lighthouse, any more than you should give up drinking a glass of wine now and again with your friends because you're a gentleman and don't do anything. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways Mr. Dean.'

There was no use talking reason to an old ass like this.

Walter smoked in silence, and Jacob, flushed with triumph—for he believed that his inexorable logic had silenced his tempter—proceeded to declare his views on morality in general and the temperance question in particular, at some length. What those views were it would be difficult, as it is happily needless, to state. Suffice it to say that Walter perceived in his observations a certain incoherence which he did not feel energetic enough to point out. But there was one point which Jacob clung to with consistency, and that was that Mr. Dean had no right to ask him to 'swear off,' unless he were prepared to set him the example by taking the pledge himself.

The thought flashed upon Walter's mind that the opportunity of doing Selma a service which he had desired, was open to him.

Should he accept it ?

He had an idea—perhaps it was because his experience of human nature was very limited—that if Jacob could once be got to take the pledge of total abstinence, he would observe it. He had heard of the force of example in these matters : he believed that by agreeing to bind himself he might induce Jacob to do the same.

Should he do it ?

Would it be possible to do Selma a kinder service, one for which she would be more profoundly grateful, than to make a sober man of her father ? Walter himself cared very little for wine : he only drank it because it was usual in society, and because a man who always refused wine, and never gave it to his friends, was looked upon as eccentric.

Should he do it ?

No. He had played the hero once already to-day : he felt no urgent impulse to this greater heroism. There were a hundred other things he would gladly do for Selma's sake, anything in fact which was freehanded, generous, chivalrous. But take a temperance pledge, like a Methodist ? That would be Quixotic.

Jacob Meres must work out his own reform. As Walter said to himself in a momentary descent to vulgarity, he would leave Jacob to 'play it alone.'

'Jacob,' he said indolently, after a time, 'if the whiskey you drink is anything like as bad as your tobacco, you'll soon be in a place where pledges won't serve you. I'll

return your pipe before I'm ill, and bid you good evening, for I see your daughter at the door.'

Selma stood at the door, smiling pleasantly amongst the roses.

In a week's time Walter's estimate of Selma's character and personal charms had considerably expanded. At first she had appeared to him a trim-looking pretty girl, interesting by her simplicity, her freshness of mind as well as countenance. He had learnt to consider her beautiful, and even intellectual, and endowed with a character anything but superficial. She had eyes which were deep, serene, pensive: eyes to which pity could in an instant call a tear, enthusiasm a gentle but generous glow, which, if she were deeply moved by some cruel word or deed, indignation might lighten with a sudden fire. Her mouth too had a pensive downward curve, though the lips met resolutely. In animated conversation the light which slept in the brown eyes glanced and sparkled softly on the surface, and the parted lips shewed two rows of perfect teeth. Her complexion was dark, and delicately but clearly tinted with the glow of health, and her oval cheek was not, like the cheek appertaining to the girl of the period, incapable of a blush.

She liked Walter's visits, after she had overcome that incipient prejudice against him, and shewed that she enjoyed his presence without prudery or affectation. Her life had given a serious cast to her disposition, but she could be, and often was, lively, keen, authoritative, full of playful strokes and sly rejoinders. She sometimes chose to lecture Walter, in a superior, professional way, on his shortcomings. It was really shocking that he should be so languid, vacant of purpose, devoid of enthusiasm as he made himself out to be, and her exhortations became at times quite earnest. But it was hard to be indignant with a youth who not only cheerfully admitted his unworthiness, but joined in depreciating himself. For Walter liked to agree with a lady. More often, however, she was lamenting her own deficiencies, and, humble in self-esteem, gratefully picking up the crumbs of knowledge which fell from the lips of this young gentleman of culture when he chose to be instructive. One thing Walter was struck with, which was that, humble or dictatorial, serious or playful, she was at all times girt with an armour of self-respect and maidenly reserve, which, though subtle as hoar-frost, would have been as chilling to the touch of libertinism.

'Well, Miss Selma,' Walter said as he approached her—somehow he had never ventured to omit the 'Miss' in addressing her—'you look as if you didn't know what trouble meant.'

'Nor do I, at this moment: for I have just heard *such* news.'

'Indeed! Has old Tomkins found the erring pig, or has Mrs. Brown's baby got successfully through its teething?'

'Nothing of that sort. Do you see that boat just rowing away? Those people are from the village, and they stopped to tell me the very best news in all the world. Can't you guess what it is?'

'I have exhausted my imagination.'

'You're too lazy to guess, so I'll tell you. You've heard me speak of that dear, sweet friend to whom I owe so much?'

'Ye-es,' answered Walter hesitatingly, and beginning to feel a trifle uncomfortable, for he now guessed what she referred to. 'I remember. But let's see—what was his name?'

'*His* name indeed!' cried Selma, with a little flash of indignation. 'How dare you?'

'Forgive me,' said Walter humbly. 'Of course, there is no man in the world that you care anything about, except your father—and Anatole.'

'Of course there isn't. But come now, Mr. Dean, don't pretend you don't know I mean Miss Esther?'

'Oh—Miss Lansing that is?' said Walter innocently. Then with a suddenly startled look, 'You don't mean to say she's here?'

'Not on this island certainly. How could she be? Though I don't see why that idea should alarm you, Mr. Dean, unless,' Selma went on, pretending to pout; 'you wouldn't like grand people like the Lansings to know that you make an acquaintance of a poor little schoolmistress like me.'

'I don't care who on all the globe knows it. I am a prouder man for having such a friend,' exclaimed Walter bravely.

'Well, it is Miss Esther,' continued Selma, easily pacified, 'dear Miss Esther!' she said, clasping her hands in a sort of childlike rapture. 'She has just come home, and I

haven't seen her for two years. How tall and beautiful she must be now. Oh, Mr. Dean, I wish you knew her ! So grand and noble, just like a princess, and yet so soft and kind ! She makes everybody love her. You would love her, Mr. Dean, the moment you saw her, and never cease to love her again.'

'I don't know about that. I often don't take to people whom everybody else admires. But you seem fond of her at any rate.'

'Fond of her ! But there—it is no use getting on that subject ; I should only tire you, singing the praises of a person you don't know, and can take no interest in. See, what a glorious sunset !'

Why was it that Walter concealed from Selma the harmless fact that he knew Esther Lansing? Why had he not thought it worth while to mention that fact when Selma had spoken of her before? As he had decided that all tender feelings towards Selma must be banished from his heart, what use was there in dissembling any longer?

'Don't you admire the sunset?' demanded Selma, for, in the abstraction of asking himself these questions, he had made her no answer.

'It is beautiful,' he said, looking up.

From behind a low bank of clouds, which stretched black and ominous along the western horizon, a small segment of the sun's disk, in colour an angry red, was visible. Presently that slipped from view, and broad bands of roseate light, like the spokes of a huge wheel, shot up into the sky. Cloud after cloud caught fire, till heaven to the very zenith was ablaze. In darker hues the river reflected the flames, so that soon half the world seemed to be in flames. The two young people gazed on the prospect for some time in silence. A fresh breeze came blowing smartly from the west, shaking the molten gold of the river, and briskly stirring the sleeping bushes. A musical frog, from some marshy corner of the stream, now and then uttered a plaintive call. These sounds, and the dreamy music of the crickets, seemed but to accent the pervading silence.

'We shall have wind to-night,' said Walter at last.

It was Selma's turn to give a little start. She had been dreaming, building an airy castle perhaps up among the gilded clouds.

'You have grown quite weatherwise,' she said, smiling a little absently.

'You have taught me that,' he replied, 'so you have kept your part of our agreement.' Then he added abruptly, 'Will you walk round the island with me before I go?'

They strolled away together. They followed a path skirting the island which Selma herself had laid out. It was shaded by interlacing foliage, for the resolute little lady of the isle had not suffered the hand of the vandal to despoil her territory, as it had done with other islands, of the trees.

Sometimes the way ran along the edge of a steeply sloping cliff, where, twenty feet below, the river ran, green as the bushes which overhung it. Now it passed close to the river's edge on a shore of huge and solid masses of the Laurentian rock. Now it wound between tall ferns and bushes covered with bright berries. Now it skirted a quiet pool where rushes and water-lilies grew, and where at this hour the fireflies twinkled.

'I like this spot,' said Selma, 'for the water here is so still and silent and peaceful, and the noise of the river, rushing by so boisterously outside, comes to you so soft and subdued : it is like a church beside a busy street.'

She seemed serenely happy, and talked freely in her bright and quiet way. Of every spot they passed she had something to tell. It was in this little cove she had found the gull with the broken wing. She had nursed it and cherished it tenderly, and it lingered on for awhile, poor thing, but died at last of a broken heart, pining because it could never again skim along the bright water, at which it gazed with a dim, sad eye. Out yonder there was a sunken rock, on which a steamer once had struck before her very eyes : she herself had rowed out—not that there was any real danger if they only kept still—and brought some of the terrified passengers to land. And here was a spot to be passed with reverence, for here—hush ! —the dead body of a young sailor with a cruel gash in his curly head, had once been washed ashore.

As for Walter, he was not altogether in a tranquil frame of mind. He was wondering how he should disclose to Selma the fact that he had been deceiving her by allowing her to suppose that he was a stranger to Esther Lansing. Disclose that fact he

must, for even if he remained silent, she would undoubtedly discover it from the Lansings themselves. Then what would she think of him? and what would she think of him now, to-night, when he revealed the fact, and what inference would she draw as to the reason for his dissimulation? Thoughts such as these disturbed the mind of Walter Dean, who, it will be seen, was very weak and very unphilosophical, being nervously anxious about the good opinion of a lighthouse-keeper's daughter from whom he was this night to part for ever.

'Let us sit down here, Miss Selma,' he said rather dolefully, as they reached the end of the island again, and beheld the now expiring flames in the western sky. 'Let us sit down here, for I suppose this is the last sunset we shall look upon together.'

Selma glanced at him quickly, with a sudden look of tender, reproachful appeal in her soft eyes, which Walter did not observe as he stretched himself upon the ground. Her heart beat quickly and for a moment or two she could not speak. The light faded from her face, and she pressed her lips together as she turned away and seated herself at a little distance from him. For a time she was silent, but when she spoke she seemed quite composed.

'You are going, then? Of course. I had not noticed that the week had passed. How quickly it has gone.'

'It has—for me,' said Walter.

'And for me, too. When do you start?'

'With the first breeze of morning. We want to get as far down the river as possible before dark.'

'You are sure to have a breeze: the south-west wind is always blowing on the river. But you will most likely run aground.'

'That would be endurable—if it happened near Jacob's Island.'

'Have you a pilot, or do you gentlemen sailors profess to know the river?'

'Whatever we may profess, we know very little about it. But our sailor is supposed to have all the necessary knowledge.' Then after a pause, Walter added, 'You don't seem to take my departure very much to heart.'

'Take it to heart, Mr. Dean!—would you have me make myself unhappy?'

Selma spoke lightly, and her words jarred rather painfully on Walter's feelings.

'I should like at least to hear you say you are sorry I am going.'

'I am sorry you are going,' she answered in a tone that was not altogether satisfying.

'I suppose I must be satisfied with that,' Walter said, hiding any disappointment which Selma's apparent coolness caused him under an air of languid indifference. 'The absurd fancy struck me that my going might make some difference to you. I was too sanguine. I might have known how it is: all women are alike whether they live on islands or mainlands. You will forget my existence in a week or two.'

'I doubt if I shall be the one to forget, Mr. Dean: though I don't see what good it will do me to remember. I shall never see you again, I think. Your way and mine in the world will be far apart. Why would you have me keep thinking of you,' she went on a little bitterly, 'when a few days among your rich and great friends will drive me from your mind for ever?'

'I know you have a bad opinion of me, and in most things I richly deserve it. But honestly, I am not quite the sort of a fellow you think, Miss Selma. I have been known to stand by my friends: I don't give them up as easily as you suppose, as you may find out. But I want you not to give up thinking of me as a friend, and one who will always take an interest in your happiness. And when you get married—'

'I shall never get married,' said Selma rather sharply, a dismal foreboding which her sex, in despairing moods, are sometimes known to indulge in.

'It is only very pretty girls, who can be married any day in the week if they want to, who ever say that. The unattractive ones do not venture to jest about so serious a matter.'

'Then I am the exception among the unattractive ones; only I do not jest. I shall never marry.'

'Then the youth of this country will prove wanting in courage, or you harder than St. Lawrence granite.'

'Oh Mr. Dean, please don't talk that way. I don't like you when you are insincere.'

'Another sin you unjustly lay to my charge. Sincerely, I should like to know the reason for your cruel resolution.'

'You shall not from me. You have no right to ask for any such thing.'

'I know I have not. Still I should like to know.'

'Oh, change the subject, Mr. Dean. I dislike talking about marriage and courting, as most young girls do, at least young girls in the country. In the city I suppose they know better.'

'On the contrary, it is their favourite subject of reflection and conversation, marrying and giving in marriage. Women in the city are much the same as women in the country, except that they have not such good complexions, and think it ill-bred to let you know their real feelings. They often, too, declare their resolution not to get married, and do not—till they get a chance.'

'I shall not be like that—not that I shall ever get the chance.'

'That is a reproach which I believe the wealthy young farmers and manufacturers about here would never endure.'

'There is no one about here who could command my— Oh, Mr. Dean, I wish you would talk of something else. You are provoking.'

'Miss Selma, you are romantic. You have an ideal male in your mind's eye, which we poor men fall far short of. You are waiting for your ideal—'

'It is getting late. I must go in.'

'Oh, I should dearly like to see this hero. Be kind, Miss Selma: depict him for me, that I may mend my ways.'

'I could tell you what he is not.'

'Do, pray!'

'He is not callous, unfeeling, indifferent to the sensibilities of others. He would not in his superior cleverness and education take a delight in tormenting a poor ignorant girl. He is not languid, indolent, incapable of manly effort and honest labour. He is not devoid of purpose in life; never touched by earnestness or enthusiasm; never glowing at the expression of a great thought or the record of a noble deed. He does not profess an easy indifference to the struggles of the world around him, nor does he teach himself that his own pleasure is the highest good, and that to promote that he must hold aloof from all that might ruffle or disturb the even tenor of his life. He is not—'

She stopped suddenly. She had been proceeding with strange irritation, which surprised and startled Walter—nay, which surprised and startled herself—when she seemed suddenly to consider what she was doing. For she buried her face in her hands and exclaimed, 'What have I been saying?'

'You have been saying that your ideal man is not that very unideal personage, Mr. Walter Dean. I never was so wild as to suppose it was. But I thank you for your frankness,' said Walter gently. 'I deserved a rebuke. I have given you pain. Will you forgive me? for believe me it was not intentional.'

'Oh, Mr. Dean, it is I who should ask to be forgiven,' said Selma, too sincere to deny the drift of her language. 'I don't think I know you or understand you yet. I have sometimes thought you were what I have just said, but sometimes you say or do or *look* something which makes me sure that you do not for some reason choose to display your real feelings. Now you have done that to-day which makes me think you are capable of great things, if you would care to do them.'

'I tremble for my modesty.'

'A man who will swim our dangerous channel for the first time without knowing anything about it, must have courage, energy, patience—'

'Oh, stop. Don't you see it was because I knew nothing about it, and didn't know there was any danger, that I dared to do it.'

'But stay, Mr. Dean, I am not going to praise you altogether. I don't think it is at all laudable to risk one's life for—'

'For what, Miss Selma?'

'For a mere sordid end: for a paltry bet.'

Walter smiled slightly as he looked out over the river.

'How do you know it was a paltry bet?' he asked at length quietly.

'You said it was a bet.'

'Yes, but I didn't say a paltry bet. It might have been five hundred or a thousand dollars. You see I'm one of those who have no visible means of support. I can't afford to lose the chance of turning an honest penny.'

'Mr. Dean, whatever you may be else, you are incapable of being serious. But I have no right to lecture you: you must think me very free and bold.'

'I like being lectured—by some people.'

'I fear I have treated you to too much of that sort of thing lately. But I can't help it: it is my business you know.'

'Your lectures, which, though agreeable, are of unparalleled severity, have done me good. I have actually resolved to have a purpose in life. I intend to read for my final law examinations, and get called to the bar. To make such a resolution, I may say without vanity, is simply heroism. But come now, you have told me what your ideal man is *not:* shall I tell you what my ideal woman is?'

'I don't know. I am afraid I might not like to make her acquaintance.'

'Never fear. My ideal woman, who indeed I believe does actually exist, though alas, it is not in my power to offer her such poor devotion as I am capable of—my ideal woman is something like this. In the first place, she has lived apart from the world, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," as the poet says. Thus she has escaped the danger of having an excellent nature spoiled, a pitiful example of which evil is presented by my humble self. Her soul has not been cramped and shrivelled by conventionalism and the worship of form. She is not calculating, selfish, inconstant, easily captivated by glitter and show, incapable of understanding or appreciating true worth. Her nature is as free as the air which blows around this island, and as pure. She has a heart so large that it embraces all creatures in its warmth, and goes out in infinite tenderness even to things which are faulty, imperfect, or deformed. And I choose that my ideal shall have this breadth of affection, not for the sake of the universe in general, but for my own exacting self. For in my unworthiness, I might hope to win a corner in her heart; and if she ever became wholly mine she would not despise me when she found that I was even less good than I succeeded in making myself appear to be, but would only love and cherish me all the more. She would tell me my faults, with a charming assumption of superior virtue, while in truth she is more humble than my humble self. As for her mind, she has quick and sympathetic faculties, but happily not enough knowledge to confound my ignorance. And oh, she has soft, dark, wistful eyes, and her dark hair is smoothed over a clear sweet forehead, and her figure is slight and dainty, her height—let me see, about five feet four; and she lives on an island—

'The dew is falling: it is chilly. I shall go in.'

'And she teaches a score of happy children in a village school—'

'It is cold and dark. I cannot stay.'

'And her dear name is—'

'I think my father calls me. Good-night.'

She rose to go. For the last few moments he had been speaking hurriedly and passionately, and had moved closer to her side. Her face was pale and frightened, and she shrank away from him. She had heard him in a sort of maze; but she sufficiently apprehended his meaning to feel that somehow it could not be right or good for her to listen to such words from him.

Walter followed her in silence till she reached the cottage door. There she turned and held out her hand, said, 'Good-bye,' still with a white face and scared look in her eyes.

He grasped the hand, and though a hundred thoughts were struggling for utterance in his brain, he said not a word.

'How will you get across?' she asked in a low tone.

'By the way I came, I suppose,' Walter answered, in a voice hoarse and discontented.

'No, don't do that; take my father's boat. You can return it in the morning. Good-bye, Mr. Dean.'

He had been holding her hand and looking yearningly into her eyes, which were cheerless enough, goodness knows. She turned away her head and endeavoured to disengage her hand.

'Oh, good-bye, Selma, a thousand times good-bye. May Heaven be kind to you!' he exclaimed, and his voice shook with emotion.

Then he raised her hand to his lips, pressed a passionate kiss upon it, and turning away, plunged into the darkness.

Selma entered the house and softly closed the door. She drew down the blinds and glanced around the empty room. She heard her father's heavy breathing as he lay asleep in an inner room. She was quite alone. So she sat down, laid her head upon her hands, and softly cried.

Out in the darkness, that very wretched young gentleman, Mr. Walter Dean—who had prearranged a very different sort of leave-taking to that which had taken place

—gazed at the window-pane which was cheerfully illuminated by Selma's candle. He had persuaded himself that he was very much in love with the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, and to tear himself apart from her for ever, seemed an agony as bitter as death. She was sitting beside the light; he looked at it long and hungrily; the final irrevocable severance seemed to have been for a little while deferred. The night was dark, but darker was his despair, and somehow the comfortable light shed a little ray of hope across it. It was even yet in his power to return, and boldly claim her as his own!

Presently the light went out, and then it was night indeed. He looked up at the black, menacing clouds, at the trees rocking and sighing in the breeze, at the dark, moaning river, with its sudden flashes of ghostly foam, and out of the unfriendly night Loneliness seemed to take a shape, to come down and stand beside him, to lay a chilly hand upon his shoulder, and to claim him as a friend.

Listlessly, hopelessly, he turned away, and proceeded to find, in the darkness, the small split in the steep rocks, where Jacob's boat was kept, sheltered from the prevailing wind.

He was soon by the river, on a sheer rocky bank, some twenty feet in hight, a cliff in miniature. Far away, twinkling through the trees, he saw the light which was burning at the masthead of the yacht. He thought how happy were all his friends over there, sleeping serenely and easily; Wilson, unexacting in his requirements of women, with his love secure; Smith, calmly superior to all human passion; the Doctor, who satisfied the hunger of the soul with Fearne on Contingent Remainders or Jarman on Wills. When would *he* be able to sleep peacefully again?

What was that? Something moving in the bushes, surely. No, it must have been the wind, but what matter?

The boat-house must be close to the spot where he stood. That white birch tree, gleaming in the darkness, was surely just above it. It was strangely dark, and the wind chilled him through and made him shiver.

He looked over at the light again, and wished himself safe across the river.

Again that sound in the bushes, as of some creature dogging his footsteps.

Yes, by heaven! there it was, indistinct and black, but a shape.

Was it a man or a gorilla?

Even as he turned and saw, he instinctively threw up his arm. Too late! the blow descended.

A thousand lights danced at a thousand mastheads; he reeled; he staggered; he fell down into the darkness and the wailing river.

VI.

SURGERY.

> Oh! I have passed a miserable night;
> . . . as I am a Christian faithful man
> I would not spend another such a night
> Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—
> So full of dismal terror was the time.
>
> —*King Richard III.*

With the break of day rose Selma Meres, and her soft young cheek was pale from a sleepless pillow. She would see the yacht sail out of the bay over yonder, and watch it as far as she might, upon its course, until it passed from her sight for ever.

She had spent an unquiet night, her gentle bosom torn by regrets, by questionings, by doubts, by complainings.

During the past week, Walter Dean had taken no pains to conceal from Selma, that he felt a more than common interest in her. She had quickly learnt, for she was but a woman, to accept his admiration without resentment; nay, she had come to consider it as something strangely sweet and pleasant. There had been a good deal of coquetry between them, or what, had it not been so innocent on one side, might have been fairly called so. Walter had bestowed upon her glances full of deep and tender meaning; had spoken to her in low, thrilling tones; had held her hand, when parting, much longer than was at all necessary; all which Selma had allowed without protest; had permitted, indeed, with shy wonder, and a strange delight tingling in her veins.

But she was a clear-sighted, sufficiently practical little woman, whose intercourse with the Lansings had given her some worldly notions, and Master Walter having

that very morning gone a little farther than usual, she had suddenly fallen to asking herself, what all this meant, and what it would lead to. And she decided with a sort of alarm, that, as it was exceedingly nice it was probably wicked, and that between herself and one so far removed from her in many ways, a greater degree of formality would be becoming.

Thus, when Walter suddenly announced his intended departure, by a strong effort she hid the feelings which shook her so unexpectedly.

And in the lonely night-watches, while wind and water mourned desolately without her cottage, she was brought face to face with the fact that a joy had been taken out of her life. She felt that, though she had not consciously formed any expectations which had been suddenly disappointed, something had happened which had left a blank in her existence, which would make the days that were to come different from those which had gone before, which would drive contentment from her humble cottage and happiness from her island home, perhaps never to return.

Had that fair, indolent, insincere young gentleman taken such a hold upon her feelings, in a single week, that life without him seemed nothing but a sorrow? She unflinchingly asked herself this question, and she answered—no. It was impossible that in a few days she could have fallen in love, and with him.

She *had* an ideal of what the man should be in the shadow of whose superiority she would choose to live. She had dreamed her day-dreams like other girls: she had felt that life would be all incomplete unless it were some day crowned with love; she had pictured to herself at times some noble, earnest, heroic soul, to whom she might reverentially devote her heart, her allegiance, her life; and she had always started from her reveries and put away her visions with a little sigh, and a little smile, and gone cheerfully enough about her simple duties. Love was to her indeed the 'great passion'; and, as she had said, the ideal object of such a passion was not an aimless, listless, rather cynical, and altogether unheroic young gentleman of the world. And anyway, how rash, how weak, how imprudent it would be to yield to any passion for him.

Those few quick passionate words of his at parting? Did they mean anything? He had told her, in too flattering language, that his ideal woman was something like herself; but he had taken care to preface what he said by a warning that some impassable barrier lay between them, and, at any rate, he had left her. He could care nothing for her. Her society helped to beguile the tedium of a holiday—that was all. Amongst his great and brilliant friends he would soon forget the poor schoolmistress. How could he seriously entertain any regard for one so far beneath him.

No, he cared nothing for her, and she—she was not in love with him. Her feeling for him could not be deep, enduring, unchangeable, and all-absorbing. He had possessed a charm, more potent than she had suspected; she had fallen for a short time under its influence, but she would soon be free as ever. He had taken the sunshine away from the island, but it would soon came back again, and all things would be the same as usual.

But oh! she wished he had never come, to make her life appear so narrow, so tame, so commonplace, so unlovely. Before, she had been like her own canary; she had been in prison, but did not know it. Now she would beat her wings against her cage, pining for some sweet, visionary, unattainable life that lay somewhere far away from Jacob's Island.

How hard a lot was hers! With intelligence, imagination, a sense of the brightness and beauty of the world, a capacity for enjoying them when she had the opportunity, a thirst for knowledge, companionship, sympathy, doomed to pass her days almost within the limits of one little island. She was veritably chained to a rock, like the old Greek of whom she had read, and discontent was the vulture which was to feed upon her heart. Why could not she, like Esther Lansing, have money, fine clothes and fine friends, luxury and ease, travel and change, music and books, and all bright and pleasant things? She could enjoy those things as much as any of them; why was she destined to be ever without them? to live in mean poverty and monotonous toil, without variety, without pleasure, without hope?

Such feelings, though rare, were not new to Selma, though perhaps they had not tortured her so long and keenly before. She

was but a girl with an unusual capacity for enjoying life, who was governed by a sense of duty, and a conviction that it was extremely wicked not to be contented with that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She struggled with bitter and rebellious thoughts, even as the patriarch of old wrestled with the angel, till the breaking of the day. And if in the morning she had prevailed, and was left in a calmer and higher state of feeling, it was because, as she believed, she had appealed to a higher Power, and an unseen hand had lent her strength.

So with a head that ached, but a heart not altogether unquiet, she rose and walked through the dewy bushes to the water's edge, while her dark hair was blown about her pale face in the boisterous dawn. She would indulge herself in one last weakness, she would see the *Ariadne* set sail.

She reached the river; the masts of the yacht were still visible, and as yet no sail fluttered on either of them. Selma smiled. Those gentlemen, she thought, talk of rising at day-break! They are doubtless all sleeping soundly and will be for another hour.

The beacon of the lighthouse was burning palely against the brightening sky. She would save her father, as she had often done before, the trouble of extinguishing it. So she returned to the house, procured the key of the lighthouse, and descending put out the light.

A thought suddenly darted through her mind, which made her heart throb. Her father's boat, it was to be returned this morning; who would bring it back? Perhaps it had been already replaced. At any rate she would go and see. She directed her steps towards the boat-house.

When she reached it—it was a rough structure of boards, hardly deserving the name of a 'house'—she paused before she entered. She hoped the boat had not yet come back. Then she heard a sound which made her heart stand still, and her breath come quickly. What was it? She listened all in a tremble.

Then she heard the sound again, distinct and terrifying, though faint—a human groan.

Bracing her nerves as well as she was able, she advanced resolutely, and, with an expectation of some horror that might strike her suddenly senseless, she entered the boat-house by the open door.

See uttered a cry, as if she had been pierced by some instrument of death, and grasped the side of the clumsy boat to stay herself from falling. Stretched on the hard boards beside the boat, with a rough and filthy sail for a pillow, his face as white as marble, save where it was streaked by some delicate threads of blood, lay the vision who had haunted her through the night-watches; the man who had so lightly, heedlessly broken in upon her peaceful life.

She kneeled down beside him, seized his limp hand in hers, and called him by name. Walter's eyelids opened tremulously; he smiled recognition—but oh! it was a pitiful smile—closed his eyes again, and swooned into unconsciousness.

It was a time for action. She sprang up, grasped a battered tin vessel, used for bailing, which was in the boat, filled it with water, sprinkled his face, applied water to his lips, and tenderly wiped the blood away with her handkerchief. His eyelids trembled again, but though she drenched his head and face with the cold river water, she could produce no other sign of animation.

She was in despair; what could she do?

She suddenly resolved to row over to the yacht, and bring some of his friends. That was undoubtedly the right thing to do. She arose, placed her hands upon the boat, threw all her mighty strength upon it, but alas—it did not move an inch. Then she must get her father.

At the boat-house door again, she looked across the river, and saw, to her great joy, that a boat with two men was approaching from the other side. She called and waved her handkerchief in a frenzied way. Presently the man who was steering seemed to see her, for he rose from his seat and threw up his hand. His companion stopped rowing and looked around, then turned again and bent to his oars with energy.

She re-entered the boat-house, and knelt again by the prostrate figure. He was breathing, Heaven be praised, and his friends would soon be here. Before they came—she looked round the narrow place stealthily and quietly, then she bent her head, and blushing like a summer morning, touched his cold lips lightly with her warm and rosy mouth.

Of the two men who leaped from the

boat, she recognized Maurice Smith, and his dark, composed face gave her hope and confidence. The other was a sun-burnt young fellow, with quick and nervous movements, whom she did not know, nor indeed noticed much. She said brokenly that Mr. Dean was there, hurt unto death for all she knew, and dragged them into the boat-house.

Daly emitted a sort of whistle at what he beheld; Smith gave forth no sound, but kneeling down by Walter, seized his wrist, and bent his ear to his mouth.

'He breathes,' he said quietly. 'Daly, your flask, if you have it?'

Daly had already taken it from his pocket, and he handed it to Smith.

'Brandy,' whispered Smith, 'good!' and he applied the cordial generously to Walter's lips, and managed to get some of it down his throat.

By a continuation of this treatment, the injured man revived a little. He smiled upon them all, and made as if he would speak.

'Do you think you are badly hurt, old boy?' Smith asked, tenderly.

'I think not,' Walter succeeded in saying, 'only weak.'

'Keep up your spirits. We are all here, Daly and Miss Meres and I. We will get you round all right.'

'All right, dear boy,' was the feeble answer. 'I'm a little smashed—nothing much. Your all being here revives me. I have found so much of my own company disagreeable.'

He was as incorrigible a jester as Charles the Second.

'There seems to be a dislocated shoulder here,' said Smith, after he had gently run his hand over Walter's body—'the wound in the head does not seem to be serious. There is something wrong with this leg. We had better get him up to the house, and some of the others will go for the doctor. Miss Meres, there was a light sort of sofa in your cottage. That would do for a litter.'

'I will bring it down.'

'I will help you,' said Daly, and he followed her to the house, wondering what connection this little witch, with the disheveled hair and grand eyes, had with his comrade's misadventure. 'There is always a woman in the case,' thought Daly.

They soon reappeared with the sofa, and with Jacob Meres, rubbing his eyes and helplessly dazed. With great caution they lifted Walter on it and carried him to the house, not without an occasional feeble groan from the patient, which was reassuring rather than otherwise. Jacob was despatched to the camp, with instructions to take two of the gentlemen there and row for dear life to the Point for the nearest doctor. He lived six miles away.

The brandy, the companionship, a rich fountain of hope and comfort to one who had endured the pains of death for a whole night in agonizing solitude—the tender attentions so revived the wounded man that he could talk at intervals without great difficulty, though he seemed every now and then to relapse into a state of coma.

'How long did you lie there,' Smith inquired.

'All night, in reality—a lifetime, in imagination.'

'Alas!' cried Selma, 'had I only known.'

'Where do you feel most pain?'

'This left shoulder and arm—are queer—can't move 'em. And the left leg.'

Smith asked for a pair of scissors, and began cutting away the shirt. The good left arm which had so bravely cleft the water a few hours ago, was helpless; it was bruised and discolored; the shoulder was swollen and out of shape.

'There is nothing broken here, but the shoulder is dislocated' said Smith. He saturated the injured member with cold water to keep down the swelling. Then he cut open the trousers, and said that one of the bones of the left leg seemed to be broken. Except the cut upon the head which had long ago stopped bleeding, and did not look very serious, no other hurt was discoverable.

'I don't think he is very badly hurt,' Smith said, cheerfully. 'The pain of his wounds, loss of blood, discomfort, solitude—these have reduced his strength to nothing. When his limbs are set he will be all right.'

The moments dragged wearily; the doctor could not be expected for a long time yet. In spite of all their tender care, Walter was evidently in a most wretched state. One disadvantage of returning consciousness was that he felt the pain most

acutely. Once when Smith asked him how he felt, he said hopelessly,

'I suffer agonies. I could wish I were dead.'

After an apparent lapse into insensibility, he opened his eyes and said,

'Maurice—this shoulder. Can you not put it right. Oh God! it is frightful.'

Selma cried quietly, and Daly made as if he would like to tear something to pieces. Smith's face became rather white. He looked at his watch, and after a moment's silence said: 'The doctor can not be here for two hours. I will put the shoulder right.'

Now amongst his intimate friends Maurice Smith had the reputation of knowing a little of everything. They often said that 'if he only chose to concentrate his powers on one object, he would be certain to achieve the highest success. He had walked a hospital for a year, having once had thoughts of deserting his own profession for medicine, and no doubt this was in Walter's mind when he invoked his help. Daly was very glad when he heard Smith say that he would put the shoulder right: he believed that whatever Maurice Smith undertook to do, he would surely perform properly.

So Smith took off his coat and waistcoat and prepared, in medical language, to reduce the dislocation.

He told Selma that she must furnish him with a number of long bandages about two inches in breadth. Of what material? Muslin was the best. Selma meditated and then retired to her bedroom, from which the sound of tearing cloth issued for some time. While she was thus engaged, Smith cut away Walter's shirt and removed it entirely. Selma reappeared with the necessary ligatures. Smith looked at them narrowly but said nothing. She had torn up a new muslin dress.

Smith now removed the shoe and stocking from his left foot, and with a serious and determined face seated himself by his suffering friend.

The first act was to take the injured arm tenderly in his hands, and bend it gently till the fore-arm rested across the chest. He then took one of the bandages, wetted it, and bound it on the wounded arm, in the knot which sailors and surgeons call the 'clove hitch,' attaching it also to the kitchen roller, which hung behind the door, and which he had taken down and appropriated to this unusual purpose. He passed the latter over his head and behind his neck, well down behind the shoulders. Then he placed the heel of his left foot firmly in the armpit under the dislocated shoulder, while Daly, by his directions, laid his hands upon the patient's whole shoulder and chest to steady him.

All this time the poor Marquis lay in a stupor, breathing thickly, with a face like a ghost's.'

Smith grasped the roller which passed behind his neck, with both hands close to the wounded arm, and with the whole strength and weight of arms and body pulled steadily towards himself.

The veins stood out on his forehead like whipcord, and still he pulled with nerves and muscles as rigid as steel. The sick man emitted a sort of faint hiss which sounded as much like the mechanical action of his tortured sinews as an utterance of pain.

Selma hid her face in her hands: Daly could hardly restrain a groan himself. But Smith hauled steadily away, for what seemed to all three a terribly long time. In fact it was a little more than five minutes. At length, just as Smith began to feel a horrible foreboding that he was going to fail, that he was expending his strength and racking his unhappy friend in vain, that he was not doing the right thing, that he had misconceived the whole matter—as this miserable thought struck cold upon his brain, just then a sharp report like that of castanets was heard, as the humerus slipped into its proper position.

'Victory!' exclaimed Daly in a low voice. Selma heaved a great sigh; Smith's features relaxed: and even the unconscious patient seemed to be more at ease.

Smith was busy binding up the reduced arm to the body, when in came the surgeon, with Jacob and the rest of the yachting-party. These latter were speedily turned out of doors, and the medical man gave his attention to the case.

He was pleased to agree with Smith's diagnosis, and to commend him for the way in which he had performed the operation. The cut on the head was dressed; the leg set in a glue bandage, and the doctor, leaving stimulants and instructions as to treatment, went away, promising to return as often as

was necessary. He was of opinion that perfect rest and freedom from excitement were all that was needful to bring the sufferer round again.

So in a silent and darkened room the shattered Marquis, his glorious strength sapped away till he was feebler than an infant, lay all day as one dead.

Outside the cottage, Smith, Daly, and the rest of them, held a council of war. It was decided that Smith should remain on Jacob's Island with Walter—when anything implying self-sacrifice was suggested, somehow Smith was always spoken of as the one to undergo it; he was to have a tent with the necessary furniture, amongst it an iron bedstead which the doctor (of laws) had brought with him in the yacht, and which, for very shame, he had been deterred from unpacking. Walter was to be moved to the tent, and to use the bedstead, for it was not considered reasonable to appropriate the Meres' cottage, although Selma offered it unreservedly, while Jacob, emerging slowly from the fog in which he had been enveloped, feebly echoed the proposal.

'There is no use you fellows staying any longer. Go off, down the river,' Smith said, but the others declared with one voice that they could find no pleasure in sailing until they knew that Walter was quite out of danger, for in truth they were all fond of Walter Dean. If he was in good case by to-morrow they might sail, but it probably would be homeward. There was no more enjoyment to be had out of the *Ariadne* that season.

'How do you suppose this business has happened?' Wilson asked Daly, as they rowed back to the yacht.

'Haven't an idea. The whole thing is a mystery. Walter isn't the man to walk over cliffs of his own mere motion, though the only explanation seems to be that he slipped over the rocks in the dark. That dark-eyed enchantress told me—with a divine blush—that he left her about ten o'clock, to take her father's boat and row to the yacht. We found him in the boat-house. I fancy he was washed on to the lower boards and dragged himself, when he came to, inside the shed. It is deuced lucky there was a foot or so of water where he fell: that broke his fall, and saved him from a complete smash-up. I'm not satisfied, however, that we know all that might be told.'

'Poor boy! I say, Daly, that little girl—she's a rustler.'

'You may say so, By George, I found myself thinking of her as much as poor Walter, all the time. No wonder Dean has fallen in love. Hang it! I believe I'm in love with her myself.'

'He'll become entangled with her some way, that's clear. He'll be laid up there for a month: she'll be constantly about him, nursing him and looking after him. Everyone knows what that sort of thing ends in.'

'Well, Wilson, on such matters you speak with authority. But fancy the aristocratic, fastidious Marquis marrying a lighthouse-keeper's daughter! The old man will cut up rough—old Dean, that is.'

'I don't see how Walter can marry her.'

'Why not?' cried Daly impetuously, his grey eyes flashing; 'I'd marry her if I were he, if five hundred old men objected. If he chooses to go in for his profession he can get on without his governor.'

'Wasn't there something between Walter and that pretty Miss Lansing? It was generally thought so.'

'Esther, you mean? There was I think, though nothing came of it. Here we are at the ship.'

Towards evening Walter brightened up wonderfully. He had fallen into a profound sleep which had lasted for some hours and he awoke with his faculties clear, and pretty easy in body.

'Is she out of the room,' he said suddenly to Smith who was close by him.

'Who?'

'Selma.'

'Yes.'

'Come closer, Maurice—I don't want to be overheard.'

'You are not to talk; the doctor says so.'

'The doctor be blowed. I have something on my mind. I shall feel better when I have confided it to you.'

'Well, be brief.'

'When I woke just now, I hardly knew what had happened. I recollect everything now. Am I much hurt?'

'A dislocated humerus; a fractured fibula; an abrasion of the cranial cuticle.'

'Good Lord!'

'That's what the doctor said. It means

less than it sounds. You have no hurt which a rest for a few weeks will not set right.'

'And I shall be all that time on Jacob's Island? Dear me!'

'We can move you if you like.'

'I wouldn't have you take such trouble for the world. Look here, Maurice, do you know how this happened?'

'It is supposed that you slipped over the rocks in the dark, when you were looking for the boat-house. You fell into shallow water, happily. It saved your neck.'

'And do you think that?'

'No. I found something that tells a different story, on the rocks just above where you must have fallen.'

'What was that?'

'A broken oar, with a jagged piece of copper on the blade.'

'Maurice, no doubt I was struck with that. Not a very severe blow I think, but it made me reel, and as I was right on the edge, over I went—into the drink, as the Yankees say. When I came to, my head and shoulders were resting on some boards and the water splashing about me. With great pain I dragged myself up, and found myself in the boat-house. And then—just heaven! What a night!'

'You must stop talking; you are getting excited.'

'Not I! I am never excited. But upon my honour I never expected to see the day. Maurice, I was very wretched. The agony of pain, the solitude, the thought of dying all alone so close to help and comfort, the unwillingness to die.'

'Come! I am going to leave you.'

'One moment. I saw no sign of life all night but your light on the yacht, where you were all comfortably sleeping, and an excursion steamer passed within twenty feet of the shore, with lights, and music, and people dancing on the deck ——'

'Is this what you wanted to tell me.'

'No. Don't you want to know who knocked me over the cliff.'

'Yes, if you want to tell me.'

'I do, but—you will not let Selma know. It would pain her needlessly.'

'I shall be discreet.'

'It was that most amiable of assassins, that most genial of missing links, your friend Caliban. I am sure of it. I just saw his shape—"if shape it can be called," et cetera—in the gloom. It looked like a gorilla. He had lifted something to strike me before I turned.'

'I thought of him.'

'Hang it, I supposed I had a surprise for you. But its just like you: you always insist on guessing everything.'

'The wretch, the infernal wretch! His body is a true index of his soul.'

'He is a strange and interesting specimen.'

'A specimen which should be impaled and put in spirits, without delay. What could have been his motive.'

'What, are you at fault there?'

'I can conceive no motive.'

'Why—jealousy of course! You can go now: I feel sleepy. Good night, old man.'

(To be concluded in the next Number).

A NAME.

YOU breathed a name the other day,
A name the world has often heard;
You noticed that I turned away,
And that I answered not a word.

You ask what caused my silence then,
And why I seemed so much distraught.
My tale is not for common men,
But I will tell you what I thought.

I thought me first of Gratitude:
Before me rose a kindly face
That beamed with every brightest good,
That pictured every fairest grace.

Then waked within me Reverence:
For I beheld a noble soul,
A soul of manliness intense
Made meet for high and large control.

Next sprang to view the form of Love:
My spirit felt its tenderness
Like some sweet angel from above
That looks to comfort and to bless.

Last, Pity crept with stealthy tread
To weep beside a new-made grave,
What men call the dishonoured dead—
A royal heart they would not save.

Such were my musings in that hour,
Awakened by that well-known name—
Name once the synonym of power,
Now everywhere suggesting shame.

But, as its visions troubled me,
I closed my eyes upon the Past,
And sadly questioned Destiny,
Seeking the Future to forecast.

I wondered what the years will bring
As, one by one, they come and go:
Will they sound forth Hope's joyous ring,
Or toll the doleful knell of Woe?

I thought on what may be my fate,
And into what my life may turn;
What meed of favour or of hate
From tongue or pen my deeds may earn.

I may secure no better praise
Than Fame accords to-day to him:
Some sin my virtues may erase,
Some fault may make my lustre dim.

Ay, when this weary course is run
That stretches now so far away,
And when the final goal is won—
Amid the shades of darkening day,

I may beseech a brother's tear,
The tribute of a generous mind,
And learn, although it is not dear,
That it is more than I can find.

For most men's judgments are so hard,
And most men's hearts are harder yet;
They curse the lot by Fortune marred,
And, where they curse not, they forget.

JOSEPH GRIFFITH.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

I FEAR that even the most thoughtful amongst us fail to realize the extent to which the emotional in our nature becomes a disturbing element in the intellectual judgments we come to on the questions which agitate society from time to time, and that we are found enlisted on either side more as the result of our predilections and passions than because of the cool, deliberate decision of the logical mind. As examples of the perverting force of the emotions, we may instance religion, patriotism, the family affections, all of which so bias the judgment that it is only the strongest and truest minds that ever escape from their tyranny into the clear, uncoloured light of Truth.

I say this because I cannot help seeing how the beautiful emotions of our nature sway and colour the arguments of our opponents to the extent of occupying almost the whole sphere of consciousness, and so preventing their seeing anything except through the haze of a favourite theory. Practically speaking, they say to themselves, this demoniac thing which is crushing morality out of the hearts and flooding with misery the myriad families of our fellow-men cannot be God-intended, and must be rooted out, and nothing can be injustice that enables us to compass this thrice-blessed end. 'The relentless forces of Nature which cry "*Væ victis!*" and drive the weakest to the wall' (FIDELIS, p. 186, CANADIAN MONTHLY), must be met and subjugated by the counter-forces of the human emotions employing every strongest weapon to gain their ends. What care we what inconveniences we put others to, what satisfactions we deprive them of, in view of this widespread desolating evil? They ought not themselves to regard them as more than the small dust in the balance; and if they do regard them as more, well, let them so regard them, we go straight to our object regardless of the selfish obstructionists. If they complain that they are deprived of their liberty, let them complain. If they have to pay for this good to others, let them pay. Injustice, forsooth! As if, in the presence of ruined families and imbruted men, we are to stand aside for such moral punctilios. These principles 'have been admitted' and submitted to in other cases, so that a precedent has been established for this.

True, these principles have been submitted to so long that they seem to have acquired a kind of lawyer-right by reason of long adverse possession, and as practically we are governed by established habits of thinking which we find ready-made to hand, rather than by their conformity to a rigid standard of right, we drop, almost by instinct, into the way of admitting as truths things most questionable and even false. Hence, while we regard as absurd the old corrupt wholesale system of monopolies and special licenses—when almost everything had its particular license, from a shoelatchet to a hat-band—and wonder at the tame submission of our forefathers, we fail to see the absurdity of rights granted to certain privileged persons in the community and denied to others. Why, here in little Kingston, we have men appointed to see that certain weights and measures are according to the standard, and others to see that the loaf of bread is of the proper weight, and thus to stand between the fool and his folly. Thus, instead of putting folly at a disadvantage, we encourage it, by taking away the very stimulus to the due exercise of the intellectual powers with a view to their development and growth, and their transmission intensified and improved to posterity, and setting a premium on their non-exercise. Still, unwise as such legislation is, I could have less objection to it, if the armies of such inspectors were paid by the Government out of their own pockets; but when they force me to pay for all this folly, I deem it as unjust as it is absurd. But I am not going to be encumbered by all this meddle and muddle of principles admitted because submitted to. So soon as we ad-

mit the doctrine that Governments or City Fathers are the *ex officio* foster-parents of the community, we admit the doctrine of paternality, and open the sluices, which, letting in despotism, swamp all individuality.

But I am at once the most thorough-paced Radical in Canada, and yet the staunchest and most uncompromising Conservative. Can the *Globe* and *Mail* understand this? In short, I cannot reason at all unless on first principles. I must feel my feet upon the rock and build upwards, or I cannot build at all; but once having concluded on adequate grounds what is indefeasible right, I am as intensely earnest for the conservation of this most precious heirloom of humanity as the most rigorous Conservative can demand. With me it is fundamental that men are individuals, with individual rights, before they are members of society, and that they exist for themselves in a more special sense than for other men; nor can I see any reason for the dogma that I waive any right or gain any right by becoming a member of society, which as a unit I did not originally possess. Society ought to enforce, not curtail, my rights. I am, or at least ought to be, '*totus teres atque rotundus*'—round and polished as a billiard ball—as a man; and it is because I am '*teres atque rotundus*' that I am enabled to roll in and out through my fellow-men without interfering offensively with their individuality. For, as I stated in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, 'I hold that it is of the essence of liberty that every one may do as he pleases, so long as his doing so does not collide with the equal right of every other man to do as *he* pleases.' It may, indeed, be said—it has been said—that in becoming a member of society I enter into an implied contract not to (say) kill or rob another man on the condition that he renounces his right to kill or rob me; but such an argument, no matter by whom used, is mere nonsense, for no man can renounce what he never possessed—the right to kill or rob another.

But to come to points: 'Mr. Allen,' says FIDELIS . . . 'has seriously misrepresented the position of the present writer [FIDELIS] in his list of premises.' . . To begin with the first: 'That a Government is entitled to curtail the rights of A. if it conceives that thereby it will benefit B., though A. may be the better member of society.' This, I had said, was the first position she must establish as a preliminary before she could proceed one step in her argument in favour of Prohibition. In other words, that she must establish the proposition, that it is the duty of a Government to watch my conduct in the minutest particulars, and to see that I never take a glass of wine, and that, if I am thirsty, I take a glass of water instead of a glass of beer or cider to allay my thirst, and, though I may object to such minute surveillance and plead my liberty to choose my own means of quenching my thirst or gratifying my taste, still that, since B. may take too much beer if he touches it at all, it is the duty of Government to prohibit my use of my innocent enjoyment, and that my rights must be held as of light account and my liberty sacrificed to the good or supposed good of B.; or as I had expressed myself in the July number (p. 26): 'That in a society of a hundred persons, because three of them, in using, are liable to abuse something, the remaining ninety-seven shall be *forced* to forego its use, looks monstrous.'

But what is the reply of FIDELIS? 'The writer' (that is, FIDELIS) 'so far from expressing any such premise, expressly contended that the right to sell liquor,' &c., &c. But in fact 'the right to *sell*' was, when I penned the paragraph in question, wholly absent from my thoughts, but the far larger question of the right to *use* was what was occupying my attention, so that instead of my seriously misrepresenting FIDELIS, she has seriously misrepresented my meaning in the passage referred to. But as this position has not been assailed—indeed, it is unassailable—no breach has been effected in my whole line of argument. It was the first line of circumvallation which must be carried before the fortress could be entered at all, and it *still remains in the entirety of its strength.*

On the poison-argument, I wish to say that sound, well-manufactured wine, cider, beer, porter, or spirits, have not been proved to be poison, any more than quinine, coffee, opium, but only when taken in excess. To many feeble people they have even been prescribed as food or arresters of decay. And though the argument of FIDELIS is directed, not against the use or even manufacture of these things, so much

as against their sale, yet how can it be wrong to buy or sell what it is not wrong to use? Now, though I maintain that every system which interferes with human liberty and the individual conscience will prove abortive, because wrong, yet the man who sells to another to make him drunk must be an utterly abandoned miscreant, and ought to be put in coventry by every good man. But because this is so, am I to be subjected to a system of espionage and to be told how and what I am to eat and drink?—that I may manufacture it for myself, but that another may not manufacture it for me? But if the manufacture, likewise, be prohibited in Canada, only imagine how, with our extensive frontier, the country will be overrun with smugglers—our neighbours growing rich at our expense, and no good done us.

But she proceeds—again misconceiving my argument: 'Still less ground is there for the second premise with which this writer's [her own] argument is credited—that a Government "is likewise entitled, if it deems proper, to take of the goods or earnings of A. in order to carry out its system of benefiting B."' On this (her own mistake) she thus comments: 'It is difficult to see how this "premise" could have been "developed" out of my argument, since the vexed question of "compensation" was not even touched upon, it being a side issue,' &c.

But neither as a main issue nor a 'side issue' had the question of *compensation* ever entered into my thoughts. My argument ran thus: 1st. A Government is not justly entitled to curtail my rights in order thereby to benefit some other person, &c. 2nd. It has no rightful authority to take my goods or earnings to enable it to carry out this its system of doing injustice to me out of kindness to this other—this other all the time disclaiming against this attempt at kindness, and I opposing the plan as to me the very essence of injustice, *i.e.*, doing me a wrong, and making me pay for the privilege of having it done. It seems a very funny notion, truly—a strange perversion of the sense of right. For it must be borne in mind that the system of Prohibition can be carried out only at an enormous expense to the country at large. The former system of licensing—which as I do not approve, so I do not approve of 'legalizing the office of *tempter*' (p. 184)—brought in a large revenue, but the system of Prohibition has not even that in its favour, but will cause a large deficit.

For a strict theologian, like FIDELIS, it seems to me strange dogmatism to assert that what Christ did in Judea in the year 30, He would not do in Canada to-day, and that the principles of Christianity are at variance with the actual practice of Christ. A person like FIDELIS must be hard pressed when she consents to fight behind such a hedgerow for a rampart Then (p. 184) she employs the words 'lead us not into temptation' as an argument in favour of the prohibition of all alcoholic drinks. But in the time of Christ men got drunk and were led into temptation, in *her* sense of the word, by the use of wine, and yet Christ made wine for men's pleasure, and drank of it himself, and lived and eat and drank like other people, and was nicknamed a wine-bibber by the Formalists of his day. So that I cannot help thinking that there must be a vast confusion somehow in the minds of FIDELIS and her friends in their way of reconciling the teaching of Christ with the dogmas of Prohibition—in arguing against the use of a thing because of its abuse. Certainly, the expression of Christ, 'lead us not into temptation,' as quoted in such a sense that the words of Christ contradict the practice of Christ, just as, similarly, the words of St. Paul (Rom xiv.), 'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend,' might be quoted against the precept of St. Paul. But the *object* of Paul, to wit, the inculcation of charity and forbearance towards others, may help us to the comprehension of his meaning here. The man, he would urge, who *deems* a thing wrong to be done and yet does it, though the thing may be in itself innocent, is guilty before his conscience: knowing this, and knowing his state of mind, encourage him not by your practice to do violence to his own sense of right. Therefore, have charity towards his weakness, lest you '*embolden*' him to sin. It is simply a case of *casuistry* resolved. If a man says to me, 'I think it wrong to take a glass of wine;' then I say, 'Don't take it; but don't lay down the law for *me;* for, as Paul says, "Why should my liberty be judged by *another man's* con-

science." I was made to take care of my own body and mind, and not another man. But "be *not* drunk with wine, wherein is *excess*."' But this laying down of the law for others—this enforcing by penalty—this drilling of men into morality—is what I object to. And I cannot help saying that this straining of the obvious meaning of passages to meet the requirements of a foregone conclusion, cannot but prove very damaging to the minds of those who employ it. The further, too, they proceed, the more they get entangled in a deeper thicket of difficulties, from which they vainly try to escape. Christ and Paul, and human rights and human nature, confront them at every turn of their embarrassed course, and command them to reconsider the premises from which start. Paul knew that wine made men drunkards, just as meat makes them gluttons, and yet his command was not, don't use, *but don't use in* '*excess*.' Anything beyond this by legislative enactment is simply folly, and wherever attempted will prove so, too.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'Premises Nos. 5, 6, and 7 are of Mr. Allen's criticism, not of my article.' And yet she had said (CANADIAN MONTHLY of April, p. 369): 'Sweden, having tried her Gothenburg system for more than ten years in some parts of her dominions, is now, encouraged by the success which seems to have attended it there, endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom.' But when I showed that 'the consumption of spirits in Gothenburg had risen in ten years from 66,000 gallons to 329,000 gallons,' and that, by the testimony of the English Consul there, Mr. Duff, the system had 'proved a failure,' I am told that 'the premises are of Mr. Allen's criticism, not of FIDELIS'S article.' But this is of little consequence.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'Premise No. 8, also, the writer [FIDELIS] is compelled to disavow.' I had there said that to prove Prohibition she would have to admit 'that the Mohammedan system, which puts at once a strait waistcoat on the will, far transcends the Christian, which leaves the will free to use, but not to abuse.' Of course, I was speaking of the one point at issue, Prohibition. Now, the command of Mohammed, *thou shalt not use*, was in no other sense legislative than the command of Christ, *thou shalt not abuse;* and it is for us, looking at the whole nature and circumstances of the creature addressed, to say which system, *in this respect*—that of an absolutely prohibitive Maine liquor law, or one in which the use is sanctioned by precept and example, but the abuse denounced as a fearful crime—is the better system. The friends of Prohibition would not dare to *say* that they think the Mohammedan system the best; but remove the offensive word, and, flounder as they will, *they do say it*. But

'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'Premises 9th and 10th must be equally disavowed, at least,' &c. And yet they are a necessary corollary from her doctrine. But I had lived too long under a so-called paternal government not to feel how the iron heel of despotism, under the name of Paternality, could crush out the very soul of a people, and, absorbing to itself the whole substance of liberty, leave to the governed little else than the empty name. I am therefore jealous of all encroachment on the liberty of the *individual*, and of all interferences with our natural rights. Such are simply usurpations, whether the usurper be a despot or a number of despots calling itself a majority, or the State.

My 11th premise is met by an appeal to the many philanthropic institutions of the day of an almost universally recognised useful character. I had thought it questionable if 'natural selection—the survival of the fittest—ought to be cheated in its operation by a universal artificial system of preserving the constitutionally weak, to propagate their weakness and uncontrol, instead of endeavouring—by appeals to reason, to the sense of right, to the affections, to self-interest—to rouse the sluggish will and invigorate self-control; and, thus, constituting this the *test* of their improvability and of their title to survive.'

This I said, not so much because it belonged to my direct argument, but because I thought that sympathy towards and interest in the weak, the drunken, and the uncontrolled, was leading us to overlook some very grave and momentous processes of Nature for the improvement of man, in which (to use the words of FIDELIS) 'the relentless forces of Nature which cry *væ victis* and drive the weakest to the

wall,' are eventually destined to work out the highest good to the race; and that if her whole course were to be reversed and her penalties, through artificial intervention, set at defiance by a universal systematized course of things by which the best would be mulcted in the interest of the worst, it might be found, in the long run, that Nature—old, hard, and heartless stepdame as she may be—blundered in her moral ends far less than we. For has she not nursed us through the thousand ages of our savage infancy, and by selecting the strongest traits and rejecting the weakest, taught us by many a hard and stern, but wise, lesson, to become what we are to-day, in this transition period of our nonage? And what may she not have in store for us in the future if we submit to her laws.

But I must introduce the reader to one of the master-builders of the world, who 'builds for aye.' 'If any one denies,' says Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'that children bear likenesses to their progenitors in character and capacity—if he holds that men whose parents and grandparents were habitual criminals, have *tendencies as good* as those of men whose parents and grandparents were industrious and upright, he may consistently hold that it matters not from what families in society *the successive generations* descend. He may think it just as well, if the most active, and capable, and prudent, and conscientious people die *without issue;* while *many children* are left by the reckless and dishonest. But whoever does not espouse so insane a proposition, must admit that social arrangements which *retard* the multiplication of the socially-best, and *facilitate* the multiplication of the mentally worst, must be extremely injurious.

'For if the unworthy are *helped to increase*, by shielding them from that mortality which their unworthiness would naturally entail, the effect is to produce, generation after generation, a greater unworthiness. From diminished *use* of self-conserving faculties already deficient, there must result, in posterity, still smaller amounts of self-conserving faculties.* . . . Such members, too, of a population as . . . are taken care of by the rest, inevitably bring *on the rest extra exertion* . . . hence are they subject to *an overdraw on their energies* . . . tending to arrest the increase of the best and to deteriorate their constitutions. . . . Fostering the good-for-nothing *at the expense of the good* is extreme cruelty. It is a deliberate storing up of miseries for future generations. There is no greater curse to posterity than that of bequeathing to them an increasing population of imbeciles and idlers and criminals. To aid the bad in multiplying, is, *in effect*, the same as maliciously providing for our descendants a multitude of enemies. It may be doubted whether the maudlin philanthropy which, looking only at *direct* mitigations, persistently ignores *indirect* mischiefs, does not inflict a greater total of misery than the extremest selfishness inflicts.* . . . How far the mentally-superior may, with a balance of benefit to society (and to himself, as below), shield the mentally-inferior from the evil results of their inferiority, is a question too involved to be here discussed at length. Doubtless it is in the order of things that parental affection, the regard of relatives, and the spontaneous sympathy of friends, and even of strangers, should mitigate the pains which incapacity has to bear. . . . *Individual altruism*, left to itself, will work advantageously wherever, at least, it does not go to the extent of helping the unworthy to multiply. But an unquestionable injury is done by agencies which undertake *in a wholesale way* to foster good-for-nothings, putting a stop to that *natural* process of elimination *by which society continually purifies itself.*'

So speaks this great thinker. It is a subject needing great caution and great knowledge in its treatment, and is fraught with much painful perplexity from whatever standpoint we view it, and can only be approached safely by those who unite in their natures the tenderness of the philanthropist with the far-seeing of the philosopher; so that I fear majorities cannot do much for its solution. Two seemingly opposing interests have to be reconciled—the alleviation of present misery compatibly with the interests of posterity. We have only to look to the disastrous effects of the working of the English poor-law to be convinced of the difficulty of dealing with any question from the standpoint of the emo-

* So that 'the relentless forces of Nature which cry *vae victis* and drive the weakest to the wall,' have at least no venom in them, and in the end prove even beneficent.

tions only, and that an evil may be aggravated and new evils engendered by looking too exclusively to the direct, while ignoring the indirect consequences of any measure.

It must be borne in mind, too, that all uncontrol—the prolific parent of a widespread family of miseries—is the result of a want of consensus between the organism and its mundane conditions, and that the absence of such consensus implies a failure of development or a degeneration of nerve-structure; so that the uncontrollable individual, instead of having made a step in advance to meet the increasing complexities of life which can only be met by increasing complexity of organization, has dropped behind a step—it may be, many steps—which, if he could realize, is marked by nerve degeneration, that is, by physical degeneration, which degeneration is inheritable by his offspring. Hence the great caution needed in dealing with the problem of the miseries and moral and mental weaknesses of mankind: for 'the fatal hereditary craving' (p. 186) is itself the result of nervous degeneration—a sort of *descensus Averni* ingrained in the constitution, and which, while claiming our sympathy and help, demands more wisdom in dealing with it than I think any of the rough-and-ready would-be doctors of humanity have generally attained to: for it is, indeed, a most perplexing problem.

Why do men drink? Human nature, though it has made great progress through the ages, has not yet so far advanced—her motto being *festina lente*—as to be reduced to harmony with its circumstances. The adaptation has not yet been carried far enough. The human creature, therefore, often gets ennuied; a feeling of restlessness, of dissatisfaction arises in the mind; he is ill at ease and craves excitement of some kind, and to allay the wearing and wearying feeling, one has recourse to the stimulus of alcohol, another of opium or Indian hemp, another of tea or coffee, another of gambling, or money-making, or politics, or novel reading, etc., etc.; for human life is not yet fully adjusted or specialized to its special conditions, but is only *on the way* towards that adjustment. The stimulus of war and of murdering and scalping and hunting down one another, and of feasting on the fallen and tortured foe, has been exchanged to some extent for the above-named excitement, and I think with benefit to the individual and the race. But—Rome was not built in a day—we are not sufficiently evolved for the stimulus of the conditions of life to be a sufficing stimulus to the mind. We still crave something additional, and shall do, so long as the harmony—more nearly approached by some than by others—is not perfect. Is it too much to expect—for is not the past the prophecy of the future—that the man of the long future will have finer and keener sensibilities, his nervous system be such as to be more readily stimulated, that his more civilized and high-toned nature will find delights and pleasures in matters which to us look tame and uninteresting, and that he will be disgusted with and shrink from things which pain general humanity now as little as the scalping and the cannibal feast did our ancestors of old?

How many are there even now, whose more specialized and advanced organization enables them to respond pleasurably to the myriad slight ictuses of mental, moral, and æsthetic beauty presented to them everywhere, of which the duller and less differentiated brains of their fellows are almost wholly insensible. Let us only be patient. Give the thing time enough and all may yet go well. But of this we may rest assured, that our unwise haste and restrictive measures, commencing with palpable injustice, will only aggravate the evil tenfold.

In my 12th premise I had said that FIDELIS was bound to prove 'that a government possessed rights of a kind quite distinct from those possessed by individuals.' To this FIDELIS replies, that 'they *have* rights of a kind distinct,' for that 'it is a principle on which we act in all other matters.' This, of course, proves nothing. It only means, it is done because it is done, or, they do it in one case, and so may do it in another.

Now though this premise is only an adjunct, not a necessity, of my argument, I thought it best to introduce it, believing that the time will come when the question with the legislator will be, not is this law I am about to propose *expedient*, but is it *just*; a time when there will be a conviction in men's minds—which at present there seems not to be—that what is just is *always expedient* in the long run. It is so difficult, too, to decide on what is expe-

dient; the circumstances are so many, the interests to be reconciled so diverse, that in almost every case a compromise has to be effected by striking, in a clumsy way, a kind of average never altogether quite satisfactory. But with the question of right, it is quite different. And here I call to mind a short story from the Cyropædia of Xenophon. I quote from memory and may possibly prove verbally inaccurate. His grandfather, the king, had told Cyrus that he must go back to Persia to learn justice. But, grandfather, said the boy, I have a most exact knowledge of justice. How so, said his grandfather. Thus, said the boy. A big boy at our school with a little coat, took a big coat off a little boy and gave the little boy his own small coat. Of this the little boy complaining, the master called on me to act as judge. Whereupon seeing that the small coat of the big boy fitted the little boy, and that the big coat of the little boy fitted the big boy, I gave my sentence for the big boy's retaining the big coat and the little boy's retaining the little coat. But for this, added Cyrus, I got whipped, my master adding that, if called on to judge which coat fitted each boy best, my decision was a good one; but that that was not the point at all, but a quite different one, to wit, of *right* and belonging. So you see, grandfather, I have a strict knowledge of justice.

Oh, for such schoolmasters and such pupils! With such instructors we should make short work with Dunkin Bills and Prohibitions. This grand old Pagan schoolmaster, how much might he not teach us in Christian Canada to-day. What a clear, discriminating judgment. Everything stood rounded to him in its just proportions, and no confusing haze of the emotions blurred the clear, calm eye of the judgment. When the claims of right and expediency jostled, the fine, true instincts of the man never hesitated for an instant, and he punished the poor little boy as though it were a disgrace for even a child not to see that, in a collision of right and expediency, *right must triumph ever*, and that the battle-cry in every encounter ought to be—*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*

But why make such a fuss about *individual liberty?* My reply is that by touching this, you touch the apple of the eye of every human interest, of all that is grand, and beautiful, and worth living for in the world.

But we restrict the liberty of the smallpox patient for the sake of others, and why not prevent one from taking or from selling a glass of wine for the same reason? But the cases are not parallel. The glass of wine won't injure me, but the smallpox would. Because the wine is exposed for sale, I am *not obliged* to take it; my will is not forced. But in the case of the smallpox patient at large, in the market and public thoroughfares, I *am obliged* to take it; I can scarce avoid taking it; and since I have no right to injure another, another has no right to injure me, and therefore I am justified in seeing that he secludes himself for a short period.

But if 'governments *have*' exclusive rights, whence do they derive them? They are either usurped rights, over the people, or they are rights delegated to them from the people; but, if the latter, I can only say, that water cannot rise higher than its fountain-head.

But the whole thing hinges upon this, whether right or expediency is to be recognized as the basis of human government. I maintain that the individual has rights that are inherent and inalienable. FIDELIS maintains that the individual holds his rights by sufferance, and may rightfully be deprived of them whenever a majority decides that it is for the good of society that these rights be escheated. In short—for it comes to this—there are no rights that may not rightfully be voted away and extinguished by a numerical majority, and, therefore, no rights at all: for the caprice of the voters constitutes our only real entitlement. Yet once admit this, once touch with the unhallowed finger of expediency the sanctity of right, and we put everything in jeopardy. But, in spite of all reactions to the contrary, we are, I conceive, working upward towards a state of belief that the highest crimes against man are 'TRESPASSES UPON HIS INDIVIDUALITY'; and, unless this be regarded as the very corner-stone of our liberties, 'new democracy is but old despotism differently spelt.' For, as Herbert Spencer further says, 'the worship of the appliances of liberty *in place of liberty itself*, needs continually exposing. There is no *intrinsic* virtue in votes. The possession of representatives is not *itself* a

benefit. These are but *means* to an end; and the END is the maintenance of those conditions under which *each citizen may carry on his life without further hindrances from other citizens than are involved by their equal claims.*' This is a very weighty sentence—the summation of one who has studied the principles and laws of human nature, and the histories of human societies, as no other man, dead or living, ever has. The best education you can give a man is a sound and thorough saturation of his whole nature with a sense of his rights and of human rights; but it is impossible to uphold human rights and human freedom if you *commence by destroying them.* A government or a majority has no right to do me a wrong, and can have none. I possess the right to take a glass of wine. To deprive me of this right would be plain injustice; it would not be right, but the exercise of might to set right aside. This all is involved in Prohibition. Prohibition, then, begins in wrong; builds on wrong; and no edifice built on wrong as its foundation can be stable. But this is not all: I am likewise to be forced to *pay* with a view to the upholding of this system of wrong-doing—knocked down and punished for falling.

It is a strange idea, a grotesque-looking argument, which if FIDELIS has been able to make nothing out of, no one else need attempt. And what says she upon the subject—'At the best' (page 185, the italics here and hereafter, as likewise in the quotations from Mr. Spencer, are mine)—'at the best, and in our best efforts, we are *but groping through the dark*—feeling our way amidst *unknown* quantities, making attempt after attempt, and *experiment after experiment*, and by-and-by, *perhaps*, hitting, *after a blundering fashion*, on something which succeeding ages at least, if not the present, will recognize as a great step in human progress.'

And for the sake of all this 'groping through the dark' and 'blundering' on in the vain hope that at last some remedy may 'perhaps' be stumbled on, I and the rest of us are to be deprived of innocent, if not useful, enjoyment, and to be taxed into the bargain for the support of our experimentalists while seeking for the philosopher's stone by which to convert the baser metal of humanity into precious gold, and to relieve men of the misery which has dogged the footsteps of our race from the very first, though ever in a decreasing degree. 'And,' adds FIDELIS, with a candour beyond all praise, 'this is *the best*, the writer sincerely believes, that we can hope to do with the Temperance Problem; and if Prohibition do not prove the best solution, we *may*, amid our seeking, find something better on the way.' And we may find the North Pole and mermaids disporting themselves in that open sea and—*we may not.* But one thing we certainly shall find at the end of each experiment—our own terrible mistake. For a system born, cradled, nursed in wrong can never end in right; nor, wriggle out of or twist it as we will, can it ever be made to appear that the proper office of a government is to curtail the rights of any member of the body corporate, but rather to so reconcile the rights of all as to afford the fullest play to the individuality of each.

But people are not very likely to be won over from the error of their ways by anything I may have to say, if not already convinced by the clear and manly and powerful reasoning of the author (see CANADIAN MONTHLY for August) of 'CURRENT EVENTS'—a writer whose every page sparkles with brilliancy, toned down and tempered by profound thought and masculine sense, and whose style is so crisp and fresh and vigorous, and his mode of treating his subject so entirely his own, while at every turn we are encountered by surprises of novelty or originality, that where obliged to disagree with him, we feel that we do so reluctantly, and always with the respect due to a writer and thinker of no ordinary powers.

If the Maine Liquor Law be the blessing to the world which its advocates represent it to be, why is it that so many of the States of the American Union—Rhode Island, Massachusetts, &c.—which once adopted it with rejoicings, have fallen from their first love and reject it now? Is it that, having had experience of its effects, they can now judge of its merits? Or if it be said that those who voted for it at first had meanwhile become deteriorated, then, I say, the former system of non-prohibition had produced a moral character which prohibition-times have so lowered or not sustained, that they now reject the good they once rejoiced in.

And, in regard to the Dunkin Bill, it is

very easy for the gentleman, amid his grapes and walnuts, sipping his wine in his cosy dining-room or at his club, to talk of Dunkin Bills for his poor neighbour, and vote away his glass of beer! Is it not class legislation practically? We commend that Government which restrains its unruly citizens; but what are we to think of a Government, which, not content with moderating the wild passions and keeping them within decent bounds, actually turns on every useful and self-controlled member of society, and puts an embargo on his innocent pleasures, robbing him of those small comforts and satisfactions which help to break the strain of his, too often, hard and cheerless lot. The bow that is bent too far and too constantly, snaps at last; and opium and other worse stimulants may be had recourse to, if, in our overstrained requirements, we demand too much. But the whole course of human legislation is opposed to the belief that so harsh and Draconian a law could ever, practically, be enforced—a law more stringent in this particular than the requirements of Christianity itself, and which, though advocated by Christians on so-called Christian principles, if obeyed to the letter, supersedes the very command of Christ himself. I see that there are some gentlemen actively engaged in promoting this system of interference with human liberty, from whose intellects I had hoped for better things; but it is astonishing to what an extent the emotions often override the judgment.

FIDELIS was a strong and ardent supporter of the Dunkin Bill, when proposed in Kingston, where the good sense of the community (and much else not so good) prevented its adoption. But can any place be found in which it has proved a plain, unequivocal success. I have not heard of any. One man did say to me that he thought it had done good in a certain neighbourhood. This is the sole testimony I have had in its favour; though I have heard and read much which told terribly against it. But in the incorporated village of Portsmouth, near which I reside, I made it my business to ascertain how it worked, and the universal testimony, including that of most respectable advocates of the measure, was that it had effected *no good at all*, while the testimony of some of them was, that the state of things was *worse* than before the passing of the Bill.

Of the effect of the Maine Liquor law in the State of Maine, I have heard the most conflicting testimony. But in the *Mail* I read that 'Mr. Dodds read an extract from the Portland (State of Maine) *Argus*, showing that, since the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, the population of the State had stood still, while the amount of crime had increased, and the State Prison had been enlarged four times in nine years, during which time also no less than twenty-five amendments had been made in the Maine Liquor Law.'

A short time since a clergyman was staying with me, and hearing that some years before he had been in the State of Maine for six weeks, I asked him what he knew of the effect of the Maine Liquor law there. His reply was, that there was *more* drunkenness there than he had ever witnessed in any village of Canada of the same population. But fearing that I might have made a possible mistake, I wrote to him on the subject, and received by post his answer in somewhat stronger terms than those I have above employed. And he added, 'there was no difficulty in getting liquor, only it was of inferior quality and dearer than in Canada. . . . . It was sold in neighbouring villages in the same way.' This testimony is unimpeachable.

Thus, one after the other, have English Permissive Bills, Gothenburg systems, Maine Liquor Laws, Dunkin Bills all proved failures, because the fundamental principles of morality and of human nature have been utterly ignored and despotically trampled on. And surely it must strike the Christian advocates of prohibitory laws as singular and stumbling, that, throughout the whole course of the Dispensations, neither Patriarchs, nor Lawgivers, nor Prophets, nor Apostles, nor the Founder of their Faith, ever dreamt of such a system—a system which is wholly subversive of our simplest ideas of the principles on which they acted and by which they were actuated, and that one of their greatest difficulties to-day lies in the precepts and practice of Christ himself, against which all their arguments break and recoil upon them, like the baffled waves of the ocean against the granite cliffs.

But is there no remedy? None but

'the relentless forces of Nature,' eliminating the weak, and the general prevalence of truer and higher principles, and a different and higher teaching, and—time.

But if our children see their parents frequent the bar-room and the saloon; if parents show that they think it mean not to treat and be treated, in hotels and in their private houses; if it is thought hospitable or gentlemanly to offer every one who enters something to drink;—is it any wonder that our children drop insensibly into our habits, regard the taking of liquor as a mark of good-fellowship and manliness, and imitate their parents, till, before they are hardly aware of it, the occasional action has grown into a habit, and the habit into a disease; till, at length, the nerve-element has become physically involved and the case is next to hopeless, and many a noble nature is lost for ever to the world.

If young men are not taught—oh, that we had some of those old Persian schools and that grand old schoolmaster!—that *uncontrol*, instead of being masterful and manly and the sign of a high spirit, is, in very deed, the proof of a very feeble and degenerate and unmanly nature—only the man-form of one who has thrown up the reins of the will into the keeping of the passions, and who is, therefore, only the poor weakling and buffet of every momentary caprice, and not a man at all; and if parents, hurrying along and absorbed by schemes of wealth and ambition, and inculcating unconsciously, by their words and actions, very questionable principles, abandon their children to others to be educated—no, not educated, but—to be taught languages in schools in which the selfish ambition of the parents is re-ingrafted and fostered in the children;—can we wonder at the result.

If it slips out at every turn that riches and position are the one thing worth pursuing in the race of life, and that mental and moral wealth, if not for the sake of display, are not worth the seeking; if high and sustained excitement, which means *wasted* nerves, be the order of the day in everything;—then it is no wonder if men—and women are to blame for much of this—seek in stimulants the momentary *arrest* of that decay of nerve element which, in many cases, is so great and so sudden that the loss cannot be made up by the ordinary processes of the constitution through the assimilated food. To all such, the experiment is fraught with the extreme hazard of (physical) nerve-degeneration. But still the cry is 'Hurry up.' The disappointed, too, to drown their disappointment, which, on its physical side, means likewise wasted nerve-matter, take to the stimulant to drown their disappointment. And here again I say, oh, that we had our wise Persian schoolmaster to teach us to be wise!

But this question of a remedy is a long one, on which I have scarcely begun. Still I must close abruptly or weary my readers beyond endurance.

In parting, however, let me again urge, especially on our young men, that one of the greatest duties in life is this, '*to guard the individual of whatever grade against trespasses upon his individuality.*' Let their motto in every campaign be—*Pure principles, not probable consequences*—then, as the sweet singer says,

> 'Si fractus illabatur orbis,
> Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'

J. A. Allen.

JUVENILE PAUPER IMMIGRATION.

WHEN the history of colonization comes to be written, what a vast subject will the poet-historian find at his disposal! Setting apart those merely fanciful illustrations and parallelisms which a divine of the old school would have worked out as an overture to his theme, there will yet be many broad-searching and deep-delving roots to be traced out in all directions, hidden beneath the mould and decaying leaves of the vanished years. It would be a waste of time to suggest that the creation itself was a colonization, and Adam the 'pioneer' of the race, brought hither he knew not whence, it matters not whether from the mediæval limbo of souls not yet endued with clay, or, according to Sir W. Thompson's more modern theory, carried along, potentially, on some moss-covered fragment of aerolite.

Poets have sung that

> 'Though inland far we be
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,'

and seem thus to countenance the idea that the human race are immigrants on a large scale, having replaced the original apes by sheer force of numbers and organization.

But apart from all this, it is undoubtedly a fact that colonization, properly speaking, has played a most important part in the world's history. What were most of the early historical wars but the outcome of the emigrating instinct under unfavourable circumstances? Migratory Arabs driving their flocks and herds to browse upon their neighbours' more or less defined sheep-runs and cattle limits, or again, hurling their thousands under Caled, the sword of God, upon effeminate Greek or degraded Roman. 'The old must give way to the young, nations like men, and men like leaves;' and the 'swarming of the Northern hive' is a sufficiently correct by-word to describe those warlike colonizations of Goths and Huns, from which seed-bed modern Europe has sprung.

New religions have been great fosterers of colonization, not only after the Mahometan manner, sending out its apostles on proselytising aims intent, but in the Christian style also, which very effectively inoculated heathen Europe with new blood and new ideas from well defined missionary centres of immigration, the cell of the recluse often becoming the nucleus of a regular nest of foreign monks and ecclesiastics. And later on, too, the inevitable clashing between opposing faiths has acted as a powerful centrifugal force, driving your Huguenots from France, and drawing your Puritans from England, with much energy and almost incalculable results. All these phases of the question, and many more which I must leave untouched, will be treated upon by the future Gibbon or Macaulay who will take up the subject, thankful that there yet remains a theme so vitally interesting and so capable of picturesque treatment and yet comparatively untouched upon by previous writers. When this work is written, as some day it will be, the materials I propose to bring forward in this paper may be found useful in elaborating one small niche, as it were, in the entire memorial edifice, one storied window in that grand series which will fitly depict the outward manifestations of the migratory instincts of our race.

Juvenile emigration is an essentially recent idea, one of the most purely modern plans than can be conceived. It presupposes a high state of civilization, not only in the *terminus a quo*, but also in the *terminus ad quem*, and lavish material appliances to overcome the labour of transit. Not only does it require this civilization to supply the means in cash and philanthropy, without which the money would prove inert metallic tokens, but it also, alas, postulates the existence of a degrading, crushing poverty at the starting point. For it need hardly be said that only the most biting misery could supply the numbers that have swollen the ranks of infant emigrants; like emigrants who leave their native land

without any accompanying friends, such children must be paupers. It is not so much that distress and suffering loosen the natural bond of love between parent and child, though that is the case too often, but that the want and pauperism among the great cities of the old world crush out the lives of the parents by hundreds, or force a desertion crueller than the separation of death itself.

Out of some 1100 children and upwards who passed through the hands of Miss Rye (to whose work, as she has been the pioneer of this movement, I shall chiefly allude) up to the year 1874, about one-half may be set down as orphans. Between three and four hundred of the other half are set down in the returns as deserted by one or both parents, or in that worse than deserted condition in which the unnatural parent represents no longer the loving and tender guardian, but has rather become the harsh task-master of the child in iniquity and heavy labor. In this class too are comprised those whose surviving parent is in gaol, or in some asylum or institution which practically isolates the child from its father or mother. The remainder of the tale is made up by those of whom the parentage is unknown, either from the neglect of the workhouse authorities or by reason of the double cloud that illegitimacy has thrown around their antecedents.

Of these it may be safely surmised that those who are orphans are the most happy, for they may have known a parent's care, whilst the others, unheeded from the sad beginning of their lives, cannot even be said to be deserted, which would imply that they had once had homes and friends of their own.

We have put these figures forward here in order to show what a vast human machinery must be at work in England,* when out of the dust and refuse from under its wheels one woman can in a few years gather up so many wasting lives. This aspect of juvenile emigration, that is to say, what the children escape at home, is very clearly recognized by all who have lived in London or any of the great commercial centres of English industry, but it must be comparatively speaking incredible to the inhabitants of a country practically without a pauper class and actually without poor laws and poor-houses. Of course isolated cases of poverty and want occur too often even here, but no one who has not seen the evil in all its repulsive details could picture the hopeless, abject misery of a pauperised family or group of families,—as shiftless in anything beyond mere hand-to-mouth appliances as mere babies, as destitute of moral fibre as blotting paper is of material fibre, and without the faintest shadow of a chance to raise themselves without extraneous assistance. For such as these the unions and workhouses of England are the habitual home, the master and matron are their tutelary deities, their feeble remnants of independence and free-will are gladly bartered for a mess of pottage at the price of a slavish submission to the rules and regulations which govern their most trivial actions. To one who enters this land of the modern Lotos-eaters everything becomes degradingly easy. A sleepy submission to the Board of Guardians and its officers is all that is required, and in return the food comes in due season, and that sense of having every thing done for one which saps the freeborn, forecasting spirit of the man. The adult pauper, once he has got to this stage, is generally given up as hopeless; he resembles an insect which by some miracle has made its transmutations backward, and commencing in the free, winged condition, has developed downwards to the grub, whose large appetite and sluggish movements no longer predict a fortunate future of activity.

But while philanthropists have pretty generally given up the confirmed adult, great and praiseworthy has been the struggle over the pauper children. Early in the attempt to introduce some element of finality in this descent into the modern Inferno, was the plan of separating the children from the adults. The richer Metropolitan Unions, with laudable zeal, started branch institutions in the country, where their boys and girls could at least, it was thought, acquire healthy bodies and be isolated from the taint of the infected habits that would otherwise surround them. With the best intentions in the world these institutions have been enlarged and improved,—every modern appliance that would at once save the ratepayers money and improve the sanitary

*The population of the United Kingdom increases at the rate of 400 or 500 a day.

condition of the inmates has been eagerly devised and adopted. Ventilating apparatus, self-filling baths, steam-baking and cooking apparatus, patent mangles, and labor-saving contrivances of every kind finally made these branch-institutions so perfect of their kind that the middle-aged and not over well-to-do ratepayer, who took a tour of inspection round the wards on visiting days, was astonished to find the little paupers enjoying advantages neither he nor his own children had ever dreamt of. But alas for human nature! Too late it became evident that though these arrangements were well enough adapted to enhance the physical comfort of the children, and (theoretically at least), after the first heavy outlay, to reduce the expenditure to a minimum, yet the great end of the institution, viz., to educate a pauper's child into a self-supporting boy or girl and eventually into a man or woman of reasoning powers and decisive character, had been entirely lost sight of. The children grew up, were taught and drilled by an army of masters, mistresses, pupil-teachers, and miscellaneous officials, and so long as they were within the four walls, all went well. Some keen eyes noticed that after the tasks were over, the children seemed unable to play, and either lounged about purposelessly ors at listlessly in the sun, and did not augur well from this as to their future working powers. When they were old enough and had cost the ratepayers $100 a head a year, for some five or six years each,* these children were placed out at service. Strange to say, girls who had always found that hot water could be obtained spontaneously (and no doubt, on strict principles of political economy in such an institution, *ought* to have been obtained) out of a tap, proved unequal to boiling a kettle, and soon found or made an opportunity to return to the participation of the proceeds of the model steam-bakery, rather than submit to the endless petty errands and shifty jobs of a maid-of all-work's place. With a roll-call in England of between seven and eight hundred thousand paupers, a disposition on the part of boys and girls to consider these model institutions as their homes, and to return to them at intervals of rapidly diminishing length, was a symptom not to be neglected. It was obvious that the great district schools were only magnificent failures, and, singularly enough, juvenile emigration and the boarding-out system were commenced simultaneously by Miss Rye in Canada and Miss Florence Hill in England, though both systems were doomed to experience the determined opposition of the large army of officials whose only hold upon the ratepayer's pockets was through the schools and institutions which they had managed with such a persevering perverseness. The late Mrs. Nassau-Senior, fought a good fight against these evils, and her appointment by Mr. Stansfeld in 1873, as Inspector of the Female Workhouse Schools, was at once a great step towards the recognition of the peculiar fitness of a woman for such a post, and the means of a terrible exposure of a mistaken system. Her report on the subject disclosed the unpleasant fact that the longer the girls were kept at these training schools, the less favourable were the results that were obtained after they were placed out, and that the smaller schools were more successful than the larger district institutions, but that the rate, even in those schools where most personal supervision was given, was far from encouraging. In the first place, 74 girls out of 319 sent into service by the Metropolitan District schools, and 106 out of 351 sent out by the separate schools, could not be traced at all,—had vanished, too probably by means of rapid subsidence into their original pauper or vagrant element. This percentage (23 per cent. in one case, and 30 per cent. in the other) is sufficiently large, and we will compare it presently with the percentage among Miss Rye's girls on this side of the Atlantic. Out of the 245 girls in each class who had been traced, 62.28 per cent. from the District schools were reported as unsatisfactory or bad, and only 11.42 per cent. good (the balance being 'fair'); while 46.11 of the separate school's girls were bad or unsatisfactory, and 20.81 per cent. good.

We cannot here go into the merits or demerits of the boarding-out system in England; it certainly appears open to the objection that the weekly cash payment made with each child to the poor man or woman receiving it, is likely to be considered as a regular source of income, and applied rather in the support of the whole family than towards the boarded-out child alone.

* The St. George's, Hanover Square, Schools at Ashford cost £120 or $600 a bed, independent of keep.

I must now come to the subject more nearly affecting us as Canadians, namely, the plan first suggested and put into practice by Miss Rye,* and now carried on by so many others in a similar manner.†

This plan of infant pauper emigration has met with high approval, and I cannot do better than quote the words of the historian who has the most intimate practical acquaintance with the British Colonies, I mean Mr. Froude. In his Short Studies on Great Subjects,‡ after commenting on the difficulties attendant upon Government taking upon itself to assist adult emigration on a large scale, he goes on: 'There is not the same difficulty in providing for the young. When Mr. Forster's Education Bill is fairly in work, in one shape or another we shall have more than a million boys and girls in these islands, of whom at least a fourth will be adrift when their teaching is over, with no definite outlook. Let the State for once resume its old character and constitute itself the constable of some, at least, of these helpless ones. When the grammatical part of their teaching is over, let them have a year or two of industrial instruction, and, under understanding with the colonial authorities, let them be drafted off where their services are most in demand. The settlers would be delighted to receive and clothe and feed them on the conditions of the old apprenticeship. . . . . Welcome in some shape they are certain to be; a continued stream of young, well-taught, unspoilt English natures would be the most precious gift which the colonies could receive from us.'

Three years before this work was published, Miss Rye had taken a party of 68 children out to Canada,§ and in December of the same year, 1869, opened 'Our Western Home' at Niagara, Ont., as a central or distributing home for the children. Up to November, 1874, fifteen parties of children passed through the Home, embracing 727 workhouse girls and 160 workhouse boys from all parts of England and Wales, and 259 stray girls and 40 stray 'arab' boys, making up a total of 1186. We have given the figures up to the above date, as Miss Rye's report to Mr. Sclater-Booth, printed in 1876, gives an exhaustive and tabulated synopsis of these 1186 children.

The method employed by Miss Rye in managing the importation of children has been diametrically opposed to the system, the working of which we have seen so much cause to condemn in the workhouse-schools at home. Individuality and freedom from cramping, cast-iron regulations seem to add redoubled vigour to the Anglo-Saxon character in grappling with a great moral problem or social difficulty. English troops were starved and frozen to death in the trenches round Sebastopol, and English volunteer pluck and private philanthropic energy did what centralization, with its tangled skein of rules and regulations crippling its thousand hands and blinding its thousand eyes, was hardly aware of the necessity of doing. And so it was in this case.* The workers were selected by the best and only bearable competitive examination, viz., trial in the positions they were wanted to fill. The work of distribution was grouped as much as possible round centres. In towns and cities such as Newcastle, Guelph, St. Catharines, Grimsby, Oakville, Mount Forest, Chatham, and St. Thomas, friends were found to take an unpaid interest in the children's welfare. Their local knowledge was turned to good purpose in procuring and forwarding to the central home the applications of those who desired children, together with such information as they could supply as to the character of the applicants. Miss Rye supplemented this information by confidential enquiries, made direct to the Minister, Mayor, or Reeve, as to the person desiring a child, and not till these were satisfactorily answered was the child placed out. To these local centres, reports would be made

* Mr. Van Meter, of New York, had, yet earlier, put his Wanderer's Home into working order, and successfully placed many outcast girls of that city in the Far West.

† Among others may be named, Miss Macpherson and Miss Billborough, with their homes at Belleville and elsewhere; the Rev. S. Herring, Rev. Geo. Rogers, Miss Fletcher, Rev. B. Stevenson working at Hamilton, Dr. Middleton at London (Ont.), and Mrs. Burt in the Province of Nova Scotia.

‡ Vol. 2, p. 510, published 1872.

§ S. S. *Hibernian* sailed 28th October, 1869.

* This absence of 'red-tape' appears to have greatly prejudiced the Inspector, Mr. Doyle: food, unless given on a fixed dietary, would appear to be innutritious to the regular official stomach.

by the master, from them permission would in the first instance be sought to replace or return a child, and the volunteer assistants acted as watchers over the material and moral welfare of the children, and communicated with headquarters if the necessity arose for any interference.

Two modes of putting out the children are practised by Miss Rye, the first is that by which the child is bound for service, in which case it is apprenticed till the age of eighteen. Up to fifteen the master feeds, clothes, and educates it ; for the next two years it is paid $3 a month wages, with which to clothe itself, so as to induce thoughtful habits and the faculty of husbanding its own resources. During the last year of the service the wages are a dollar a month more, and after that both parties are at liberty to make their own bargain for the future.

The other method is that by which the child is adopted, to be treated in a l respects as one of the master's and mistress's own children. In either case a formal indenture is entered into, and the person taking a child binds himself to perform his part of the bargain (including the due seeing to the child's education and church-going), the obligation being entered into with Miss Rye and her two trustees, Mr. R. N. Ball and Mr. Paffard, both of Niagara.

Out of the 1186 already mentioned, some 340 have been adopted, and the rest (with the exception of some few who have gone to their friends) have been bound to service. In many cases, however, where, for instance, the family and girl take their meals together, this 'binding' is really nothing else than an adoption—the 'taking in' of a child into the family as a new member, sharing all things with them and participating alike in their joys and their sorrows.

The work had not been going on long when difficulties cropped up. Some of these were more or less inherent in the scheme, others were wilfully cast in its way by obstructionists and people with yet meaner motives. In the first class we may rank the trouble inseparable from the occasional return to the Home at Niagara of incorrigible and insubordinate girls, who, though not in large numbers, proved sad trials on account of the necessity of isolating them; the return of girls, who, though not absolutely bad, 'did not suit,' girls who would do anything for a change and who considered it good fun to come back to Niagara and be placed out again for the fourth or fifth time. Some 300 of the girls have had places found for them twice or oftener, one 'irreconcilable' having ten homes found her, and no less than three others nearly emulating her performance with nine places each. Of course this trouble did not develop into unpleasant proportions until the work had been going on for some years, but it is now clearly perceived by those who are interested in it, that it was a mistake not to have had, from the first, some kind of reformatory receptacle for these girls, in another locality from the Home, with a distinct staff, seeing that the two works are so different and each is so all-engrossing that it is nearly impossible for one head to give proper attention to both.

Again, there was the great difficulty, inseparable from the state of things in which the immigration first commenced, involved in the long distances which had to be repeatedly travelled by Miss Rye across the Atlantic. Fifty boards of guardians had to be interviewed all over England, and persuaded that the children's welfare and the diminution of the rates were alike involved in their voting her the children and the money necessary to cover expenses. When the guardians were persuaded that Canada was neither a land of ogres nor a field of perpetual snow, the Home Government had to be persuaded to yield its consent as well, and to add to this, an endless correspondence had to be carried on with the children and their employers all over Canada. In 1873 Miss Rye also started a training Home at Peckham for her little waifs and strays, innocent even of the tender mercies of the workhouse. One hundred and ninety-eight of the children passed through this Home, and, with 101 other stray children, form a class very distinct from those taken from the workhouse schools. They were found to display a warmth of affection, a keenness of disposition, and a fertility of resource which bore a lively contrast to the comparatively duller type produced on the stereotyped workhouse pattern. And their morals are better, for out of the sixteen girls who alone out of 1186 have had illegitimate children since their arrival in the Dominion, every one was a workhouse girl,

From this digression I must return to the other class of difficulties which have beset this work. I allude to those caused by prejudiced criticism and conflicting interests. Mention has been made of the opposition of the pauper officials; but the advent to power of Disraeli's Conservative Government in England, apt to discover excuses for checking emigration and desirous of pleasing its plutocratic supporters by taking steps to prevent anything that would tend to increase wages, was a far more powerful influence against the work.

In June, 1874, Mr. Doyle, a local Government Inspector, was ordered by the home authorities to report upon the system of juvenile pauper emigration to Canada, and after a perfunctory inspection he made his report in the December of that year. The report was virtually an attack upon Miss Rye's and Miss Macpherson's labours, as no attempt was made to enquire into the six other Canadian workers in the same field. In effect the report practically condemned the work and was really injurious by the manner in which it mixed up the details of the various systems pursued by those ladies, so that whatever blame he conceived was attachable to any point, might, as far as possible, injure them both. It elicited a series of indignant protests from those who knew most of the scheme in its practical working, and who declined to believe that a flying visit to less than 400 children selected at haphaztrd, could afford sufficient material upon which to form a sound judgment as to the well-being of the three thousand children placed out in Canada. The superficial manner in which the inspection was made, appeared evident from his fear least the 'arab' children should corrupt those who came from workhouses,—we have already seen that the balance of morals and intellect lies in the other direction. His impartiality was doubted, when, after stating that full monetary details had been offered him, and an auditing of accounts requested, which he was compelled to decline undertaking, he yet proceeds to state and assume figures and facts in his reports, on which to base a presumption that the emigration scheme was a profitable one to those who took it in hand.

Mr. Doyle, before the matter came before the Imperial Parliament, found it convenient to retire from the Inspectorship, but though this was to some extent a withdrawal from the contest, the mischief he had done was yet considerable. The Government had the necessary pretext for delay and further enquiry, which is the usual weapon of a reactive Ministry. Ever since, the two ladies who were so cruelly attacked have been compelled, in addition to their usual tasks, to meet this common enemy. In 1875 both Miss Rye and Miss Macpherson appeared before the select committee on Immigration and Colonization at Ottawa, and evidence of great value in rebuttal of Mr. Doyle's allegations was given by prominent members of the Dominion Parliament and others.* As a result of this enquiry, and at Miss Rye's request, an audit of her accounts, from 1869 to 1875 inclusive, was undertaken by the Department of Agriculture, with the result of showing a total receipt of $76,693.39 (of which less than $3,500 was obtained from the Canadian Governments), and a vouched expenditure of $46,444,33 in England, and $30,298.98 in Canada. Immediately upon this the Dominion Government made a grant of $1000 to assist in keeping open the home at Niagara, while intimating that in future the Provincial Governments would be the proper bodies to give assistance.

The Ontario Government did in fact, in June, 1876, agree to make a payment of $6 a head on each child brought out, to assist in covering expenses; and besides these tokens of an unshaken confidence in the success of the scheme, the Dominion Government ordered a house-to-house visitation of the children, which was carried out by experienced immigration agents, whose complete report was in every way as favourable as Mr. Doyle's imperfect one had been unfavourable.†

In spite of these facts, however, the Home Government refuses to budge an inch. During this summer, the Board of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, having passed a resolution that a number of children should be sent out under Miss Rye's care; the necessary consent by the Local Government Board was refused by

* First report of Select Committee on Immigration and Colonization, Ottawa, 1875.

† Report of Select Standing Committee on Im. & Col., p. 16. 1877. Ottawa.

Mr. Sclater-Booth, and a deputation from the Board was dismissed, with a plain intimation that the children's labour was wanted at home. And to support this position, it is now announced that Mr. Doyle has prepared a second edition of his report, which has been printed at the public expense and distributed with the other blue books, the Department not having had the justice to print at the same time the elaborate report and reply of Miss Rye, which the ex-Inspector's last effusion is intended to rebut.

To sum up shortly the results of the work. Instead of 23 or 30 per cent. of the children being missing, $2\frac{2}{5}$ per cent. is in excess of the number who have been lost sight of, and of these, several cases are no doubt attributable to imperfect postal arrangements. Nearly half the girls are in their first homes and doing well; half of the balance, though placed out more than once, are yet doing satisfactorily. Fourteen deaths have occurred, six of which were accidental; sixteen girls, as already stated, have had illegitimate children, and 104 have been returned to the Home for obstinacy and violent temper. Contrasting these figures with the results already quoted from Mrs. Nassau-Senior's report, or with the 966 children who absconded in one year from English Reformatories and Industrial Schools, and they indeed show a fair record. Contrasting the condition of the children in England, one 'brought to the Home with skull broken and arm dislocated by the kicks of a drunken father,' or the 'two sisters found nearly starving, alone, in a room, on a bundle of shavings,—' contrasting this with even the worst place obtained for them here in Canada, and what a change for the better is at once seen!

What hope for the future may not be expected from the training given by the good housewife at the farm, so different from the dull routine of classwork in the workhouse-school at home? Whilst, by those of our country who feel the need of domestic help, and desire to increase that class of immigrants which comes to us without the violent wrench of associations snapped asunder in mid-life, and all the attendant risk of unsettled habits in the future,—this work has been recognized as a great boon, and, to such as these, the prospect of its possible curtailment, to say nothing of its entire cessation, would prove most disappointing.

Let us hope that wiser counsels will ultimately govern the Government at home, and induce them to withdraw that interdict which has, for a time at least, checked the immigration of the workhouse children.

A CANADIAN.

ROUND THE TABLE.

TWO of the most healthful signs of progress at present, in the way of higher and more healthful living among us, are—the growing taste for flower culture and nature beauty about our homes, and the growing love of camping out. Certainly nothing could be a more healthful as well as innocent change and relaxation from the hurry and overstrain of city life than the 'camping out' parties which have been abounding, since the warm weather began to be felt, amid all our charming lake and river scenery. In Muskoka—beloved of Torontonians; along the pretty chain of lakes in the vicinity of Rice Lake; amid the beautiful ever varying archipelago of the St. Lawrence, where his 'Thousand Islands' lie locked in his Triton embrace, the white tent of the camper stands out picturesquely and suggestively against the dark foliage, or the more stately yacht lies at anchor in some miniature harbour. Of all the summer delights of this primitive and patriarchal life one might discourse almost *ad infinitum*;—the breathing the fresh pure air, sweet with pine or cedar, itself a keen sensuous pleasure—the early morning row or 'troll' to catch the particular fish predestined for your breakfast, before the magic glamour of the dawn with

its ineffable tender tints, and delicious mystery has yet faded into the 'light of common day'—the bracing morning bath which seems really to re-create one, fresh and new—the fun over the cooking and the breakfast and the 'clearing away'—the delicious *dolce far niente* of the day—dippings into the books of poetry and fiction, which temptations at home one would sternly put aside in the forenoon—putting away newspapers with the most cursory glance—letting correspondence, for the nonce, take care of itself—taking dinner at all sorts of irregular hours, and enjoying the after-dinner siesta with an unburdened mind and clear conscience—coming out again fresh for tea, after another row and and another swim,—and then the long delicious enjoyment of the evening's changing hues, the exquisite dissolving tints of sunset, its apple-greens and rose-reds, and amber and amethyst gradually fading into the tender greys of the twilight, while the silver moon prolongs the delicious day into a still more delicious, more spiritual night. Among the Thousand Islands, indeed, the moonlight effects are indescribably beautiful and varied ; the moon, silver white or rosy in the misty veil she sometimes wears at her first appearing, throws a quivering path of rich golden light over the dark purple waves, or makes a stretch of river a sea of molten silver, against which you catch the picturesque outlines of islands traced in dark silhouettes ; or, lovelier still, see the wavering shadows of the dark pines and more rounded foliage thrown on the silver sea from which they intercept some of the moonlight. Few things can be more beautiful than the stretches of dark river streaked with rippling stretches of silver, these again barred with more intense lines of silver light, while every curve and indentation of the shore is picked out in gleaming silver, and every inlet shows with an idealised picturesqueness against the bright background. Such nights seem too rare for sleep, and make one wish that some way could be devised for postponing sleep to the moonless nights, and taking a double portion then. Between the charms of sunset, sunrise, and moonlight, it is indeed hard to decide on the portion of time one is willing to sacrifice to sleep, until the tyrant Morpheus puts his strong hands on one's eyelids, and further resistance is vain.

Camping-out is indeed an attempt at returning to the innocent, simple recreations which are so much more healthful and satisfactory than artificial ones ; and to the more simple and healthful modes of life which were wont to produce a more healthful physique. The calm and restfulness ; the thousand-fold enjoyments of sunshine, and green leaves, and still waters, and fragrance of hemlock and pine ; the soothing influence of rowing at will amid water-worn moss-grown rocks, festooned with lush luxuriance of creeper and vine ; the nameless repose which abandonment to the enjoyment of Nature induces; all combined might well smooth out the wrinkles and creases of a winter of work and worry. More and more may this mode of summer holiday-making prosper and grow ! Only let campers beware *how they put out their fires*, lest by their carelessness they help to destroy the beauty of the spots they have enjoyed themselves. And we must earnestly hope that government will so far resist the pressure that is being put upon them to make these islands private property as to preserve at least the bulk of them for the free enjoyment and recreation of the people of Canada.

—The Township Council of Utopia have submitted to the intelligent electors of that rural municipality a by-law to carry into effect an Act passed a few years since by the enlightened Legislative Assembly of *Weissnichtwo.* As I happened to be strolling past the town-hall, where the various speakers *pro* and *con.* were dinging their arguments into the ratepayers' ears, I stopped at the door and hearkened a while, with the following results :—

The orator who had the 'ear' of the chairman was in favour of the measure, and had a breadth of delivery and deepness of chest-notes that spoke of a generous diet. 'This bill,' he said, 'my friends, aims at putting an end to a most vicious state of things which has now obtained among us, I am sorry to say, for many years. Probably few among you, except the elder men, will have any clear idea brought before your minds when I mention the name of "alcohol," or "fermented liquor."' (Movement of attention on the part of the young men,

some excited gestures among the older and middle-aged auditors). The speaker resumed: 'Yes, there was a time when all men could get their glass of beer or wine, or abstain from it, as seemed best to them —a happy time within the memory of myself and some others. But a number of busybodies, well-meaning old women of both sexes, and a lot of intemperate total abstainers perverted men's minds, and had Tom's glass dashed from his lips because Dick had a mind to let *his* travel that way too often. What is the result? Look at the present dropsical generation! Big flabby limbs, with loose joints and large extremities; bulbous brains, as slow in planning as their effete bodies are in executing; constitutions that knock under at the first shock, and run as much risk from a cold in the head as we used to from a fever! Estimate the amount of cold tea, gassy ginger beer, and effusive lemonade with which they drench themselves, and then ask the druggists how much patent medicine they have to swallow to correct all this flatulent acidity! Gastric juice is a thing of the past; a man must take a spoonful of pepsin now-a-days if he wants to tackle anything tougher than a milk pudding! Nor are all the evils bodily. See the water-drinker come home! His feeble brain has yet sense enough left to tell him his day's work has been unsatisfactory, and the walk from the office, instead of bracing him up, has taken the last bit of 'go' out of him, despite the peppermint lozenges he has been frantically stoking himself with. His wife and children are in a similar weak condition; if they have affection enough left to try and summon up a smile, it is like a watery sun shining through a fog. Flint and steel will yield a spark, but the most strong-armed Indian would fail to elicit a symptom of warmth from any rubbing together of these soaked bits of blotting paper. See how the water-tippler's dyspeptic stomach tells upon his temper! The sodden family quarrel, not the good old "spat" that was over in a brace of hard words or so, but a slow, sullen sulk, lasting an indefinite period and never coming to a head. The children grow up surly, suspicious, devoid of life or animation. . . . Let us draw a veil over the degrading scene.' (Movement of adhesion on the front benches.) 'Can it be doubted what is our duty? Do not talk to me of liberty, or say that Tom Teetotal has a right to swill tea if he likes till—unpleasant consequences ensue. Right? Who has a right to blow his own brains out? to commit a moral murder? to make a shipwreck of his life, and to overwhelm the unborn child with the queasiness of his own guilty stomach? Let us step in and save these men from themselves; let us trample down such misdeeds into oblivion, dash from their lips the cold, white flowing bowl; in a word, let us vote for this Act, which provides: 1. That the use of alcoholic liquors shall be freely permitted. 2. Not only so, but that every Good Templar, Murphy-mover, Rine-waverer, teetotaller, temperance man (falsely so-called), adherent to the Band of Hope, or other abstainer, by whatsoever name called, shall drink each day, in the presence of the inspectors hereinafter appointed, one pint of beer, *or* two pints of lager, *or* so in proportion of stronger fermented liquors. 3. Provided always, that when the palate of such *quondam* water-drinker shall have been so far educated, and his moral and intellectual standard so far raised, that he is known to take a glass of beer without inspection and of his own free will, he shall be released from the above surveillance, subject, however, to re-imposition in case of a relapse. 4. Any such Good Templar, &c. (*ut ante*), who shall repine, murmur, or become recalcitrant at this enactment as a curtailment of his (un)natural liberty, shall be kept in solitary confinement on beef and beer, with a file of the *Globe's* reports of speeches *pro* the Dunkin Bill, and learn there the duty of submission to the will of the majority.'

The door swung to, and I left in haste, lest I should be late for dinner at the Table. Pray accept this *conte* as my excuse for any delay I have caused.

—Talking of the Dunkin Act reminds me of a passage which I lighted on the other day in the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam, the grand old Persian poet whose stanzas have recently been so wonderfully done into English by Mr. Fitzgerald. It may not be uninteresting to Canadians at the present time to hear what the oriental astronomer-poet had to say on the Temperance question in his day, some eight hundred years ago.

Here is the passage to which I refer, from which it will be seen that Omar's Mohammedanism was not of a strictly orthodox character:

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

—There is so much writing and talking done in this our day, that it seems to me that those who are of the class who write and talk are gaining altogether too high an estimate of their importance in the social scheme. Not but that their importance is really incalculably great, but there seems a growing tendency to forget the great masses of men and women who not only act, but *think*, with the best of us, yet say nothing. The great forces are silent forces; and it would be well for some great pen to remind the writers and talkers of this over-voluble age that, after all, they are not acting, but merely seeking to guide and direct action; and it were a happy thing if slashing exceptions had not to be made even to that. When philosopher and writer say in their wisdom, 'do this,' who doeth it? Who, but the silent man; the man who reads the writings and listens to the talk; who forms honest convictions painfully amid all the Babel of theory-shouting, and acts them out day by day and hour by hour, in the heroism that conquers petty detail and through the martyrdom of social misapprehension? For some men it is easy to express their convictions in print or from platform; and these men get the meed of praise and clapping of hands. They are heroes in what they say, and if they do not stop at saying, all honour to them. But for other men it is neither easy nor natural to speak or to write. The eloquence of their lives is the silent eloquence of fixed purpose and noble action. For them there is little praise and scant applause. It is as well there should be none, perhaps; but let us not *ignore* these heroes of doing, and not of saying—these songless poets to whom we give no laurels. In many words there is often vanity; and I sometimes think that there is much writing about virtue, much talk about earnestness, that has more sound than soundness in it. I have known men to send great goodness to the printer, and leave apparently very 'short commons' for themselves. These were extreme cases, but I am sure that many good men write at a higher pitch of earnest virtue than they live. We do well to be too grateful for the good influence they exert by their words to be hypercritical about their deeds. This leniency to those whose expressed aspirations are nobler than their lives, becomes unjust only when it displaces our admiration for those whose lives follow bravely aspirations that are not expressed. We are apt to ignore them individually, simply because they are unobtrusive; but let us, at any rate, not forget that they are among us. The commonplace men, the hard working men, who

'grind among the iron facts of life,
And have no time for self-deception,'

the men who are not poets, who are not writers, who are not speakers; the men who cannot 'get the hang' of cobweb culture-ethics, but who can live simply and straightforwardly,

'Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long,'

nor speak of them; here, in place or out of place, is honour to them, the silent men, as full as to those who speak by pen or tongue!

—A guest at the table last month justly complained of the tendency so widely displayed in our time towards servile imitation in the artistic adornment of our dwellings. Instead of striving to make our homes, externally and internally, express our own tastes and ideas of beauty and fitness; instead of trying to stamp our own individuality upon them, so that we may feel when we enter them that they are in the fullest sense of the word *our* homes, and for that reason distinct from all others; too many of us ask ourselves at every step, what does my neighbor do in this particular and in

that, and say,—I must have a house of such and such a shape, I must have a certain kind of furniture in it, and 'vases and statuettes under glass cases, or side-boards loaded with plate,' must on all sides meet the view of anyone entering it, not because I have any particular liking for these things, but simply because A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, and all the rest of them, have houses of this pattern, and have them furnished in this particular way, until even those forms of architecture and modes of adornment which are agreeable enough in themselves, become wearisome and distasteful by constant repetition; and many do this, not, I am afraid, as my fellow-guest has supposed, because they fear that their own taste may be wrong, but because they have not got any taste to exercise in the matter and have never tried to cultivate one, but have been content to follow the prevailing mode rather than go to the trouble of forming opinions of their own. And this mental indolence is, unfortunately, not confined to the sphere of æsthetic taste, but is shewn in connection with far more important and essential subjects, concerning which it is positively criminal to accept passively and unenquiringly the opinions of others. If there is anything that should claim the deepest and most thoughtful consideration of all men, it is the moral and religious beliefs to which they profess their allegiance. Yet the vast majority carelessly adopt whichever form of these beliefs is current with those among whom they are brought up, not only without enquiry, but often without even knowing or understanding the nature of that which they pretend to believe. They are afraid, perhaps, in this case also, that they may be wrong, and think it is surely better to accept that which so many others think is right. But every human creature has been gifted with the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, and he who, instead of turning to his own conscience for guidance and fearlessly following its dictum in all things, submits to have his ideas and thoughts dictated to him by others, commits a double sin, a sin against the Giver of that capacity who intended him to use it for his guidance, and a sin against his fellow-men who require that he should be to all an example of its right exercise.

—So much has been written and said about the Falls of Niagara, that it is scarcely to be expected that anything new can be said upon the subject. But as the sight of them seems to produce different impressions upon different people, a brief account of the impression made upon me when I recently visited them for the first time, may not be without interest. I had seen a good many photographs and engravings, and read many descriptions; and I must say that I was not in any way misled. I had often tried to form in my mind some idea of their appearance; and my mental picture does not seem to have been exaggerated, for I was not in the least disappointed on my first view, as many people appear to have been. On the contrary, my expectations were realized, except with regard to the Table Rock, which I found had quite disappeared, having been washed into the chasm below. My first impression was one of bewilderment. Of course it was the grandest water scene I had ever witnessed; indeed the feeling that possessed me was that there was too much grandeur and magnificence for one view. An indescribable something so fixed my attention that I could not take my eyes off the tempestuous and ever changing waters. I sat for hours watching the fearful splashing and dashing and endless confusion of the wonderful cataract. I cannot hope to give anything like a pen photograph of this beautiful piece of Nature's scenery, let alone to depict its more than awful grandeur on the approach of a storm. Meditating, I thought of Southey's description of the cataract of Lodore:

Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.
. . . . . .
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming.
. . . . . .
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending but always descending.

On the following morning I rose early

and watched from my window until breakfast-time the beautiful changes of delicate shades of emerald green, mingled with crystalline streaks of white, falling with exquisite beauty, and instantly lost in an abyss of foam. The more I gazed and thought of the thousands upon thousands of years this must have been going on—the thousands of years unknown to any human being—the more I became bewildered with wonder. On the morning of my departure I left with feelings of sadness, and as I approached the railway station, and the noise of the falls gradually grew fainter, I looked back until the scene was lost to view ; when a strong desire seized me to retrace my steps and prolong my stay. But this was out of the question.

It is to be regretted that visitors should be so terribly annoyed by irrepressible cabmen and showmen. One cannot stand a moment, or walk twenty yards, without being accosted and followed up for a considerable distance by two or three men, one wanting to drive you to this, that, or the other place, another to take your portrait 'with the falls in the back-ground,' another to give you a dinner, another to take you to some museum, 'curiosity shop,' tower, &c., &c. Fortunately I had a gentlemen friend with me who had visited the place before, and knew the sort of people it was infested with, and he kindly pioneered me through all these difficulties. As it was we sometimes had to turn back or otherwise avoid them. I had heard visitors complain of the same thing, but had no idea that the nuisance was so bad as it is. Can nothing be done to abate it ?

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE tour of their Excellencies in Manitoba, may unfortunately be the last of any extent they will make in Canada. During the term of their residence in the Dominion, every Province from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been visited, and except the political *contretemps* in British Columbia, nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of these excursions. Even the rage of the Victorians might have been diverted, as was remarked last year, if a responsible Minister of the Crown had accompanied the Governor-General. As it was, although his Excellency acquitted himself with characteristic grace and tact, the disagreeable position was forced upon him of being, *nolens volens*, made a Court of Appeal against his constitutional advisers, and forced to hear complaints which should have been received by the Premier or one of his colleagues. Their absence from Lord Dufferin's side, under critical circumstances which might have been easily foreseen and provided for, was a gross breach of duty. That he succeeded in warding off the attack and in telling the British Columbians good-naturedly a bit of his mind, was to his credit ; but what would be thought of an Imperial Government which should permit the Queen or the Prince of Wales to go to Ireland or a distant Colony to be badgered by the people on Home Rule or any other grievance, unattended ? It was so easy in the presence of a Minister to refer the Victoria recalcitrants to him ; whilst, in his absence, it would have seemed ungracious to reject altogether a loyal and respectful address.

To those who look merely at newspaper reports of the triumphal arches, the fêtes, receptions, and general enthusiasm which await the vice-regal party, these excursions seem altogether a source of gratification. It is not unlikely, however, that the fatigues of travel, and the wearying and endless round of addresses, with the other prosy ad-

juncts which tire by their monotony, render them a severe labour. To the longest journey, even across the Continent, there is at the end no peaceful haven of rest—no respite from laborious exertion. And yet their Excellencies have cheerfully submitted to it all, in order to meet Canadians of every Province face to face, to know their country, understand its resources, and mark its progress. It is this which has peculiarly endeared them to the people everywhere, and in addition to that, their anxious interest in the well-being of all sorts and conditions of men, irrespective of creed, colour, or social status. Their extended visits have now been completed, and we are beginning to ask whether Rideau Hall will, after next autumn, witness for many a day a Governor-General so deservedly popular as Lord Dufferin.

In his Winnipeg address, his Excellency referred to his departure in these words: 'Although it will not be my good fortune to preside much longer over your destinies, I need not assure you that your future will always command my warmest sympathies, and continue to attract my closest attention, and I trust that, although at a distance, I may live to see the fulfilment of many of your aspirations.' The Manitoba reception must have been extremely gratifying—it was so genuinely honest and yet almost primitively simple in its main features. The state receptions, which were presumably as formal as usual, excepted, there appears to have been a freshness in the Prairie Province's enthusiasm, which could not fail to charm. The French or other half-breeds, the Indians, Mennonites, and Icelanders presented a variety of type, as contrasted with the Anglo-Saxon, which, contained as all are within a brief area, must have been something novel, even in Lord Dufferin's experience. Perhaps the visit to St. Boniface was one of the most pleasant. There their Excellencies were at home with a simple people, frugal in habit and yet picturesque in their displays of taste. The Archbishop, although he was naturally anxious to guard his flock in troublous times, is a thoroughly loyal Christian patriarch. Happily the Governor-General has no creed antipathies, and he can rejoice with the children of an Orphan Asylum tended by the Sisters of Charity, or extend his warmest sympathy to an *Hôtel Dieu*, without regard to the dogma or ritual which obtains there. The little scene of the flags at the orphanage must have been exceedingly touching to those who love children. This, in all probability, the last trip of their Excellencies to a distant Province, will not be the least agreeable of the reminiscences they will carry away with them from our shores, if only because of the simple and honest enthusiasm of the people.

The Premier has also been making a tour, not however in the direction of 'the star of empire.' but contrariwise, towards the rising sun. In short, he has been enlightening the wise men of the East in the matter of Dominion politics. It would satisfy a not unnatural curiosity to learn the truth about this excursion, for it is clear that the party accounts cannot both be correct, and it is more than likely that they are both equally false. In the first place, the Opposition journals point, as a plain confession of weakness on Mr. Mackenzie's part, to the fact that he addressed no audience at Halifax, St. John, Moncton, or Fredericton—the large centres of wealth and population—and bestowed his favours only on five places—Berwick, Truro, Charlottetown, Souris, and Summerside—three of these being in Prince Edward Island. Now it is necessary first to ascertain the Premier's motion in taking the trip. If his object were to combine summer relaxation with a visit to the Island Province which he had had never seen before, his course was just such as he would naturally adopt. It is not usual to hold political demonstrations in large cities during the dog-days; almost all the Ontario pic-nics, on both sides, were held in the neighbourhood of small towns and villages. Berwick is in King's County, where Mr. Mackenzie had probably been pressed to give his party a helping hand, and Truro is only a few hours, by rail, from Halifax, Pictou, and Moncton. Moreover, it would be absurd to suppose, however much one may believe in a Conservative reaction that the dominant party could not get together a good audience in any of the larger towns. Of course if the Opposition journals mean to allege that the Premier was sore afraid that Conservative rage would deny him a hearing, by packing Reform meetings, all that need be said is that such an apprehension, were it well founded, would reflect no credit on the

Conservatives; and yet, on no other theory will this taunt, or whatever else it may be called, bear a moment's examination. That something of the kind was attempted at Truro, at the Reform pic-nic, is evident from the 'vociferous and thundering No!' of which the Opposition journals exultingly speak. That, however, may be a piece of characteristic party exaggeration at the expense of the party's good name; if they did not approve of the Premier's policy the recalcitrants should have stayed at home or preserved silence. The pic-nic was a party, not a public, demonstration.

But it is further alleged that both in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia these meetings were a failure. People are so used to the party colouring given to matters of this sort by both sides, that this might be uncredited if it merely rested on the *ex parte* statements of the Opposition press. But there is further evidence which, although of a negative character, is certainly corroborative: we refer to the very cursory references to Mr. Mackenzie's excursion in the Government papers. After the first telegrams announcing the Premier's progress, little or nothing more was said about it; nor have they ventured to deny the substantial truth of their opponents' statements. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that these statements are, in the main, correct. Nor is it surprising that this should have been the case. The Dominion is just now in the enjoyment of political repose; there is a grateful lull, which has not yet been disturbed in the older Provinces, and will remain unbroken until the new series of Conservative pic-nics begins. Even the party journals have the good taste to give politics a wide berth almost wholly. The Labour and Protection questions, the Dunkin Act, and the interminable Orange question, furnish the staple productions of the editorial pen at present. There is no reason to suppose that the truce has not extended to the Maritime Provinces. Indeed, for some time past, Dominion politics have attracted little attention amongst them, as compared with local questions which touch them more nearly. The coal and fishery interests alone are matters of Dominion concern; on the first, parties are divided, and the other is being attended to or the reverse by the Commission. In the next place, there can be little doubt that the growing disgust for party squabbles has extended to the people on the sea-board. They have discovered, and are beginning to complain, as the people of Ontario do, that their material interests are made the shuttlecock of party, and, if they are not neglected altogether, serve only to amuse our public men, when they are not abusing one another, and heaping scandal upon scandal. On the whole it appears to us that the supineness of the Lower Province people is no proof of Mr. Mackenzie's unpopularity; but simply seasonable, and an evidence of their good sense. It is said that Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper would have met with a different reception. It may be so, though we doubt it; and it must not be forgotten that Dr. Tupper is upon his 'native heath' there, and Sir John's popularity might get him a crowd, if he visited the chief cities and ventured to breathe the stifling and sudorific atmosphere of closely-packed halls. Both he and the Premier were far too wise to make that experiment in the middle of August. The game of politics is not worth so great a sacrifice at their hands, when they need rest and recuperation.

There is a dawn of hope for Dominion politics in the rumoured return to public life of the Hon. Mr. Tilley and Sir Alexander Galt. The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick bears an honorable reputation for ability and probity, and he has been out of Parliament during its worst period. Bringing with him some of the dignity and judicial impartiality acquired in his high office, he is not likely to be a strong party man, and he is sure not to be a violent or unscrupulous one. From Sir Alexander Galt we have a right to expect even more than this. Independent in spirit and opinion, he has been forced out of alliance with one party, without taking refuge in another. He is a warm friend of National interests, and when they are advocated by him on the floor of Parliament, they will cease to be the plaything of party and stand honestly and squarely upon their merits. The financial and political knowledge and experience he will bring with him cannot fail to be of sterling value, and his genial temper must go far to improve and elevate the wretched tone at which our party politics are unhappily

pitched. There is every reason to expect much from the reappearance of the two ex-Finance ministers, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will not disappoint public expectation by still remaining in retirement. The times are out of joint, and public spirit, if nothing else, demands this sacrifice at their hands.

The Fishery Commission now sitting at Halifax, affords additional proof, were any wanting, of the perfidious manner in which the American Government endeavours to evade treaty obligations. The case presented by their agent, Mr. Dwight Foster, shows clearly that they hope to force a decision in their favour by dint of mendacious pretension. By the Washington treaty of 1871, this Commission of three, one nominated by Great Britain, one by the United States, and a third by the Emperor of Austria, was constituted to decide upon the amount to be paid the Dominion for the use of the Fisheries. England claims $14,280,000: the Americans have the assurance to urge that, notwithstanding the express purpose of the Commission, they ought to pay nothing. The Treaty says that three arbitrators shall appraise the value of a property in dispute; the Americans now maintain that there is nothing to appraise. They actually claim that their admission of fish and fish oil free of duty, is an adequate return for the millions they will gain by the privilege they ask. Even that, it may be remarked, they have done their best to render nugatory by taxing the cans containing the exempt articles. Before looking at the case, we notice the effort to render the Commission abortive, by hinting that all three Commissioners must agree in any decision. Was that the way the German Commission acted? Is this not an arbitration; and, if not, why were three chosen—one by a Continental power? Clearly in order that, in case of a difference of opinion, a decision might be come to by the vote of a neutral party. It would be a worthy triumph of American *finesse* if Mr. Ensign H. Kellogg, who is, of course, instructed to support 'our country, right or wrong,' were permitted to grasp the future issue in the hollow of his hand. Let them try to apply one rule to Alabama claims, and another to Canadian Fishery claims, and our Dominion Parliament will soon make short work of their privileges on our coasts. Their case is so utterly incorrect, both in arguments and statements of fact, that it is difficult to expose its falsity with an even temper. Let us look at it in the light of common-sense.

The treaty of 1818 gave the right of fishing within three miles of the shore—as Britain claims, from headland to headland; as Americans contend, following inland a three-mile line, varying with the indentations of the coast, although both shores in the bays of Fundy and Chaleur are British territory. As the *Globe* pointedly shows, the American contention is absolutely untenable by the plain words of the treaty. Wheaton, in his 'International Law,' labours to prove that the treaty of 1783 was not abrogated by the war of 1812; but the distinct stipulations of 1818, at any rate, superseded it, and there remains nothing between the latter treaty and that of 1871, the Reciprocity arrangement having been abolished, after notice given by Mr. Lincoln. Now for the words of the treaty of 1818: 'And the United States hereby renounce, forever, any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish in or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America.' Fundy and Chaleur are such bays, and it is clear that American fishermen were excluded from them, and, therefore, it is the paltriest kind of lying to say that their claim was 'never surrendered.' Another palpable falsehood is one of fact: that the Americans obtain most of the mackerel from their own shores, or from deep-sea fishing; whereas, the bulk of these fish are obtained on our grounds, within three miles of the coasts of these bays. So that, even were their false interpretation of the treaty of 1818 correct, they would be as far as ever from obtaining the benefit from our fisheries they desire. As for the equivalent in the exemption from duty of fish and fish-oil, it is a matter of utter indifference to us. The Americans must have the fish, whether admitted free or not, and we shall not pay the advance in the price.

The difference between the treaties of 1818 and 1871, for which Britain claims compensation, are thus stated in our case:

'The right to enter the great bays, like those of Fundy and Chaleur, within the lines drawn for the purpose of fishing; the right of fishing within the three-mile limit from shore; the use of the coast for the purpose of drying and curing fish; the privilege of traffic for bait, supplies, etc., in the Dominion and Newfoundland ports, and the right of transhipment of fish from the same.' Now, these are the privileges for which the United States has the right to pay, if she wants them; and their value has been carefully appraised by our Government on evidence now being heard at Halifax. The additional equivalent of free fishing in United States ports is much of a piece with the free navigation of the rivers of Alaska, and equally valuable; and the economical argument is simply ludicrous in the mouths of people who refuse reciprocity of trade with us. The *Globe*, we are sorry to say, persists in attacking Sir John Macdonald, and holding him responsible for the 'surrender' of 1871. Our contemporary knows perfectly well that Sir John was an Imperial representative, not merely bound by preliminary instructions from Downing street, but by peremptory and continual orders sent from home. In point of fact, the treaty was directly negotiated between Washington and London by Mr. Fish and the Foreign Secretary, and the representatives of England at Washington were helpless, and, therefore, had no responsibility whatever. A New York paper tries to make out that the six years' delay in settling this matter must be laid at the door of Canada. The negotiations in which Mr. Brown took part began and ended in 1874; the delay, both before and since, has arisen from a characteristic disposition on the part of the United States to shirk the obligation to pay what they promised, under the treaty. It is to be hoped that there will be no ignominious Ashburton or Washington 'surrender' of Canadian rights this time. If any such manœuvre be attempted, we have, fortunately, the remedy in our own hands. The privileges were granted provisionally by an Act of the Dominion Parliament, and they may be revoked definitively by its repeal.

Two circumstances have arisen to keep alive, in the public mind, the disgraceful events of July in Montreal. The murderers of poor Hackett are in a fair way of being brought to justice; but the *True Witness* persists in fanning the flame of religious strife by its coarse and violent articles. Not only does it denounce Orange processions, but also clamours for their suppression by statute; lays all the blame upon the members of the Order; virtually applauds the scoundrels who wantonly shot down Hackett, and then brutally kicked him when he was lying prostrate; and uses language of so inflammatory a nature that its words can have but one purpose—to provoke a breach of the peace, or, rather, to render any attempt to restore or preserve it abortive. One Irish Catholic society, we are sorry to say, has expressed its approval of the course adopted by the *True Witness*, and it is to be feared from the tone of their resolutions that other societies, not quite so outspoken, are of the same opinion. What particularly exasperates them is the manly rebuke administered by Father Stafford, of Lindsay, who did not hesitate to own that the Irish Catholics, and not the Orangemen, were to blame for the riots. In Ontario, it is pleasing to observe that none of the clergy, from the Archbishop to the parish priest, and no Catholic organ in the press, has uttered a word in extenuation of the lawless conduct of the rioters.

The other circumstance is the recent action of the Imperial Government in reference to an Orange procession at Lurgan, a town on the railway, about equidistant from Belfast and Armagh. It would appear that Lurgan has a mixed population, and that there is a Roman Catholic quarter and a Protestant quarter. Both parties seem to take every opportunity of exasperating each other, and this provocation usually takes the form of a procession through the streets occupied by their party foes. The magistrates, acting upon three sworn informations that a breach of the peace was apprehended, called out the military and the mounted police, after informing the Orange leaders that they were at perfect liberty to walk through any other streets, and would be protected, but that they must either abandon the proposed route or abandon the procession. Sir M. Hicks Beach, the Irish Secretary, stated that similar action had been taken when a Roman Catholic procession was about to walk last August. Now some of our Reform papers, beginning to fear a falling away of the Catholic

League, attempt to institute a parallel between the conduct of Mayor Beaudry and that of the Irish magistrates. These journals are, in fact, coquetting with the Orangemen—curry-combing the old Protestant horse, in fact. Now, there is no analogy at all between the cases. M. Beaudry distinctly neglected his duty; the Irish magistrates fulfilled theirs, for they only obeyed the law. Unhappily, in Ireland, very stringent measures are required for the preservation of the peace, and, although the Party Processions Act is repealed, and both parties are free to walk, it is only on certain conditions laid down by statute, which have no direct sectarian bearing. Upon the receipt of the sworn informations, it was incumbent upon the magistrates to act, first and foremost, in the interests of peace. To have given military protection to a procession passing through a Catholic quarter on purpose to insult and provoke by offensive party tunes, would be disastrous policy for the Government, and a very ignoble service for Her Majesty's troops. The alternative presented to the Lurgan Orangemen was a perfectly fair and strictly legal one. Canada is not as Ireland, fortunately, and measures absolutely necessary there are not required here. The law in this country is as different from that of Ireland as the English law is; and it is here the attempted parallel of the zealots fails completely. It may be added that the Conservative Government in power at home would never suffer the law to be strained against the Orange body. All their Irish supporters in Parliament, with the doubtful exception of Sir George Bowyer, who is a Conservative Home Ruler, are either Orangemen or the representatives of Orangemen. No one desires to see any compulsion used in Canada, or any appeal made, save to the good sense and charitable feelings of Orangemen. The state to which Ireland has been reduced by the combined action of bigotry, treason, and agrarianism, does not exist amongst us, and therefore we require no Peace Preservation Acts. We may add that in New York the authorities allow Orange processions and protect them, but, like the Armagh magistrates, they reserve to themselves the right of changing the route, if it be found necessary or desirable.

The voting on the Dunkin by-law in Toronto closed on the 22nd ult., by the consent of both parties. On the previous evening, the Dunkin Association had resolved to abandon the contest, and in that they appear to have acted wisely. Taking ten thousand as the number of available votes, seven thousand had been recorded, giving the Anti-Dunkinites a majority of eleven hundred and sixteen. It is clear that, of the remaining three thousand, a large proportion were half-hearted supporters or secret opponents of the measure. That the majority could have been materially cut down is improbable; indeed, if other electoral contests may be taken to furnish any analogy, it was more likely to be increased. The *morale* of an army is seriously impaired by a series of heavy disasters, and it is not otherwise with a minority after over two weeks of unavailing struggle at the polls. It was therefore politic to end a fruitless contest; for, by so doing, the majority remains almost certainly smaller than it would otherwise have been. Regarded in this light, either the present or any future effort, the decision of the Association was a prudent one. The chief advocate in our local press of the by-law, gives a salient instance of frank admission after defeat. In an editorial published on the day after the contest, it admits almost everything urged against the Act. Its machinery is bad, the mode of voting old-fashioned and cumbrous, and the results of its operation elsewhere seem uncertain and dubious. The only benefit derived from the submission of the by-law is that of gauging public opinion. This singular backing down after the event is noteworthy; because it is an admission that the by-law should not have been submitted at all until, first, the effects of the Act had been clearly ascertained, and secondly, its defects had been repaired by fresh legislation. Now it is clear that even if it were proved that the measure works well in the counties, that is no criterion at all of its probable effect in the cities. Kingston and Toronto have rejected it, and the other cities would inevitably follow their example. There are special reasons why the Act is unsuited to the urban centres of population, in addition to the general objections that might be pressed. As the Hon. Mr. Macdougall urged in a letter to the *Telegram*, in Toronto it would simply mean free trade in liquor, cheap and

probably bad liquor, and wide-spread demoralization. Indeed, it must be obvious to everyone who reflects for a moment on the matter, that, however the case may stand in the rural districts, the Act should never have been made applicable to cities. With regard to the defects in the law, the first question is, which Parliament has power to remedy them? Mr. Crooks desired to amend the Act by changing the day of its coming into operation from the 1st of March to the 1st of May, the opening of the license year. Last session, at Ottawa, the member for West Toronto introduced a bill to provide that votes on any Dunkin by-law should be taken by ballot; but Mr. Blake opposed the bill, because he was of opinion that its passage would be *ultra vires*, and it was withdrawn. When the mere machinery of the Act is considered, there, are of course, some general points on which everyone is agreed; but, perhaps, the ballot would not be one of these, although it is absolutely necessary to protect, not exactly against intimidation, but against coercive influence, ecclesiastical, social, and domestic. No matter how subtle this influence may be, society has a right to protect itself against it. Anything which impedes the free exercise of a man's judgment and induces him to vote contrary to his own convictions, or not to vote at all, is a sin against free institutions. Furthermore, if a law of this kind is to continue on the statute book, although it is utterly repugnant to the genius both of our religious and constitutional systems, two provisions of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill should be inserted to secure so decided a power of public opinion as to warrant its enactmant, three-fourths, or say two-thirds, of the votes cast should be necessary to its passage, or a clear majority of one-fifth of the number of votes on the roll. In order to be worthy of the name of a British law, those deprived of their livelihood should be properly compensated, as England compensated the West Indian planters, although she did suddenly and violently enfranchise the slave.

It may be remarked here that the proposal to obtain an expression of public opinion on Prohibition by a *plébiscite*, at the next general election, is clean out of the way. That anyone should advocate so absurd an idea, is simply amazing. The introduction of this 'foreign excrescence,' as it has been aptly termed, would at once inflict a deadly stab upon responsible parliamentary government. Let it be once introduced as a precedent, and there is an end to our constitutional system. The moment the House of Commons becomes merely the registrar of rude popular behests, it will cease to be an estate worthy of respect or even of existence. Its calm deliberation, its mature judgment, the weight due to superior knowledge, ability, and experience, would be of no avail where ignorance and unreasoning fanaticism, ruled by rhetorical demagoguery, held sway. From the *plébiscite* of Pilate, which voted 'not this man but Barrabas,' to that which hurried Napoleon III. to Sedan and ruin, the system has produced nothing but madness and disaster. It means multitudinism, in its worst form, trampling upon all individual rights, and hurrying the nation to certain ruin. If people are dissatisfied with Parliamentary government, let them say so and boldly advocate mob-rule—the two cannot coexist together. The history of the French *plébiscite* ought of itself to make the very word stink in British nostrils.

Four kinds of voters are enumerated by the *Globe* who have abstained from voting. The division is not true to the logical principles of classification, still it is suggestive. There are those who are strongly in favour of 'temperance,' but disapprove of 'coercive legislation;' those who are not clear as to the merits of the Dunkin Act; those whose Conservatism makes them hostile to change; and those who are 'secretly' opposed to the law, but 'on various considerations' refrain from voting. The last is a tacit admission that illegitimate influences have been at work. The 'Conservatism' in the third, is used in a generic, and not a party, sense, and seems founded on a baseless theory that all change is Reform or progress, which is far from being the case, in other matters besides Prohibitory legislation. Reaction and retrogression are 'changes' as well as their contraries. We see that in France at this moment, and we should see it in England and Canada, if the Habeas Corpus Act were repealed there or the law of Primogeniture re-enacted here. The first and second glide into one another imperceptibly, and the fourth is not distinct from them, but, taken together, they

will probably account for most of the abstinence from voting of three thousand electors. 'The result,' we are told, 'was not at all unexpected,' which may be readily believed, although up to the last moment a very different prospect was held out to view.

The canvass was, on the whole, conducted with fairness and good temper, although some bad, and not a little vile, language was used. It was quite proper that clergymen should exert themselves on behalf of a 'moral reform;' but there was the certain danger that they would bring in the *odium theologicum* and turn the movement into a religious crusade. Hence those wild, illogical appeals to passion and sensibility which were made night after night. That the opponents of the by-law should retort in kind was only natural, considering the provocation they received. Total abstinence from wine, though not from strong waters, is a religious dogma amongst the Mohammedans, but it is not a doctrine of the Gospel; compulsory abstinence or prohibition is distinctly at variance with any adequate conception of the law of Christian liberty. The puerile analogies attempted to be drawn between regulative or restrictive measures and prohibition, sufficed to show the utter feebleness in argument of the rhetoricians. Surely it must have been insulting to the commonsense of men, to see parallels attempted between the Acts against the carrying of fire-arms, the Factory Acts, the Acts providing for compulsory vaccination and education, and a proposal to rule the community in 'meats and drinks,' whether they arte abused or not. The right to choose food, drink, and dress for oneself is one of the earliest and most sacred rights of the individual, and no legislative action which impedes it can stand examination for a moment. Perhaps it was the 'Conservatism' of Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, Forster, Mill, and Herbert Spencer which made them opposed to this 'change' backwards; on that point, all Liberals to whose names attaches any authority, are Conservatives in the *Globe's* sense. They love man's liberty too well to see it frittered away by chimerical legislation; and although they would hardly use the characteristically strong words of the Bishop of Manchester, they would approve of their inner meaning: 'If I am called upon to choose between England sober and England free, let me have England free.' The warmest friends of the generous movement to reclaim the fallen by moral and religious effort, are of the same opinion; they are the friends of temperance, and even of total abstinence; but the avowed and determined foes to a movement which would trample individual liberty beneath the iron heel of law.

The new affiliation scheme adopted by the Senate of the University of Toronto appears to meet with general approval, which is more than could have been expected, after the rather heated discussions on the subject some months ago. Briefly stated, the four resolutions refuse affiliation to any medical school which is or becomes connected with another University; in the latter case the affiliation shall cease. It admits students from all medical schools of every kinds, if in good standing, irrespective of affiliation, to pass examinations from matriculation to graduation, but refuses honors, &c., to those who are at the same time undergraduates or graduates in medicine in any other University. With regard to the last clause, which is the only one objected to by the *Mail*, a remark or two seems necessary. The Act of 1853 was passed avowedly for the purpose of bringing all the superior education of the Province, so far as was possible, under the direction of the Provincial University. With this purpose in view, every scholar was required to subscribe to a declaration that he intended to proceed to a degree in the Toronto University. Now the object of this declaration clearly was to confine its honours strictly to those who were graduates or prepared to be graduates of that University, and not of any other. This was its spirit at any rate; although experience has proved that it was not clear enough in its phraseology to compass the object. At that time it was never supposed for a moment that the same man would matriculate and become an undergraduate of two Universities—in short that two *almæ matres* could be acknowledged at one and the same time. It did not enter into the Senatorial heads of that time that the endowments of the University were to be the common property of all the Universities, and that her honours, &c., were to be claimed at will by

alien and often hostile institutions, in addition to those which were properly their own. Of a scheme of spoliation and partition they knew more than enough; but they hardly anticipated the day when a University would bid for undergraduates thus: 'Come to us, and you shall have a chance of obtaining our honours and those of the godless University to boot.' In their simplicity, they supposed that the scholarships supported by the endowment were intended for the sons of their own University, not as baits for every University in the Province. This would not be avowed partition, it is true; but in effect it is the endowment of all Universities in the Province, share and share alike. The attempt recently made to effect this object has been met, as the emergency required. It is the assertion of a principle twenty-four years old, that the endowments of Toronto University are intended for its support, and for that alone. No 'new departure' has been taken; the resolution of the Senate is only designed to strengthen the doors and put a bolt on the treasure-house, lately threatened from a new direction. The University is a Provincial one certainly, and proudly maintains its pre-eminence; but that does not mean that its property is to be shared by all rivals, contrary to the plain spirit and intention of the statute. We wonder what the Hon. Robert Baldwin would have said if so preposterous a claim had been mooted during his lifetime. The University is by no means a wealthy institution; the funds at its command are not more than sufficient for its own needs; and therefore it would be the height of injustice to make them the common property of all the Universities, which would be the result of admitting their undergraduates to compete for honours with the University's own sons.

There is another subject, in connection with the University of Toronto, upon which a few observations may not be out of place —that of superior female education. It is scarcely necessary, at this time of day, to disabuse the popular mind of any lingering prejudices against learned women. Most men with any pretension to intelligence, would now be ashamed to avow that they still harbour or cherish them. It has been at length discovered that women may improve the mental powers with which they are endowed, without proving less active, faithful, and affectionate in the home circle, as daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers. The old theory of female training, which forced the imagination, fed the vanity, and warped the entire nature, is rapidly fading away to take its place in the ghostly ranks of fallacies departed. Of course there still remains the old controversy about the capacity of the female intellect, chiefly carried on, on the Philistine side, by those who object to submit the question to the practical test of experience. According to some, it is essentially inferior to man's; according to others—and with them we are disposed to agree—the difference is in kind, rather than in power or capacity for development. That this should be so seems to them a wise provision of the Creator, who designed the woman to be a helpmeet for the man, so that both working together might be, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, the source of comfort and happiness to each other. But, whatever may be the difference, or whether there be any difference or not, between the intellect of the sexes, our age has, somewhat tardily it is true, determined that an effort shall be made to put the matter to the proof. This can only be done by extending to our sisters the opportunities of culture we enjoy ourselves, and by, so far as need be for that purpose, breaking down the middle wall of partition which custom and prejudice have interposed between us. Women, whatever other rights may be denied them, have an unquestionable right to the cultivation of their entire mental nature, and its expansion and elevation to the fullest extent. Instead of stimulating those faculties which are apt to be morbidly active, they need a trained reason, an enlightened judgment, and accurate habits of observation. Society, instead of endeavouring to secure all these, makes learning and academic distinction the monopoly of a sex. For young men, governments endow colleges and establish universities; they are subjected to the discipline of study; the wealth to be gleaned from science, philosophy, and classical lore is ready to their hand. Why should nothing be done to train the female intellect? Why is it left to rust or wither from neglect?

Much censure is heaped upon the present methods of female instruction in ladies' seminaries, and it is not altogether unde-

served. Still, it is too sweeping, and is gradually becoming more and more out of place. Moreover, it can hardly be expected that teachers, even if they possessed the necessary qualifications, should fly in the faces of those whose daughters they instruct, by leaving the well-worn groove. What is wanted is not so much a reform in the schools, some little fripperies excepted, but the public recognition by the Government and by our college authorities of the claims of young women, equally with young men, to the highest culture of which they are capable. At present, what does the State contribute for this purpose? We know of nothing except the support of the Normal School; and it is highly probable that women would never have found their way thither, had not a supply of female teachers been absolutely necessary—and miserable enough is the pittance they receive when they are supplied. Now, it is utterly out of the question to provide what is required, by voluntary effort. The Ladies' Educational Association was a laudable attempt to do something, but it was not enough. It was too brief, too expensive, too purposeless a scheme, so far as ulterior ends were concerned, to be successful. So far as it went, of course, the instruction was of the highest character; but when the course was over, who was to aid the young lady student in going forward, or what plan was before her for a succeeding year? What rewards had she for diligence in the future? The system was too fitful and unalluring, in short, to be of permanent service—a kind of intellectual *cul de sac* leading nowhither.

To be of any permanent service, female culture must be regular, thorough, systematic, and reasonably cheap. Similar rewards and honours must be offered to young ladies as are now within the reach of young men. Until all this be done—and done by an institution equipped with a large staff of professors, a well-stocked library, adequate apparatus, and other scientific appliances—nothing at all is done. Two young ladies —courageous pioneers in a noble cause—were admitted last June as matriculants of the University. But who is to aid them to climb higher up the thorny hill of knowledge? How are they to study chemistry, botany, zoology, mineralogy, natural philosophy, classics, or mental science, unaided and alone? University College is, so far as appears, still closed against them; and it is our contention that its doors ought to be freely thrown open, at once, to all students without distinction of sex. Religion knows neither male nor female; why should not science and philosophy follow its example? To refuse to give instruction where alone it can be imparted thoroughly and effectively, is equivalent to forbidding it altogether.

The Senate of the University has matured a scheme for the examination of women; but as it has not yet received the approval of His Honour the Visitor, the details of the plan have not been made public. In the absence of full and satisfactory data for comment or criticism, we can only give a general idea of this statute. It is understood that only two examinations are provided for — the first consisting of five groups, the second of seven. The additional two groups in the latter are the Natural Science and Mental Science departments. In both, Classics forms one group by itself, and Mathematics another; the other three in each are made up by combining, in a way to give ample choice, two or more of these subjects: Latin, History and Geography, English, French, and German. So soon as the entire plan is made public we shall take the opportunity of referring to the matter more fully; meanwhile, the *Globe*, which has taken an active and honourable part in the movement, appears to be right in thinking that the University has, by this initial movement, afforded bodies like the Association already referred to, a motive and purpose they did not possess before. But we entirely object to requiring the ladies who so generously organized the old Association, to spend their time and money. The young ladies of Ontario have quite as strong a claim upon public aid in the matter of superior education as the young men; moreover, there are many subjects included which could not be taught in a course of nine or ten lectures, with defective appliances, notably those under the charge, at University College, of Professors Croft, Chapman, Ramsay Wright, and Loudon. What is wanted clearly is the opening of the College to lady students, as Albert College, Belleville, is open to the ladies of Alexandra College, conducted under the same auspices. Something should be said here about the affiliation of outside ladies' colleges; but of that again.

There are now two desiderata, so far as the University is concerned—first, the establishment of prizes and scholarships for the special examinations; and, secondly, a statute clearly providing that female undergraduates may go through the entire course, pass and honour, and graduate in due form. The parchment diploma might be readily modified so that a young woman could be admitted to the first degree, commonly termed that of 'Bachelor in Arts.' It is hard to see why this concession should be refused, or why our 'girl graduate' should not carry home with her the 'Testamur,' and the medal or other distinction she has honourably won by her industry and intellectual power. Honours and scholarships must certainly form a part of any effective system of superior female education, and if the scholarship fund of the University is exhausted, the Government ought, for once, to be liberal to the patient but sadly neglected sex. Our college authorities may take a pattern by what is done at University College, Bristol, to take a chance case from the *Spectator*. There are offered 'one chemical scholarship of £25 and three general of £15 each, open to women as well as men.' And, as some stimulus to private munificence, may be added what follows: 'Scholarships for women.—Four or more of £15 to £50 each will also be offered by the Clifton Association for the Higher Education of Women.' Awaiting further particulars of the University scheme, we earnestly commend the entire subject to the serious and favourable consideration of the Senate, the College Council, and the Minister of Education.

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued by Commission on the 14th ult. The speech, which was exceedingly brief, referred to only three topics, the Eastern Question, the Indian famine, and the annexation of the Transvaal Republic. No new announcement was made, and none was expected, touching England's relations to the belligerents in 'this cruel and destructive war,' as Lord Beaconsfield terms it. The stereotyped phrase, that the strictest neutrality would be observed, so long as England's interests were not imperilled, was repeated in the Speech from the Throne. Several attempts were made in both Houses, during the concluding days of the Session, to draw the Government out upon the subject; but they were promptly met by the Premier and Sir Stafford Northcote with the usual official parry, that the Government were of opinion that a discussion on Eastern affairs 'would not be advantageous to the public service.' When asked if any additional sum would be required for the transportation of troops to the Mediterranean, the answer was in the negative. No vote of credit was asked against contingencies, and, therefore, England's neutrality is assured—a result partly owing to the resolute attitude of Lord Salisbury and the other 'peace' Ministers, partly to the firm and unmistakable expression of public opinion, but mainly to the knowledge that any attempt to resist the alliance of the three Emperors would be hopeless.

That this league is not only still subsisting, but growing firmer day by day, is clear from many incidents that have occurred of late. Germany has undertaken to act as the protector of Russian subjects in Southern Turkey; and only a few days since the Berlin Government addressed a strong note of complaint to the Porte, in reference to its systematic disregard of the Genevan provisions designed to secure the humane treatment of the wounded and prisoners. Such a remonstrance was certainly needed, in the face of the appalling fact that in Asia, notwithstanding the Turkish victories, no Russian prisoners have been taken. Now it is said that the Powers have declined to support Germany's note, because they regard it as 'one-sided.' 'Powers' here, however, can only mean England, and possibly France, because Austria and Italy hastened to give in their adhesion at once. Is this part of the rumoured scheme of partition, or an advance move to make way for it? The Emperors of Germany and Austria met recently at Ischl, and Bismarck is about to confer with Andrassy, at Gastein. What do these conferences indicate? When interrogated on the subject the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that he had no information regarding any partition scheme 'which he could communicate to the House'—an ominous clause in the sentence. If any such scheme be in contemplation, it cannot menace British interests, since Germany and Austria are quite

as much concerned to maintain the free navigation of the Danube, and to keep Russia out of Constantinople as England can be. The only people who will find themselves checkmated are the Turkophiles in the Cabinet, the Clubs, and the Press in our own country.

The Indian famine, which has already cut down half-a-million of people, is one of those awful calamities which cannot be averted, and only partially alleviated. Madras and Mysore, and possibly a large portion of Central India, as far as the Punjab, are in the grim embraces of starvation, cholera, and small-pox. There is a vast territory—almost a continent of itself—without food, without water, save what can be drawn from miasmatic wells, and worse than all, the people are practically out of reach. There is but one railway, and provisions can only be sent upon ox-carts, travelling at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles per day. In the doomed country, the cattle are perishing from hunger and thirst, and those which start from the prosperous districts can hardly draw more than enough to keep themselves alive on the weary journey, and when they arrive, their extinction by the drought is almost inevitable. That England and the Indian Government will strive to the uttermost to cope with this awful calamity, cannot be doubted; but of what avail are money and grain, when the wretched people are out of reach? Even the relief centres speedily become centres of disease in its most terrible forms, and the poor creatures who escape starvation, die of cholera or small-pox. The latest accounts disclose a fearful prospect; no rain has fallen, and the famine area is widening with fearful rapidity. The entire outlook is gloomy and disheartening in the extreme, and even Lord Salisbury's proud and energetic spirit seems bowed with anxiety and despair.

The last few weeks of the Session were enlivened, if such a term may be used regarding the humiliation of Parliament, by the persistent obstructiveness of a few of the Home Rulers. They never numbered more than seven when the House or Committee divided, and their spokesmen were Mr. Parnell, described as a young Wicklow squire, Mr. O'Donnell, 'a Catholic *littérateur*, with a curious knowledge of the less known foreign politics', and Mr. Biggar, a Belfast provision merchant. Taking advantage of the forms of the House, these gentlemen resisted any attempt to get through what remained of the public business. Whether they thought that they were likely to benefit Ireland or not does not appear. Mr. Parnell said he had no desire to obstruct, his only object being to prevent hasty legislation after 12.30 A.M. In order to compass this object, he and his two friends thought it necessary to keep the House in session on one occasion twenty-six hours, and on another for twenty. We have beaten them in Canada in tactics of this description, for the Provincial Parliament about twenty years ago sat for between two and three days; one of the absorbing topics of that memorable time, when the proper hour arrived, was the question whether to-day was yesterday or yesterday to-day. The obstructiveness of the Home Rulers was particularly annoying near the close of a Session in the dog-days; and the more so because they selected a Bill for special opposition which merely gave legislative sanction for a matter of administration—the confederation of South Africa. Mr. Parnell had his amendments, Mr. O'Donnell proposed no less than seventy-three, and on each, the interesting trio made almost interminable speeches, principally made up of readings from blue-books. And so the matter went on until Sir Stafford Northcote threatened summary measures—a menace which had the desired effect, for Mr. O'Donnell said that, if it was not to be a matter of physical endurance any longer, he and his friends would yield. There is obviously no little difficulty in dealing with an extraordinary case of this kind. The rules of the House are the safeguard of the minority, and it would obviously be highly improper to deprive an Opposition of the advantages afforded by them, where delay is necessary, either to obtain information or to evoke public opinion; but it is equally clear that the House was bound to assert its authority and maintain its dignity against these obstructives. Two new rules were proposed by the Government, one providing that a member more than once declared out of order, shall be pronounced by the Speaker to be wilfully defying the authority of the Chair, and a motion that he be suspended, after hearing his explanation,

shall be put without debate; and the other, forbidding a member to move more than once that the same Committee rise and the chairman report progress. These rules have not proved very effective. The trio managed to obstruct without being entrapped by them; and the first sufferer was Mr. Whalley, the ultra-Protestant friend of the Claimant and the bitter foe of Dr. Kenealy. The member for Peterborough wanted to talk about Russia, Popery, and his enemy the Doctor, and having been twice called to order was suspended during the debate, under the new Rule. But there was no debate, and he was back again on his feet and declaiming again a few minutes after.

The leader of the House holds expulsion over the heads of the recalcitrants *in terrorem*, and it is quite certain that next Session no mercy will be extended to them. The only practical result of their senseless conduct is a split in the Home Rule party. Mr. Butt and the bulk of his followers feel that they have been disgraced by the conduct of the few obstructives, and these in turn have not hesitated to denounce him as a 'trimmer,' a 'frothy leader,' and a 'masked political impostor.' There is already a number of parties among the Irish malcontents, and before long they may boast of as many factions as they have Parliamentary representatives.

One would scarcely imagine, to read the accounts of French doings, governmental and judicial, that the country is under a Republican constitution. There is a flavour of Bourbonism or Bonapartism in every act of the usurping party, but no sign of freedom anywhere. The press is under severer restrictions and daily subjected to more terrible punishments than the most despotically ruled countries of Europe have seen during the century. It is not enough to invent an offence—that of 'insulting the Marshal'—but it is now held to be criminal to sell a portrait of M. Thiers, or the mildest of the Opposition papers, or even to publish a map of France with the districts represented by the 363—the majority in the late Assembly — coloured. M. de Fourtou, Minister of the Interior, served his apprenticeship under the Imperial *régime*, and he seems determined to improve upon the tactics of his master. There is no engine of terrorism not in full working order under the Government of De Broglie; the machinery of repressive despotism is in full operation under the ablest and craftiest management, and yet the villanous conspiracy will fail; for even the parties to it have already fallen out. The Legitimists are at war with the Imperialists, and even the Imperialists are divided into camps under Rouher, the Vice-Emperor, and Cassagnac. The Marshal visits Bourges and receives addresses conjuring him to put down Radicalism and to rely on the Church and, above all, on the army, and he sings his old song of adhesion to the Constitution. The people do not so much as give him a cheer; they only break silence to shout for Thiers and the Republic. Meanwhile the Republicans are calm, vigilant, and well assured of the result. M. Gambetta claims 400 instead of 363 representatives in the next Chamber. A more impartial observer gives the Government 150, and the Opposition 380. And what then?

The war in the East is, just now, at a standstill—that is, comparatively speaking; and thus the interest divides itself into two channels, the outlook, which the future must ultimately verify or the reverse, and the question of comparative guilt in the matter of atrocities. It is clear that, on both sides, wanton deeds of villany have been perpetrated, and, therefore, the admission may as well be made at the outset. In a semi-barbarous war it is not surprising that the Cossack is cruel and remorseless, or that the Bulgarian, with centuries of cruelty to avenge, is determined to take advantage of his terrible opportunity. But when we read from the pen of a man like Colonel Valentine Baker, who has sold himself as a mercenary, body and soul, to the Turk, of what he heard 'when at the seat of war,' or when we read of newspaper correspondents who have pledged themselves to insert whatever the Porte desires, on consideration that they shall enjoy exceptional advantages—and the *Times* is our authority —we are compelled to pause. In the first place, whatever the stories of Russian atrocities amount to, they are committed in actual warfare—in a struggle of race and religion, which is never a humane one. In the second place, they are not com-

manded or connived at by the Czar; on the contrary, they are the worst service that could have been rendered him. In the third place, they are all seen by Turks and not by Europeans, except in one or two exceptional cases of no great account. Now the atrocities of May, 1876, were committed in a country where there was admittedly neither war nor insurrection; committed by direct instructions from Stamboul, and were not only unpunished, but the miscreants who superintended them were rewarded. What the Bashi-bazouks have done during this war is known to the world. Let any one turn to the letter of the *Times* correspondent from Yeni Saghra, dated July 18, and beginning, 'I am conscious of having executed an entire change of front since my letter of last night,' and he will soon learn the secret of the 'Russian atrocity' stories. This 'change of front' arose from the fact that he had been duped by the Turkish agents into sending stories of horrible events which had never occurred. It turned out that the people murdered and the women outraged were all Bulgarians, not Mussulmans; still a little more enquiry showed, as he expresses it, that 'the manufacture of Russian atrocities had become a regular business,' and that they were often mere repetitions, servilely copied to the letter from the horrible details of Circassian brutality in 1876. General Sir Arnold Kendall confirms the massacre by the Kurds on the Turkish side in Asia, but denies that there is the slightest foundation for the story of Russian atrocities at Ardahan. On the other hand, he states that the charge against the Turks of 'killing all the wounded' he believes to be too true, since he could not hear of a single wounded man having been saved. In Europe, the lying is done from Adrianople and the capital, and stories are telegraphed to the world, either invented outright, or on the alleged eye-witness of men who were many miles from the scene before the first Cossack entered the place. It is safe to say that no credit whatever attaches to any story coming from Turkish sources or through a Turkish medium, whether it purports to come from a mercenary officer or a purchased correspondent.

The events of the month in the field have turned the tide against Russia. The two defeats at Plevna were serious enough, and they arose from careless over-confidence and a fatal contempt for the foe. The change in the Turkish commands may or may not have been known to the Russians; yet it is certain that, under any circumstances, their conduct was rash beyond expression. That a detachment should march leisurely into the town, throw down their cloaks and packs in the streets, and wander about lightly singing, until a murderous fire from the houses mowed them down, is inexplicable. When the remnant was reinforced, the Turks were under cover, and could fight as effectively as ever. The Russian, like the Englishman, 'does not know when he is beaten,' and defeat does not discourage him. There, without flinching, they advanced, battalion after battalion, and died in heaps. The Turk has not come out into the open field, nor is he likely to do so; although he is giving his enemy time enough to ensure the certain overthrow of the Empire. Why was not the victory of Plevna followed up? why are Tirnova, Selvi, and the Shipka Pass untaken? As for the grand Turkish victories of which we read daily, we have an example, which serves to show how far the correspondent of a pro-Turkish paper may be trusted. The attack on Loftcha was stated by the representative of the *Telegraph* to have been a 'supreme effort' of the Russians; they 'advanced to the assault in vast numbers,' and, of course, received a repulse of 'vast' importance. That was the story the correspondent gathered from Turkish informants, and related it, because he wanted his English readers to believe it. Osman Pasha, who commanded at Loftcha, reports that he was attacked by 6000 Russians, of whom 1000 were cavalry, and therefore comparatively useless, and that the enemy lost 600. As an English journal remarks, the subordinate Turks 'know no more about numbers than our forefathers did when they called the visible stars innumerable.' It is well to give no heed to any of these suspicious reports until the main armies are face to face, which will be when Russia is ready: for the Turk is patient, and will wait.

August 25th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

OLD CHRISTIANITY AGAINST PAPAL NOVELTIES, &c. By Gideon Ouseley. Toronto: Samuel Rose. 1877.

It is not by any means our intention to review this book at length; indeed, it would not have been noticed at all in these pages, did not its appearance suggest the enquiry, why so rabid and virulent a specimen of religious controversy has been republished sixty-three years after it was originally written, and exactly half a century from the date of 'the fifth Dublin edition'? The reason assigned is an extremely insufficient one. It cannot be of any value 'as a contribution to the great conflict' between Protestantism and the 'great apostacy of the Papacy,' because it is grossly unfair in argument, bitter and un-Christian in tone, and altogether obsolete in its treatment of the subject. If it be true that 'it has long been recognized as a standard authority', all that need be said is, so much the worse for those who have recognised it. A great deal has been said about the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, but there are Scots on both sides of the Irish Sea; and, if this violent and unscrupulous book be any criterion, the most bigoted and fanatical of the race are to be found north of a line drawn from Dublin City to Sligo Bay. A perusal of this work will give the reader some notion of what religious controversy ought *not* to be, and what it was fifty years ago. It will go far to explain the grinding oppression inflicted by the insolence of a miserable minority, prior to Catholic Emancipation, upon the vast majority of the Irish people, and the bitterness of sectarian warfare which rages in Ireland to this day. If one tithe of the epithets heaped upon the Roman Catholic Church and its priesthood in this miserable outburst of theological fury, be warranted, it is not surprising that the dominant party were fully convinced that a Papist had no rights a Protestant was bound to respect. The book consists chiefly of a number of letters addressed to a Rev. Mr. Thayer, a priest, who, it appears, had the temerity to defend his religion. This our 'Irish Missionary' could not endure—hence the onslaught. It would seem ludicrous, were there not in it a touch of profanity, to find Mr. Ouseley, after accusing the Roman Catholic priests of blasphemy, fraud, and imposture, after telling them that their doctrine of purgatory proceeds from 'Satan and his school,' and that they are not God's ministers, subscribing himself, at the end of the letter (p. 155), as Mr. Thayer's 'friend and servant in Christ Jesus our Lord.' The 'blasphemy' is clearly not all on one side. The author's Address is about as good a specimen as any of the style of his book. After satisfactorily concluding that the Pope is Antichrist, as Nero was long before him, he goes on to infer that, since Christ and his Apostles taught the gospel to the multitude, 'and as none but a devil or wicked man could censure this, so must he who now blames this example' (Bossuet, Fenelon, or Newman, we suppose) 'be either ignorant or insane, or a wicked man and of the devil.' Finally, 'as this way of Christ is the sure and narrow way to Heaven, so must this doctrine' (the creed of, at least, the half of Christendom) 'that opposes it, be the certain, broad road to hell' (pp. 15, 16).

Scripture is treated with that irreverent familiarity we are accustomed to from those who hold the most rigid views of Inspiration. Texts are dislocated from their context, and pitched at the Papacy, without the slightest regard to the intention of the writer. Wherever immorality is denounced or heresy reproved, Mr. Ouseley instinctively smells Popery. He even goes so far as to charge false doctrine against the mystic Babylon, and quotes Rev. xviii. as his authority. Of course, the Apocalypse is his great feeding ground. It was not to be expected that fifty years ago, a fanatical writer should know the results of modern criticism and exegesis; but that is no apology for reprinting such trash as we have here. The 'mystic Babylon' was clearly Pagan, and not Papal, Rome; and in regard to it, the Apocalyptic account was partly historical and partly prophetical, in so far as it denounced the vengeance of Heaven. And then there are the arithmetical puzzles, the number of the beast—that 'of a man,' not of a Church, a Kingdom, or an Order—the 666 which has done duty for so many, even down to Napoleon III. Then again there are the 1260 years which were supposed, apparently, by our author, to have commenced in 606, in the time of the infamous Phocas, entitled Boniface IV., the Universal Bishop. Unfortunately, 1866 has come and gone, and now the date is shifted to the temporal establishment of the Papal power by Pepin in the middle of the eighth century. On the

whole, we think Dean Alford a safer guide than Mr. Gideon Ouseley.

The treatment of Roman Catholic doctrines, as that of Transubstantiation for instance, is most insulting and outrageously unjust (pp. 187 and 261). The author's opponents are idolaters, whether they will or no. Mr. Ouseley, who does not believe in the dogma, *knows* that the wafer remains bread, *ergo*, to worship the Host is idolatry; as if the belief of the worshipper had nothing to do with the matter. How would Protestants like to see some of the mysteries of their faith treated as this man treats what he calls 'host-making'? Much is made in the preface of this edition of the 'curious and learned citations from patristric and controversial writers.' There is nothing curious about them; they are almost all stock quotations, published over and over again, and they may be found much better digested elsewhere; there is no need for raking over a theological dunghill to find them. Moreover, all the filth he has collected about some of the Popes, and a great deal more of the same kind, can easily be found to satisfy prurient appetites. Mr. Ouseley may have been a learned man; but judging from his renderings of the decrees of the Tridentine Council, we should not think so. The printing of Greek quotations in this book is simply abominable. There is not an accent in a single instance where a Greek word is used, from the title-page to the colophon. Sometimes the breathings are given, oftener they are omitted. In one sentence of about eight words, five require a breathing, and only one, an aspirated *eta*, is there—the bell-wether of the flock. It is time that works of this sort ceased to appear. They fairly represent neither Protestantism nor Catholicism; they impose upon the unlettered reader by a show of learning, misrepresent and distort doctrine, make light of sacred things, revel in the vocabulary of Billingsgate and of the pit, and keep alive the basest and most violent of all human prejudices and passions.

ART LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS: by Benjamin Hathaway. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co., 1877.

'Art-Life,' the poem which gives name to this volume, is a somewhat vague aspiration, in thirty-five smoothly written stanzas, after the 'higher Life,' which Mr. Hathaway thus apostrophizes:

'Thou final Good! the theme of wisest sages,
Beginning, end and goal of Liberty;
The choral hymn that echoes down the ages,
The inspiration of all prophecy,
The golden days all Poet's song presages,
The TIME TO BE!'

In poetry and principle there is nothing that can be said against these lines; but they do not convey by themselves the impression which we have received from the whole poem. That impression—perhaps a mistaken one—is, that the 'higher life' for which it expresses ecstatic longing is one which makes very good material for misty poetry, but which has not enough moral substance to satisfy real earnestness. 'Longings' are very romantic, but also very dangerous things to indulge in. When our ideals are drawn in true perspective—are definite, settled, and good—they inspire us with a simple enthusiasm of purpose that sets us a-working, not a-longing, to bring about their realization. When they are out of perspective to our real human nature—are indefinite, unsettled, and dreamy—they fill us with a vague unrest that unhinges the action of life and leaves us to romantic discontent and—to be plain—grumbling poetry. It is far from our intention to suggest that Mr. Hathaway's ideal of 'the higher Life' has any vagueness in its devotion to 'the Final Good' of which he writes so eloquently; but his expression of it certainly has. His verse paints (sinning chiefly in omission) a higher life that is purely æsthetic, that is too dainty for the dust of this working-day world, and is passively beautiful rather than actively good. The contemplation of such an ideal 'Art-Life' has given him material for verses of which many are excellent, some poor; but of which none bear that promise of vitality which goes with the humblest expressions of the workings of 'the great human heart.' As regards the mere skill-of-hand in them, most of them are full, flowing, and melodious, but nowhere call for unusual or unstinted praise, sharing, as they do, the defects we must proceed to point out in the remaining poems. These disappoint even such expectations as might very reasonably be founded on the first. The least critical and most benevolent of readers could not but own them tiresome. They are all in a similar strain of amiable sentimentality, running, smoothly enough, on the same level of respectable mediocrity; except in one or two instances where they dip below that. Mr. Hathaway has, and gives enthusiastic expression to, a deep and loving sympathy with animate and inanimate nature, and his intimacy with it rescues his verse from utter dullness. But he exhibits the alarming though praiseworthy determination to draw a moral from everything, and certainly, where it is possible, he selects well-worn and familiar ones; but now and then the moral is more ingenious than obvious. In the construction of his verse he stretches poetic license too far for the safety of those less elastic requirements, grammar and sense. Subject, object, active, passive, adjective, and adverb, change and change about with metrically obliging but

syntactically confusing readiness. There is a wearisome repetition of metaphors, phrases, and especially of favorite words, such as *tropic*, *translucent*, *transcendent*; and of one expression in various forms, which is not strikingly poetical—'*to medicine* my soul'—'*the medicin'd* years!' &c., &c. Finally, the employment of such uncouth and doubtful words as 'gride,' 'droil,' and 'blain,' does not remedy the hopeless defect in Mr. Hathaway's verse—obscurity; nor is his poety raised above the commonplace by his causing an 'ardent youth' of his imagining to say to him for the reader's benefit:

> 'They tell me, sir,
> That you a poet are,—your songs do stir
> The hearts of men. . . !'

THE AMERICAN SENATOR. By Antony Trollope; Belford Brothers, Toronto. 1877.

Novels written with a purpose, after the fashion of modern days, are not always either interesting or successful in advancing this purpose; and Mr. Trollope's last effort must, it is to be feared, come under the latter category. Of this fact he himself seems to be aware, confessing in his concluding pages that a more appropriate title for his work would have been possible. In sketching out for himself the outline of his story, Mr. Trollope had evidently as a central idea, which should be the distinctive attraction to his public, the presentation of certain defects, constitutional, social, and religious, in the English system of living, and amongst the odds and ends of a novelist's property-room the medium best adapted to attain this end was the somewhat hackneyed 'American traveller,' furbished up and supplied with the unwonted dignity of a high moral purpose, but otherwise inquisitive, discursive, and self-satisfied as of yore. Into various tender spots, requiring, in Mr. Trollope's opinion, surgical treatment, Mr. Gotobed—such is the meaningless and ill-applied name he gives to his American Senator—is allowed to exercise his probing powers, the beneficial influence to the English people being conveyed through the words, writings, and speeches of this gentleman. The spectacle of hounds running their fox into the farm of a man who objects to their presence, sets this modern Quixote full tilt against the game-preserving, fox-nourishing selfishness of the landed gentry of England, while so ill is the character devised, that he is represented as without even the natural common-sense to comprehend the possibility of a sport so well known to be all-fascinating to its votaries as the hunt, having some ray of reason for its fascination, and so devoid of the commonest elements of American shrewdness as to commit himself personally to the support of a side on a question of which he acknowledges himself to have but the faintest knowledge. Further on he is represented as being so little imbued with the spirit of a gentleman, as to needlessly and stupidly insult the pet prejudices of a clerical host, who is endeavouring, in all civility, to fill his unappreciative stomach with the best in food and wines his rectory can supply, by feeble, disconnected, and useless hits at the Establishment of which—good or bad as it may be—his host is a member. Some crude ideas upon primogeniture and parliamentary representation are aired by means more or less inartistic; but the climax of absurdity is reached when, at the close of the book, Mr. Gotobed is represented as giving a lecture in one of the largest halls in London, which draws two or three thousand people, chokes up leading thoroughfares, and leads the chief of police to whisper that if the lecture goes on any longer he will not be answerable for the consequences. It would have been better if Mr. Trollope had left to the imagination the eloquence which could so have moved London's millions. Unfortunately for himself he commits to paper the precious periods, which are so much of a kin with the tactless, meaningless, headless, and tailless grumblings of a 'pot-house politician', that we are quite sure the half-a-dozen persons who would have been drawn to such a lecture, in the first place, would have, one and all, walked out after the first quarter of an hour. The American Senator is an ill-conceived, ill-drawn character, which, whether intended as a portrait of the average American Senator or the average American gentlemen, is equally unworthy of credence; one would say that Mr. Trollope had never seen either. But though the treatment of great subjects, or the delineation of the habits and manners, thoughts and words of ladies and gentlemen are, as has been shown often in the thirty or so volumes produced by his prolific pen, entirely out of Mr. Trollope's range, he has found in the padding of an excellently told marriage-hunt a field so far more congenial to his tastes and abilities, that in the fortunes of the scheming young beauty, Miss Arabella Trefoil, and her vulgar, shrewd mamma, Lady Augustus Trefoil, lie sufficient interest and amusement to make the book readable and attractive. In the calculating, somewhat coarse, and unscrupulous Arabella the author is at home; he writes of what he evidently understands and appreciates, and consequently the character, with that of Lord Rufford, whose theory is that kissing and proposing are by no means the same thing, are the best in the whole story, and the only ones distinctively worthy of commendation. There is a certain ability in all that Mr. Trollope produces, and the present is no exception to the rule. His canvas is perhaps overcrowded with figures, but the plot is not in the least complicated, and all is steered ultimately to a happy conclu-

sion, and dramatic justice is done to all. Q. E. F. as Euclid has it.

SAMUEL BROHL & Co. By M. Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Collection of Foreign Authors. 1877.

This is one of those light novels of society, which the French, and the French alone, can render really charming. The motive of this little tale, which is only 270 pp. long, would have been sadly hampered in English hands. We should have had twice the amount of description, and the conversations would have lost that crispness with which the author contrives to render apparently trivial *causeries*, all of which, however, subserve the purpose of carrying on the action or elucidating the characters of the novel.

Samuel Brohl, the hero of the tale (hero, in the sense of principal character, though, like Ulysses, he holds the post by virtue of his parts rather than his virtues) has a secret. The secret has been with him for so long a time, and he has so thoroughly set himself to the task of effacing all traces that might lead to its detection, that he has acquired a certain duality of existence, the delicate expounding of which is the chief feature in the book. His natural self underlies all the mainsprings of his life, but so well has he fitted over it the mask of an assumed nature, that he succeeds in deceiving almost every one, even himself sometimes. To appear generous, self-denying, patriotic, and truthful in order to serve a selfish purpose, and, while planning to attain a certain end, to constrain the prize to bestow itself upon him, not in spite, but because of his attempts to escape from the necessity of receiving it, these are the tasks which he sets his ingenuity to accomplish. The other characters are drawn with as light and firm a touch. Antoinette de Moriaz, the beautiful heiress, with more romance and decision of character than is possessed by the typical French *ingenue*, reversing the ordinary course of affairs, and governing her father in all things, matrimonial or otherwise, is a pleasing conception. Her companion, Mlle. Moiseney, with her gooseberry-colored eyes and her general aptitude for fancying that she knows everything before it happens, is a less original creation, but sufficiently amusing.

The manner in which Brohl overcomes the objections of the family, and especially the way in which he disarms the animosity of Madame de Lorcy, Antoinette's godmother, is very interesting. Commencing with a firm belief that he is an adventurer, and pledged to assist his rival, one Camille Langis, she addresses Professor de Moriaz a letter of contemptuous, good-natured pity, when she hears that her goddaughter has been allowed to fall in love with a Pole. In her next letter, written after she has seen Brohl, she recounts, with great penetration, a little trait in his character from which she derived certain suspicions about him, quoting the tale of the true princess who proved herself to be such by her susceptibility to the discomfort produced by three peas slipped between her feather beds, a delicacy of feeling apparently not shared by Brohl. However, in a postscript to the very same letter, she half retracts her doubts, and before long, as Brohl induces her to think that Mlle Antoinette is indifferent to him, he wins his way gradually into her confidence. Although entirely reassured, Mdme de Lorcy considers it wiser to keep Antoinette out of harm's way, but a discovery which she believes she has made, namely, that M. Brohl is married, and which she at once communicates to M. de Moriaz, serves as the bait to allure Antoinette—who supposes that her friends are plotting against the match—back to Paris. How the planned mistake is cleared up, and M. Brohl is discovered to be bound only by patriotism and disinterestedness, what effect this discovery has upon Antoinette, and the rather decided measures (judging by the French standard, *ne touchez pas à l'ingenue*) which she takes to bring her lover to her feet, must be read in the book itself. For a short time the innocent Antoinette rejoices in the prospect of a life passed in his company, and then, sudden and swift, the discovery which the reader has expected so long, descends upon them. Faithful to his double nature to the last, Samuel Brohl, after surpassing himself in meanness, rises suddenly to the height of a theatrical magnanimity, and purchases the right to revenge upon his rival.

We can recommend the care with which the translator has rendered the author's language, which appears always well chosen and clear. Some of the descriptions, as that of of the Alpine flowers at St. Moritz—'pretty violet asters, wrapped in a little cravat-like tufting to protect them from the cold, and that charming little lilac flower, delicately cut, sensitive, quivering, which one finds on scraping away the snow higher up'—are really beautiful, and tell of a genuine lover of nature. As we have already intimated that M. Cherbuliez is as much at home in the *salon* as on the breezy hills, treading upon the slippery pine needles, the reader will gather that this is a book which will be read with pleasure, and will excite expectations which we hope the succeeding volumes of the series will fulfil.

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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INROAD ON PALE FACTS.

BUT we are not always to be preached at by this miniature Madame Solomon. We had not come three or four thousand miles to be lectured up hill and down dale. Even our stern teacher herself forgot her moralities when, after a long night's rain, Boston received us with breezy blue skies, cool winds, and a flashing sunlight that broke on the stirring trees. We breathed once more, after the heat of New York and the dust of Saratoga. We walked along the pavements, and, as we had always been told that Boston was peculiarly English, we began to perceive an English breadth of frame on the part of the men, an English freshness of complexion on the part of the women. We shut our eyes to the fact that the shops were more the shops of Brussels than of Brighton. Surely these were English clouds that swiftly crossed the sky; English trees and parks that shone fair in their greenness; an English lake that was rippling in waves before the brisk breeze? And then, again, away down in the business part of the city, amid tall warehouses and great blocks of stores, how could we fail to notice that that was the Atlantic itself which we suddenly caught glimpses of at the end of the thoroughfares, just as if some one, tired of the perpetual gray and red of the houses, had taken a huge brush and dashed in a stroke of brilliant cobalt across the narrow opening?

'Ships go from here to England, do they not?' asked Lady Sylvia once, as we were driving by a bit of the harbor.

'Certainly.'

She was looking wistfully at the blue water, and the moored steamers, and the smaller craft that were sailing about.

'In a fortnight one could be back in Liverpool?'

'Doubtless.'

But here our Bell broke in, laying her hand gently on the hand of her friend.

'You must not think of going back already, Lady Sylvia,' she said with a smile. 'We have got to show you all the wonders of our Western country yet. How could you go back without seeing a buffalo-hunt?'

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'Oh,' said she, hastily—and the beautiful pale face flushed somewhat—'I was not thinking of that. It was a mere fancy. It seems so long since we left England, and we have come so great a way, that it is strange to think one could be back in Surrey in a fortnight.'

'We can not allow you to play truant, you know,' said Queen T—, in her gentle way. 'What would every one say if we allowed you to go back without seeing Niagara?'

'I assure you I was not thinking of such a thing,' said Lady Sylvia, seriously, as if she were afraid of grievously offending Niagara. 'Would not every one laugh if I were to show homesickness so soon?'

But, all the same, we could see that she never looked at these blue waters of the Atlantic without a certain wistfulness: and, as it happened, we were pretty much by the sea-side at this time. For first of all we went down to Manchester—a small, scattered, picturesque watering-place overlooking Massachusetts Bay, the Swiss-looking cottages of wood dotted down anywhere on the high rocks above the strand. And when the wild sunset had died out of the western skies—the splendid colors had been blinding our sight until we turned for refuge to the dark, intense greens of the trees in shadow— we had our chairs out on the veranda, up here on the rocks, over the sea. We heard the splashing of the waves below. We could vaguely make out the line of the land running away out to Cape Cod; and now the twin lights of the Sisters began to shoot their orange rays into the purple dusk. Then the moon rose; and the Atlantic grew grey; and there was a pale radiance on the rocks around us. Our good friends talked much of England that long, still, beautiful night; and now it seemed a place very far apart from us, that we should scarcely be able to recognize when we saw it again.

Then we went to see some other friends as Newport, arriving just in time to get a glimpse of the afternoon drive before the people and their smart little vehicles disappeared into those spacious gardens in which the villas were partly hidden. The next morning we drove round by the sea; and now the sun was burning on the almost smooth water, and there was a fresh smell of sea-weed, and the tiny ripples curled crisp and white along the pebbly bays. Our Bell began to praise the sea. Here was no churned chalk; but the crystal sea-water of the northern shores that she loved. And when she turned her eyes inland, and found occasional glimpses of moorland and rock, she appealed to Lady Sylvia to say if she did not think it was like some part of Scotland, although, to be sure, there was no heather here.

'I have never been in Scotland,' said Lady Sylvia, gently, and looking down. 'I —I almost thought we should have gone this year.'

There was no tremor at all in her voice; she had bravely nerved herself on the spur of the moment.

'You must go next year; Mr. Balfour will be so proud to show his native country to you,' said Queen T——,very demurely; but we others could see some strange meaning in her eyes—some quick, full expression of confident triumph and joy.

And how is it possible to avoid some brief but grateful mention of the one beautiful day we spent at Cambridge—or, rather, outside Cambridge—in a certain garden there? It was a Sunday, fair and calm and sweet-scented, for there were cool winds blowing through the trees, and bringing the odors of flowers into the shadowed veranda. Was not that bit of landscape over there, too—the soft green hill with its patches of tree, the hedges and fields, the breezy blue sky with its floating clouds of white—a pleasant suggestion of Surrey? There was one sitting with us there who is known and well beloved wherever, all over the wide world, the English tongue is spoken; and if that gracious kindliness which seemed to be extended to all things, animate and inanimate, was more particularly shown to our poor stricken patient, who could wonder who had ever seen her sensitive mouth and pathetic eyes? Of whom was it written—

'Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit:
Something within her said, "at length thy trials are ended?"'

If she could not quite say that as yet, her sorrows were for the moment at least forgotten, and she sat content and pleased and grateful. And then we had dinner in an old-fashioned room of the old-fashioned house, and much discourse of books; the

mute listener, having won the favor of all, being far more frequently addressed than any body else. The full moon was shining on the trees when we went out into the clear night. It was shining, too, on the Charles River, when we had driven on along the white road; and here, of course, we stopped to look at the wonderful picture. For beyond this flashing of silver on the rippling water, the river was bounded by a mass of houses that were black as midnight in the shadow; and here and there a dusky spire rose solemnly into the lambent sky, while down below there was a line of lamps burning in the dark like a string of ruddy jewels. These were the only points of color, those points of orange; all else was blue and silver—a dream of Venice.

What more is to be said about Boston before we leave it for the mystic woods and lakes of Chingachgook, whose ghost we hope to see emerge from the dim forest, in company with that of the simple-minded Deerslayer? Well, a word must be said about the great thoughtfulness of our good friends there, who took us to see every place and thing of note—except Bunker's Hill. They most scrupulously avoided all mention of Bunker's Hill, just as a Scotchman would rather die than mention Bannockburn in the south; and to tell the truth, we never saw the place at all. This is much to be regretted; for the visiting of such scenes is most useful in refreshing one's knowledge of history; and indeed this courtesy on the part of our Boston friends led to a good deal of confusion afterward. For, one evening up in Canada, when Bell had been busy with her maps, she suddenly cried out,

'Why, we never went to see Bunker's Hill!'

'Neither we did,' was the reply.

'And it is close to Boston!'

'Assuredly.'

She remained in deep reflection for a moment or two; and then she said, in absolute innocence,

'I do wonder that a nation that fought so well, North and South, should show such a sensitiveness as that. They never said a word about Bunker's Hill when we were at Boston. You would have thought the humiliation of that small defeat was quite forgotten by this time; for I am quite sure the South would not speak about it, and I am quite sure the North is as proud of Stonewall Jackson now as the South can be.'

Stonewall Jackson?—Bunker's Hill?

'What do you mean?' said Queen T——, severely; for she thought the young wife had taken leave of her senses.

'Well,' said she, simply, and rather ungrammatically, 'if the North was beaten, they fought well enough afterward; and when they can point to such battles as Gettysburg, they need not be afraid of the South remembering Bunker's Hill against them.'

This was too awful. She was the mother of two children. But we wrote to our friends in Boston, begging them in the future not to let any of their English friends go through the town without telling them what Bunker's Hill was all about.

Next, a word about the singular purity of the atmosphere; at mid-day, as we stood in the street or walked across the Common, we could make out with the naked eye the planet Venus, shining clear and brilliant in the blue overhead.

Finally, a word as to a certain hotel. We had gone there partly because it was conducted on the European plan, and partly because it was said to be the best in America, and we naturally wanted to see what America could do in that way. We came to the conclusion that this hotel was probably the best in America a generation ago, and that its owners, proud of its reputation, had determined that it should never be interfered with—not even by an occasional broom. It was our friend the Uhlan who waxed the most ferocious. He came down in a towering rage the first morning after our arrival.

'The best hotel in America?' he cried. 'I tell you, we have no room at all; it is a box; it is a miserable hole, without light; it is full of mosquitoes; it looks into a sort of well, over the kitchen, and it is hotter than an oven; and the noise of the quarreling in the kitchen; and I think a woman dying of—what do you call it? asthma?—in the next room— No, I will not stay here another night for a thousand pounds!'

However, we pacified him, and he did stay another night, and was richly rewarded. He came down on the second morning

with a pleased air. He had a sheet of writing-paper in his hand, on which were displayed a number of strange objects.

'Ha!' said he, with a proud smile, 'it is so kind of them to let us know the secrets of the American ladies. These things lie thick all over the room; but they are very small, and you can not easily see them for the dust. But they are very strange—oh, very strange. Did you ever see hair-pins so small as these?'

He showed us a beautiful variety of these interesting objects, some of them so minute as almost to be invisible to the naked eye. Almost equally minute, too, were certain India-rubber bands. Then that tiny brush, tipped with black; what was that for? surely the thousand virgins of Cologne must have in turn inhabited this room, to have left behind them so many souvenirs.

'You have no business with those things,' said Bell, angrily. 'They dont belong to you.'

'To whom, then?' said he, meekly. 'To the Crown? Is it treasure-trove? But one thing I know very well. When we go away from this pretty hotel—from this, oh! very charming hotel—we will not shake the dust from our feet, because that would be quite unnecessary. They have enough; don't you think so?'

And then we set out on our travels once more; and during a long and beautiful day went whirling away northward through a rough, hilly, and wooded country, intersected by deep ravines, and showing here and there a clear stream running along its pebbly bed. Here and there, too, on the hills the woods were already beginning to show a yellow tinge; while at rare intervals we descried a maple that had anticipated the glowing colors of the Indian summer, and become like a flame of rose-red fire among the dark green of the pines, It was a picturesque country enough—this wilderness of rocks and streams and forest; and it might have been possible to begin and imagine the red man back again in this wilderness that they once haunted, but that, from time to time, we suddenly came on a clearing that showed a lot of bare wooden shanties, and the chances were that the place rejoiced in some such name as Cuttingsville. Cuttingsville! But perhaps, after all, there is a fitness in things; and it would have been a worse sort of desecration to steal one of the beautiful Indian names from some neighboring stream and tack it on to this tag-rag habitation of squatters.

The evening sun was red behind the dark green of the trees when, at Glenn's Falls, we left the railway, and mounted on the top of a huge coach set on high springs. Away went the four horses; and we found ourselves swinging this way and that as if we were being buffeted about by the five tides that meet off the Mull of Cantire. I was a pleasant ride, nevertheless; for it was now the cool of the evening, and we were high above the dust, and we were entering a country not only beautiful in itself, but steeped in all sorts of historical and romantic traditions. Far over there on the right—the last spur of the Adirondacks—was the mountain held by the French artillery to command the military road through these wilds, and bearing the name of French Mountains to this day. Ahead of us, hidden away in the dark woods, was the too famous Bloody Pond. And Fort William Henry?—of a surety, friend, these lovely damsels shall be safely housed to-night, and the dogs of Mingoes may carry the news to Montcalm that his prey has escaped him!

It was a plank-road that carried us away into the forest, and the monotonous fall of the horses' hoofs was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night and of the woods. The first stars came out in the pale gray overhead. Our lamps were lit now; and there was a golden glory around us—a blaze in the midst of the prevailing dusk.

And now the forest became still more dense, and the road wound in an intricate fashion through the trees. For our part, we could see no path at all. The horses seemed perpetually on the point of rushing headlong into the forest, when lo! a sharp turn would reveal another bit of road, it also seeming to disappear in the woods. And then the pace at which this chariot, with its blazing aureole, went flashing through the darkness! Mile after mile we rattled on, and the distant lake was now nowhere visible. Not thus did the crafty Hurons steal through these trees to dog the footsteps of the noble Delawares. We were almost ashamed to think that there was no danger surrounding us, and that our chief regard was about supper.

Suddenly there was a wild yell ahead, and at the same moment a black object dashed across the heads of our leaders. Then we caught sight of a vehicle underneath the lamps; and there was a shout of laughter as it flew onward after that narrow escape. The sharp turn in the road had very nearly produced another massacre of pale-faces in the neighborhood of Fort William Henry.

'Do you remember that night at Keswick?' our Uhlan said, with a laugh. 'That was near, too; was it not, madame? And now this great coach—we should have run clean over that wagonette, as you described the big steamers running over a small schooner; and the driver, did you see how smart he was in taking his leaders off the planks? It was very well done—very well done; he is a smart fellow, and I will give him another cigar, if it does not annoy you, Lady Sylvia.'

'It is very pleasant in the night air,' said our courteous guest. 'And indeed I am accustomed at home to the smell of pipes —which is a great deal worse.'

And so the Lilacs was still her home? She betrayed no embarrassment in speaking of the nest she had forsaken; but then she was sheltered by the darkness of the night.

Then at last the long, delightful drive was done; and there was a great blaze of lamps over a broad flight of stairs and a spacious hall. We turned before we entered. Down there in the dusk, and hemmed around by shadowy hills, lay the silent waters of Lake George.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF CANADA.

THERE were two people standing at a window and looking over the troubled waters of Lake George—or Lake Horicon, as they preferred to call it—on this colourless morning. The scene was a sad one enough. For far away the hills were pale under the clouded sky, and there were white mists stealing over the sombre forest, and the green islands lay desolate in the midst of the leaden sea that plashed coldly on their stony shores. Were they thinking —these two—as they watched the mournful grays of the morning change and interchange with the coming and going of the rain-clouds, that the great mother Nature was herself weeping for her red children gone away forever from this solitary lake and these silent woods? This was their domain. They had fished in these waters, they had hidden in these dense forests from the glare of the sun, for ages before the ruthless invader had come from over the seas. Or was it of a later race that these two were thinking—of persons and deeds that had first become familiar to them in the pleasant summer-time, as the yacht lay becalmed on the golden afternoons, with the mountains of Skye grown mystical in the perfect stillness? Was it of Judith Hutter, for example, and Hurry Harry, and the faithful Uncas, who had somehow got themselves so mixed up with that idling voyage that one almost imagined the inhabitants of Tobermory would be found to address one as a pale-face when the vessel drew near the shore? One of the two spoke.

'I think,' said she, slowly—but there was a peculiar proud light in her eyes—'I think I might this very minute telegraph to Mr. Balfour to come right over by the next steamer.'

The companion of this person was not in the habit of expressing surprise. He had got accustomed to the swift and occult devices of her small and subtle brain. If the member for Englebury had at that moment arrived by coach, and walked up the front steps of the hotel, he would have betrayed no astonishment whatever. So he merely said, 'Why?'

'You will see,' she continued, 'that her first thought about this lake will be its likeness to some other lake that she has known. She is always looking back to England. Last night she spoke quite cheerfully about going home. If Mr. Balfour were suddenly to meet us at Montreal—'

'Have you telegraphed to him?' demands the other, sternly; for he is never sure as to the madness of which this woman is capable.

'No.'

'Nor written to him?'

'No.'

'Then don't be a fool. Do you mean to say that two people who find their married life so unbearable that they must needs separate, are at once to be reconciled be-

cause one of them takes a trip across the Atlantic? Is that your remedy for married misery, your salt-water cure—thirty guineas return, with three pounds a head for the wine bill?'

'It was only one of them who wished for a separation,' says this gentle schemer, with a happy smile, 'and already she knows a little of what separation is like. Don't I see it? And the further we go, the more varied things we see, I know that her heart is yearning all the more to go back to its home. She speaks now of New York as if it were continents and continents away. It is not a question of time—and of your thirty guineas; it is a question of long days and nights, and solitary thinking, and strange places and strange people, and the thought of the increasing labour of one's going back. And just fancy when we have gone away across the wide prairies—oh, I know! You will see the change in her face when we turn toward England again!'

Her companion is not at all carried away by this burst of enthusiasm.

'Perhaps,' he observes, 'you will be good enough to say at what point Mr. Balfour is suddenly to appear, like a fairy in a pantomime, or a circus-rider through a hoop.'

'I never said he was to appear any where,' is the petulant reply.

'No; and therefore he is all the more likely to appear. At Niagara? Are we to increase the current with a flood of tears?'

'I tell you I have neither telegraphed nor written to him,' she says. 'I don't know where he is, and I don't care.'

'Then we are determined to have our cure complete? "Lady Sylvia Balfour before three months of moral scolding: the same after the three months: the recipe forwarded for eighteenpence in postage stamps. Apply to Professor Stickleback, on the top of Box Hill, Surrey." There is one thing quite certain—that if you are the means of reconciling these two, they will both of them most cordially hate you for the rest of their life.'

'I can not help that,' is the quiet answer. 'One must do what good one can. It isn't much at the best.'

We were almost the only occupants of the steamer that left the small pier and proceeded to cut its way through the wind-swept lake. And now, sure enough, these people began to talk about Loch Lomond, and Killarney, and Windermere, and all sorts of other places, just as if they wished to pander to this poor creature's nostalgia; it was of no use to remind them that the lake was an American lake, with associations of its own, and these far from uninteresting. Very gloomy, however, was the aspect in which Lake Horicon now presented itself to us; for the clouds seemed to come closer down, and the low and wooded hills became of a heavier purple, and darker still became the water that was dashed in hurrying waves on the sandy and rocky shore. Then we got into the narrows, and were near enough the hills to see where the forest had been on fire, the charred stems of the trees appearing in the distance like so many vine stems washed white. The lake opened out again, and on we steamed, the mountains far ahead of us growing of a still deeper purple, as if a fearful storm were impending over them. Suddenly Lady Sylvia uttered a light cry. She had by accident turned. And, lo! behind us there was a great blaze of sunlight falling on the hills and the water—the lake a sheet of dazzling silver, the islands of a brilliant and sunny green, one keen flash of blue visible among the floating clouds. And it was then, too, we saw an eagle slowly sailing over the russet woods—the only living thing visible in this wilderness of water and forest. The sunlight spread. There were glimmerings of silver in the heavy clouds lying over the region of the Adirondacks. A pale glow crossed from time to time our drying decks. When we landed to undertake the short railway journey between Lake George and Lake Champlain, we found ourselves in hot sunshine.

Lake Champlain, too, was fair and sunny and green, and the waters that the steamer churned were as clear as those of Schaffhausen, while the windy shreds of cloud that floated by the Adirondacks were of the lightest and fleeciest. But there were storms brewing somewhere. As the day waned, we had sudden fits of purple darkness, and dashes of rain went sweeping along the lake. In the evening there was a wild smoke of red in the west behind the pallid hills, and this ruddy glare here and there touched the gay-green waters of the lake with a dusky fire, and made the hull of one boat which we could see in the distance gleam like some crimson stone. As

we sat there, watching the lurid sunset and the darkening waters, we had dreams of an excursion to be made in the days to come. When Bell's long exile in the West was over, we were to meet somewhere about this point. We were suddenly to disappear from human ken into the wilds of the Adirondacks. We should live on the produce of our own guns and fishing rods; we should sleep in the log-huts on the cool summer nights; we should become as dexterous as Indians in the use of our canoes. We had heard vague rumours of similar excursions through these virgin wilds: why should not we also plunge into the forest primeval?

Mr. Von Rosen said nothing at all when he heard this proposal; but he laughed, and looked at his wife.

'When I am set free to go back to England,' said the ranch-woman, with great gentleness—for she was obviously profiting by her brief companionship with civilized folks—'I don't think—I really do not think—that you will catch me foolin' around here.'

In the mean time, however, she was just as eager to see every thing as any body else. Look, for example, at what happened on the very first morning after our arrival at Montreal. We had, on the previous evening, left Lake Chaplain at Plattsburg, and got into the train there. We had made our first acquaintance with the Canadians in the person of four as promising-looking scoundrels as could be found in any part of the world, who conversed in guttural French in whispers, and kept their unwashed faces and collarless throats so near together as to suggest a conspiracy to murder. We had parted from these gentlemen as soon as the train had crossed the St. Lawrence bridge and got into Montreal, and we had reached our hotel about midnight. Now what must this German do but insist on every one getting up at a nameless hour in the morning to start away by train and intercept a boat coming down the Lachine Rapids. His wife assented, of course; and then the other two women were not to be outdone. A solemn tryst was made. Ridicule was unavailing. And so it happened that there was a hushed hurrying to and fro in the early dawn, and two or three wretched people, who ought to have been in bed, went shivering out into the cold air. As for the Lachine Rapids, the present writer has nothing to say about them They are said to be very fine, and there is a picture of them in every bookseller's shop in Canada. It is also asserted that when the steamer goes whirling down, the passengers have a pleasing sensation of terror. All he knows is that, as he was sitting comfortably at breakfast, four objects made their appearance, and these turned out to be human beings, with blue faces and helpless hands. When they had got thawed somewhat, and able to open their mouths without breaking bones, they said that the descent of the rapids was a very fine thing indeed.

Nor was it possible for one to learn any thing of the character of the Canadian nation because of these insatiable sight-seers, The writer of these pages, finding that he would have two whole days to spend in Montreal, had proposed to himself to make an exhaustive study of the political situation in Canada, and to supplement that by a comparison between the manners, customs, costume, and domestic habits of the Canadians and those of the Americans. It was also his intention to devote a considerable portion of this time to a careful inquiry as to the number of Canadians who would prefer separation from Great Britain. But these projected studies, which would have been of immense value to the world at large, were rendered impossible by the conduct of this group of frivolous tourists, who were simply bent on profitlessly enjoying themselves. And this they seemed to do with a great good-will, for they were delighted with the cool fresh air and the brilliant atmosphere which gave to this city a singularly bright and gay appearance. They were charmed with the prettily decorated cabs in the street. When they entered the Cathedral of Notre Dame, it seemed quite appropriate to find colors and gilding there that in England would have suggested a certain institution in Leicester Square. Then we had to climb the tower to have a view over the beautiful, bright city, with its red brick houses set amid green trees; its one or two remaining tin domes, glinting back the morning sunlight; its bold sweep of the St. Lawrence reflecting the blue sky. What was that, too, about the vagus nerve, when the striking of the great bell seemed to fill our chests with a choking sound? Our ranch-woman was not ordinarily scien-

tific in her talk, but she was rather proud of the vagues nerve. Indeed, we began to have a great affection for that useful monitor within, of whose existence we had not heard before; and many a time afterward, when our desire for dinner was becoming peremptory, we only recognized the friendly offices of this hitherto unknown bellman, who, was doubtless, in his own quiet way, sounding the tocsin of the soul.

In fact, these trivial-minded people would have nothing to do with a serious study of the Canadian character. They said that they approved of the political institutions of this country because they got French bread at dinner. They were quite sure that the Canadians were most loyal subjects of the Crown, and that every thing was for the best, simply because some very kind friends called on them with a couple of carriages, and whirled them away up to the summit of the Mount Royal Park, and showed them the great plain beneath, and the city, and the broad river. They went mad about that river. You would have fancied that Bell had been born a barge-woman, and had spent her life in shooting rapids. We knew that the old-fashioned song of our youth kept continually coming back to her idle fancy, for we heard faint snatches of it hummed from time to time when the rest of us were engaged in talk.

'Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!

* * * *

'Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

And the daylight was indeed past when we left Montreal; for these unconscionable tourists insisted on starting at the unholy hour of ten at night, so that they should accomplish some foolish plan or other. It was an atrocious piece of cruelty. We got into a sleeping-car, and found the brightest and cleanest of bunks awaiting us. We were pretty tired, too, with rushing up and down belfry stairs and what not. It was no wonder, therefore, that we speedily forgot all about our having to get up in the middle of the night at some wretched place called Prescott.

We were summoned back from the calm of dreamland by a hideous noise. We staggered out of the carriage, and found ourselves in a small empty railway station at two in the morning. But the more we rubbed our eyes, the more we were bewildered. Everything was wrapped in a cold thick fog, so that the train was but the phantom of a train, and we seemed to each other as ghosts. The only light was from a solitary lamp that sent its dazzling glare into the fog, and seemed to gather about it a golden smoke. Then these fierce cries in the distance:

'Dan'l's? Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's!'

The poor shivering wretches stared helplessly at each other, like ghosts waiting for Charon to take them somewhither.

'Dan'l's?' again resounded that unearthly cry, which had a peculiar rising inflection on the second syllable. 'Who's for Dan'l's? All aboard for Dan'l's?'

Then it crossed the mind of the bewildered travellers that perhaps this Dan'l's was some hostelry in the neighbourhood—some haven of refuge from this sea of fog—and so they stumbled along until they made out the glare of another lamp, and here was an omnibus with its door flung wide open.

'Dan'l's?' sung out the plaintive voice again. 'Who's for Dan'l's Hotel? All aboard for Dan'l's?'

We clambered into the small vehicle and sat down, bound for the unknown. Then the voice outside grew sharp. 'ALL ABOARD!' it cried. The door was banged to, and away we went through the fog, plunging and reeling, as if we were climbing the bed of a stream.

Then we got into the hostelry, and there was an air of drowsiness about it that was ominous. The lights were low. There was no coffee-room open.

'I think,' said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands cheerfully—'I think we could not do better than have some brandy or whiskey and hot water before going to bed.'

The clerk, who had just handed him his key, politely intimated that he could have nothing of that sort—nothing of any sort, in fact. The lieutenant turned on him.

'Do you mean to tell me that this is a temperance house?' he said, with a stare.

'No, it ain't,' said the clerk. 'Not gen-

erally. But it is on Sunday; and this is Sunday.'

It certainly was three o'clock on Sunday morning.

'Gracious heavens, man!' exclaimed the lieutenant, 'is this a civilized country? Don't you know that you will play the very mischief with our vagus nerves?'

The clerk clearly thought he had nothing to do with our vagus nerves, for he simply turned and lowered another lamp. So the lieutenant lit his candle and departed, muttering to himself.

'Dan'l's?' we heard him growl, as he went up the wooden stair. 'All aboard for Dan'l's? Confound me if I ever come within a dozen miles of Dan'l's again!'

CHAPTER XXXV.

A THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE next day was Sunday, still, calm, and blue; and we sat or patiently walked along the wooden pier, waiting for the steamer that was to come up the broad waters of the St. Lawrence. The river lay before us like a lake. The sun was warm on the long planks. There was not a flake of cloud in the sky.

Hour after hour passed, and the steamer, that had been detained in the fog of the preceding night, did not appear. We got into a drowsy and dreamy state. We watched the people come and go by the other boats, without interest or curiosity. Who were these, for example, this motley group of Indians, with their pale olive complexion, and their oval eyes like the eyes of the Chinese? They spoke a guttural French, and they were clad in rags and tatters of all colours. Hop-pickers? The squalid descendants of the old Iroquois? And when these had gone, the only man who did remain was a big sailor-looking person, who walked up and down, and eagerly whittled a bit of of wood. Him we did regard with some languid interest; for hitherto we had not seen any one engaged in this occupation, and we wished to know the object of it. Surely this was no idle amusement, this fierce and energetic cutting down of the stick? Was he not bent on making a peg? Or in sharpening his knife? Suddenly he threw the bit of wood into the river, and shut up his knife with an air of much satisfaction: the mystery remains a mystery until this day.

Perhaps it is to beguile the tedium of waiting—and be it remembered that the Lake of the Thousand Islands lay right ahead of us, and Niagara too; while at Niagara we expected to get letters from England—that one of us begins to tell a story. It is a pathetic story. It is all about a bank clerk who lived a long time ago in Camden-town, and who used to walk in every day to the City. One day, as he was passing a small shop, he saw in a corner of the window about half a dozen water-color drawings in a somewhat dirty and dilapidated state; and it occurred to him that, if he could get these cheap, he might have them fresh-mounted and framed, and then they would help to decorate a certain tiny house he had his eye on for a particular reason. He bought the pictures for a few shillings, and he very proudly carried them forthwith to a carver and gilder whose shop lay in his line of route to the City. He was to call for them on the following Monday. He called in at the appointed time, and the carver and gilder seemed suddenly to recollect that he had forgotten the drawings; they would be ready on the next Monday. The bank clerk was in no great hurry—for the fact is, he and his sweetheart had quarrelled—and he somewhat listlessly called in on the next Monday. The drawings, however, were not ready. And so it came to pass that every Monday evening as he went home to his lodgings, the bank clerk—with a sad indifference growing more and more apparent in his face—called in for the water-colours, and found that they were not in the frames yet, and promised, without any anger in his voice, to call again. Years passed, and quite mechanically, on each Monday evening, the bank clerk called in for his pictures, and just as mechanically he walked home without them to his lodgings; But these years had been dealing hardly with the bank clerk. His sweetheart had proved faithless, and he no longer cared for anything that happened to him. He grew negligent about his dress; he became prematurely gray; he could not trust his memory to the fulfilment of his duties. And so in time they had to ask him to resign his situation in the bank; and he became a

sort of messenger or hall porter somewhere, with his clothes getting dingier and his hair whiter summer by summer and autumn by autumn. And at last he fell sick, and his wages were stopped, and he thought there was nothing for him to do now but to turn his face to the wall and die. But—said the narrator of this true story—would you believe it? one night the pictures came home! There was a noise on the little wooden stair—not the heavy tramp of the undertaker, but the uncertain footsteps of the carver and gilder, who had himself grown a tottering, white-headed old man. And when he came into the room he burst into tears at sight of the poor bank clerk; but all the same he cried out, 'Now, see what I have done for you! I have kept your pictures until they have become OLD MASTERS! I have been offered £300 apiece for them; you can have the money to-morrow.' And the poor bank clerk wept too; and he got up and shook his friend by the hand; he could scarcely express his gratitude. But what does he do now? Why, on the strength of the sum of money he got for his pictures he started a Bath-chair; and you may see him any day you like being wheeled along the broad walks in Regent's Park; and whenever he sees a young man with a beard, a velveteen coat, and unwashed hands, he imagines him to be an artist, and he stops and says to him, 'I beg your pardon, Sir; but don't be hard on the poor carver and gilder. He is only increasing the value of your pictures. It will all come right in time.' This was the story of the poor bank clerk.

The steamer! What business have we to be thinking about Regent's Park, here on the banks of the broad St. Lawrence? We enter the great vessel, and have a passing look at its vast saloons and rows of cabins and rows of life-belts. We start away into the wide stream, and go swiftly cutting through the clear green water; while the wooded and rocky banks and the occasional clusters of white houses glide noiselessly back into the sunny haze of the east. Then the vagus nerve has to be appeased; for it is a long time since we left the coffee room at Dan'l's. When we go out on the high deck again, the afternoon is wearing on, and we are nearing that great widening of the river which is known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands.

But surely this is neither a river nor a lake that begins to disclose itself—stretching all across the western horizon, with innumerable islands and gray rocks and dark clusters of firs and bold sweeps of silver where a current passes through the dark green reflections of the trees. It is more like a submerged continent just re-appearing above the surface of the sea; for as far as the eye can range there is nothing visible but this glassy plain of water, with islands of every form and magnitude, wooded down to the edge of the current. It is impossible to say which is our channel, and which the shore of the mainland; we are in a wilderness of water and rock and tree, in unceasing combinations, in perpetual, calm, dreamlike beauty. And as we open up vista after vista of this strange world—seeing no sign of life from horizon to horizon but a few wild-duck that go whirring by—the rich colors in the west deepen; the sun sinks red behind some flashing clouds of gold; there is a wild glare of rose and yellow that just misses the water, but lights up the islands as with fire; one belt of pine in the west has become of a deep violet, while all around the eastern sky there is a low-lying flush of pink. And then, after the sun has gone, behold! there is a pale, clear, beautiful green all across the west; and that is barred with russet, purple, and orange; and the shadows along the islands have grown dusky and solemn. It is a magical night. The pale, lambent twilight still fills the world, and is too strong for the stars—unless we are to regard as golden planets the distant lights of the light-houses that steadily burn above the rocks. There is a gray, metallic lustre on the surface of the lake, now ruffled by the cool winds of the night. And still we go gliding by these dark and silent islands now on this side and now on that; and still there seems to be no end to this world of shadowy foliage and rock and gleaming water. Good-night—good-night — before the darkness comes down! The Lake of a Thousand Islands has burned itself into our memory in flashes of rose-colour and gold.

What is this strange thing that awakens us in the early morning—a roaring and rushing noise outside, a swaying of the cabin that reminds us of 'the rolling Forties' in mid-Atlantic, and sudden dashes of green water across the dripping glass of the port-

hole? We stagger up on deck, and lo! there is nothing around us but driving skies and showers and hurrying masses of green water, that seem to have no boundary of main-land or island. We congregate in the forward part of the saloon, and survey this cheerless prospect; our only object of interest being the rapid flight of some wild-fowl that scud by before the wind. Have we drifted away, then, from the big, hot continent they call America, and floundered somehow into the Atlantic or Pacific? We are withdrawn from this outward spectacle by the pathetic complaints of a tall and lank Canadian, who has made friends with everybody, and is loudly discoursing—in a high, shrill, plaintive key—of his troubles, not the least of which is that he declares he will shortly be sea-sick if this plunging of the steamer continues. It appears that he came on board at some port or other about six in the morning, with his wife, who, an invalid, still remains in her cabin.

'Yes, Sir. The landlord shet up at 'leven o'clock, and we didn't know when the boat was comin' 'long; and me and the old woman we had to go bamboozlin' round moren hef the night; and that makes a man kiner clanjammery, you bet!'

He looked through the dripping winds with an uncomfortable air.

'There's a pretty riley bit o' sea on,' he remarked.

He became more and more serious, and a little pale.

'If this goes on,' he said, suddenly, 'by Gosh, I'll heave!'

So we considered it prudent to withdraw from the society of this frank and friendly person; and while the vessel went plunging on through the wild chaos of green and gray mists and vapours, we busied ourselves in purchasing knickknacks manufactured by the Canadian Indians, little dreaming that ere long we should be the guest of the red man in his wigwam in the far West, and be enabled to negotiate for the purchase of articles deposited by the innocent children of the forest at a sort of extemporized pawn-shop at the agency. It was then that one of our number—her name shall not be mentioned, even though thousands of pounds be offered—made a joke. It was not an elaborate joke. But when she said something, in a very modest and sly way, about a Pawnee, we forgave her wickedness for the sake of the beautiful colour that for a second suffused her blushing face.

Even Lake Ontario, shoreless as it seemed when we went on deck in the morning, must end some time; and so it was that at length we came in sight of its north-western boundaries, and of Toronto. By this time the weather had cleared up a bit; and we landed with the best disposition in the world toward this great collection of business buildings and private dwellings, all put down at right angles on the sandy plain adjoining the lake.

'*Now* will you study the history, literature, and political situation of Canada?' asked the only serious member of this party, when we had reached the spacious and comfortable hotel, which was an agreeable relief after being on board that fog-surrounded ship.

'I will not,' is the plain answer.

'What did you come to America for?'

If she had been honest, she would have confessed that one of her plans in coming to America was the familiar one of delivering a series of lectures—all at the head of one innocent young wife. But she says, boldly,

'To amuse myself.'

'And you have no care for the ties which bind the mother-country to these immense colonies—you have no interest in their demands—'

'Not the slightest.'

'You would see them go without concern?'

'Yes. Are we not always giving them a civil hint to that effect?'

'It is nothing to you that the enterprise of your fellow-subjects has built this great town, in a surprisingly short time, on this arid plain—'

'It is a great deal to me,' she says. 'I must buy a dust-coat if I can get one. And what about the arid plain? I see as many trees here as I have seen in any city on this side of the Atlantic.'

And so it was always; the most earnest of students would have broken down in his efforts to impress on this tourist party the necessity of learning anything. If you spoke to them about theatres, or carriages, or dry champagne, perhaps they might condescend to listen; but they treated with absolute indifference the most vital questions regarding the welfare of the nation

whose guests they were. The kindly folks who drove them about Toronto, through the busy streets of the commercial district, through sandy thoroughfares where the smart villas stood amid the gardens, and through that broad and pleasant public park, tried to awaken their concern about the doings of this person and that person whose name was in all the newspapers; and they paid no more heed than they might have done had the Legislature at Ottawa been composed of the three tailors of Tooley Street. But there was one point about Toronto which they did most honestly and warmly admire, and that was the Norman Gothic University. To tell the truth, we had not seen much that was striking in the way of architecture since we crossed the Atlantic; but the simple grace and beauty of this gray stone building wholly charmed these careless travellers; and again and again they spoke of it in after-days when our eyes could find nothing to rest upon but tawdy brick and discoloured wood. There is a high tower at this Toronto College, and we thought we might as well go to the top of it. The lieutenant, who was never at a loss for want of an introduction, speedily procured a key, and we began to explore many curious and puzzling labyrinths and secret passages. At last we stood on the flat top of the square tower, and all around us lay a fresh and smiling country, with the broad waters of Ontario coming close up to the busy town. We went walking quite carelessly about this small enclosed place; we were chatting with each other, and occasionally leaning on the parapet of gray stone.

Who was it who first called out? Far away over there, in the haze of the sunlight, over the pale ridges of high-lying woods, a faint white column rose into the still sky, and spread itself abroad like a cloud. Motionless, colourless, it hung there in the golden air; and for a time we could not make out what this strange thing might be. And then we bethought ourselves—that spectral column of white smoke, rising into the summer sky, told where Niagara lay hidden in the distant woods.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A GLANCE BACK.

MEANWHILE, what of the widower whom we left behind in England? It was fairly to be expected that Balfour, once he had seen his wife handed over to that wise and tender counsellor who was to cure her of all her sentimental sufferings, would go straightway back to England and rejoice in the new freedom that allowed him to give up the whole of his time and attention to public affairs. At all events that was what Lady Sylvia expected. Now he would have no domestic cares to trouble him. As far as his exertions were necessary to the safety of the state, England was secure. For Lady Sylvia alwaye spoke of her husband as having far more serious duties to perform than any Home Secretary or Lord Chancellor.

Balfour, having taken a last look—from the deck of his friend's yacht—at the great dark ship going out into the western horizon, got back to Queenstown again, and to London. No doubt he was free enough; and there was plenty at this time to engage the attention of members of Parliament. But he did not at all seem to rejoice in his freedom; and Englebury had about as little reason as Ballinascroon to applaud the zeal of its representative. He went down to the House, it is true, and he generally dined there; but his chief cronies discovered in him an absolute listlessness whenever, in the intervals between their small jokes, they mentioned some bill or other; while, on the other hand, he was greatly interested in finding out which of these gentlemen had made long sea-voyages, and was as anxious to get information about steamers, storms, fogs, and the American climate as if he were about to arrange for the transference of the whole population of England to the plains of Colorado. The topics of the hour seemed to have no concern whatever for this silent and brooding man, who refused all invitations, and dined either at the House or by himself at a small table at the Reform. The Public Worship Regulation Bill awoke in him neither enthusiasm nor aversion. The Duty on Third-class Passengers?—they might have made it a guinea a head if they liked. In other days he had been an

eager demonstrator of the necessity of our having a Public Prosecutor; now he had scarcely a word to say. There were only two subjects in which at this moment he seemed keenly interested—the one was the Report which Mr. Plimsoll's Commission had just published, and the other was, singularly enough, the act just passed in America about the paper currency. What earthly reason could he have for bothering about the financial arrangements of America? He did not own a red cent of the American debt.

One forenoon he was walking through St. James's Park, when he was overtaken by a certain noble lord—an ingenuous youth whom he had known at Oxford.

'Balfour,' said this young man, walking on with him, 'you are a Scotchman—you can tell me what I have to expect. Fact is, I have done rather a bold thing—I have taken a shooting of 13,000 acres, for this autumn only, in the island of Mull; and I have never been there. But I sent my own man up, and he believes the reports they gave were all right.'

'What are you to expect?' said Balfour, good-humoredly. 'Plenty of shooting, probably; and plenty of rain, certainly.'

'So they say,' continued the young man. 'And my *avant-courier* says there may be some difficulty about provisions. He hints something about hiring a small steam-yacht that we might send across to Oban at a pinch—'

'Yes, that would be advisable, if you are not near Tobermory.'

'Eighteen miles off.'

Then the young man was fired with a sudden generosity.

'Your wife has gone to America, hasn't she?'

'Yes,' was the simple answer.

'Are you booked for the 12th?'

'No.'

'Come down with me. I sha'n't leave till the 10th, if that will suit you. The House is sure to be up—in fact, you fellows have nothing to do—you are only gammoning your constituencies.'

'It's lucky for some people that they can sit in Parliament without having any constituency to gammon,' said Balfour.

'You mean we mightn't find it quite so easy so get in,' said the young man, with a modest laugh; for indeed his service in Parliament was of the slightest sort—was limited, in fact, to procuring admission for one or two lady friends on the night of a great debate. 'But what do you say to Mull? If we don't get much of a dinner, we are to have a piper to play to us while we eat. And of course there will be good whiskey. What do you say?'

'I say that it is very good of you, and I should like it extremely; but I think I shall stay in town this autumn.'

'In town?'

'Yes.'

'All the autumn?' exclaimed the young man, with an air as though he half expected this maniac to turn and bite him on the arm.

'Yes,' said Balfour; and then he stammered forth a sort of apology. 'The fact is that a married man feels himself taken at an unfair advantage if he goes any where without his wife. I hate nothing so much as dining as a single man with a lot of married people. They pity you and patronise you—'

'But, my dear fellow, there won't be any married people up at this place—I can't pronounce the name. There will be only two men beside ourselves—a regular bachelor party. You surely can't mean to stop in town the whole of the autumn, and be chased about your club by the cleaning people. You will cut your throat before the end of August.'

'And what then? The newspapers are hard pushed at that time. If I committed suicide in the hall of the Reform Club, I should deserve the gratitude of the whole country. But, seriously, I am sorry I can't go down with you to Scotland. Much obliged all the same.'

'When does Lady Sylvia return?' asked his companion carelessly.'

'About the end of October, I should think,' Balfour said; and then he added, 'Very likely we shall go to Italy for the winter.'

He spoke quite calmly. He seemed to take it as a mere matter of ordinary arrangement that Lady Sylvia and himself should decide where they should spend the winter. For of course this ingenuous youth walking with him was not to know that Lady Sylvia had separated herself from her husband of her own free will and choice.

'Good-by, Balfour,' said the young Lord

L——, as he turned off and went down toward Queen Anne's Gate. 'I would have sent you some game if Lady Sylvia had been home; it would be no use to a club man.'

Balfour walked on, and in a second or two found himself before the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament, rising in all its gilded pride into the blue summer sky. Once upon a time—and that not so long ago—all the interests of his life were centered in the great building beneath that tower. When he had first entered it—even in the humble capacity for member for Ballinascroon—a new world of activity and ambition seemed opening up before him. But at this very moment, strangely enough, the mere sight of the Houses of Parliament appeared to awaken in him a curious sort of aversion. He had been going down to a morning sitting, rather because he had nothing else to do than that he was interested in the business going forward. But this first glimpse of the Parliament buildings caused him suddenly to change his mind; he turned off into Parliament Street, and called in at the offices of Mr. Billy Bolitho.

Mr. Bolitho was as cheerful and bland as usual. Moreover, he regarded this young man with sympathy, for he noticed his reserved and troubled air, and he at once divined the cause. Did not every body known that some of these large firms were being hardly hit just then? The fine old trade in Manchester goods had broken down before markets glutted with gray shirtings and jeans. The homeward consignments of teas and silks were no longer competed for by the brokers. The speculations in cotton to which some of the larger houses had resorted were wilder than the wildest gambling on the Stock Exchange. It was a great thing, Mr. Bolitho knew, to have belonged to such a firm as Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co., in the palmy days of commerce, but these fine times could not last forever.

'Come, Balfour,' said Mr. Bolitho, brightly, 'have a glass of sherry and a cigar. You don't look quite up to the mark this morning.'

'Thank you, I will. I believe idleness is ruining my health and spirits—there is nothing doing at the House.'

'Why don't you start a coach, and spend your forenoons that way?' said Bolitho gaily.

'I will tell you what I will do with you, if you like,' said Balfour, 'I will drive you down to The Lilacs. Come. It is a fine day, and they will give you some sort of dinner in the evening. You can be here by ten to-morrow morning.'

Mr. Bolitho was seated on a table, his legs dangling in the air, and he was carefully cutting the end of a cigar.

'Done with you,' said he, getting on his feet again, 'if you first lunch with me at the Devonshire.'

This, too, was agreed upon, and Balfour, as the two walked up to St. James's Street, did his very best to entertain this kind friend who had taken compassion on his loneliness. And as they set out in the shining afternoon to drive away down into the quiet of Surrey, Balfour strove to let his companion know that he was greatly obliged to him, and talked far more than was his wont, although his talk was mostly about such roads as Lady Sylvia knew, and about such houses as Lady Sylvia had admired.

'Have you heard the last about Englebury?' he asked.

'No.'

'Old Chorley has been struck with remorse of conscience, and has handed over that piece of filched common to the town, to make a public green.'

'That public green was nearly keeping you out of this Parliament,' observed Mr. Bolitho, with a demure smile.

'And there is to be a public gymnasium put up on the ground, and I have promised to go down and throw the thing open. What do you say, Bolitho; will you take a run down there, and drink a glass of wine with old Chorley, and show the boys how to twist round a trapeze?'

'I am very glad you have made friends with Chorley,' said Mr. Bolitho. 'He might have done you a deal of mischief. But I do think that you are becoming a little more prudent; no doubt you have found that all constituencies are not Ballinascroons.'

'I may have become more prudent,' said Balfour, with the indifference of a man who is mentally sick and out of sorts, 'but it is not from any desire to remain in Parliament. I am tired of it—I am disgusted

with it—I should like to quit it altogether.'

Bolitho was not surprised. He had known a good many of these spoiled children of fortune. And he knew that, when by chance they were robbed of some of their golden toys—say that an income of £30,000 a year was suddenly cut down to £5000—they became impatient and vexed, and spoke as if life were no longer worth having.

'Try being out of Parliament for a year or two, and see if you don't change your mind,' said Mr. Bolitho, shrewdly. 'There is something in the old proverb that says you never know the value of anything until you have lost it,'

'That is true enough,' said Balfour, with decision; but he was not thinking of Ballinascroon, nor yet of Englebury, nor of any seat in any Parliament.

It was the cool of the evening when they got down to The Lilacs, and very quiet and still and beautiful looked the cottage amidst its rose-bushes and honeysuckle. No doubt there was a deserted air about the rooms; the furniture was covered with chintz; every thing that could be locked and shut up was locked and shut up. But all the same Mr. Bolitho was glad to be taken round the place, and to be told how Lady Sylvia had done this and had done that, and how that the whole designing and decoration of the place was her own. Mr. Bolitho did not quite enter into this worship at the shrine of a departed saint, because he knew very well that if Lady Sylvia had been at The Lilacs that evening he would not have been there; but of course he professed a profound admiration for the manner in which the limited space had been made the most of, and declared that, for his part, he never went into the country and saw the delights of a country-house without wishing that Providence had seen fit to make him a farmer or squire.

And Mr. Bolitho got a fairly good dinner, too, considering that there were in the place only the housekeeper and a single servant, besides the gardener. They would not remain in-doors after dinner on such a beautiful evening. They went out to smoke a cigar in the garden, and the skies were clear over them, and the cool winds of the night were sweetened with the scent of flowers.

'They have no such refreshing coolness as this after the hot days in America,' said Balfour; 'at least so they tell me. It must be a dreadful business, after the glare of the day, to find no relief—to find the night as hot as the day. But I suppose they have got over the hottest of the weather there.'

'Where is Lady Sylvia now?' asked Mr. Bolitho, seeing that the thoughts of the young man—troubled as they must be by these commercial cares—were nevertheless often turned to the distant lands in which his wife was wandering.

'Up toward Canada, I should think,' he said. 'Soon she will be out in the West—and there it is cool even in the heat of summer.'

'I don't wonder you remained in England,' said Mr. Bolitho, frankly.

'Why?' said Balfour, who could not understand Mr. Bolitho having an opinion about the matter in any direction.

'Things have not been going well in the City,' said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously.

'I suppose not,' said Balfour, carelessly. 'But that does not concern me much. I never interfere in the business arrangements of our firm; the men whom my father trusted I can afford to trust. But I suppose you are right. There has been over-speculation. Fortunately, my partners are sufficiently cautious men; they have already made money; they don't need to gamble.'

Bolitho was troubled in his mind. Was the young man acting a part, or was he really ignorant of the rumor that his partners, finding the profits of their business gradually diminishing, and having sustained severe losses in one or two directions, had put a considerable portion of their capital into one or two investments which were at that very time being proved to be gigantic frauds? After all, Bolitho was a generously disposed man.

'Balfour,' said he, 'you won't mind my speaking frankly to you?'

'Certainly not.'

'Well, I don't know how far you examine into the details of the business transactions of your firm; but, you know, commercial things have been in a bad way of late, and you ought—I mean any man situated as you are—ought to be a little particular.'

'Oh, I am quite satisfied,' Balfour said. 'I don't know much about business; but I can understand the profit and loss and

capital accounts in the ledger, and these I periodically examine. Why, the firm gave £1000 to the last Mansion House Fund!'

Bolitho had heard before of firms hopelessly bankrupt making such dramatic displays of wealth in order to stave off the evil day; but of course he did not mention such a thing in connection with such a house as Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co. He only said that he was glad to find that Balfour did examine the books.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FURTHER LOOKINGS BACK.

WHAT was it, then, this feeling of inexplicable unrest and anxiety that possessed us as we drew near Niagara? Was it the fear of being disappointed? Was it the fear of being overawed? Or was it that mysterious vagus nerve catching something of the vibration that the vast cataracts sent shuddering through the land?

It was a blazing hot day, and the two scraggy horses were painfully hauling the rumbling old omnibus up a steep and dusty hill to the Clifton House hotel. Through the small window we could look down into the deep gorge, and there were no foaming rapids, but a deep, narrow, apparently motionless river of a singularly rich green colour. It was an opaque, solid green, not unlike sealing-wax, and the smooth shining surface had here and there a bold swirl of white. Then the sides of the gorge showed masses of ruddy rocks and green trees, and there was the brilliant blue overhead—altogether a German lithograph.

But why this curious unrest, while as yet the Falls were far away and out of sight? Well, there were two of us in that little omnibus who once upon a time saw a strange thing, never to be forgotten. We had climbed up from Chamounix to the small hostelry of Montanvert. We were going down the rugged little mountain path to cross the Mer de Glace. But where the great glacier lay in the high valley, and all over that, and all beyond that, nothing was visible but a vague gray mist that seemed to be inclasping the world. We stumbled on through the cold, damp atmosphere, until we found before us the great masses of ice in their spectral greens and whites. I think it was just about this time, when we had reached the edge of the glacier, that we were suddenly arrested by a wonderful sight. Right overhead, as it were, and far above the floating seas of mist, gleamed a wild break of dazzling blue, and far into this, so far away that the very distance seemed awful, rose a series of majestic peaks, their riven sides sparkling with sunlit snows. It was a terrible thing to see. All around us the solemn world of ice and shadows; above us the other and silent and bewildering world of light, with those glittering peaks cleaving the blue as if they would pierce to the very throne of heaven. The phantasmal fog-clouds went this way and that, taking strange shapes as they floated over the glacier and showed us visionary glimpses of the lower mountains; but there was neither cloud nor fog nor mist in that distant dome, and the giant peaks stood unapproachable there in their lonely and awful splendour. To have seen this sight once is a thing to be remembered during a man's lifetime; it is an experience that perhaps few of us would care to repeat. Was this strange unrest, then, a sensation of fear? Did we shrink from the first shock of a sight that might be too terrible in its majesty?

If that were so, we were speedily reassured. Through this port-hole of a window we caught a glimpse of something white and gray, and as we recognized from many pictures the American Falls, it was with a certain sense of comfort that we knew this thing to be graspable. And as we got further along, the beautiful, fair, calm picture came better into view; and it seemed to be fitting that over this silent sheet of white water, and over the mass of dark rocks and trees beyond, there should be a placid pale blue summer sky. Further on we go, and now we come in sight of something vaster, but still placid and beautiful and silent. We know from the deep indentation and the projection in the middle that these are the Horseshoe Falls; and they seem to be a stupendous semicircular wall of solid and motionless stalactites, with a touch of green at the summit of the mighty pillars of snow. We see no motion, we hear no sound; they are as frozen falls, with the sunlight touching them here and there, and leaving their shadows a pale gray. But we knew that

this vast white thing was not motionless; for in the centre of that semicircle rose a great white column of vapour, softly spreading itself abroad as it ascended into the pale blue sky, and shutting out altogether the dark table-land beyond the high line of the Falls. And as we got out of the vehicle and walked down toward the edge of the precipice, the air around us was filled with a low and murmuring sound, soft, continuous, muffled, and remote; and now we could catch the downward motion of these falling volumes of water, the friction of the air fraying the surface of the heavy masses into a soft and feathery white. There was nothing here that was awful and bewildering, but a beautiful, graceful spectacle—the white surface of the descending water looking almost lace-like in its texture—that accorded well with the still pale blue of the sky overhead. It was something to gaze on with a placid and sensuous satisfaction, perhaps because the continuous, monotonous murmur of sound was soothing, slumberous, dreamlike.

But Bell's quick eye was not directed solely to this calm and beautiful picture. She saw that Lady Sylvia was disturbed and anxious.

'Had we not better go into the hotel at once?' said she. 'There is no use trying to see Niagara in a minute. It has to be done systematically. And besides, there may be letters waiting for us.'

'Oh yes, certainly,' said Lady Sylvia; and then she added, seriously, as if her whole thoughts had been centred on the Falls, 'It is a very hopeful thing that we have not been disappointed at the first sight. They say nearly every one is. I dare say it will be some days before we get to understand the grandeur of Niagara.'

'My dear Lady Sylvia,' said one of us, as we were all walking up to the hotel, 'you might spend thirty years here in such weather as this without knowing any thing of the grandeur of Niagara. There is no mysticism possible with a pale blue sky. I will endeavour to expound this matter to you after luncheon—'

'Gott bewahre!' exclaims the German flippantly.

'—And I will show you that the size of any natural object has nothing to do with the effect it produces on the mind. I will show you how, with a proper atmospheric effect, an artist could make a more impressive picture of an insignificant island off the coast of Mull than he could if he painted Mont Blanc, under blue skies, on a canvas fifty feet square. The poetry of nature is all a question of atmosphere; failing that you may as well fall back on a drawing-master's notion of the picturesque—a broken mill-wheel and a withered tree. My dear friends—'

'Perhaps you will explain to us, then,' said Bell, not caring how she interrupted this valuable lecture, 'how if we can put grandeur into any thing by waiting till a little mist and gloom gets round it—if there is nothing in size at all—how we were so foolish as to come to Niagara at all? What did we come for?'

'I really don't know.'

'He is only talking nonsense, Bell!' says a sharper voice; and we reach the hotel.

But there are no letters.

'I thought not,' says Queen T——, cheerfully; as if news from England was a matter of profound indifference to every one of us. 'But there is no hurry. There is no chance of our missing them, as we shall be here some days.'

'I suppose they will have some English newspapers here?' suggested Lady Sylvia, just as if she had been in Brussels or Cologne.

'I should think not. If there are any, they will be old enough. What do you want with English newspapers, Lady Sylvia?'

'I want to see what has been going on in Parliament,' she answers, without the least flinching.

'What a desperate patriot you are, Lady Sylvia!' says Bell, laughing, as we go up the stairs to our rooms. 'I don't think I ever read a debate in my life—except about Mr. Plimsoll.'

'But your husband is not in Parliament,' returns Lady Sylvia, with blushing courage.

'And where your treasure is there will your heart be,' says Queen T——in a gay and careless fashion; but she has a gentle hand within her friend's arm; and then she takes the key to open the door of her room for her, treating her altogether like a spoiled child.

The after-luncheon lecture on the sublime in nature never came off; for these careless gadabouts, heedless of instruction

and the proper tuition of the mind, must needs hire a carriage to drive forthwith to the Rapids above the Falls. And Queen T——had begged Lady Sylvia to take her water-proof with her; and the lieutenant, perched up beside the driver, was furnished with a couple of umbrellas. So we set out.

And very soon we began to see something of the mighty volume of water falling over the Horseshoe Fall; for right away in there at the middle of the bend there was no white foam at all, but a projecting, unceasing bound of clear crystal of a curiously brilliant green, into which the sun struck deep. And what about the want of vapour and atmospheric effect? Presently we found ourselves in a sort of water-witch's paradise. Far below us boiled that hell-caldron of white smoke—roaring and thundering so that the ground around us trembled—and then this mighty pillar, rising and spreading over the landscape, enveloped us in clouds of shifting shapes and colours through which the gleaming green islands by the side of the road appeared to be mere fantasies of the eye. The earth and the sky seemed to be inextricably mixed up in this confusion of water and sunlight. We were in a bewilderment of rainbows—the pale colours coming right up to the wheels of the carriage, and shining between us and the flowing streams and water-weeds a few yards off. And then again we drove on and right through this Undine world; and behold! we were in hot sunshine again, and rolling along a road that sent volumes of dust over us. It was only a trick of the great mother Nature. She had been treating her poor children to a bath, and now took this effectual method of drying them. And the dust about Niagara is the most dry and choking dust in the world.

We drove away round so as to get beyond the Falls, and then descended to the side of the noble river. Here we found the inevitable museum of photographs and pebbles, and a still stranger exhibition. We were professed sight-seers; and we agreed to see the burning spring of the Indians, no matter what the wild excitement might cost. So we were conducted into a little dark room, in the floor of which there was a hole, covered over. The performer —who was not attired in the garb of the wild man of the woods, as he ought to have been—removed the lid, and began to play a great many pranks with the gas which rose from the well. It was really wonderful. Some of us were carried away in imagination to the beautiful days in which a penny paid on entrance to a canvas tent unlocked more marvels than were known to all the wise men of the East. But this performance was monotonous. In vain we waited for our friend to open another door and show us the fat woman of Scandinavia. It was merely trifling with our feelings to offer each of us a glass of the fire-water to drink. We resented this insult, and sought the outer air again, having paid—what was it?—for that revelation of the wonders of Nature.

There was a grander sight outside—the great rapids whirling by at our very feet toward the sudden and sheer descent. The wild plain of waters seemed broader than any river; the horizon line was as the horizon of the sea, but it was a line broken by the wild tossing of the waves as they came hurrying on to their doom. High over the green masses of the water the white crests were flung this way and that; in the maddening race and whirl these wild uprearings resembled—who made this suggestion?—the eager outstretched hands of the dense crowd of worshippers who strove for the holy fire passing over their heads. And here, too, the noise of the rushing of the waters still sounded muffled and remote, as if the great river were falling, not into the chasm below, but into the very bowels of the earth, too far away from us to be seen or heard.

A fiery red sunset was burning over the green woods and the level landscape and the dusty roads as we drove away back again, and down to the whirlpool below the Falls. Indeed, by the time we reached the point from which we were to descend into the gorge, the sun had gone down, the west had paled, and there was a cold twilight over the deep chasm through which the dark green river rolls. There was something very impressive in these sombre waters—their rapidity and force only marked by the whirling by of successive pine-trees—and in the sheer precipices on each side, scarred with ruddy rocks and sunless woods. Down here, too, there were no photographs, or Indians selling sham trinkets, or museums; only the solemnity of the gathering dusk, and the awful whirl-

ing by of the sullen water, and the distant and unceasing roar. The outlines of the landscape were lost, and we began to think of the sea.

And very pleasant it was that evening to sit up in the high balcony, as the night came on and the moon rose over the dark trees, and watch the growing light touch the edge of the far-reaching falls just where the water plunged. The great pillar of foam was dark now, and the American Falls, opposite us, were no longer white, but of a mystic gray; but out there at the head of the Horseshoe Falls, the moonlight caught the water sharply, gleaming between the black rocks and trees of Goat Island and the black rocks and trees of the mainland.

It was a beautiful sight, calm and peaceful, and we could almost have imagined that we were once more on the deck of the great vessel, with the placid night around us, and the sound of the waves in our ears, and Bell singing to us, 'Row, brothers, row, the daylight's past.' You see, no human being is ever satisfied with what is before his eyes. If he is on land, he is thinking of the sea; if he is on the sea, he is dreaming of the land. What madness possessed us in England that we should crave to see the plains of the far West, knowing that our first thought there would be directed back to England? For Bell and her husband all this business was a duty; for us, a dream. And now that we had come to these Niagara Falls, which are famous all over the world, and now that we could sit and look at them with all the mystery and magic of a summer night around us, of what were we thinking?

'It will be beautiful up on Mickleham Downs to-night,' says Bell, suddenly.

It is the belief of the present writer that every one of these senseless people was thinking of his or her home at this moment, for they set off at once to talk about Surrey as if there was nothing in the world but that familiar English county; and you would have imagined that a stroll on Mickleham Downs on a moonlight night was the extreme point to which the happiness of a human being could attain.

'Lady Sylvia,' says Queen T——, in a gentle under-tone, and she puts a kindly hand on the hand of her friend, 'shall we put on our bonnets and walk over to The Lilacs now? There might be a light in the windows.'

(*To be continued.*)

PRÆTERITA EX INSTANTIBUS.

HOW strange it is that, in the after age,—
When Time's clepsydra will be nearer dry,—
That all the accustomed things we now pass by
Unmarked, because familiar, shall engage
The antique reverence of men to be;
And that quaint interest which prompts the sage
The silent fathoms of the past to gauge
Shall keep alive our own past memory,
Making all great of ours—the garb we wear—
Our voiceless cities, reft of roof and spire—
The very skull whence now the eye of fire
Glances bright sign of what the soul can dare.
So shall our annals make an envied lore,
And men shall say, 'Thus did the men of yore.'

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

TITLES IN CANADA.

IT is not probable that many persons have ever given any thought to the fact that in the early settlement of Canada as well as of the United States, an effort was made to establish a titled aristocracy amid the forests of the new world. The attempt of course proved an entire failure, but it was not the fault of the originators if we have not now a Herald's College in this new Dominion to arrange and explain the coats-of-arms appertaining to the dignities and titles which were offered some centuries ago to settlers in the wilderness. Think what we have lost since we have had no writers in Canada, as in the older countries of Europe, to waste a world of learning and research in wild controversies concerning Arms of Assumption, Arms of Concession, Arms of Succession, and the countless pretensions of the science of Heraldry. It is true many of us have our crests and armorial bearings, which we like amazingly well to display now and then on fashionable note paper and envelopes, but these are only the little pardonable vanities we inherit from our ancesters, who, no doubt, had a perfect right to claim them in the mother land where shields and escutcheons really have some historical significance. But we must not forget that we, too, in America, were near having a nobility of our own—not a borrowed *noblesse*, but one founded and adapted expressly for the meridian of the new world. In all probability it will not be uninteresting or unprofitable to recall the circumstances which led to these futile efforts to establish institutions which are entirely incompatible with the genius and situation of a young people, whose energies must be naturally devoted to building up their new home, and laying the foundations of future empires, rather than to the nursing of those titular honours and dignities which more properly belong to the old communities of Europe.

It is a curious fact that the first attempt to establish a purely American order of nobility, should have originated with a great philosophic thinker, whose mind, one would suppose, was above such mere terrestrial phantasms. When John Locke, the author of that Essay on the Human Understanding, which has formed the basis of more than one school of modern philosophy, turned his attention to the new world, he was disgusted with purely democratic principles, and like many others who had espoused the cause of civil liberty in those times, believed that the true safeguard against arbritary power was to be found among the aristocracy of England. Under the influence of those sentiments, he saw, in the establishment of a Colonial Nobility, the best guarantees for the future liberties of the New Englands which he and Shaftesbury, and the greater Raleigh before them both, wished to found among the forests of America. The fair Palmetto State was the chosen ground of this new experiment in theoretical government. The proprietors of the territory were to form an Upper House, 'a diet of Starosts,' whose dignities were hereditary, and could only be perpetuated by their choosing successors in the case of the failure of natural heirs. Two orders of nobility, one landgrave or earl, and two caciques or barons, were established for each of the Counties into which the large territory of the State was divided. The proprietaries, or Chief Lords, and the lesser nobles held two-fifths of the land, which was inalienable or indivisible. The other three-fifths was reserved for what was called the people, and might be held by lords of manors who were not hereditary legislators, but, like the nobility, exercised judicial powers in their baronial courts. The number of the nobility might neither be increased nor diminished; election supplied the places left vacant for want of heirs; for, by an agrarian principle, estates and dignities were not allowed to accumulate.* The franchise of those early colonial

* 2 Bancroft, ch. xiii.

times must certainly seem restricted to us Canadians who, now-a-days, have the right to vote on a very small income or property, and enjoy special privileges above all other classes if we have the good fortune to be farmers' sons. No freeholder of less than fifty acres could vote in the Palmetto State, and an aspirant to legislative dignities must possess no less than five hundred. Besides the ordinary judicial courts there were others to overlook 'fashions and sports,' as well as 'ceremonies and pedigrees.' It is a pity such a court does not obtain now-a-days either in the Palmetto State or the new Dominion. It is not at all unlikely that a good many aristocratic pretensions would be shattered when the Committee of Pedigrees held its session. It is also equally probable that the Court of Fashions and Sports would look askance at chignons and hoops, and discountenance croquet as a fashionable snare.

This constitutional farce was solemnly commenced in South Carolina, and all the actors put on their theatrical costumes, evidently with the intention of playing it out to the end. The Duke of Albemarle, that George Monk who, says Gurzot, was 'a man capable of great things, though he had no greatness of soul,' became the first Palatine or Prince of the new region; but the title proved the most barren of all his honours, and South Carolina now only remembers his early connection with her infancy by the fact that an inlet of the Southern Atlantic coast still bears the title of his ducal dignity. Two beautiful rivers of the same classic ground of the Southern States are also associated with the memory, for they bear the name of another famous man, the Earl of Shaftesbury (Ashley Cooper), at whose instigation Locke drew up his famous charter for South Carolina. By the side of those silvery streams can still be seen the plantations and the ruins of the stately hospitable mansions of many of the proprietors of the old colonial times, to whom the English philosoper gave titular dignities. The writer has himself seen an old stone, moss-covered, and almost defaced by age, on a grave near the Black River. The inscription shows it is a memorial of a famous man in his day:

Here lyeth ye Body of ye Right Honorable
Thomas Smith, Esquire,
one of ye landgraves of Carolina,
who departed this life ye 16th November, 1694,
Governor of ye Province,
in ye 46th year of his age.

Many of the best families of this noble State can claim descent from the nobles of Locke's aristocratic constitution, but the old dignities and titles which he conceived from a fertile imagination are no longer heard of among the oaks and palmettos of the State. In the woods of Carolina there was no room for feudal distinctions and old world dignities. Earls and barons were sadly out of place in the log cabins of a region of forest and river, and the free instincts of the commonalty asserted themselves the moment the colonists were relieved from the trammels of old world prejudices and institutions, and ever prevented them sinking to the level of mere retainers and 'leet men' of rich proprietors whose titles had no natural root in the soil, but were simply the emanations of a philosophic theorist and an erratic statesman.

If there were any communities of old colonial times where there seemed a prospect of establishing hereditary titles and dignities, those communities were assuredly South Carolina and Virginia. Not a few of the pioneers of those colonies were men of noble descent and aristocratic culture. Scions of old cavaliers here kept up a lordly state on their noble domains, which stretched over thousands of acres. No more interesting or picturesque picture of early times in America can be drawn than that which illustrates the lives which the old planters of those days led in their comfortable mansions, in the midst of their slaves and followers. No doctrine of social equality obtained in those days, when Landgrave Smith was lord of the manor in Yeoman's Hall, and the eccentric Lord Fairfax held patriarchal sway and dispensed a lavish hospitality in old Greenway Court. Stately coaches and four, driven by black coachmen, swept through stately avenues to take the family to church. Regularly every year, the great proprietor, *en grand tenue*, presided like his prototype in England at the County Court, and awed the curious crowd by the dignity of his demeanor, while he probably often astonished the legal lights by the originality of his law. But with the Revolution the old class of aristocratic planters, whose hearts were still in

the 'old home' across the sea, gradually disappeared and gave place to the men of the new ideas. Many remained faithful to the land of their adoption, but others no doubt felt as did old Lord Fairfax when he heard of the defeat of Cornwallis: 'Take me to bed, Joe, it is time for me to die.' But the influence of the aristocratic sympathies and pretensions of the proprietors of the old colonial times never entirely disappeared from South Carolina and Virginia. Slavery itself naturally fostered an exclusive class in a democratic country. Though Palatines, Landgraves, and Caciques were no longer the rulers of the land, yet the great slaveholding proprietors always exhibited an aristocratic culture, which was the natural heritage left them by their ancestors who were Locke's noblesse of the South. The great civil war has impoverished and destroyed in a great measure the exclusiveness of what was essentially a separate class, but even with the loss of wealth, its influence must long be felt in the South in the direction of that refinement which is naturally the outcome of generations of aristocratic usages.

This constitutional experiment may be considered as the only substantial attempt that was ever made to introduce the institutions of aristocratic countries into America, though it appears that the early Dutch colonizers of New York had an idea somewhat in the same direction. In the early part of the seventeenth century it was proposed by the States-General of the Netherlands to establish their new colonies by the Hudson on a basis like the lordships in the parent state. All those who would plant a colony of fifty souls in the New Netherlands within four years, were to possess absolutely the lands they might colonize, and become Patroons or Lords of the Manor. The first of these Patroons was Killean Van Rensellaer, whose name is still perpetuated among the best families of the State of New York. When the English took possession of the territory, the privileges which the Patroons enjoyed by virtue of their Dutch charter, ceased, but their title was still given in courtesy for many a generation of the old colonial times. The Patroons and Knickerbockers, like the Planters of the Palmetto State and of the Old Dominion, were the great men of their respective colonies. They held estates larger than many a German Principality, and entertained the best society of the country in right lordly style. More than one spacious, venerable mansion still remains to attest the hospitality and comfort of the ancient landed aristocracy of New York. The 'old families' of the State naturally take a pride in their connection with those famous proprietors whose patriarchial state and hospitable cheer are among the pleasantest memories of the past.

Turning our attention to Canada, we find that, at a very early era in its history, an effort was made to establish a new order of nobility in connection with the old colony of Acadia. One of the famous men of the seventeenth century was William Alexander, who was considered something of a poet in his day, though we hardly think that his metrical lectures upon state policy and the moral virtues, or his stilted adulation of the virtues of a king like James, would please the poetic tastes of the present critical age. But Alexander was one of those canny Scots who know on which side their bread is buttered. He never wrote poetry unless he had an object in view. King James, for instance, was told among other things—

'The world long'd for thy birth three hundred years.'

The result was more profitable than most poetry now-a-days. King James liked that sort of thing, and bestowed honours and rewards on 'his philosophical poet.' He not only knighted him, but granted him the whole territory of Nova Scotia, with which was to be connected a new order of baronets. The scheme was, however, laid aside during the last years of James's reign, and it was not revived until the time of Charles I, when Sir William, who was created Earl of Stirling and Viscount of Canada, held out the greatest inducements to adventurers in his pamphlet published in 1625, entitled 'An Encouragement to Colonies.' Charles, in a letter dated 19th July, 1625, and addressed to the Privy Council of Scotland, conferred on each Baronet of Nova Scotia an area of land three miles wide by six miles long in New Scotland. Some of the new nobles had even their manors assigned them in the lonely, desolate island of Anticosti. The number of baronets was limited to one hundred and fifty in all. It was ordered by Charles, in his patent defining their rights and privileges: 'Everyone of them and

their heires male to weare and carrie about their neckes in all time coming an orang tannie silk ribbon, whereon shall heing pendant in a scutcheon argent a saltaire azure (commonly called a blue cross) thereon, and an inescutcheon of the armes of Scotland, with an Imperiall crowne above the scutcheon and encircled with this motto, *Fax mentis honestæ, gloria.*" The charter first granted by James, and afterwards ratified by Charles, conveyed great seigniorial and commercial privileges, and gave the grantee and his successors the right, either personally or by deputy, of a voice and vote in all the legislative assemblies, parliaments, councils, and conventions of the province. The document affords a very striking illustration of the summary way in which the monarchy of old English times disposed of the lands and the liberties of the colonies. For instance, it grants 'the possession of houses, buildings erected and to be erected, gardens, valleys, woods, swamps, roads, cross-roads, ponds, streams, meadows, pasture lands, mills, the exclusive right to grind corn, the shooting of birds and wild animals, the right to fish, the right to turf and turf lands, coal and coal-pits, rabbits and warrens, doves and dove-cots, workshops, forges, heaths, wheat fields, forests, merchantable timber, small trees, quarries, limestone, courts of justice and their dependencies, the right to remit sentences, the right of receiving gifts in marriages, the right to erect gallows and gibbets, the right of *cul de fosse*, the right of *franche* court, of sokman, of sak, of thole, of thane, of infangthief, of outhangthief, of outwark, of wavi, of week, of venysome, of pit and gallows, etc.' But the Earl of Stirling and his descendants never gained any pecuniary advantage, nor indeed any other profit, from the Charter, which, like other attempts to dispose of a colonial future by parchment, amounted in the end to as much waste paper. Certain Baronets of Nova Scotia were created, but none of them had any connection with the province. The order is still attached to certain ancient Scottish families: the eldest son takes the rank, but it does not entitle him to the designation of Sir.* Not very many years ago no less than a hundred and eleven of these individuals made claims to 16,000 acres of land in Nova Scotia, and to the titles appertaining to such; and a strenuous effort was made to interest the British Government in these claims; but it was very obvious on investigation that these persons had really no legal or even equitable rights. Two centuries and a half have passed away since the Charter was first given to the Premier Baronets, and during that long period neither the descendants of the Earl of Stirling, nor any of those who have claimed the title, ever took up the lands or attempted to execute the conditions of the grant. If these conditions had been carried out, we might now have a Canadian Baronetage, and many a fair dame in Nova Scotia would be a Lady in her own right; but the Fates have adjudged it otherwise, and the most notable attempt after Locke's constitution to establish an order of nobility for a colony of the Crown proved entirely abortive.

Under the French régime the conditions of society would appear to have been favorable to the development of a landed aristocracy. Old feudal customs were established from the very first settlement of the Province of Quebec. When Richelieu formed the Company of the Hundred Associates, he obtained for it the right of erecting on its infeoffed lands, 'duchies, marquisates, counties, viscounties, and baronies,' which had to be subject, as a matter of course, to royal confirmation. But it was deemed absurd in the infancy of the country to erect duchies or baronies, and the territory was accordingly divided into simple seigniories. Garneau tells us that the first fief entered on the Canadian feudal registers was that of St. Joseph, on the river St. Charles, which was conceded in 1626—about the time Baronets were being created for Acadia—to Louis Hébert, Sieur de L'Espinay, by the Duke de Ventadour. The Seigniories, in the course of time, embraced the most valuable domain of the colony, and were subdivided into numerous small farms, with a very narrow frontage, for which the *censitaire* had to pay a small ground-rent, besides engaging to have his grain floured at the Seignior's mill, and to perform other obligations in token of his vassalage. The result of this system was the establishment of an aristocratic class, from which, in all probability, if the French rule had continued, there would have arisen a French Canadian order

* Murdoch's Nova Scotia, vol. 1, 69.

of nobility. Very many of these Seigneurs were connected with the old families of France, and must have exercised sufficient influence to have obtained the erection of their seigniories into the duchies and baronies contemplated in the charter under which the colony was first settled. But there is only one instance of a Canadian Seigneur having been raised to the dignity of a Baron by the King of France, and that was the case of Charles Le Moyne, a descendant of an illustrious family, who was created the Baron de Longueil. The Royal Patent by which his Seigniory is raised to a Barony, sets forth at length his services to his country, and notably illustrates the wealth and state of a Canadian Seigneur of the old régime, as the following extract will show the reader: 'That in carrying out our intentions for settling Canada, the said Charles Le Moyne, the eldest son, has spent large sums in establishing inhabitants on the domain and seigniory of Longueil, which comprises about two leagues in breadth on the St. Lawrence, and three leagues and a half in depth, the whole held from us with *haute, moyenne et basse justice,* wherein he is trying to establish three parishes, and whereat, in order to protect the residents in time of war, he has erected at his own cost, a fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard-house, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility; a spacious farm-yard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep-pen, a dove-cot, and other buildings, all of which are within the area of the said fort; next to which stands a *banal* mill, a fine brewery of masonry, together with a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages, the cost of which buildings amounts to some 60,000 livres; so much so that this seigniory is one of the most valuable of the whole country, and the only one fortified and built up in this way.' *

But with the conquest of Canada the prospect of establishing a titled aristocracy in Lower Canada passed away, while the Seigniors, in the course of time, were deprived of their ancient privileges, and the masses of the habitants relieved of a feudal tenure, which was antagonistic to the spirit of colonial progress. Most of the families, once all-powerful under the old régime, have disappeared, but still there are a few descendants of the original aristocracy of New France, who are prominent in different professions, or live on large estates. But the influence of the Seigneurs, as a class, is a thing of the past. The French Canadian Seigneur must henceforth be considered among the memorials of a state of society which would not be possible in a country of popular institutions like this, where an exclusive class with hereditary privileges can never obtain a permanent foothold.

It is quite likely that even now in republican America some persons sigh for those titles and dignities which Locke would have engrafted on the institutions of the old colonies. We all remember the sarcasms of Dickens when he describes Martin Chuzzlewit's visit to a certain New York family who had been in England and made the acquaintance of all the leading members of the titled aristocracy. Their intimacy with Dukes and Duchesses, with Earls and Countesses, was something very remarkable. No wonder Martin Chuzzlewit thought it 'rather strange, and in some sort inconsistent, that during the whole of these narrations, and in the very meridian of their enjoyment thereof, both Mr. Norris the father, and Mr. Norris junior, the son (who corresponded, every post, with four members of the English peerage), enlarged upon the inestimable advantage of having no such arbitrary distinctions in that enlightened land, where there were no noblemen but nature's noblemen, and where all society was based on one broad level of brotherly love and natural equality.' But we all know that this human hankering after titles of some sort has found a vent in a very indiscriminate use of Militia and Legislative designations. Every member of a State Legislature becomes an 'Honorable' for the remainder of his natural life. Once it was insulting to call any gentleman by any title below 'Colonel.' When Mark Twain was leaving the wharf at San Francisco, in response to the salute of a friend in the crowd he called out, 'Goodbye, Colonel,' and thereupon every man among the hundreds present took off his hat in acknowledgment of the title. But then we must make excuse for these little

* Le Moine's Maple Leaves, 1873, pp. 42-3.

weaknesses of human nature. We have heard it said that we, too, in Canada are exhibiting a tendency in the same direction; that the plain 'Mr.' of English society must soon become obsolete, or else a sign of social inferiority in times when titles can be so cheaply won and so readily worn.

Now we come to a question which intrudes itself at times upon our notice when we see some mention of the fact that certain titles have been conferred upon Canadians. Are such titles likely to be generally introduced and perpetuated in this country? No doubt it is gratifying to find that England gives at times, through her Government, some recognition of the claims of distinguished Canadians to Imperial distinctions. It is natural that the descendants of Englishmen—that all those who take a pride in British ancestry—should be pleased to find that Canada is still acknowledged to be a part of the British Empire. When the distinguished order of the Bath, which has long been associated with the names of eminent men in the mother-country, is conferred upon a leading Canadian, it is but proper we should deem it an honour conferred upon the Dominion itself. It is questionable, however, if there can be as much gratification felt when Orders are invented especially for colonial decoration. Canadians no doubt must appreciate the praiseworthy intention, and will wear the decoration gracefully when it is given as the recognition of substantial merit, and not as the result of powerful connection or influence at the Colonial Office; but still these newly invented honours can never bring with them the same valuable associations that one attached to the Bath, the Thistle, or other institution of an historic past. But it is not probable we shall ever be called upon to discuss seriously the propriety of introducing titles to any extent among us.

Whenever titles or decorations are now bestowed on Canadians, they are of a temporary character, and are supposed to be given as a reward for services which are directly or indirectly of Imperial import. Both in England and in Canada there appears to be a feeling that hereditary distinctions are incompatible with the circumstances of this country. We have not in Canada the material out of which to establish hereditary Barons and Baronets. Not that Canadians acknowledge any inferiority in intellectual vigour or natural dignity to sustain the highest of Imperial honours, but because in a state of society like ours, where men are all labourers, and have no hereditary acres or family past, it is impossible to establish titular distinctions and an exclusive class, with any chance of success. A titled aristocracy must have a broad acreage and a long rent-roll, to pass from father to son, if it is to sustain its dignity and evoke respect. Neither wealth nor genius can be hereditary. The statesman who rules the country to-day may have a dolt for a son; the merchant prince who controls a vast fortune in the present may die a bankrupt. We can never have in this country proprietors of vast landed estates; the tendency is to the division of property, and its constant change of ownership. Money must ever be passing from hand to hand, and commercial speculation and enterprize will ever prevent the accumulation of large fortunes to found families in the English sense of the term. An aristocracy must grow up with the land, must be associated with its history, and entwine around it in the course of centuries the interest and affections of a peasantry. In the stately homes of England a titled aristocracy must naturally evoke respect and admiration. In the mother-land itself the *nouveaux riches*, the men of the present, greater in talent, perhaps, in not a few cases than many of the nobles, naturally feel how much there is to envy in the hereditary dignity of an English aristocratic family who have been living for generations on their broad estates. It is Lever who puts these words in the mouth of one of his characters who is contemplating one of these dignified retreats: 'What would not I give to be the son of a house like this, with an old and honored name, with an ancestry strong enough to build upon for future fortunes, and then with an old home, peaceful, tranquil, and unmolested, where, as in such a spot as this, one might dream of great things, and perhaps achieve them' And then he asks a question which the *noblesse* of to-day must often ask themselves: 'How is a man to enjoy his estate, if he is put upon his title every day of the week?'

Canadians have not the stately manors and palaces of England, but they have much to which they can point with honor-

able pride. They can point to a prosperous country, won within a century from the forest and looking forward to a great future. They have happy homes, and need build no Poor Houses like those which cumber every county in England. The work they have to perform is that of the pioneer, which, if rugged and hard at the outset, must sooner or later bring with it that feeling of pride and gratification which generally results from successful endeavor and achievement. It is true that, as the country becomes well settled and society assumes the customs and aspect of old communities, some may aspire to a more special recognition of honorable service and eminent merit than seems possible in a colonial condition. A piece of ribbon may be very insignificant in itself, but men value it as a testimony of their right to public recognition. It may be justly said, that if such decorations are to be bestowed on Canadians, they should not be confined to a few persons who happen to be influential, by some means or other, at the colonial office; neither should politicians monopolize all the honours and dignities of the country. The services of men who have distinguished themselves in different pursuits are as deserving of public acknowledgment as though they had the peculiar talents necessary to control a constituency. But men eminent in the political arena, in the professions, in the public service of the country, will, in the nature of things, have to be satisfied with that reward which is, after all, more substantial and enduring than any mere decoration or title, that is, the estimation and respect of their fellow countrymen. Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, Burke, and Gladstone will not fade away from the memories of Englishmen and their descendants because they did not wear a title. The poems of Dryden and Tennyson, or the works of Fielding and Thackeray, will not be less immortal wherever English literature is read because those great poets and novelists are not found in De Brett's Peerage. Neither is it likely that any Canadian who is working to build up the fortunes of his country, and establish its prosperity on sure and stable foundations, will stand less high in the estimation of his fellow countrymen, because he does not happen to bear one of those titles which few eminent Englishmen now-a-days care about accepting.

J. G. Bourinot.

A MADRIGAL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I THOUGHT that the swallow was wooing already
His mate to the nest;
I thought that the skylark was singing already
To her he loved best;
I thought that the south wind with kisses already
The first rose pressed,
And that thou wert clasping me, love, already
Close to thy breast.

How bitter and winterly waxed last night
The air that was mild;
How nipped with frost were the flowers last night
That at dawning smiled;
How the lark lost the tune of the song last night,
Which the warmth beguiled;
And how thou forgottest last night, last night,
Thy poor, poor child!

Alice Horton.

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.*

I.

ALL the journeyings I had ever done had been purely in the way of business. The pleasant May weather suggested a novelty, namely, a trip for pure recreation, the bread-and-butter element left out. The Reverend said he would go, too: a good man, one of the best of men, although a clergyman. By eleven at night we were in New Haven and on board the New York boat. We bought our tickets, and then went wandering around, here and there, in the solid comfort of being free and idle, and of putting distance between ourselves and the mails and telegraphs.

After a while I went to my state-room and undressed, but the night was too enticing for bed. We were moving down the bay now, and it was pleasant to stand at the window and take the cool night-breeze and watch the gliding lights on shore. Presently, two elderly men sat down under that window and began a conversation. Their talk was properly no business of mine, yet I was feeling friendly toward the world and willing to be entertained. I soon gathered that they were brothers, that they were from a small Connecticut village, and that the matter in hand concerned the cemetery. Said one,—

'Now, John, we talked it all over amongst ourselves, and this is what we've done. You see, everybody was a-movin' from the old buryin' ground, and our folks was most about left to theirselves, as you may say. They was crowded, too, as you know; lot wa'n't big enough in the first place; and last year, when Seth's wife died, we couldn't hardly tuck her in. She sort o' overlaid Deacon Shorb's lot, and he soured on her, so to speak, and on the rest of us, too. So we talked it over, and I was for a lay-out in the new simitery on the hill. They wa'n't unwilling, if it was cheap. Well, the two best and biggest plots was No. 8 and No. 9, —both of a size; nice comfortable room for twenty-six,—twenty-six full-growns, that is; but you reckon in children and other shorts, and strike an average, and I should say you might lay in thirty, or may be thirty two or three, pretty genteel,—no crowdin' to signify.'

'That's a plenty, William. Which one did you buy?'

'Well, I'm a-coming to that, John. You see, No. 8 was thirteen dollars, No. 9 fourteen'—

'I see. So's't you took No. 8.'

'You wait. I took No. 9. And I'll tell you for why. In the first place, Deacon Shorb wanted it. Well, after the way he'd gone on about Seth's wife overlappin' his prem'ses, I'd 'a' beat him out of that No. 9 if I'd 'a' had to stand two dollars extra, let alone one. That's the way I felt about it. Says I, what's a dollar, any way? Life's on'y a pilgrimage, says I; we ain't here for good, and we can't take it with us, says I. So I just dumped it down, knowin' the Lord don't suffer a good deed to go for nothin', and cal'latin' to take it out o' somebody in the course o' trade. Then there was another reason, John. No. 9's a long way the handiest lot in the simitery, and the likeliest for situation. It lays right on top of a knoll in the dead centre of the buryin' ground; and you can see Millport from there, and Tracy's, and Hopper Mount, and a raft o' farms and so on. There ain't no better outlook from a buryin' plot in the State. Si Higgins says so, and I reckon he ought to know. Well, and that ain't all. Course Shorb had to take No. 8; wa'n't no help for't. Now, No. 8 jines on to No. 9, but it's on the slope of the hill, and every time it rains it'll soak right down on to the Shorbs. Si Higgins says 't when the deacon's time comes, he better take out fire and marine insurance both on his remains.'

Here there was the sound of a low, placid,

* Published from advance sheets by arrangement with the author and his American publishers.

duplicate chuckle of appreciation and satisfaction.

'Now, John, here's a little rough draft of the ground, that I've made on a piece of paper. Up here in the left-hand corner we've bunched the departed; took them from the old grave-yard and stowed them one along side o' t'other, on a first-come-first-served plan, no partialities, with gran'ther Jones for a starter, on'y because it happened so, and windin' up indiscriminate with Seth's twins. A little crowded towards the end of the lay out, may be, but we reckoned 't wa'n't best to scatter the twins. Well, next comes the livin'. Here, where it's marked A, we're goin' to put Mariar and her family, when they're called; B, that's for brother Hosea and his'n; C, Calvin and tribe. What's left is these two lots here,—just the gem of the whole patch for general style and outlook; they're for me and my folks and you and yourn. Which of them would you ruther be buried in?'

'I swan you've took me mighty unexpected, William! It sort of started the shivers. Fact is, I was thinkin' so busy about makin' things comfortable for the others, I had n't thought about being buried myself.'

'Life's on'y a fleetin' show, John, as the sayin' is. We've all got to go, sooner or later. To go with a clean record's the main thing. Fact is, it's the on'y thing worth strivin' for, John.'

'Yes, that's so, William, that's so; there ain't no getting around it. Which of these lots would you recommend?'

'Well, it depends, John. Are you particular about outlook?'

'I don't say I am, William; I don't say I ain't. Reely, I don't know. But mainly, I reckon, I'd set store by a south exposure.'

'That's easy fixed, John. They're both south exposure. They take the sun, and the Shorbs get the shade.'

'How about sile, William?'

'D's a sandy sile, E's mostly loom.'

'You may gimme E, then, William; a sandy sile caves in, more or less, and costs for repairs.'

'All right; set your name down here, John, under E. Now, if you don't mind payin' me your share of the fourteen dollars, John, while we're on the business, everything's fixed.'

After some higgling and sharp bargaining the money was paid, and John bade his brother good-night and took his leave. There was a silence for some moments; then a soft chuckle welled up from the lonely William, and he muttered: 'I declare for 't, if I haven't made a mistake! It's D that's mostly loom, not E. And John's booked for a sandy sile after all.'

There was another soft chuckle, and William departed to his rest, also.

The next day, in New York, was a hot one. Still we managed to get more or less entertainment out of it. Toward the middle of the afternoon we arrived on board the staunch Steamship Bermuda, with bag and baggage, and hunted for a shady place. It was blazing summer weather, until we were half way down the harbour. Then I buttoned my coat closely; half an hour later I put on a spring overcoat and buttoned that. As we passed the light-ship I added an ulster and tied a handkerchief around the collar to hold it snug up to my neck. So rapidly had the summer gone and the winter come again!

By nightfall we were far out at sea, with no land in sight. No telegrams could come here, no letters, no news. It was an uplifting thought. It was still more uplifting to reflect that the millions of harrassed people on shore behind us were suffering just as usual.

The next day brought us into the midst of the Atlantic solitudes,—out of smoke-coloured soundings into fathomless deep blue; no ships visible anywhere over the wide ocean; no company but Mother Cary's chickens, wheeling, darting, skimming the waves in the sun. There were some sea-faring men among the passengers, and the conversation drifted into matters concerning ships and sailors. One said that 'true as a needle to the pole' was a bad figure, since the needle seldom pointed to the pole. He said a ship's compass was not faithful to any particular point, but was the most fickle and treacherous of the servants of man. It was forever changing. It changed every day in the year; consequently the amount of the daily variation had to be ciphered out and allowance made for it, else the mariner would go utterly astray. Another said there was a vast fortune waiting for the genius who should invent a compass that would not be affected by the local influences of an iron ship. He said there was only one creature more

fickle than a wooden ship's compass, and that was the compass of an iron ship. Then came reference to the well-known fact that an experienced mariner can look at the compass of a new iron vessel, thousands of miles from her birthplace, and tell which way her head was pointing when she was in process of building.

Now an ancient whale-ship master fell to talking about the sort of crews they used to have in his early days. Said he,—

'Sometimes we'd have a batch of college students. Queer lot. Ignorant? Why, they didn't know the cat-heads from the main brace. But if you took them for fools you'd get bit, sure. They'd learn more in a month than another man would in a year. We had one, once, in the Mary Ann, that came on board with gold spectacles on. And besides, he was rigged out from main-truck to keelson in the nobbiest clothes that ever saw a fo'castle. He had a chest full, too: cloaks, and broadcloth coats, and velvet vests; everything swell, you know; and didn't the salt water fix them out for him? I guess not! Well, going to sea, the mate told him to go aloft and help shake out the fore-to'-gallants'l. Up he shins to the fore-top, with his spectacles on, and in a minute down he comes again, looking insulted. Says the mate, "What did you come down for?" Says the chap, "P'raps you didn't notice that there ain't any ladders above there." You see we hadn't any shrouds above the foretop. The men bursted out in a laugh such as I guess you never heard the like of. Next night, which was dark and rainy, the mate ordered this chap to go aloft about something, and I'm dummed if he didn't start up with an umbrella and a lantern! But no matter; he made a mighty good sailor before the voyage was done, and we had to hunt up something else to laugh at. Years afterwards, when I had forgot all about him, I comes into Bostom, mate of a ship, and was loafing about town with the second mate, and it so happened that we stepped into the Revere House, thinking may be we would chance the salt-horse in that big dining-room for a flyer, as the boys say. Some fellows were talking just at our elbow, and one says, "Yonder's the new governor of Massachusetts,—at that table over there, with the ladies.' We took a good look, my mate and I, for we hadn't either of us seen a governor before. I looked and looked at that face, and then all of a sudden it popped on me. But I didn't give any sign. Says I, "Mate, I've a notion to go over and shake hands with him." Says he, "I think I see you doing it, Tom." Says I, "Mate, I'm a-going to do it." Says he, "Oh, yes, I guess so! May be you don't want to bet you will, Tom?" Says I, "I don't mind going a V on it, mate." Says he, "Put it up." "Up she goes," says I, planking the cash. This surprised him. But he covered it, and says, pretty sarcastic, "Hadn't you better take your grub with the governor and the ladies, Tom?" Says I, "Upon second thoughts, I will." Says he, "Well, Tom, you *are* a dum fool." Says I, "May be I am, may be I ain't; but the main question is, Do you want to risk two and a half that I won't do it?" "Make it a V," says he. "Done," says I. I started, him a-giggling and slapping his hand on his thigh, he felt so good. I went over there and leaned my knuckles on the table a minute and looked the governor in the face, and says I, "Mister Gardner, don't you know me?" He stared, and I stared, and he stared. Then all of a sudden he sings out, "Tom Bowling, by the holy poker! Ladies, it's old Tom Bowling, that you've heard me talk about,—shipmate of mine in the Mary Ann." He rose up and shook hands with me ever so hearty,—I sort of glanced around and took a realizing sense of my mate's saucer eyes,—and then says the governor, 'Plant yourself, Tom, plant yourself; you can't cat your anchor again till you 've had a feed with me and the ladies!' I planted myself alongside the governor, and canted my eye around towards my mate. Well, sir, his dead-lights were bugged out like tompions; and his mouth stood that wide open that you could have laid a ham in it without noticing it.'

There was great applause at the conclusion of the old captain's story; then, after a moment's silence, a grave, pale young man said,—

'Had you ever met the governor before?'

The old captain looked steadily at this inquirer a while, and then got up and walked aft without making any reply. One passenger after another stole a furtive glance at the inquirer, but failed to make

him out, and so gave him up. It took some little work to get the talk machinery to running smoothly again after this derangement; but at length a conversation sprang up about that important and jealously guarded instrument, a ship's timekeeper, its exceeding delicate accuracy, and the wreck and destruction that have sometimes resulted from its varying a few seemingly trifling moments from the true time; then, in due course, my comrade, the Reverend, got off on a yarn, with a fair wind and everything drawing. It was a true story, too,—about Captain Rounceville's shipwreck,—true in every detail. It was to this effect:—

Captain Rounceville's vessel was lost in mid-Atlantic, and likewise his wife and his two little children. Captain Rounceville and seven seamen escaped with life, but with little else. A small rudely constructed raft was to be their home for eight days. They had neither provisions nor water. They had scarcely any clothing; no one had a coat but the captain. This coat was changing hands all the time, for the weather was very cold. Whenever a man became exhausted with the cold, they put the coat on him and laid him down between two shipmates until the garment and their bodies had warmed life into him again. Among the sailors was a Portuguese who knew no English. He seemed to have no thought of his own calamity, but was concerned only about the captain's bitter loss of wife and children. By day, he would look his dumb compassion in the captain's face; and by night, in the darkness and the driving spray and rain, he would seek out the captain and try to comfort him with caressing pats on the shoulder. One day, when hunger and thirst were making their sure inroads upon the men's strength and spirits, a floating barrel was seen at a distance. It seemed a great find, for doubtless it contained food of some sort. A brave fellow swam to it, and after long and exhausting effort got it to the raft. It was eagerly opened. It was a barrel of magnesia! On the fifth day an onion was spied. A sailor swam off and got it. Although perishing with hunger, he brought it in its integrity and put it into the captain's hand. The history of the sea eaches that among starving, shipwrecked nen, selfishness is rare, and a wonder-compelling magnanimity the rule. The onion was equally divided into eight parts, and eaten with deep thanksgivings. On the eighth day a distant ship was sighted. Attempts were made to hoist an oar, with Captain Rounceville's coat on it for a signal. There were many failures, for the men were but skeletons now, and strengthless. At last success was achieved, but the signal brought no help. The ship faded out of sight and left despair behind her. By and by another ship appeared, and passed so near that the castaways, every eye eloquent with gratitude, made ready to welcome the boat that would be sent to save them. But this ship also drove on, and left these men staring their unutterable surprise and dismay into each other's ashen faces. Late in the day, still another ship came up out of the distance, but the men noted with a pang that her course was one which would not bring her nearer. Their remnant of life was nearly spent; their lips and tongues were swollen, parched, cracked with eight days' thirst; their bodies starved; and here was their last chance gliding relentlessly from them; they would not be alive when the next sun rose. For a day or two past the men had lost their voices, but now Captain Rounceville whispered, 'Let us pray.' The Portuguese patted him on the shoulder in sign of deep approval. All knelt at the base of the oar that was waving the signal-coat aloft, and bowed their heads. The sea was tossing; the sun rested, a red, rayless disk, on the sea-line in the west. When the men presently raised their heads they would have roared a hallelujah if they had had a voice: the ships sails lay wrinkled and flapping against her masts, she was going about! Here was rescue at last, and in the very last instant of time that was left for it. No, not rescue yet,—only the imminent prospect of it. The red disk sank under the sea and darkness blotted out the ship. By and by came a pleasant sound,—oars moving in a boat's rowlocks, Nearer it came, and nearer,—within thirty steps, but nothing visible. Then a deep voice: 'Hol-*lo!*' The castaways could not answer; their swollen tongues refused voice. The boat skirted round and round the raft, started away—the agony of it!—returned, rested on the oars, close at hand, listening, no doubt. The deep voice again: 'Hol-*lo!*

Where are ye, shipmates?' Captain Rounceville whispered to his men, saying: 'Whisper your best, boys! now—all at once!' So they sent out an eight-fold whisper in hoarse concert: 'Here!' There was life in it if it succeeded; death if it failed. After that supreme moment Captain Rounceville was conscious of nothing until he came to himself on board of the saving ship. Said the Reverend, concluding,—

'There was one little moment of time in which that raft could be visible from that ship, and only one. If that one little fleeting moment had passed unfruitful, those men's doom was sealed. As close as that does God shave events foreordained from the beginning of the world. When the sun reached the water's edge that day, the captain of that ship was sitting on deck reading his prayer-book. The book fell; he stooped to pick it up, and happened to glance at the sun. In that instant that far-off raft appeared for a second against the red disk, its needle-like oar and diminutive signal cut sharp and black against the bright surface, and in the next instant was thrust away into the dusk again. But that ship, that captain, and that pregnant instant had had their work appointed for them in the dawn of time and could not fail of the performance. The chronometer of God never errs!'

There was deep, thoughtful silence for some moments. Then the grave, pale young man said,—

'What is the chronometer of God?'

MARK TWAIN.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN'S POEMS AND SONGS.

I FIRST learned that Canada had a poet, Alexander McLachlan, from an article on 'The Scottish-American Poets,' in the *Scottish American Journal*, of Jan. 20th, 1876. I therein read, among other things: 'Alexander McLachlan, judging by his poems, is no ordinary man or mere rhymster. He thinks and ponders over the great problems of life in the solitude of his rural home, and, if we do not always agree with his conclusions, we are bound to admire the honesty with which he expresses his opinions and the manner in which he clothes them. As a poet, for sentiment, simile, and grace, he is at least equal to any of his countrymen here,' &c. The article came to me like a revelation; and, as I was then specially interested in Canadian Literature, nothing, except the poems themselves, could have been more welcome. Of course, I wanted, if possible, to get a hold of such poetry; and still more was that desire increased when, about the same time, I had Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis' put into my hands, and therein read such favorable notices of the same poet's works from critics so competent as the late Dr. George, the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, and Sir Archibald Alison. 'We have always taken a deep interest in Canada,' Sir Archibald is therein represented as saying, 'and will henceforth take a deeper interest, from knowing that it contains a citizen so truly inspired with the genius of poetry as the author of these beautiful Lyrics,'—his 'Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems.' And from the Toronto *Globe*, which is usually sound and trustworthy in its literary criticisms, if not in its political representations, we have this high commendation of 'The Emigrant and other Poems:'—'No one capable of judging of high poetical talent can rise from the perusal of this volume without the conviction, that, at length, a poet has arisen among us. The world has innumerable good versifiers,

but McLachlan takes his place far above the choir of mere euphonious singers. He is obviously one of those gifted men who add to the real capital of the world's stock of thought. It may take some time, yet assuredly the day will come when every Scotchman of taste will place these poems in his library near the poems of Burns, and, in doing so, will feel a generous pride in thinking, that if his country produced in the last century the greatest of all lyrical poets, the same country has given birth, in the present century, to another poet, sprung also from the labouring class, whose songs will ere long be sung with delight in many parts of the world, and whose weighty thoughts, in fragments of verse, will yet be woven into the common speech of men.' And still further and again, in one of the notices of Charles Sangster's poetry in the same volume, I found the following sentence in reference to McLachlan's: 'But in strong human sympathy, in subtle appreciation of character, in deep natural pathos, and in those gushes of noble and manly feeling which awaken the responsive echoes of every true heart, McLachlan is peerless.'

On reading such laudatory notices and extracts my first thought and enquiry was, can it be that I have been in Canada for four years—in Halifax, St. John, Montreal, Toronto, and other centres of thought and activity, and among men who were supposed to be interested in literature as well as in politics and merchandise, and that I have never once heard the name of a poet such as McLachlan is here represented to be?—that I have never even once seen him referred to before by magazine or newspaper as a poet of worth? It could not be. I thought, that I had not been interested in these things, or on the look-out for notices of books; for I had been looking into a very fair proportion of magazines and newspapers; and whatever else might escape me, notices and reviews of poetry and of books, and references to prominent Canadian authors, could hardly pass unnoticed. I was somewhat puzzled, I confess, between the high eulogies that I had lately seen passed on the poetry on the one hand, and the seeming ignorance, on the other, of all classes of the people with its very existence. And my wonder was not in the least lessened, when, having sent through the bookseller for the volumes I had seen named, I was told that they were not to be had—that there was not one of them in print, and that the only volume of McLachlan's which was in the market was 'Poems and Songs,' which I had not before heard of! The inference seemed to be, either that the notices I had seen of his poetry were laudatory out of all proportion to its merit, or that Canadians were sadly blind or indifferent to the merit of their own poet's productions; for if they had had anything like the same appreciation of them that the reviewers, whose notices I had seen, apparently had, there would not likely have been much difficulty, I thought, in procuring a copy of at least some one of the volumes wanted. The appreciation of them would have been accompanied by a demand for them, and the demand for them would soon have called forth new editions to supply it. So at least it seemed to me; and so, no doubt, it would have been. But it was not so.

Whether the lack of supply to which I have referred was owing to the want of due appreciation on the part of the public, or of real merit on the part of the volumes asked for, or to the want of something else, might possibly be a point of dispute among men of different minds and tastes; but, since reading with some care all that I could get of Mr. McLachlan's poetical works, and taking note of other things, I am inclined to believe that, in a very large measure, it is the same old story over again, viz., that 'a prophet is not without honour save in his own country' and in his own times. 'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' it was asked of old; and Canadians, by birth and adoption, have been asking of their own country, in the same sceptical way, can anything good from a literary point of view come out of her? And so doubtful have they been of the fact, that no work which is originally published within the Dominion, I am told, is likely to succeed financially, unless it be sold by subscription and be specially canvassed; but if it first be published in the Old Country, or in the neighbouring Republic, and then appear as a reprint, it may sell—but hardly otherwise so as to pay. *That*, we have reason to believe, is a fact; and a noteworthy fact it is, and one which is not very favourable to the growth of a native literature.

But there is no use in complaining. The growth of national life and feeling is not the work of a day; and Canada is no worse in that respect than other nations at a similar period of their history. It is not a great many years since Dr. Channing made a like complaint of the people of the United States,* and, to this day, they are looking abroad rather than at home for books of merit and men of mark, and are apparently more ready to welcome them than their own. But what is the remedy for these things? The only thing that will be likely to overcome such a tendency in a country, is the production within itself of works of sterling merit, and the calling attention to such, in speech and writing, by those who know of their existence. And believing, as I do, that we have in Alexander McLachlan a man whose genius has not yet been recognized for what it is worth, and that the knowledge and due appreciation of his poetry might tend in no small measure to the awakening of a more healthy and vigorous national life and pride of country among Canadians, I would now give some account of the drift and spirit of his 'Poems and Songs,' in the hope that it may not be without its effect in stimulating others who may know them to a more careful perusal of his works, and a desire in some, perhaps, who may not have been fortunate enough to have read them already, to procure them for themselves and make a study of them. We say a study; for there are some of his pieces whose beauty and force cannot be perceived on a mere superficial and hasty reading. Power of thought and beauty of language need power and sensibility, with care, for their recognition.

A man's chosen companions and friends and favourite authors are a pretty sure indication of what he is himself in his moral and intellectual tendencies; they are his *alter ego* in large proportions, and the drift of their teaching is likely to show the bent of his inclinations. We see that in the case of the man whose volume is before us. Knowing something of the men and authors who have had a share of his moral and intellectual sympathies, we have a knowledge of what may be expected in his works. 'My Old Schoolmaster',* Burns, and Wordsworth, and Byron, Carlyle, De Quincey, and Emerson mean manly independence of spirit, and freedom of thought and expression; fulness and intensity of genuine human sympathies, and revellings in Nature's beauty and sublimity; hatred of all that is mean, and scorn of pompous airs and pretensions of birth, and so on. And these are some of Mr. Lachlan's characteristics, read on almost every page. We feel that we have to do with a man who has escaped in a large measure from conventionalities and cant; who lives somewhat at the heart of Nature with her eternal verities; and who, in the expression of his thoughts and feelings, 'pipes but as the linnets sing'—as naturally nearly, and as sweetly. Except a stray, conventional 'ah me'! and 'oh dear!' there is nothing that sounds unreal or hollow in his song; it comes as from the heart, and is, for the most part, strong and healthful in its tendencies. But there is sometimes the expression in his verses of a fatalism which is as a fly in the ointment, and which suggests perhaps a weakness somewhere in his moral character. For when a man is morally strong he is not likely to feel and say with 'The Backwoods Philosopher,' that we are like trees, and the grass of the field, which grow without any will in their own formation —that we are right or wrong 'despite our wishes or our will,' or, as it is elsewhere expressed in the volume, just as 'God and circumstances make us.' That is apt to be the opinion of those who have yielded to some evil passion till it has become their master and tyrant, and who are seeking an excuse for their failing. But take away our wishes and will, and where would be the right or wrong of our conduct to speak of? Philosophically we may be free or not free according to the ideas of freedom with which we start; but, on any reasonable theory, our wishes and our wills have surely something to do with the formation of our character, and the right and wrong of conduct.

* See his paper on 'The Importance and Means of a National Literature.'

* See the poem so named in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for April last. 'My old Schoolmaster, John Fraser,' says the poet, 'had a very powerful influence in the direction of my mind, and gave it a liberal cast both in politics and religion. He was the very god of my boyish idolatry, and I was perhaps more indebted to him than to any author.'

No mere general estimate, however, of a man's poetry can convey a fair or adequate idea of it to readers previously unacquainted with it; and we must illustrate our remarks as we go along by quotations showing the drift and spirit of that with which we have now to do, and the relation of the poet McLachlan towards the universe of things, and his ways of looking at them. We shall have thereby a short biographical sketch of the inner man as well as an account of his poetry. The italics will show the lines on which more of the strength is laid.

In the poems entitled 'The Wee Laddie's' Summer Day,' and 'I Winna Gang Hame,' and in others, we have indications of the whereabouts of the poet's birthplace, and most natural and pleasing pictures of his boyish plays amid the joys and beauties of Nature. The 'Hie-Craig rock,' up which, in company with others, he 'speeled' as a laddie, we have heard of before in auld Scotland dear; and the 'toun' from which he 'scampert' to speel that rock, was Johnston, Renfrewshire—the place where he was born. It is close by the now classic 'Braes o' Gleniffer' and the modern representative of the 'Bonnie Wood o' Craigielee,' so sweetly sung by Tannahill —and a bonnie wood indeed it is (that which now stands) for rambling round in the quiet of a summer morning or evening, when the trees and the very air seem voiced with song, and where game of all descriptions cross one's path, dashing the dew from the grass as they run. No better place for nursing poetic thought and feeling could one be born near; and young McLachlan, no doubt, received unconsciously, while at play around the place, some of those influences which now appear as grace and rhythm in song. He tells us how they romped as boys through the dells and woods till these rang with their joy; and how they went a-nesting or dug in the turf for the honey of the bee, or sat on the daisied lawn, or deep in the green retreat, listening to the song of the wild bird. And while they sat among flowers and trees, which glassed themselves in the water, and leaned to hear its song, drinking in the music of the groves,

> 'The burnie brattled down the brae
> In her ain blithe merry din,
> And lept the rocks in a cloud o' spray,
> And roared in the boiling linn:
> And churned hersel' into silver white,
> Into bubbles green and gay,
> And rumbled round in her wild delight
> 'Neath the rainbow's lovely ray;
> And swirled, and sank, and rose to the brim,
> Like the snaw-drift on the lee,
> *And then in bells o' the rainbow's rim,*
> *She sang awa to the sea.*'

But the heedless, romping, playful days do not last for ever; and all who attain to a real insight into Nature's deep analogies and subtle shades of thought and utterance, and to a living sympathy with all that is divinely human, must in some way or other, like those who enter heaven, pass through tribulation. And McLachlan, as we may gather abundantly from his poems, had to pass through his baptism of sorrow for song.

> 'Oh, why did I leave thee! Oh why did I part
> Frae thee, lovely Cartha, thou stream of my heart?
> Oh, why did I leave thee, and wander awa
> Frae the hame of my childhood, Gleniffer an' a'?
> The thocht o' thee aye mak's my bosom o'erflow
> Wi' a langing that nane save the weary can know.'

Much of his trial, it would seem, has come through doubt, intense doubt and scepticism. He feels oppressively at times what Wordsworth calls 'the burthen of the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world,' and hears the groaning of creation with a sigh of sadness, knowing only this, that, as travelling woes, we are bound for—we know not where.

> 'We hear the splash and the heavy dash,
> And the weary, weary moan,
> And only know we embarked in woe,
> And are bound for the great unknown.'

There is so much change, indeed, so much delusion and illusion of the senses everywhere, that in true Fichtean mood he questions even whether the world he sees is not all as shadowy and unsubstantial as a dream. Nay, he avers that it is.

> 'Oh! Creation's but a vision
> Seen by the reflective eye;
> But a panoramic pageant
> Pictur'd on the evening sky:
> There is nothing here abiding—
> There is nothing what it seems;
> Airy all and unsubstantial,
> Wavering in a world of dreams.'

He cannot get rid indeed of the thought and feeling that he himself *is*; he may be a terror to himself, a 'terror with a glory crowned,' yet he *is*; but is it not possible—may it not be after all, that men are not immortal as they think? May they not, as

only 'shades of Joy and Woe," be 'rubb'd out' by death 'as they ne'er had been?'

'I ponder'd long on this weary life,
And I cried, 'Are we what we seem?
Or sail we here in a phantom ship
In search of a vanished dream?—
From deep to deep, from doubt to doubt,
While the night still deeper grows?
Who knows the meaning of this life?'
When a voice replied, 'Who knows?'

'Shall it always be a mystery?
Are there none to lift the veil?
Knows no one aught of the land we left,
Or the port to which we sail?
Poor shipwrecked mariners driven about
By every wind that blows:
Is there a haven of rest at all?'
And the voice replied, 'Who knows?'

Oh! why have we longings infinite,
And affections deep and high,
And glorious dreams of immortal things,
If they are but born to die?
Are they will-o'-wisps that gleam
Where the deadly nightshade grows?
Do they end in dust and ashes all?'
And the voice still cried, 'Who knows?'

But dawn succeeds the darkest night, and hope and faith arise to him once more in gladness. The light has come again; rejoice!

'Then sing, for the dark veil at last is withdrawn:
Rejoice in the light of the glorious dawn;
We hoped against hope through the weariful past,
But faith's superseded by knowledge at last;
We stumble no longer 'twixt doubt and despair,
For we know there's a region surpassingly fair,
We know that the summer-land's shining up there.'

We have made these quotations from different pieces in 'Poems and Songs' to show the intensity of the gloom of doubt and despair into which the poet's soul has sometimes sunk; for that is one of the things which most persistently forces itself on the attention of the reader in the first part of the volume. The frequency indeed with which it appears amounts almost to morbidity. But it shows at the same time the thoughtful earnestness and power of the poet, and brings him into immediate sympathy with all who have pondered on the darker problems of existence, and been haunted with them, it may be, as by spectres of despair. The greater the soul, the deeper may be its plunge into darkness, and the more awful and agonising its troubles. But, on the other hand, when free from doubt, it may rise correspondingly to heights of more rapturous joy. And so the soul of our poet is sometimes whirled into a wild ecstasy—a very madness of delight, in which he sees all Nature revelling with him in his gladness. We might give here in illustration his boundingly joyous and beautiful 'May,' which reminds us, by its words and spirit, of Wordsworth's glorious 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' and which in some respects is worthy of being placed side by side with it. But not to multiply unduly our quotations, we pass at once to another feature of the Poems and Songs, and that is:—

That, notwithstanding the expression of doubts and perplexities, they bring the unseen spiritual world very near to us, and lift us up in sympathy to it; they tend, and that very powerfully, to make us feel a hallowing Power and Presence everywhere around us—that a sanctity broods around and rests upon the world, yea dwells in it throughout. For

'There's a presence in each stone;
All the air is full of eyes
Looking on us with surprise;
Sympathies run everywhere,
Thoughts are hurrying through the air,
Bringing near related souls,
Though asunder as the poles:
Marvel upon marvel!—still
Miracle on miracle!'

And so all material Nature becomes to the poet as a medium for the communication of spirit with spirit and ghost with ghost—a revelation of the Divine and Infinite to the eye and ear continually. 'These,' he says, when speaking of the flowers of earth in relation to their God and ours,—

'These Thy preachers of the wild-wood,
Keep they not the heart of childhood
Fresh within us still?
Spite of all our life's sad story,
There are gleams of Thee and glory
In the daffodil.'

And in that spirit, and with that power of vision, he feels, when gazing upon setting suns, as in presence of the very shechinah where he can only kneel in silence and adore.

'But I cannot write of the marvellous sight
At his setting last I saw;
I can only feel, I can only kneel,
With a trembling fear and awe.'

In the same way also human nature becomes to him expressive of the Divine, and woman, as a messenger of peace, brings to him a holy consolation and the hope of a youth immortal. Of Martha he says:—

'What a world of love there lies
Mirrored in her deep blue eyes!
What a ray of quiet beauty
They throw around each daily duty!
How it is I cannot tell,
Yet I feel the magic spell
Of the quiet Sabbath grace
Always breathing from her face;
And her voice so calm and clear
Lifts me to a higher sphere,
And unlocks my spirit's powers,—
Gentle thoughts spring up like flowers,
Gems deep hidden in my heart
Into life and being start:
When that saintly face I see,
Heaven and immortality
They grow clearer unto me.'

And of 'Old Adam'—a poem which, because of its excellence, we should like to quote entire, it combines so much quaint humour with such tenderness of feeling and minuteness of description, and withal with so much sound philosophy—of Old Adam it is said—

'His heart was just a living spring,
Wi' sympathy o'erflowing;
And round its brim the sweetest flowers,
Of Love and Hope, were flowing.
To see him—and to hear him speak—
To look but in his face,
It made you fa' in love somehow,
Wi' a' the human race.'

What could be more beautiful and suggestive than the last two lines? True love to *one* implicitly embracing all humanity, sustaining brotherhood the world over, and proving the race a unit—that is about the meaning of them. And what a fine old man that Adam must have been to be sure! and what could beat in pith and humour this description of his goodness?

'The maist o' folk wha would be guid,
And keep frae doing evil,
Maun aft hae battles wi' themselves
As weel as wi' the deevil.
And some are guid by grace o' God,
And some hae to be skelpit;
But he was guid—and just because
He wasna fit tae help it.'

That is a touch worthy of Burns in his most joyous, good-natured mood. No higher meed of praise could be given to Old Adam in even a whole oration than that he was guid, and—'just because he wasna fit tae help it.'

But not only are Nature, as seen, and the 'human face divine' thus radiant to him with Diety; the very viewless air is full of eyes and ears, and crowded with immortal life, and we may walk as in heaven, continually among the dear departed. In a later and a beautiful poem, 'Gaun Hame,' which appeared in the *Scottish American Journal*, the dying one says to Mary,

'I've them wi' me ye canna see, Mary,
I feel the firm grip o' a haun;
Though a' here is darkness to thee, Mary,
They're leading me unto the dawn.

The dear anes that left us lang-syne, Mary,—
Ah! left us our wearifu' lane!—
But never were out o' our min', Mary,
Are a' comin' round me again.
Ah! there's our ain Willie and Jean, Mary,
And wi' them a bricht shining train,
Wha say through their pitying een, Mary,
Ye winna be left a' your lane.'

And into that 'bricht shining train' he hopes, in spite of creeds and catechisms and the orthodoxy of the Church, that all will at last be admitted. He has no very firm belief, it would seem, but a yearning, rather, and a wish, that such will be the case. Once, indeed, he affirms his belief in universalism:

'We believe, "Almighty Father,"
Thou wilt all thy children gather
Where the light eternal flows,
And no wanderer asks, "Who knows?"'

But again, like the poet Laureate, he seems to falter where he firmly trod, and can only 'faintly trust the larger hope.' He knows what *he* would do if only he could have things his own way, and he has a dim hope that his way will be found at last to be the way of the All-Good. The following lines, we think, will find an echo in nearly every heart:

'There's ne'er been country yet nor kin
But has some weary flaw,
And he's the likest God aboon
Wha loves them ane and a';
And after a' that's come and gane,
What human heart but yearns
To meet at last in licht and love,
Wi' a John Tamson's bairns.'

His large-heartedness, it will be seen, thus leads him somewhat beyond the bounds of orthodoxy and the sympathy of a large mass of the religious public. He will consequently be looked upon by many

as 'dangerous'; and the more so when they find him sometimes giving expression to a liberalism which seems to place nearly all theological beliefs on an equal footing. For there are many who have no tolerance for the expression, especially in print, of such beliefs and tendencies. They think it leads to license rather than liberty. But not as it exists in 'Poems and Songs,' if taken in connection with what is otherwise taught; for there is a constant inculcation of the principle that every departure from moral principle—from law, whether natural or spiritual—bears with it its penalty—that 'God and Nature can't be cheated.' Even the 'Backwoods Philosopher,' notwithstanding his belief that we are merely the creatures of circumstances, would tell you that; and the 'unco guid' themselves would do well to give heed to what he says in that respect:

'Another thing which took my eye
Was Natur's moral statur;
For Natur will not tell a lie,
Nor wont have lies will Natur;
A tree will fall the way she's cut,
No words aside can win her,
And smash you splay, if in her way,
Let you be saint or sinner.

'And when you go to square her up,
Nor heed what fools may say,
Cut to the chalk, aye, that's the talk!
Let chips strike who they may.
He who would talk you off the straight,
You tell him that he drivels;
The right is right! 'twill stand the light,
Be't God's law or the devil's.

'And he's no better than a fool,
A little silly critter,
Who thinks by cunnin' to out-pull
Or cheat Old Mother Natur.'

Of the three divisions of 'Poems and Songs,' the 'Idyls of the Dominion' are upon the whole the least satisfactory, both in thought and expression. There is in them a good deal that seems commonplace and tame; various limping and broken rhymes; and some indications of coarseness—which latter fault may belong perhaps to the subjects dealt with. For there is much that is rough in the backwoods. But why should subjects incompatible with true artistic taste be introduced into poetry at all? There are many delightful idyls, however,—such as 'O! Come to the Greenwood Shade,' 'Neighbour John,' 'Indian Summer,' 'October,' 'To a Humming Bird,' and 'Bobolink'—some of which give a very pleasing picture of the Dominion. And through all the idyls there breathes that spirit of youthful freedom and independence which is so enjoyable, and which every old countryman must feel on coming to this side of the Atlantic. We cannot give any more extracts; but there is a poem in full which will make a fitting close to our quotations. It is quite a little gem of its kind—so simple and neat, so tender and expressive. Hark!

'There is a lonely spirit,
Which wanders through the wood,
And tells its mournful story
In every solitude:
It comes abroad at eventide,
And hangs beside the rill,
And murmurs to the passer-by—
"Whip-poor-Will."

O, 'tis a hapless spirit,
In likeness of a bird!
A grief that cannot utter
Another woeful word;
A soul that seeks for sympathy,
A woe that won't be still,
A wandering sorrow murmuring—
"Whip-poor-Will."'

It will be seen that, while the volume we are reviewing is called 'Poems and Songs,' we have so far said nothing as to the songs. And the reason is, we believe that the title is somewhat misleading—a misnomer. It might lead critics who were disposed to be captious to say, 'The Poems we see, but where are the Songs?' A song, properly so called—verse that is fitted for vocal music—a species of composition in which some of the greatest, the most subtle and melodious of poets have failed of success—Spenser for instance, and Coleridge, and Shelley. And, judging from the volume before us, we are inclined to believe that McLachlan must be placed among the number of those who have failed. Of all the pieces in the volume, not one, perhaps, looks more like a song than 'Garibaldi;' yet, overlooking its resemblance to 'Scots wha hae,' we do not know that such similes as, 'Like lava of your burning lake,' 'Like Ætna belching forth her flame,' could very well be translated into music. There is a something there which tone and semitone could not convey. Perhaps it would have been as well had nothing been said about songs on the title-page or the back of the volume.

And now, in concluding our remarks

upon Mr. McLachlan's poetry, though we have considered the thought and spirit of it rather than its artistic form, we think we have given enough of it to show that Canada has a poet within her bounds whose power and greatness, let us say it, she has hardly yet begun to recognize and acknowledge. It is true, as we have seen, that very appreciative notices of his poetry have been given in newspapers, by lecture, and otherwise ; but the great mass of even what may be called the reading public do not yet so much as know that there is any poet in Canada of the name of McLachlan,—nor any worth speaking of. Now, with every desire to avoid exageration, and while acknowledging that now and again he may show some apparent want of taste in expression, we venture to say, that for spiritualizing power, by which we mean the power of inspiring us with a sense of present Deity and the sanctity of life ; for force of fusing passion ; for sympathy with Nature and with human nature ; and for manly independence of sentiment, if not for grace and rhythm and beauty of language on the whole, there is not a poet on the American continent that we would place before Alexander McLachlan, of Ontario ; and we do not know of a volume of poetry of any author, and of a similar compass, in which there are more passages which we would feel like marking with a pencil as noteworthy, than his 'Poems and Songs.' Yet we do not know that we can expect him ever to become a very popular poet. He is continually overshadowed by too great a mystery ; there is too much expression of doubt, and too much thought and insight into Nature in her deeper moods and aspects on the one hand, and too little bubbling humour and direct simplicity of story on the other, to win the sympathy and applause of the crowd. He is a reflective and meditative poet of the Wordsworthian stamp, and is likely to have the fate of such in public estimation. But while Shakespeare and Milton, though so much talked of, remain so little read, and while Chaucer and Spenser are known only to scholars, McLachlan may console himself with the thought that a man's greatness is not always correctly measured by his degree of popularity. The greatest of men, and the best, may be the most unpopular. The history of Christianity should have taught us that.

In bidding bood-bye to our subject, we would venture to express the hope that Mr. McLachlan may ere long publish, in a neat and portable form, a collected edition of his works. With a little judicious selecting and sifting, he might give us a volume which would be at once an honour to himself, and a joy and praise to the country of his adoption.

W. P. Begg.

THE CHARMED LIFE:

AN INDIAN ENGINEER'S STORY.

'WE were talking of narrow escapes just now,' said Mr. K——, 'and I've had my share of them, like everybody else. I've had a musket fired at me so close that the flash singed my hair ; I've seen a loaded waggon pull up just as the wheel was within two inches of my body ; I've woke and found a snake, whose bite was certain death, rolled comfortably up on my chest. It was just touch-and-go with me, every one of those three times—and I don't think I should care to try any of them over again ; but *the* nearest shave I ever saw (one that I wouldn't have believed if I hadn't seen it, and that very likely *you* won't believe either, though I could find you plenty of men to vouch for it) was a thing that befel one of my

own men; and the way it happened was this:

'We were at work on one of the smaller lines in the Punjab, where the country's all cut up by rivers and water-courses; so that, of course, the biggest half of our work was perpetual bridge-making, beginning a new one before the last was well finished. Mighty tough work it was, I can tell you, in the hot season; and what was worse, three or four of my comrades knocked up altogether, so that the whole strain of the overlooking came upon *me* for more than a month. I tell you, I've been so done up at times, with sticking to it night and day, that many a time I've had fairly to dip my face in a bucket of water to keep my eyes open at all. However, a man isn't sent into the world to lie on a sofa; and that job was the first thing that made me heard of, and helped to get me this berth that I'm in now; so it's an ill wind that blows no one good, after all.

'Do I think the natives good workers? Well, yes, I do, on the whole; but they're a troublesome lot to manage, for all that. They have a way of their own in doing everything, and as for getting them out of that, you might as well try to eat soup with a one-pronged fork. I daresay you've heard that story of how the darkeys used to carry the earth on their heads in little baskets, till at last wheelbarrows were served out to them; and the next day they were seen carrying the *wheelbarrows* on their heads, filled with earth, just as they had done with the baskets! Well, that story's true enough; and I was one of the men who saw it done.

'The only Englishman in my gang, as Paddy would say, was a Scotchman; but he was worth his weight in gold. For downright hard work, I never met his equal; and the way he heartened up the natives, and kept them going, just with a word or two now and then, was a sight to see. Now, I needn't tell *you*, who have been so much abroad, how it draws fellows together to be the only men of British blood among a crowd of dark faces; and so it came about that Sandy MacFarlane and I soon got to be more like two brothers than like master and servant. In fact, he was a man that anybody might take to; one of those grave, clear-headed, well-read men, who are safe to come uppermost, throw them where you will; and I have seen him many a time, when he had finished his work and washed the clay off his hands, sit down to a book on chemistry or geology, as if he were a professor at Cambridge. The only objection that one could possibly make to him was, that he was stark mad.'

'Well, that certainly *might* be a slight objection,' said I, laughing.

'Well, when I say stark mad, you must understand me. I don't mean that he was one of the regular Tom-of-Bedlam sort, with straw in his hair, and his eyes flying out of his head, going about challenging the sun and moon to a game of skittles; but on *one* point he was as mad as a March hatter—hare, I mean. What do you think of his telling me, quite gravely, that he believed in presentiments, and that he had himself foretold, more than once, the day and hour that a man was to die?'

'O, that's quite a common superstition—what the Scotch call "the second-sight."'

'Well, it may be second, or third, or fourth, or whatever else it likes,' said my friend, rather crustily, 'provided it don't come in my way again; I had quite enough of it that time, and something over. However, you musn't imagine that Sandy was at all a morose or melancholy fellow; Dean Ramsay himself never had such a collection of good stories. I wish you could have seen him, with his hard old face as grave as an inspecting commission, and just the least bit of a twinkle in the corner of his little gray eye, finishing the yarn of the Laird of Bonnymoor and his servant Watty—how the Laird rode home from a drinking-bout with his face to his horse's tail, and, when the beast went down to drink, rolled right off into the river:

'"The Laird just kenned by the splash that there was *somethin'* fa'n into the watter; but he was that fou', honest man, that ne'er a bit did he ever suspect it was himsel'.

'"'Watty,' says he, in an unco thick kind o' voice, 'Watty, my man, there's somethin' fa'n into the burn.'

'"'Deed ye may say *that*,' says Watty, ready to whammle (tumble) off his horse wi' laughter, 'for it's just yersel', Laird!'

'"'Hoot na, Watty!' says the Laird, sittin' up unco gravely in the middle o' the burn, wi' the watter till his chin, 'it canna be *me*, ye ken, for I'm *here!*'"

'Well, one day old Sandy and I had

been arguing about this second-sight of his, or whatever you call it; and at last I got so riled with him (for arguing with a man like that is just like hammering a rail—it only fixes him tighter) that, at last, I up and said: "Well, Sandy, if you can foresee other men's deaths, I should have thought you'd be able to foresee your own, too!"

'"And sae I can," he answered, in the most matter-of-fact way possible; "I ken just *this* aboot it, that the day of my birth will be the day o' my death!"

'Now, it happened that Sandy's birthday was just a week past at the time; so I tried to turn it off by saying, as lightly as I could:

'"Well, Sandy, my lad, you've chosen your day well; it'll give you nearly a twelvemonth longer to live, anyhow!"

'But Sandy only shook his head.

'"Maister Francis," said he, so solemnly that it quite took me aback for the moment, "laugh as you will at anything else, but no at that; its nae laughin' maitter."

'The next day there was a bit of rock to be blasted, and I went to see it done. I had just turned my back for a moment, when suddenly there came a flash and a bang, and then a terrible cry; and when I turned round, there was MacFarlane standing over something that was lying on the ground, and all the rest staring at him as if they couldn't believe their own eyes. And well they might. By some fatal mischance the powder had exploded too soon, and a huge piece of the rock had hit a poor fellow who was standing actually shoulder-to-shoulder with Sandy—rather *behind* him, if anything—and struck him dead on the spot, without touching the Scotchman! *

'This, of itself, was startling enough in all conscience; but it was a mere nothing to what came after. About a month later we set about making a bridge across one of those deep narrow gorges, just like dried-up canals, which are so common in India. You've seen the big bridge at Clifton, and the other at Fribourg? Well, this was just the same kind of place on a small scale—a great high cliff on either side, and below, just under where the bridge was to be, a flat slab of hard rock, with a little pool of water in the middle.

'Well, the men were at work upon it, and I was standing below looking up at them, when, all of a sudden, I thought I saw one of the girders begin to shake. Then, in a moment, one end of it tilted up, and the other went down, and all the ten men who were on it fell off just in one bunch. Poor fellows! it was a horrid sight! I turned away my head not to see it; but I could *hear* the fall, and that was worse still.

'When I got to the spot, I saw at once that two of them were killed outright, and seven more very badly injured. But the tenth man (believe it or not as you like) scrambled slowly to his feet just as I came up, and *walked right up the bank without any help!*'

'"And he, of course, was Sandy Mac Farlane."

'Just so. Whether the bodies of his comrades saved him, or the pool of water, I can't say; but the height of the fall, as we measured it afterwards, was *fifty-four feet.**

'Well, after this second miracle, I was really, for the time being, almost as firm a believer in Sandy's second-sight as he was himself. The more I thought of the whole thing, the more marvellous and inexplicable it seemed; and more than once I caught myself watching Sandy as his birthday began to draw near again, to see if he would show any sign of fear. But not a bit of it; he was just the same as ever till the very eve of the fatal anniversary; and then he came to me after work was over and brought me all his money, and his old silver watch, saying, as quietly as I say it now:

'"Maister Francis, ye hae aye been a gude freend to me—ye'll gie yon siller to the auld wife at Kilmarnock (meaning his mother), and ye'll tell her that Sandy thocht o' her at the lang last."

'"Pooh, pooh!" said I, clapping him on the shoulder, "what's the good of talking

* A similar case is recorded, from his own personal experience, by Captain Marryat.

* Astounding as this story may seem, it is by no means without parallel. The police reports of the last few years contain the case of a burglar who leaped from a third-story window without sustaining any serious injury. History itself gives us the case of Councillors Slavata and Martinitz, who, when flung from the window of their council chamber (a height of *eighty feet*) by the Bohemian insurgents of 1618, escaped with their lives.—D. K.

like that, man, when you may be a better life than any of us?"

'"Ye're a kind laddie," he answered, "but it's nae use; the auld man's time's come at last, and he maun e'en gang. God be wi' ye."

'You'll laugh at me, I daresay, if I tell you that I didn't sleep a wink that night; and all the next day I fidgeted round old Sandy like a hen with one chick. But when evening came, and nothing had gone wrong, I began to crow.

'"The day's no dune yet," answered he, as we walked back to the huts together. "Ye mind General Pendergrass, that said he wad dee at Malplaquet? and when the battle was ower, and they a' thought him safe, the last shot firit that day strak aff his heid!"

'The words weren't well out, when he gave a sudden cry, and dropped at my feet as if he were shot. I stood quite dumb-founded for a minute; but just then I saw a cobra wriggling away into the bushes, and then I knew all.

'Well, I don't know that there's any more to be said. He died half-an-hour later, quietly as a lamb, holding my hand to the very last—poor old Sandy! There, I mustn't talk about it any more just now, or I shall be making a fool of myself.'

DAVID KER.

DE PROFUNDIS.

A RIFLE shot in the clear night air,
Ringing out 'cross the plain from the copse on the knoll;
Only the answer: '*mort pour la patrie*,'
When they called in the morning the muster-roll.
A village in France; a pale face at the pane;
The troops marching past to the sound of the drum;
Only a mother who watches and waits
For her soldier boy who will never come.

A ship homeward-bound in the eventide;
A little cloud in the western skies:
Only a sailor dead at dawn,
Rocked by the waves, as they fall and rise.
A white-porched cot on the Devon coast;
A woman sitting with child at knee:
Only a common sailor's wife,
Gazing tearfully out on the smiling sea.

All still on the river—a stealthy step
By the bridge—a plunge—a struggle for breath;
All still again save the midnight chimes:
Only an outcast 'gone to her death.'
A lonely home in the Odenwald;
An old man kneeling at evening prayer:
Only a father, and in his hand
A tiny curl of a baby's hair.

So the busy world goes ever on,
And the tide of humanity ebbs and flows;
Each day with it's tale of blighted lives,
Of heart-aches that only the stricken one knows.
Well? What should I care? Let the world move on.
What are all these to you or to me?
What!—O God! How full of creeds,
How void is the world of charity!

X. Y.

POETRY AND DOGMA.

IT is a remarkable and significant fact, not so generally recognised as it deserves to be, that all the supreme poets of Christendom have either wholly ignored the distinctive doctrines of Christianity in their poetry, treating it in a conventional and purely æsthetic manner, or have showed themselves more or less sceptical or heretical towards its dogmas. As poets have not less but more faith than ordinary mortals, and 'heaven descended poesy,' like love,

> 'delightedly believes
> Divinities, being itself divine,'

such attitudes of indifference, doubt, or denial, assumed by the mightiest masters of song towards the Christian formulæ of their times may surely be considered very strong proof that the souls which above all others hunger for celestial food can find no true nourishment in dogmatic theology, but are forever escaping from its dry and withered herbage into

> 'fresh woods, and pastures new.'

That such attitudes have actually been assumed, or at any rate exhibited, by all the greatest poets towards the orthodox Christian creed, regarded as a standard of faith and morals by which their lives and writings were to be governed and regulated, a brief summary of what all the reading world knows about them and their works will show.

Dante, superficially considered, might seem a striking exception to our rule, but looked at from a deeper point of view it becomes evident that beneath his acquiescence in the mediæval idea of the universe as a whole, lay a subtle spirit of doubt and questioning as to particulars. Carlyle says, his face, like his life, was that of one in continual protest, and the critical and metaphysical tendencies which, a couple of centuries later, quickened and emancipated the minds of men from the torpor and bondage of the Middle Ages, were already developed in him. 'It is not only,' writes Auguste Comte, 'that his poem contains severe attacks upon the Popes and the clergy; its whole conception is in a manner sacrilegious, usurping as it does the power of conferring apotheosis or damnation in a way that would never have been attempted where the infallibility of Catholicism was still unquestioned.'

Chaucer was a student of metaphysics and a devout believer in the lore of Aristotle; but he was still more learned in the lore of life and human nature. He was a man of the world and of affairs; a soldier and a courtier as well as a poet and a scholar; and he has been truly characterised as the gayest and most joyous writer in the English language. He vividly exposed and satirised the corruption and charlatanism of Priests and Pardoners, and it has been thought probable that he may have been intellectually inclined towards the doctrines of the Lollards. Some reasons have indeed been found for believing that he was a friend of Wycliffe's, and that his 'poor parson of a town' was drawn from that great reformer. But the pleasure-loving, joyous side of his happy, healthy, genial organization no more consented to the gloomy and rigorous code of life held by the Lollards, than his truth and honesty and natural piety approved of the vices and superstitions against which those early Puritans were fighting. Chaucer's nature, like that of Shakespeare, was broad and tolerant, and his clear and wise appreciation of the weaknesses and mistakes incident to humanity, and his humorous sympathy with its whims and follies, preserved his shrewd satire from all Pharisaical gall and bitterness.

Spenser has been called the Rubens of poetry, and his Fairy Queen has been denounced by an accomplished Roman Catholic prelate as containing such highly-coloured sensuous imagery and descriptions as must inevitably corrupt the imaginations of youthful readers. Milton calls him 'the sage and serious Spenser,' and

his moral is always high and noble ; but it is undeniable that the 'pomp and prodigality' of his luxuriant muse are as little in harmony with the severe and restrained view of art held by earnest Christians in our own day, as the lays of those Italian poets, 'in the footing of whose feet' Spenser loved to walk, and whose works the Piagnoni of Florence burned on the Pyramid of Vanities, were in accord with the sombre and ascetic teaching of Savonarola and his disciples.

And now we come to the greatest of all poets. By no possible effort can Shakspere be ranged on the side of any theological system. It has been thought doubtful whether he called himself Catholic or Protestant, but it is certain his plays and poetry, as well as his profession of actor, put him out of the pale of Puritanism. His writings show plainly enough that to him creeds were matters of small importance, but no doubt freedom to think his own thoughts, and live his own life, unfettered by the narrow dogmas of priest or pietist, was of the greatest. 'When we tire of the saints,' says Emerson, 'Shakspere is our city of refuge. His name carries joy and emancipation to the souls of men.' His religion, like his genius, was 'not for an age, but for all time,' and no Church, or sect, or system of doctrine, can claim him.

Milton was a deeply learned and philosophical theologian, and embodied his opinions in his poems ; but he was also 'a bold inquirer into morals and religion,' and his creed was never that of any orthodox church. He opposed Presbyters as strongly as he had opposed Priests, and his views as to the godhead of Christ and the dogma of the atonement were such as all orthodox Christians consider fatally wrong. He even dared to sing of some future Golden Age, when

> 'Hell itself will pass away,
> And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.'

It scarcely requires to be pointed out that the genius of Dryden, prostituted to please 'a ribald king and court,' was not at all influenced by the strict and strait form of Puritanism in which he had been educated—except, perhaps, by a violent reaction from its yoke—or by any other form of the Christian religion. Sir Walter Scott, in his life of the poet, shows strong cause for assuming that the 'Religio Laici' no more inferred any real faith in the doctrines of Christianity than the sacrifice of a cock to Æsculapius proved that Socrates had any belief in such a divinity. Perhaps we may go farther without any great breach of charity, and conclude that there was as little reality in the Catholic Christianity of 'The Hind and Panther' as in the Protestant Christianity of the 'Religio Laici.'

Passing on to Pope, we see in his 'Universal Prayer,' and in the 'Essay on Man,' how little place any Christian dogma held in his theory of religion.

Though a tomb in England's Valhalla was denied to Byron, more for his liberal opinions than his moral delinquencies, and though ignorant prejudices and narrow-souled bigotry have done their utmost to consign his poetry to oblivion, his splendid genius is now assuming again its rightful place among the greatest poets in the English language. Naturally endowed with a keen appreciation of all that is honest, truthful, and manly, and with a sincere hatred of cant, falsehood, and affectation (though he afterwards perversely fell into these faults himself), he seems to have had his whole character thwarted and tainted by his early Calvinistic teaching. His keen, logical, precocious intellect was fed in his childhood on the doctrines of original sin, predestination, and everlasting punishment, as then taught in Aberdeen. Sunday after Sunday, as he sat in church, he heard these horrible dogmas preached, and his only escape from the dismal nightmare with which they oppressed him was to stick pins in his mother's elbow. Made sceptical by his strong intellectual perceptions, but unable to shake off altogether the superstitious influences of his Scotch blood and early training, he craved for some infallible answer to his doubts and questionings, and finding none,

> 'The passionate heart of the poet was whirled into folly and vice.'

'With longer life, all things might have been hoped for from Byron,' said Carlyle, 'for he loved truth in his inmost heart.' But long life was not given to him. In the 'mezzo del cammin' of man's allotted days, when the turning point of his destiny seemed to have come, and if he had found no heavenly faith to rest in, he had, at least, found a noble earthly one to act on,

that of elevating himself to the service of an heroic cause, his stormy life was calmed in what Tennyson has called, the wisdom of great Death.

Keats, though dying, as Shelley says in 'Adonais,' long before his spirit had filled its crescent sphere, has left us some poems perfect and peerless of their kind, and, in his fragment of 'Hyperion,' a magnificent proof of powers never destined to reach maturity. Filled to overflowing with the beautiful mythology of Greece, as he calls it in his touching preface to Endymion, there is scarcely a line or a word in his poetry to indicate that he had ever heard of the Christian creed, except the picturesque use he makes of the symbols and imagery of Catholicism in his 'Eve of St. Agnes.' His religion seems to have been a pure Nature-worship, and like the Grecian Urn of his exquisite ode, he thought,

> 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

Shelley, a poet of winged and ethereal genius, who soared to the uttermost heights of song, and perished in a more glorious prime than Keats or any other poet known to us, 'as if the sun should set ere noon;' —Shelley, whose soul was filled with a sacred fire of indignation against all the ills and oppressions on earth, and yet with a love that embraced the whole world—in his revolt against traditional dogmas proclaimed himself an atheist. But one who knew him well tells us that his soul overflowed with piety; that he was pious towards Nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest. His atheism seems to have been in reality only a poetised form of the pantheism of Spinoza, which has had so great an influence on the philosophy, theology, and poetry of this age. 'Shelley's atheism would not have scared me,' Coleridge said. 'For me it would have been a semi-transparent larva soon to be sloughed, and through which I could have seen the true image, the final metamorphosis. Besides I have ever thought that kind of atheism the next best religion to Christianity, nor does the better faith I have learned from Paul and John interfere with the cordial reverence I feel for Benedict Spinoza.'

In truth Shelley's pantheism was not very different, except in seeming, from the philosophy of Coleridge, nor from that which Wordsworth held, though in them it was curiously draped with Christian theology. When Wordsworth writes of the soul that moves through all Nature,

> 'from link to link,
> The soul of all the worlds,'

what is it but the world-soul, or over-soul of Spinoza and Goethe? Again, he writes of 'that something,'

> 'Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
> A motion and a spirit which impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
> And rolls through all things.'

Returning to Coleridge, we find his idea of the universe forming itself into perfect pantheism in these lines:

> 'And what if all of animated nature
> Be but organic harps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought as o'er them sweeps,
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the soul of each, and God of all.'

In the period of his greatest poetic inspiration, Wordsworth's religious utterances were extremely vague and formless. In his old age, when he wrote 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets,' and 'Sonnets in Defence of Capital Punishment,' his transcendental theosophy had apparently come down to a lower level, and crystallized into some sort of mystical High Churchism. Coleridge's religion always remained more fluid and variable. In his writings he tried to reconcile dogmatic Christianity with transcendental philosophy, but he wrote with a divided mind. Sometimes one system predominates, sometimes the other, thus exemplifying his characteristic infirmity of will, which was so great that he could never choose on which side of the garden path to walk. In spite of all his efforts to the contrary, he remained unorthodox to the last, as his 'Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit,' published after his death, proved.

Burns, the poet *par excellence* of religious and Bible-reading Scotland, a man of vigorous intellect and fervid patriotism, and a poet of such vivid and original genius as in itself would have sufficed to give any land a title to fame, repudiated and lived in direct opposition to the dogmatic creed of his country.

The two great poetical luminaries of Germany, Goethe and Schiller, both held themselves apart from all creeds and churches. Above all things, Goethe insisted on the right of every soul to form its own religion, and to keep its inner being free from the bondage of prescribed dogmas. His own faith was moulded on the system of Spinoza, with such modifications as his poetical organisation and vivid love and reverence for Nature in all its manifestations demanded. Schiller's theories of life and religion were very similar to those of his friend, though he had arrived at them by a different and more toilsome road. He, like Goethe, had deep religious sentiments, but complete scepticism towards all dogmatic formulæ; and he too wove for himself a faith out of the teachings of Spinoza and the Greek philosophers.

'All that we know is, nothing can be known!'

So Socrates said and Byron sang, and the same cry comes from Tennyson:

'Behold we know not anything!'

All that is wisest, holiest, and best in Christianity illumines 'In Memoriam,' but there is no dogmatic religion to be found there.

One other living poet may be mentioned, because, like Tennyson, he has been placed by all the canons of poetic art among the immortals while still on earth. Victor Hugo, the greatest poet France has produced, and who has shown himself in prose and verse one of the most enthusiastic and devout philanthropists that ever lived, is so intensely inimical to religious creeds and dogmas, that he has been stigmatised by the worshippers of these formidable idols as 'the arch-apostle of atheism and anarchy.'

Poetry, from whose sacred flame the dullest mortals catch some wandering rays of light and warmth, can never be hostile to the truly religious spirit, but that all the mighty masters here named should either have wholly rejected the Christian creed, received it in some modified or transcendental sense, or tacitly ignored the authority of its peculiar tenets, seems no slight evidence that the divine afflatus has been and is antagonistic to dogmatic Christianity.

LOUISA MURRAY.

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

AS has been already remarked, the Temperance problem can hardly be too fully discussed from all points of view. No apology, therefore, is needed for reviewing the second article of Mr. Allen, and examining the merits of the arguments therein adduced against prohibitory legislation; the said arguments applying, it must be remembered, almost as fully against all license laws whatsoever, as against prohibitory legislation. And this, it would appear, is the only consistent position, since, if the right of the State to restrict be once conceded, it would be difficult to disprove the right to prohibit.

Though somewhat aside from the main question, Mr. Allen's introductory paragraph provokes the query, What would become of mankind were the emotional forces of 'religion, patriotism, and the family affections' withdrawn from the human constitution? Apart from the circumstance that these emotions and capacities for emotion have, as most of us believe, been implanted or evolved by the Divine Designer, in order to aid man in reaching his destined goal, and that therefore the highest reasoning power and the fullest healthful development of these emotions must needs perfectly harmonize, we may well ask, whether, supposing even their present partial and often misdirected force were withdrawn, man would become more amenable to the highest reason and the 'clear, uncoloured light of Truth,' or would sink in abject bondage to the tyranny of a selfish animal nature.

It must be observed that there was nothing in the previous article of FIDELIS to justify the following sentence in Mr. Allen's last article :—'What care we what inconveniences we put others to, what satisfaction we deprive them of, in view of this widespread desolating evil?' This was far from being the position of the present writer. It was admitted that 'there is some hardship involved in debarring temperate men from the opportunity to purchase freely that of which they may make no wrong use.' But it was asked whether a slight inconvenience, which is the utmost it could fairly be called, could be put for a moment in comparison with the unutterable misery of thousands, the disease, poverty, despair, crime, insanity, and death, caused by the demon drink! And it was asked whether, since men less 'advanced than we, have been willing to endure severe privation, physical suffering, the spoiling of their goods, and death itself in terrible forms, for the good of their country, for their altars and their firesides,' we might not agree to give up, for the sake of the social well-being, to save thousands of our fellow-countrymen from worse than death, a single luxury which in the majority of instances is at least unsafe or injurious, and which nearly all of us are better without? To suppose men incapable of rising to so very moderate a degree of heroism as this, would be, surely, to suppose them less than men! He who can not dispense with his ale or his wine to save his neighbour from destruction is, surely, rather a slave to his sensual nature than an emancipated lover of Truth. And it was furthermore argued that, since the evils of the liquor traffic are so widespread as to affect, in some way, almost every member of the community, the whole community has a direct interest in its suppression, and, as a community, has a right so to act. And the basis of mutual agreement, not arbitrary imposition, was expressly implied, since the view of a majority is practically the only way of arriving at the expression of mutual agreement in regard to large measures concerning which there is wide difference of opinion. So long as the voice of the majority legalizes the liquor traffic, so long must the minority quietly submit to what they deem a terrible evil and injury to the community at large. But if the majority, awakened to a sense of the evil, declare that this evil shall no longer be tolerated among them, it is difficult to see how the minority could consider themselves oppressed, if they in their turn should be called upon to submit to its suppression. Although the present writer would not uphold the misused adage, '*Vox populi vox dei*,' yet, in the case of an evil which concerns the community as a whole, the community as a whole, *i. e.*, by a majority, has the right to say what it will do. Until the majority in a country is convinced that prohibition is right, few prohibitionists would desire to see the measure carried, even if it were possible. When the majority shall be so convinced, the measure will become the voice of the people, and the people have the right to decide as to what so vitally affects them. To persuade men to the mutual agreement to put away the evil—not to urge an arbitrary and despotic measure—is the true work of the advocate of Prohibition.

But Mr. Allen argues that, even if adopted by the voice of the people, the measure infringes on natural rights, and so could never be a justifiable one. Some things have already been said on the subject of natural rights, and which Mr. Allen has quietly passed over without attempting to meet them. Let us, however, look at it anew. What natural rights can a man claim which are at war with the general good of the community? Not his property,—that is forfeited in many cases when his possession of it conflicts with the general good, as in the case of all taxation, and the whole system of pecuniary fines, forfeitures, &c., which are nevertheless considered, in general, just and right. Not his liberty,—that is forfeited at once by the strong arm of the law whenever it appears that his continued possession of it conflicts with the public good. Not his life itself, as every death sentence testifies. For such sentence is pronounced, not so much because the criminal deserves death, though this is implied in it, as because it is inconsistent with the general good that he should continue to live. For, after all, it is not man, but God, who can weigh unto each his due; human justice can only approximate roughly, and take its measures rather as regards the peace of society than the merits of the offender. But the whole criminal code clearly recognises that

a man can claim no 'natural rights' which conflict with the good of society at large. Indeed, on utilitarian principles, the general good is the very test of right,—and rights which could be proved injurious to society would be a contradiction in terms. Now it is the very contention of advocates of Prohibition that the liquor traffic, as at present conducted, is absolutely inconsistent with the good of society, its physical and mental health, its peace, good order, and prosperity, and this their position they think they have proved by abundant evidence. And to urge that any man or set of men have a right to pursue a calling that is shown to be antagonistic to the general good, simply because they think they can thus gain a living on easier terms,—is to assert what cannot be vindicated, certainly on any sound basis of consistent utilitarian philosophy; and what few would be inclined to vindicate, viewed simply as an abstract principle. Take any parallel case in matters purely physical. It might be asserted that a manufacturing or mining company has the right to pursue its operations on its own premises in such a way as will best promote its prosperity, and that society has no right to interfere with it in so doing. But if such a company puts up any furnace or works, the gas generated by which is injurious to the health of the neighbourhood, society interferes at once, and its interference is supported by the general sense of right. Or if, similarly, the water of any stream is poisoned by the chemicals of a manufacturer, even though he should own the ground on its banks for miles, society, so far from recognising his right to do so, interferes with his action without hesitation. Mr. Beecher, in a fine sermon on individual liberty, lately said: 'All that government had a right to do is to say to individual men: "You shall exercise your powers without damage to one another. You shall not employ your rights so as to destroy any other man's rights; and we will see to it that you comply with this rule."'*

Now it is the very contention of the advocates of Prohibition that the liquor dealer cannot ply his trade without damaging others, and destroying other men's rights. As has been already maintained by the present writer—and never disputed—its exercise conflicts with the rights of wife and children to the support and protection of husband and father; with the rights of employers to the faithful service of the employed; with the rights of quiet and sober citizens to live in unmolested security to life and property. It is because the natural fruits of liquor-selling are pauperism, domestic brutality, careless work, and breach of contracts, and reckless injury to property and life that the traffic cannot be classed among the ordinary industrial callings which every man has a right to practice if he will. Of course the opponents of Prohibition may question or attack these positions; may assert that the fullest license permitted to the traffic is quite compatible with the public weal, and that, therefore, interference with it is illegitimate. If so they will have to prove their position by counter-evidence against an overwhelming body of evidence on the other side. But here is the real issue. Is the liquor traffic prejudicial to the public weal, or not? Will prohibitory measures restrain it, or not? Till both these queries can be conclusively answered in the affirmative, it is of no manner of use to beg the whole question by asserting *a priori*, that interference with the traffic interferes with a natural right. If it be asked how tyranny is to be prevented, if society is to be permitted to interfere with individual liberty, even when the exercise of that liberty is prejudicial to the general weal—we answer, precisely where lies the safeguard against all tyranny; in the enlightenment of the public mind, so that it may be able to judge as to what the general good is. No indiscriminate assertion of the principle of individual liberty or license; of the right of every man to do as he pleases, reckless as to how his action affects the weal of others; will be half so good a safeguard against either public tyranny or the still worse—because more subtle—tyranny of individual selfishness. The highest good of the whole community is, and must be, the only true basis of social legislation, and all the so-called 'rights' which conflict with this, are simply not rights at all.

* Exactly in accordance with this rule is the surveillance exercised by society over such things as weights and measures. If we protect the physically weaker from the oppression of brute force, why not as well protect the mentally weaker from the oppression of cunning avarice?

But then, apart from the enquiry as to the ground on which stand individual 'rights,' there should be a distinction made between those 'rights' which, in ordinary circumstances, belong to individual liberty, and those which belong to an individual as a member of the community, as, for instance, the right of franchise. These, being created by the organization of the community, may also cease to exist, or be seriously modified by reason of a change in its organization. To this class of 'rights' must certainly belong the right to sell any commodity, since, but for the existence of the community and the protection afforded by its legislation, the 'traffic' could not exist. In the case of poisons this is conceded by almost all, and the right to sell these is restricted because the community will protect itself from needless danger even at the cost of abridging the liberty to sell,—a social rather an individual privilege. It is entirely the right to sell which is denied by Prohibitory measures. The right to use—a personal right—is not interfered with at all directly. If any one cares to manufacture stimulants for himself, as in primitive times, before a social organization had created the traffic, he is not interfered with in so doing.[*] If the measure involves the restriction of opportunity for procuring intoxicants, this is a consequence of the measure; the measure concerns itself only with the traffic. There might be many other circumstances which might interfere with the use of this or any other luxury, as, for instance, residence in a neighbourhood where it was difficult to procure it, or lack of the means of purchasing it. In these cases the individuals so restricted recognise the preventing circumstances, but do not consider themselves victims of tyranny. Nay, more, there are certain localities controlled by individuals or private corporations, in which the sale of intoxicants is not permitted, as, for instance, certain islands in the St. Lawrence. Those who go to reside there, knowing the conditions, submit to them as a matter of course, without dreaming of tyranny. Why should the case be changed when the field of operations is enlarged to a city, a township, a province, or a whole country?

[* Is it possible that FIDELIS has never heard of such a thing as illicit distilling?—ED. C. M.].

Few, again, refuse to recognize the wisdom of the action of our Government in preventing the extermination of the Indians of the North West by prohibiting the sale to them of ardent spirits. But if this destroyer proves as destructive in the case of many white skins as of the red skin himself, on what ground can the same Government refuse to protect the victims of our own race equally with that of our red brother? And if these victims cannot be protected except at the cost of a general prohibitory law, what valid reason can exist why a majority of the people—including, as such a majority certainly would do, the better and soberer portion—should not pass a measure which would preserve their weaker brethren from destruction, even at the cost of abridging their own luxuries? As for the argument that properly manufactured stimulants are not poisons except when taken in excess, the answer is that they are largely used in excess, and therefore used as poisons, and that no means have yet been devised for restricting the excessive use without restricting the moderate use as well. If they are positively beneficial in certain circumstances, there are few poisons of which the same might not be said, and as has already been observed, such cases are expressely provided for in all prohibitory legislation. It certainly seems to the present writer that infinitely too much capital has been made out of the petty sensuous enjoyment which is curtailed by Prohibition. An article in a recent number of the *Contemporory Review* would almost make it appear that intoxicating stimulants, used in moderation, were the very *elixir vitæ*, without which ordinary existence were stale, flat, unprofitable—in fact almost unendurable. Whereas the experience of multitudes of total abstainers in Canada as elsewhere, has proved that entire abstinence is, in ordinary cases, far more conducive to the maintenance of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, than even the most 'moderate drinking,' not to speak of the constant danger that the moderate drinker may soon become the excessive one. How then, by any manly man, the privation of a mere luxury, unnecessary in ordinary health, and so often injurious even in what is called moderation, could be for a moment placed in comparison with the rescue of thousands from overpowering

temptation ending in utter ruin, it is indeed difficult to understand! If men cannot make even this small sacrifice for their country's good—supposing that it could be shown to be so—then the heroes of old days who suffered and died to gain less for their land must put us, 'the heirs of all the ages,' to inexpressible shame!

It appears that the writer, in a former article, misconceived Mr. Allen's meaning in supposing that he referred to the compensation question, in speaking of a government 'taking of the goods or earnings of A. in order to carry out its system of benefiting B.' The mistake was surely not an unnatural one, as the question of compensation has been so often brought forward by antagonists of Prohibition, and without more explicit language on Mr. Allen's part it certainly never would have occurred to the present writer to suppose that his objection referred to the cost of enforcing prohibitory legislation. Why, it is one of the very strongest points of a properly enforced prohibitory measure, that it would tend largely to reduce our whole criminal expenditure, by tending to prevent that large proportion of crime of all degrees which, as the most competent witnesses testify, is caused directly by the agency of intoxicating drinks. And if it be wrong in any circumstances, even for the sake of the general good, to tax one man for the benefit of another, then it is wrong to tax A., who may not have a cartload of movable property, for the support of a police force which will benefit his neighbour B., a man of overflowing possessions. Similarly our school taxes could be proved to be unjust, and in fact almost all taxation whatsoever; and those who accept the recognized system of taxing individuals for the good of the whole, though this necessarily involves greater benefit to some individuals than to others, cannot consistently complain of the expense attending the enforcement of prohibitory measures. The sole question is this:—Does the good to the community which is to be reasonably expected from the measure, warrant the expense of enforcing it? Advocates of Prohibition think that it certainly does, even as regards mere financial and material prosperity.

The 'strange dogmatism' to which Mr. Allen refers on the part of the writer as regards the example of Christ, exists only in his, doubtless unintentional, misrepresentation of the words of FIDELIS. There was no 'assertion' that what Christ did in Judæa in the year A.D. 30, he would not do in Canada to-day. Such assertion would be most presumptuous. What was said was, 'that what was simply a kindly and loving act in the circumstances of Judæa, A.D. 30, would be a very different kind of act in Canada A.D. 1877, and with the very different stimulants most in use among ourselves.' This is an assertion that few people will be inclined to deny, who have ever thoughtfully observed the consequences, direct and indirect, of convivial drinking to-day. If the inference is that Christ would not have sanctioned this convivial drinking, that is not the fault of FIDELIS. We may and must have our impressions as to what He would or would not have done in the circumstances of our actual life, drawn, not from an isolated act, in which different circumstances would completely alter the case, but from the whole tenor of His life and teaching. And it is certainly difficult to imagine that He whose sternest denunciations fell upon those who caused one of these little ones (or weak ones) to offend, would ever in any way have sanctioned the liquor traffic of to-day. If any reply that He did that which has been misconstrued into a partial sanction, we reply that the history of His life and words is addressed to men as reasonable, discriminating beings, who can understand and apply principles, not as blind slaves to the mere letter of detail. While, as has been said before, Christ did not concern Himself with legislation, but with a working of a spirit of love to God and man, which is eventually to supersede the need of legislation at all, still the whole spirit of His life and teaching is clearly on the side of those who are willing to sacrifice ever so small a portion of their outward life, 'lest that which is weak be not turned out of the way, but that it rather be healed.' And St. Paul, as we all know, expressed himself willing to do that in regard to meat, which advocates of Prohibition are willing to do, and wish to induce others to be willing to do, with regard to drink. As to there being no trace of prohibitory laws in the 'whole course of the Dispensations,' Mr. Allen will find a good many prohibitory laws in the Old Testament Dispensation regarding va-

rious things, wine not excluded, as in the case of the Nazarites ; and he will find the descendants of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, warmly commended for obeying a prohibitory law enforced by its founder on a large family of the ancient Jews. As for the New Testament, as has been said before, that is the gospel, not the law ; and we might as well be accused of preferring the Paganism of ancient Rome to Christianity, because our criminal code resembles it more than it does the words of Christ, as charged with preferring the Mohammedan system if we desire prohibitory legislation.

Mr. Allen's statement that the consumption of spirits in Gothenburg has largely increased, does not make it less true that FIDELIS did not assert that the system had effected the good so sanguinely anticipated by its authors. The very different assertion that its extended operation has been warmly advocated on the ground of seeming success, is strictly true, as will be seen by any one who refers to Mr. Chamberlain's first article in the *Fortnightly Review*. As is the case with most prohibitory legislation, the testimony is most conflicting. And, with regard to another point, Mr. Allen will not surely maintain that 'premises' are identical with 'corollaries.'

Mr. Allen's argument against the perpetuation of a weakly physique is surely not directed against prohibitionists, one of whose chief pleas is that the 'legalized liquor traffic' produces and perpetuates a weakly and diseased physique. There is no plan yet devised for exterminating drunkards as individuals. Even though they may die prematurely, they most frequently leave behind them families inheriting the degenerate system and fatal craving. As we cannot cut off this poisoned stream, we desire to stop its prolific source in the liquor traffic, which makes the weak weaker, and is constantly degenerating a physique which might otherwise become a healthy one.

The remarks quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer are entirely in favour of the argument for prohibition. It is desired because we desire to cease, through the liquor-traffic, to 'deliberately store up misery for future generations.' It is because we desire to prevent the liquor-seller and liquor-drinker combined, from 'bequeathing to posterity an increasing population of imbeciles and idlers and criminals ;' and 'in effect to provide for our descendants a multitude of enemies ;' because we wish, instead of the small 'direct mitigation' of keeping the drunkard's family from starving, we desire not to ignore the 'indirect mischief' which is the main source of the starvation and the misery. Prohibition certainly does not aim at fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good, but at the very reverse,—at making those who are at present good-for-nothing, respectable and useful citizens, by withdrawing the temptations cast in their way by reckless and selfish men, which lead them to expend in the public-house or saloon the earnings which should go to maintain their families, which, under the present system, when starving with cold or hunger, have to be maintained at the 'expense of the good.' And if all artificial intervention to save and strengthen the weak be an unjustifiable interference with the relentless forces of Nature, then not only our charitable and philanthropic enterprises are a mistake ; but nearly our whole medical profession is doing worse than useless work, and 'humanity' is a misnomer. More than this, the tender father or mother who, by dint of the most careful tendance, rears a family of delicate children, is as guilty of interference with the beneficial purifying processes of Nature, as the philanthrophist who desires to nurture his physically and morally weak brother into physical and moral strength. But will our race be more or less 'advanced' when parental and family affection, friendly and philanthrophic sympathy, cease to interfere with the 'beneficial purifying process' of Nature, and the old, the sick, the feeble, and the helpless are turned out to die uncared-for, while all the self-preserving and selfish passions gain paramount ascendancy, and human society turns into an anarchy of brute force? Even Mr. Herbert Spencer would not call this the consummation devoutely to be wished ! As he remarks, these counteracting forces of human affection and charity are 'in the order of things,' and therefore just as much to be considered 'forces of Nature' as is 'molecular motion.' And most of us believe in man as a moral and spiritual, as well as a physical being, and regard this present stage of his development as an education for a higher life, in which much

that seemed evil in the present shall prove to have been the seed of a higher good. From this point of view, will not 'the overdraw on the energies' of those who, by caring for their weaker brethren here, may lose somewhat of this lower life, be infintely over-balanced by the rapid growth of that moral and spiritual life which is the true life of man. Another instance of the truth of the saying, 'He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for my sake shall save it.' Christianity gives no uncertain sound on this point, and a true philosophy in no respect contravenes it. From an able work by Mr. Murphy, on the 'Scientific Basis of Faith,' the following words are quoted: 'The Utilitarian theory tests the morality of any action, not by immediate results, but by general tendency, Now if the prevailing morality of any age or country were to sanction suicide or murder as a means of ridding the world of the burden of infirm old persons, hopeless invalids, or sickly children, it is impossible to deny that a great amount of misery would be prevented; but the loss would be infinitely greater than the gain; for such morality would be in the highest degree unfavourable to the formation of that most precious and lovely kind of character which delights in ministering to the aged, the sick, and the helpless; and would thus poison happiness at its source.' And it may be added that the hope of the 'alleviation of present misery,' not only 'compatibly with,' but so as to advance the interests of posterity, is the very inspiring motive of the Prohibition movement.

While disagreeing with Mr. Allen on so many points, it is a satisfaction to FIDELIS to agree with him thoroughly on one point, the reason why men drink; mainly to satisfy the restless craving of human nature which might show it its kinship with something higher. 'Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the spirit,' shews at once the mistaken and the real remedy for this craving,—the elevation of man to that communion with the Divine for which he was created, and without which he can never be satisfied. But the habitual disobeying of the first injunction must make it more and more impossible that the second should be obeyed; and therefore it is that we desire to shield men from overmastering temptation till they can grow up to an elevation from whence they shall be strong to resist it; just as we endeavour to shield an invalid from all unfavourable influences, until, through healthful ones, his constitution has acquired its normal tone. And in reply to the objection, that the case of restrictions in contagious maladies is not a parallel, because the infection is taken involuntarily, while the drinker voluntarily yields to the temptation, we say, that on principles which Mr. Allen accepts, it is just as inevitable, humanly speaking, that when this temptation is powerfully brought to bear upon an individual of certain idiosyncracy, it will be yielded to, as that the infection of small-pox will take effect in certain circumstances. And in our calculations on which we found our actions, we have to do with the natural and probable consequences of things, not with exceptional circumstances which may alter the result.

The question, whether a government possesses rights of a kind distinct from those possessed by individuals, is too long a one to be entered upon here. It certainly would seem self-evident that a government, as a constitutional authority representing the moral sentiment of the community as a whole, must, in order to be a government at all, claim the right to exercise a power which individuals, as such, cannot claim. But so long as we practically admit its right to do so in other matters, we cannot consistently maintain this objection to prohibitory legislation.

Mr. Allen has referred — unnecessarily as the writer thinks—to the contest concerning the Dunkin Act in Kingston, and his reference would be passed over in silence, but for the somewhat remarkable assertion that 'the good sense of the community (and much else not so good) prevented its adoption.' To those who observed the contest most closely, it appeared that in Kingston, as in other towns, the main cause of its non-adoption was the strength of the liquor interest and the zeal of those pecuniarily interested, combined with the aversion to the measure of the very class whom it would most have benefited. One might be quite willing to concede that the 'good sense of the community' was *divided* on a complex and difficult question. But considering the character and standing of the men who, in Kingston and other places,

advocated and worked, heart and soul, for the measure, considering also the character of most of the opposition speeches and of many of the opposition voters, the assertion that it was 'the good sense of the community' which had prevented it, is so surprising, that one is tempted to refer it to the 'disturbing element' of which Mr. Allen has spoken in his first paragraph.

As for the success or non-success of the Dunkin Law, it is certainly vain to expect it to succeed in places where its supporters are not prepared to enforce it; and no man should vote for it who does not lay his account with doing all that lies in his power to secure its observance. It will be found that this, as well as other measures, have been successful or unsuccessful just in proportion to the determination or perseverance of its advocates.

As regards the working of the Maine Liquor Law, the present writer has testimony to present of far higher value than floating newspaper statements, or even the conclusions of a visitor of six weeks to a country village. The voice of the Hon. Neal Dow must claim a most respectful hearing, as that of a man of unquestioned probity, and not only a supporter and a watcher for many years of the Maine Liquor Law and its effects, but also an heroic and fearless enforcer of its provisions. Having submitted to him the statements contained in Mr. Allen's article as to the working of the Law, the writer received a letter from him, from which the following passages are extracts;

'PORTLAND, Sept. 3, 1877.

'I have just now returned home from my recent visit to Canada, and lay aside everything that I may speedily write you a note about our Maine Law, as you wished me to do when I had the pleasure of meeting you a few days ago.

'The paragraph of Mr. Allen's article—to which you particularly referred me—quoted from "Mr. Dodds," and read by him (Dodds) from the *Portland Argus*, has been the rounds of the press in this country and in Europe, and from many quarters [has been sent to me with a request for an answer. One of these answers is given in the note below.*]

'Mr. Allen quotes a clergyman (from Canada) who had been in Maine six weeks, who told him there was more drunkenness than he had ever witnessed in any village in Canada of the same population. I

* The following extracts are taken from a published letter of enquiry addressed to Mr. Dow, and his reply thereto.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27, 1877.

'Hon. Neal Dow, My dear Sir:

'It has been publicly asserted here, many times in the past few months, that the Maine Prohibitory Law was a failure; that liquors were openly and freely sold in Maine, very much as in States where no such law exists; and that the law is ineffectual as a preventive of intemperance and crime.

'Very truly yours,

'JOSHUA L. BAILY.'

'PORTLAND, July 31, 1877.

'My Dear Mr. Baily:

'Your letter of the 27th reached me yesterday, and I take the earliest opportunity to reply. Ever since the law of prohibition to the liquor traffic in Maine was adopted, twenty-six years ago, it has been constantly asserted by men, impelled either by interest or appetite, that the statute was a failure, that it did not in any degree diminish the sale or consumption of strong drinks.

'The liquor traffic in Maine is reduced to very small proportions, and is *entirely suppressed* except in two or three of the larger towns, and is there confined to the lowest and vilest of the foreign population, and is carried on with the utmost secrecy and caution, and it will continue in that way until it shall be declared by law to be a felony, and be punished as such, and it will very soon come to that in Maine.

'There is now no one in this State engaged, however covertly, in the liquor traffic, except such as are willing to hazard the gaol for the sake of the large profits made in that infamous trade.

'There comes from the Bursar of Statistics, the statement that the expenditure for intoxicating liquors in the United States is about $27,000.000, reckoning cost and loss. Before the Maine law our people consumed their full share of these liquors or worse. But now the drink bill of Maine is not more than $1,000,000, if it is so much, and the difference between these two sums represents our annual savings in this one department of expenditure, and the consequence is that Maine has suffered far less than any other part of the country from the present financial crisis and stagnation in business.

'I repeat here that there never was a time when the policy of prohibition to the liquor traffic was more firmly established in the public opinion of Maine than it is now. The original Maine Law was passed through the legislature of 1851 by a vote of 86 to 40 in the House, and 18 to 10 in the Senate. At the last session of our legislature, January, 1877, after an experience of twenty-six years of the results of prohibition, an Act additional, with greatly increased penalties, passed through both Houses without a dissenting vote.

'This remarkable fact indicates the opinion and the deliberate resolve of the people of Maine upon the matter, better than any quantity of speeches and resolutions and temperance meetings could do it. The people of Maine regard the liquor traffic as "the gigantic crime of crimes," and the time is not distant when it will be treated as such in our laws.

'Very truly yours,

'NEAL DOW.'

dare say this same man, if asked, would declare that there was more liquor sold in Maine than in Canada, in proportion to the population. Now I have lived in Maine more than half a century, and I say the quantity of liquor sold here is not one-tenth as much as it was before the Maine Law. In our rural districts—our villages and smaller towns—the liquor traffic is absolutely unknown; it is carried on clandestinely in our larger towns, on a small scale, almost exclusively by the lowest part of our foreign population. It is not I alone who say this; I quote from certificates sent to England, from the Governor of Maine, and every member of our Executive Council; from all our Senators and Members of Congress; from Judges of Courts, Mayors, and ex-Mayors, Aldermen and Councilmen, adding this, that the condition of the people of Maine in all their interests has been wonderfully improved by the Maine Law, and the suppression of the liquor traffic by its operation.'

Mr. Dow further says that he has just returned from a visit paid to Bangor, since the above was written, and 'finds all the material statements of an article in the *Boston Post*,' respecting the criminal statistics of that city (copied into some Canadian papers), to be false.

This is strong and direct testimony, and the following extract from a letter from Mr. Dow to the *Alliance News*, published in London, England, in the issue for September 1, 1877, will answer the query whether the people of Maine are likely to reject their Liquor Law.

PORTLAND, August, 14, 1877.

'Last evening the State Committee of the Democratic party had a meeting in this city to arrange for the business of the Democratic State Convention, which has been held to-day. At this meeting of the committee the subject of prohibition and license was discussed, and the vote was unanimous that the platform should contain no word in opposition to prohibition.

'At the convention to-day a committee on resolutions was chosen as usual. This committee consists of one from each county in the State, who is selected by the delegation from each county, so that he may fairly represent the opinions of the Democrats of the locality. This committee reported a series of resolutions, but not one of them even alluded to license, whereupon a lawyer from Bangor moved an amendment which was intended to commit the party to the policy of licensed grog shops. When the vote was taken, only a very few persons arose in its favour. When the negative was called, the immense assembly sprang to their feet with cheer upon cheer, and continued cheers. That settles the Maine Law for Maine for all future time, if there could be any doubt about it before.

'This is a very great event, because the situation is this: An intelligent people, having the full right and power of entire self-government, after an experience of the results of prohibition for more than a quarter of a century, have now deliberately and unanimously re-affirmed their adhesion to it, and have adopted it as the settled and fixed policy of the State. This could not possibly be unless the operation of that policy had been useful and beneficial to the State and people.

'This position of Prohibition in our State is particularly important to the general movement for the legal supression of the liquor traffic, because here, where that policy has been in operation longer and more thoroughly than in any part of the world, the wisdom of it has been deliberately and solemnly pronounced upon, and re-affirmed by the unanimous voice of the people. We understand well that Maine is the key of the whole ground on which the battle of Prohibition is now in progress. We hold our position beyond all possibility of being driven from it, and our guns sweep the field in every direction. The final victory is assured. With glad and grateful hearts, let us praise the Lord who has strengthened and inspired us with courage and resolution, and has enabled us to accomplish this great and glorious work, so infinitely important to every human interest for time and eternity.

'Ever very truly,
'NEAL DOW.'

This testimony is as strong as could well be desired as to the working of the Maine Liquor Law in Maine, and it were well that it should receive full consideration from those who are ever ready, on the slenderest proof, to pronounce the Maine Law a failure. And if Prohibition works thus beneficially in Maine, is there any good reason why it should not work just as beneficially in Canada. If it would, that should settle the question.

Mr. Allen has, unintentionally doubtless, somewhat misconstrued the avowal of the present writer that Prohibition is only an experiment, not a finality, that at the best and in our best efforts we are but groping through the dark, etc., etc. Mr. Allen treats this admission as if it concerned Prohibition alone; whereas the writer wished to call attention to our imperfect vision in all our efforts, whether for the good of others or ourselves. But are we therefore to sit passive and do nothing? If no man ever ventured on a step of which he could not clearly see the remotest consequences in all their complications, he would never move at all; certainly he would never 'act, act in the living present,'—the noblest duty of a rational being. Every great advance in the history of humanity has been reached only through a long series of blundering attempts and discouraging failures, simply because man has to live and learn. But if nothing had been attempted, nothing would ever have been done, and reforms in which

to-day we rejoice as accomplished facts, would still by many have been relegated to an impossible Utopia. And are we to expect that the Temperance Problem is to be easier of settlement than all other great problems have been, or to conclude that because it is difficult we will make no attempts. Rather let each one do his best, according to his light. If others show them a better way to the same end, prohibitionists will rejoice and give honour where honour is due. If we do not regard Prohibition as a finality it is because the sobriety of society is the finality aimed at. That secured, Prohibition might well drop out of sight, as a severe remedy no longer needed. If we speak of it as an experiment, it is by no means as one of mere philosophical curiosity, no *experimentum in corpore vili*, but the sort of experiment which is tried when our nearest and dearest is prostrated by serious illness, and every remedy tried so far has failed. How often in such circumstances is the new remedy, not yet tried, eagerly grasped at, and how often does the perplexed physician say, doubtfully enough, 'we can but try it.' And so, since the demon of drunkenness has been ravaging human health, life, and happiness so long, sapping the springs of social life and prosperity, hanging as a dead weight on the wheels of human progress, here is a remedy which has worked well in some cases; let us at least try it. If it should fail, we can hardly be worse off than we were before.

And that the disease *is* a desperate one, few indeed would venture to deny. Here is a picture, or a set of pictures, which has burned itself into the souls of those who are seeking the most effectual means of rooting out the poison growth. We quote from Dr. Holland in a recent number of *Scribner's Monthly*, and who will say that the colouring is too strong?

'He saw at the corner of every street the magazines of liquid death doing their poisonous work on body and soul, licensed and cherished by the politics of a great city, and intrenched behind the strongholds of law and public opinion. He saw comfortable men going in, day after day, and coming out poor and debauched, imbibing with their intoxicating and debasing draughts the habits of idleness which inevitably made paupers of them and of their wives and children. He saw ten thousand grog-shops absorbing not only the hard earnings of the poor, but the mistaken gifts of the benevolent, who were trying to give them bread. He saw uncounted masses of men, women, and children, poisoned through and through with drink, and dark figures moving among them influenced to cruelty and crime, and he realized that the little he had done to stem this tide of degradation was only to be compared to the holding of his hand in the rapids of a Niagara. He looked around him, among the rich and the good, and saw them apathetic—overawed by, or content with the respectability of a traffic and a practice which were the daily source of more misery, debasement, poverty, and crime than any which he knew, and felt that he was regarded by them either as a weak enthusiast or an impracticable fanatic. No voice of warning that he could raise would be heard amid the jeers of the scoffing crowd.'

But while seeking the uprooting of the traffic, the friends of Prohibition are willing to welcome any and every means of alleviating the evil. They have no desire to set up Prohibition in opposition to 'moral suasion.' Some of the strongest prohibitionists have for years been expending their best energies in moral suasion, as, for instance, the warm prohibitionist and noble temperance advocate, Father Stafford. With these it is just because they have been so earnest in the work of persuasion, that they so desire the suppression of the traffic which, to a great extent, thwarts their best efforts. But they are ready to welcome every ally of whatever kind. They would gladly see every possible influence brought to bear for the elevation of the uneducated classes, —the providing higher and nobler interests to replace the need of grosser stimulants, and places of pleasant meeting where men may meet to gratify the social impulse and find innocent recreation without being exposed to the destroying temptation. All these and more, prohibitionists will gladly welcome and aid. Let the opponents of Prohibition show themselves equally in earnest in combating this foe to humanity by whatever means may seem to them best. If we differ, as we must, by reason of the imperfection of human sight, let us at least differ honestly and *earnestly*, and show our earnestness by our earnest work for the cause which all profess to have at heart—

'On, onward strain
Brave barks, through light and darkness too;
Through winds and tides one compass guides,
To that and your own selves be true.'

FIDELIS.

ORANGISM, CATHOLICISM, AND SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

IN past uncivilized times Protestants persecuted Catholics, and Catholics Protestants, and we and they had equally our penal laws. But now, wherever the English language is spoken, Protestants have proclaimed all persecution for religion's sake, as, in practice and principle, immoral and irreligious. To force a man to profess what he does not believe, we regard as grotesque and horrible. This is of the very essence of our mode of thinking —*an integral portion of our Protestant faith and of our Protestant selves.* Whatever differences among us may exist, there is no difference here. To this we have grown irreversibly under the tuition of a common Protestantism.

But can the same be said of Catholicism? Has this, too, been rising out of the slough of the past? Has the teaching of the Ages impressed the same lesson on the Church of Rome? Now, that that lesson has never been learned *there*, is what fills the minds of Protestants with a feeling of insecurity: and this feeling, the late decree vesting infallibility in one man; the making absolute submission to the will of the Pope the duty of all Catholics; and the news of a new 'Universal Catholic League,' having for its end the annihilation of all individualism and of the free play of the human faculties, have tended largely to augment.

Is the Protestant mind alarming itself needlessly? When, in Spain, an archbishop commands the people to vote for no one who tolerates the heretical doctrine of liberty of speech or liberty of worship; and this (he says) because the Pope commands it; and when he and his subordinates try to gag the press and so strangle in its cradle this Hercules of our liberties, what are we to infer? And then compare the magnificent men of this magnificent country, now plunged in half-anarchy and whole ignorance, with the same country under its Moorish rulers, holding up the beacon-lights of learning and science to a dark and distracted age.

Is it not a strange phenomenon, which the results of Christian teaching have brought into such relief on the very foreground of our human history, that a religion based on the paramount claims of conscience and the purity of the affections, and of which it is a fundamental principle, that, whatever other gifts we may possess, 'without charity we are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal,' should, through the perversity and dogmatism of the human mind,* be so transmuted, that men have hated one another with the hatred almost of fiends, and persecuted to the death, with fearful tortures, their fellow-men, under the horrible delusion that they were honouring God by destroying His creatures? †

And this seems especially strange when it is considered that the Founder of their Faith had not only rebuked all persecution, but had laid down *the broadest principles of universal toleration;* for, when appealed to on this subject by His disciples, He replied, let the tares and the wheat grow up *together* in the world *until* the harvest at the end of it, then will God see that the bad be separated from amongst the good, (Matth. xiii., 24-30).

It is singular, too, that that which is not formally and precisely defined—the dogmatic creed—should have usurped the place of that which is of essential and

* The Latin proverb—'*Deorum offensa Diis cura*,' Offences against the gods are the gods' affair, which may thus be paraphrased: Crimes against man are man's concern; the gods are competent to guard the rights of gods—is worth attending to. If this short proverb had been duly weighed; if the command of Christ, to suffer the tares and the wheat to grow together until the end of the world, had been obeyed; what oceans of blood; what crimes, and murders, and miseries, and madness would have been spared the world. This would, indeed, have been a gospel of peace; but what has 'Infallibility' done for us, but set the world by the ears, embittering existence and poisoning humanity at its source.

† The reader—and every one ought to be a reader here—will find some very able and striking remarks on this aspect of our subject, in an article on 'The Ethics of Vivisection,' in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.

primary importance—the character of the individual; and that instead of man's destiny being made to depend on his obedience to the behests of his conscience according to the best lights he can attain to, he is believed to be a subject for punishment however fearful, because of not believing some dogma, which, owing to the native build of his mind, or the fashioning conditions of his life, or to both, it is morally impossible that he ever can believe. And yet men have persecuted one another for not being able to scale this wall of iron impossibility. They might just as well persecute them for not being able to climb to the moon.

One would think that a man might be saved, who, trying to believe aright, strove conscientiously to do his duty to God and man, whether he held to transubstantiation or believed it an absurdity; or that the earth rolls on its axis and not the sun round it: for what have these outside questions of the intellect to do with the ethics of the heart, or the goodness of the life, or the spirituality of the man? But, then, the ecclesiastic mind is something wonderful.

But it is said, 'let him hear the Church.' He may be gentle, generous, true, and noble in all the relations of life; *but* this one fatal flaw of not believing the infallibility of one man in Rome—for it really amounts to this—spoils all, and he, for this, becomes an outcast from heaven. And yet we read in these sacred writings, that 'pure *religion*, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' And, really, this looks not so ill beside the decrees of Trent—anathemas and all! But then, religion and theology stand very wide apart.

But the whole thing looks so grotesque and unreasonable, that prior to its adoption into the creed of any sane man, the foundation for such a belief ought to be subjected to the most searching criticism. We proceed, then, to examine the whole passage, text and context. If, says Christ, (Matth. xviii, 15)—'if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone; and if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he *neglect* to hear them, tell it to the Church (*ecclesia*, assembly); but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.'

Now remark that the case put by Christ is not one of *faith* at all—not one of orthodox or heterodoxy—but simply of *wrong done* by one member of the Church in any particular locality to another member of the same. If he neglect to hear you privately, or the brethren you take with you, or the church; if he *ignore or spurn* all advice tendered from every quarter, he must be content to be henceforth to you no more than any other outsider; and all this being premised, God ratifies your decree of exclusion against him, till at least he repents (v. 21, 22, &c.). Of course, the church means the assembly of believers *in that place;* for that *every private misunderstanding between man and man* should be carried to Rome could scarcely have been contemplated. But what has all this to do with the Council of Trent and its whole lumber of obsolete, unbelievable dogmas, or with the Vatican Council, or with the Pope's infallibility? *And what a monstrous superstructure to build on so slight a base!* Did the world ever behold the like of it?

But 'thou art Peter': what do you make of *that?* I certainly do *not* make of it, that Peter is Pope Pius the IX. But to proceed: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell (Hades) shall not prevail against it.'

Now the argument takes this shape: the word Peter (Petros) means a rock, and on this rock (Petra) Christ built his church. But Peter (Petros) does *not* mean a rock, but only a rock-fragment. The Greek word for *rock*, i.e., the underlying rock on which a building would be raised, is quite a different word—Petra. Now in this, the true sense of the word, Paul tells us that '*other* foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus' (1 Cor. iii, 11.) If this be admitted, then not Peter but Christ is the foundation rock, the Petra, on which the church is built. But there is a sense in which Peter and the other Apostles might be said to be the foundation of the building, to wit, if it, the building commenced with them as its first or foundation stones, each of them a petros. But

what, in the name of common sense, has 'thou art Peter' to do with an old gentleman in Rome 1800 years after. Peter had just said, 'thou art the Christ, the son of the living God.' Whereupon Christ says, thou art Peter (Petros), and 'upon *this rock* (Petra) will I build my church.' I am the Christ, and upon this rock, this basis of thy confession, or myself, I will build my church. It was a mode of speaking, characteristically Christ's own. When (John ii.) he drove the Jews out of the temple, and they demanded a miracle in proof of his assumed authority, he said, 'destroy *this temple*, and in three days I will raise it up.' Then said the Jews, 'forty and six years was *this temple* in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days.' But though he does not seem to have vouchsafed them the slightest intimation of the temple that was in his thoughts, his disciples inform us that he was all the while talking of *the temple of his body*.

But in whatever way the similarity of sound and the affinity of sense of these two cognate words may strike, at first sight, the casual reader of this passage, the far more obvious literality of interpretation involved apparently in the words '*this* temple' (in or close to which they were then standing), ought to lead to extreme caution in giving to an obscure passage an interpretation which unfolds such fearful consequences; just as their interpretation of 'the sun stood still,' &c., once led the Roman Church to infer that the earth was the centre of the universe, as poor Galileo found to his cost, and that our present system of astronomy was a fearful heresy.

In this connection, it is curious to notice that when Pope Gregory VII. stripped Henry of his Crown and conferred it on Rodolph, he employed this hexameter—'Petra dedit Petro, Petros diadema Rodolpho': i.e., the Rock gave the crown to Peter, Peter to Rodolph; so that I have infallibility with me in my interpretation. But if it be still insisted that the church is built on Peter, what can that have to do with Protestantism or Popery? Nothing, absolutely nothing. But He does not say that he will build His church on Peter, but changes the word petros (a masculine noun) to petra (a feminine noun), a word of an altogether different meaning, petra being the word a Greek would employ in speaking of the underlying Silurian rock-stratum of this part of Canada, as we say the Silurian *rock*. We build *with* a Petros *on* a Petra. But only look at the absurdity of the thing. Christ built His church on Peter; ergo, an old man in Rome—and, oh, how chosen!—long centuries after, has the sole power to declare what every man in the world shall think and how he shall act. But whatever be the sufferings of the church in *this* world, 'the gates of Hades,'—the place of the dead—shall not avail to hold them in, for my people shall rise again in immortality, having burst the barriers of death and hell.

But he is Peter's *successor*! Of that you know as little as I do, and that is simply *nothing at all*. But what if he be? How does that alter the case. Did Christ say likewise that the church is built on the *successors* of Peter. If so, then I say, God help them! What! Built on Nicholas III, on Boniface VIII, or Alexander VI, with his sweet Cardinal son, Cæsar Borgia, or on two Popes excommunicating one another, or on three! Surely, in so stupendously important a matter we ought not to be left *without the clearest and minutest information*. But we read nothing about it—nothing of a stationary infallible tribunal in Rome for shutting down the valves of thought, and gagging the Galileos of science for venturing to affirm what every man *today*, from the Pope to his postilion, equally believes, as one of the solidest, most unassailable facts of the world. And what is *the use* of an infallibility, which the more it dogmatises, the more surely it goes wrong? Surely by this time they ought to give it up as a most unfortunate business.

But Popes have been so confessedly fallible in so many instances, that ecclesiastics have had to invent for them an *ex cathedra* way—or new church-patent—for getting over that. Still now arises a new question, as to what *is* ex cathedra and what is *not*, some affirming, some denying, so that they will have to call another general council to determine that. But, perhaps, they will not; since it is a handy kind of doctrine; for when one prefers any particular notion, he can affirm the ex cathedra; and if he finds it inconvenient, he may take the other side. So that, as Dean Swift once wittily said, they might as well be without infallibility as not know where to find it when they want it. But then Dean Swift was a blockhead, for this kind of

moral see-sawing just answers to a nicety the views of the ecclesiastics. Still—and here is the peril—an occasion might arise to quicken men into *unanimity*, and then, ah then . . . . But I must hasten to another arm of my subject.

Now the Pope and Sir Francis Hincks have no strong liking for Orangemen. The Pope is opposed to all secret societies, and therefore institutes the greatest the world has ever known—this new 'UNIVERSAL CATHOLIC LEAGUE,' which is to 'absorb all existing associations, such as Catholic Clubs, the Militia of Jesus Christ, and the like,' with its 'centre in Rome,' and its fingers in every man's affairs.* And yet, in presence of this vivid, gigantic, all-ramifying secret society, how pales and dwarfs this little association of Orangemen.

To give some idea of the objects of the League, and of the scheme of its organization, I shall present the reader with some extracts from the London *Daily News* :

1. The centre of the league shall be at Rome.

2. The general presidence of the league shall reside in the Vatican, and, with it, the personnel of a general sectarial board.

5. The office of the general presidence shall have seven directions, each with a head division, and with secretaries.

Division first—Union of Catholic jurists ; second, Catholic workingmen's societies ; third, central committees ; fourth, Catholic regions ; fifth, diocesan functionaries ; sixth, general depot ; seventh, academic committee for the union of the learned in the scientific efforts of Catholicism.

The league shall have for its objects :

1. The defence of right and freedom in face of the laws restricting the church and the Pope. The restoration of the temporal power, of which the Pope has been despoiled in violation of the rights of the Holy See and Christianity—a restoration to be effected in the sight of justice, human and divine.

2. To expound and demonstrate the dangers of liberty falsely so-called.

3. To combat individualism.

6. To countermine the press.

9. To reunite all the forces of civilized society, its intelligence and its material resources, for the benefit of the holy cause.

10. To institute a central press for the reception and distribution of communications to all Catholic journalism.

11. To institute popular schools for technical instruction ; to institute Catholic libraries, banks for the immediate advance of money, mixed clubs of the noblesse and bourgeoisie, directing clubs for the active agents of the league, workmen's aid societies.

13. To effect the coalition of the noblesse and the clergy in the grand struggle for the freedom and ultimate empire of the church ; to consolidate the union of the clergy with the bishops, and of the bishops with the pope, 'All for One and One for All.'

14. Pecuniary largess and formation of the bonds of fellowship between the several cities, communes, boroughs, and persons, for the maintenance of the directing missionary priests, and for promoting harmony of the means of action.

15. Establishment of telegraphic bureaus in the great centres in correspondence with the central one at the Vatican, for the concurrence of all the Catholic forces in union.

The real objects, however, may be reduced to the one of Article 3—'to combat individualism.' Yes, *that* it is against which has been directed from the infancy of the world, the enginery of all the despots, political and religious, the world has ever seen—to grind down, in their mill, THE MAN ; to fuse him into the mass ; not indeed to destroy his thinking powers, but to index the direction they are to take, the groove they are to run in ; to comb him down and sleekly discipline him to the service of ecclesiasticism ; to rob himself of the brain that nature has given him, and to give him one clipped and pared to the pleasure of the Pope ; and by stinting and stunting to reduce the stalwart limbs, and so force some grand Copernicus into the breeches of a dwarf. And poor Galileo ! This man, of a free, bold intellect, had embraced the doctrine of a central sun and a rotating world. This was *then* a frightful heresy. Summoned to Rome, and the terrors of the Inquisition brought to bear on him—and he knew well what they meant—the poor, terrified soul of him, humbled and broken, uttered this shameful lie : 'With a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, *I abjure, curse, and detest* the said errors and heresies.' Had he not learned with a vengeance what 'combating individualism' meant? And is it to be wondered at if we Protestants have some repugnance to this system of de-individualization?

Article 13 simply means that, in this crusade against the liberties of mankind, 'the noblesse and the clergy,' the Aristocracies and the Ecclesiastics the world over, are to unite their forces—a new nineteenth century oligarchy of the two great castes of the world to bend their efforts to achieve for the new age what they had effected so *happily* for the old ; to issue, as it did

* Were this league to be disolved to-morrow, or to be non-existant my reasoning would not be thereby invalidated.

before, in the darkness of a night of centuries, in priestcraft and indulgences, in inquisitions and autos-da-fé ; to react again in the volcanic terrors of French Revolutions—the final outcome of the outraged feelings, the inhuman miseries, and the insulted rights of mankind. No ; we want no little Churchies with their fingers in our British pie. Stand off, gentlemen, your meddling has never been for good with us—or with any.

And for this 'holy cause' (Art. 9) is invoked the union of all the forces of civilised society, its intelligence, and its material resources. Forewarned is forearmed—said to be. *Material resources*, mark ! Yes, that sounds like business, and has a new-old ugly look about it, and summons up no very pleasant pictures of the past—of Albigenses, and Waldenses, and St. Dominics, and Philips of Spain, and Dukes of Alva, and dark deeds of horror which ring through history with wailing and warning sounds. And if Orangemen, Sir Francis, read of these things, and can put two and two together and not make five of them, is it any wonder if they are not, at all times, very calm. They are men, Sir Francis, only men. And men cannot always be as impassive as—well, to make a dash at it—as other men may require them to be ; and when, *after yielding wisely*, they find that a great wrong is done, their blood will sometimes boil. If, when poor Hackett was murdered, you and I, Sir Francis, had been Orangemen, and had gone with Orangemen to Montreal, with no intention to harm any one, only out of sympathy to our dead brother, and a resolution not to be put down while paying the last dues of sepulture to the poor dead, who had been murdered at noonday, in the midst of our civilisation (!), in a public thoroughfare of a large city, after eighteen centuries of Christian teaching, I suppose we (like the others) would have been put down by Alderman Donovan as 'blackguards and ruffians and cut-throats,' whom no law was bound to protect.

Can Alderman Donovan never look at any question from the standpoint of another ? Can he not imagine—granting even that they were absurdly mistaken—that they might have been enthusiastically earnest, all aglow with the intensity of their feelings, wound up to the point of being ready to venture all, even life itself, in the heroic resolve to stand by the right or what seemed to them the right. Armed though they were, they were only a handful among thousands armed too. They meant to do no harm and they returned without doing any—only to bury a dead brother, and with their lives in their hands, they resolved to do or *die ;* and they proved at least their manhood, if they did nothing else. All honour to the brave and true ! All honour to the men, who, whatever else they be, can look grinning death in the face, and can dare to be martyrs for a principle and to die for a right.

I have ever shewn myself the friend of Catholics ; but of Catholicism I am no friend. I consider it a religion in *clear and definite* opposition alike to the teaching of Christ and to the reason of man ; but I can feel for and with the honest Catholic. I can look at things from his standpoint, feel the rockings of his emotions, the tremblings of his heart. How *could* I be intolerant or unfeeling toward him. I say to myself, the Pope even cannot help himself ; he was born to his creed like most of us ; moulded and kneaded in soft childhood to a fixed mental cast, which became indurated with manhood and advancing years, till the twist of culture became the set of brain. How *dare* I be intolerant, then, when I know that the mere accident of birth, the geographical limits within which we are born, become the very force which determines the creed of the millions of mankind, Protestant, Papist, Turk, Greek, and Hindoo. But the man who expects me to admire the stout-hearted, iron-willed, fiery-souled Loyola, refuses his admiration to the Orangeman who dares all things for a principle, and who, judged by a true standard of right, has generally such a sense of it as the great Jesuit leader seems never to have approached. The Orangeman and the Catholic are only phases of our civilization. Both are of one blood, with the pulses of a common humanity beating beneath their skins. That they differ in opinion can scarcely be a reason why they should murder or injure or hate one another. 'The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God;' while the command, 'be pitiful,' is too often overlooked. Yet controversies ought to go on. How can I, if there be any good in me, see my neighbour possessed of an

opinion injurious to himself or to society, without trying to instill a better. I *am* 'my brother's keeper,' and he is mine. And I honour Catholics and Protestants, and all, who, believing that they possess an ennobling idea, are zealous to propagate it. I am not angry with the Pope or his subordinates for their U. C. League. Knowing, as they do, no better, they give us the best they can. Thinking that the enthralment of the intellect is for the good of the soul, they give us the decrees of Trent, with the anathemas affixed, to alarm us; and, half or whole-convinced that they alone know all things, feel themselves quite competent to undertake the education of the world.

This we Protestants dispute. We do not think them competent. We think that in the past they have shewn themselves to be failures; that they have retrograded in religion from the Christianity of Christ; that their philosophy, tethered to theology, rendered the darkness darker still; that their discipline was not such as to make us long for its recurrence; and that in science they made an awful mess of it.

In the programme of *the future*, too, we discover few indications of amendment. *Roma semper eadem* seems shining through every line and ringing in every sentence. What individual Orangemen may think I am not in a position to learn; but I do know that as a body—and growingly so—they do not wish to injure in person or estate, or to curtail the rights of, any Catholic. But Orangemen do, I think, fear, not that Catholics would injure them, but that the doctrines of the church are such, that if a time should come when it would be no longer unsafe or inexpedient or startling to the general mind to avow it, the leaders of Catholicism might revert to the old policy of persecution, with a view to force Protestants within the fold, and thus render the world once again one huge Aceldama—one vast field of blood. They hope, they hope ardently, that this day may never come; but they wish, so far as their little organization is concerned, to meet it not wholly unprepared; and, with all their faults and infirmities (and they are many), they are men of stout hearts and steady resolution, who, like Cromwell's immortal Ironsides, would never disappoint the general that led them to the fray, and who might, in any crisis, become the nucleus round which could rally, in defence of civil and religious liberty, the hosts, not of Protestantism only, but of protesting Catholics—for there are millions of such—Catholics who would tell the ecclesiastics that before they were Catholics they were *men*, that liberty was a boon too precious to be parted with for theoretic considerations, and that no man ought to be forced to lie to his conscience, or say that what he believed not, he believed.

But while we learn that a great, organized corporation, with its headquarters in the Vatican, and its ramifications throughout the civilized world; with its devoted missionaries in every city and town and village of the land, and of every land; with its keen and disciplined spirits to direct its movements to the one common end of putting everything at the feet of Rome—our religion, our institutions, our civilization, our liberties, and our laws, and of planing down all the diversities of intellect, sentiment, and aspiration to the one dead level of uniformity, to the destruction of all thought not in harmony with the thought of one man in Rome—one man who, sitting in the central office of the world, sends his mandates through a thousand wires to tell us what to do and how to think;—is Protestantism to sit by with folded arms waiting to be devoured? This is the question, I suppose, that Orangemen ask themselves. And how can they avoid this feeling of uneasiness? In one way only,—by an authoritative declaration of a complete reversal of the whole secular policy of Rome! We have here to-day the Pope's Legate. Let him declare to his Holiness the wishes of these men and of ourselves. Let him tell him that he may call us schismatics, heretics, disturbers of the peace of the church, 'the tares' of Christendom, and the enemies of religion, and that he may assail our common Protestantism by every weapon in the armory of the Vatican, wielded by all the ablest and most practised officers of his church, *if* he will only *pronounce it ex Cathedra as a principle*, that no man *ought* to enforce religion by physical penalties, and that all persecution of every kind for theological opinions is *immoral and inhuman*. Then only will there exist any solid ground for peace.

That greatest of Parliamentarians.

John Pym, said, in the famous Parliament of 1640, 'By this means a dangerous party is cherished and increased, who are ready to close with any opportunity of disturbing the peace and safety of the state. Yet he did not desire any new laws against Popery, or any rigorous courses in the execution of those already in force, he was far from seeking the ruin of their persons or estates; only he wished they might be kept in such a condition as should restrain them from doing hurt. It may be objected that there are moderate and discreet men amongst them, men of estates, such as have an interest in the peace and prosperity of the kingdom as well as we. These were not to be considered according to *their own* disposition, *but according to the nature of the body whereof they are parties.* The planets have several and particular motions of their own, *yet are they* all rapt and transported into a contrary course by *the superior orb which comprehends them all.*' So, he adds, 'the Pope's command will move them, *against their own* private disposition; yea, against their own reason and judgment, to obey *him.*'

Now this was the deliberate judgment of one of the coolest and calmest brains in England—of a student of history and of man, who, looking at his subject on all sides of it, and weighing well every fact in its every aspect, drew the only conclusion he thought warranted by the facts. And if this subtle and powerful athlete can find no means of escaping the toils of the retiarius, is it to be wondered at if a few uninstructed Orangemen feel sometimes impatient and inclined to snap their fingers at it all. But then, Sir Francis, 'Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit,' even possibly yourself.

Was this conclusion of the great Pym the result of ancient prejudice? We shall see presently. Mr. Gladstone lately published a pamphlet with the object mainly of proving that the late Vatican decree of infallibility, and of the obligation of passive submission in all things to the will of the Pontiff on the part of every Catholic, had changed the whole aspect of Catholicism towards the civil rulers of every country; and that 'the world at large . . . are entitled *on purely civil grounds* to expect from Roman Catholics some declaration or manifestation of opinion, in reply to that ecclesiastical party in their church, who have laid down, *in their name*, principles adverse to the purity and integrity of civil government.' He also showed that at the period when a generous public wished to grant Catholic Emancipation, and when some Protestants, taking these views of Mr. Pym, got alarmed, 'the eminent and able Bishop Doyle did not scruple to write as follows: 'We are taunted with the proceedings of Popes. What, my Lord, have we Catholics to do with the proceedings of Popes, or why should *we* be made accountable for *them.*' Now this might seem to lead to the inference that British Protestants were by these representations deceived, or *misled.*

To this question, Lord Acton,* a Catholic nobleman, replies thus: 'Dear Mr. Gladstone, ... the doctrines against which you are contending *did not begin with the Vatican Council.* At the time when the Catholic oath was repealed, the Pope had *the same right and power* to excommunicate those who denied his authority *to depose princes* that he possesses *now.* The writers most esteemed at Rome held that doctrine as *an article of faith*; a modern Pontiff has affirmed that it cannot be abandoned without *taint of heresy*, and that those who questioned and restricted his authority in *temporal* matters, were *worse* than those that rejected it in spirituals, and accordingly men suffered *death for this* cause as others did for blasphemy and atheism. . . . . I will explain my meaning by an example. A Pope who lived in Catholic times, and who is famous in history as the author of the first crusade, decided that it is no murder to *kill* excommunicated persons. This rule was incor-

* The question which Lord Acton had to answer was, as adopted and expressed in his own letter, the following:' How shall we persuade the Protestants that we are not acting *in defiance of honour and good faith* if, having declared that infallibility was *not* an article of our faith, *while* we were contending for our rights, we should, *now that we have got what we wanted, withdraw from* our public declaration, and affirm the contrary.' But he thinks (and I think) that 'there has been, and I believe there is still, some exaggeration in the idea men form of the agreement in thought and deed which authority *can* accomplish. As far as decrees, censures, and persecution could commit the Court of Rome, it was committed to the denial of the Copernican system.' Such is his statement. Nevertheless, as he shows, *nous avons changé tout cela.* I ought to add that here and elsewhere I have taken the privilege of italicising freely.

porated in *the Canon law*. . . It appears in *every* reprint of the "Corpus Juris." It has been for 700 years, and *continues to be*, part of the Ecclesiastical law. Far from having been a *dead letter*, it obtained a new *application* in the days of the Inquisition. . . . . Pius V., the only Pope who had been proclaimed a *saint* for many centuries, having deprived Elizabeth, commissioned *an assassin to take her life*; and his next successor, on learning that the Protestants were being massacred in France, pronounced the action *glorious and holy*, but comparatively barren of results; and *implored* the king, during two months, by his nuncio and his legate, to carry the work on to the bitter end, until every Huguenot had recanted or *perished*.' In short, he argues that Protestants *ought not* to have been misled.

But why quote more, and worse, of what is utterly sickening, and which degrades Christianity into literal Thugism. If this had been written by an Orangeman, half the world and Sir Francis would cry 'shame,' and would feel bound to protest against it as an insult and most disgraceful caricature. Yet it is the statement of an able and courteous Catholic Nobleman. But is Sir Francis Hincks's indignation so wholly expended on Orangemen that he has none left for this? No swellings of indignation? No word of censure, or reproof? Yet what, compared with this, is our little Orange affair, even (say) with its ascendancy, and colours, and regalia? Is there not in it, Sir Francis, much to justify the utmost extravagance imputed to the most extreme Orangeman in his most excited moments? But I believe there are millions of Catholic people who repudiate these doctrines of ecclesiastics, and I cannot help hoping that the enlightenment which is gaining ground, the advanced statesmanship of the age, the pity of the human heart, the sense of justice that is born with us, the growing knowledge of the foundations of belief, the principles of toleration inculcated by Christ and by all the good and wise of every age, and the public conscience of Christendom, will present such a moral inertia of resistance to this mad fever-movement of Ecclesiasticism, as will save the world from the worst evil that can befall it—a government of priests. Do they imagine at Rome that the world is a toy for them to play with? Do ecclesiastics forget that for evoking such a spirit the world would hold *them* responsible? that they would not be those who would suffer least or last? that reprisals and fearful vengeance would take the place of law and peace? and that society itself must cease to exist, were their theories to be reduced to practice?

But if Catholic Theologians think that some verse in the Bible leads to this stupendous and inhuman result, how much wiser, *if driven to it*, to believe that such isolated passage—not having any necessary connection with what goes before or follows after—had been inserted into the text, by mistake, from some marginal or interlined comment of an early copyist of a New Testament manuscript, and so had crept into general adoption; or even by design, in the interest of priest-power or of a foregone conclusion, as, beyond all reasonable doubt, some texts have crept in,—than to believe that God has handed over mankind, tied hand and foot, absolutely, unreservedly, for their belief and their conduct, their political institutions, and social and domestic arrangements, for their literature and their science—for it comes to that—to one man of a succession of men, some of whom were, acknowledgedly, foolish men, some indifferently good, and some bad men. It is a notion so extraordinary that every man of strong sense rejects it as an absurdity *in limine*, no matter by whom or by what asserted.

I am no theologian. I only try to understand the meaning of a passage in the Bible as I would that of a passage in any ancient book—of Xenophon or Horace, say—by text and context interpreted by common sense, and in that way I have questioned the text 'hear the Church,' and tried to elicit its meaning. But I should like to put a question to the Pope. You Pius the 9th have *much* faith. Now a text of Scripture affirms that if you have only a *grain* of faith, you can remove a mountain (Matth. xvii, 20). Now—I drop the second person as seemingly irreverent—there are Vesuvius and the Himalayas—dont laugh; it is a subject more properly for tears—let him try his hand on *them*, for is it not a text as clear as 'thou art Peter.' There are many engineering difficulties in the world where it would be very convenient to employ this power. Let him transplant Vesuvius—the

farmers in its neighbourhood, I am sure, would not complain—into the deadly Pontine Marshes at his very door, and he will do more towards removing the Unbelief of the Orangemen in him than by a thousand musty tomes of bog logic in bog latin. Why spend his time in weaving moonbeams into arguments, when practical life lies before him, where he can be, if he has the tiniest grain of faith, of real assistance. But why all this? I reply, in order to shew how a *theologian*—and, a fortiori, a thousand theologians hair-splitting for a thousand years—lighting on a text of obscure meaning, can wring out of it any absurdity by hammering at it with a will; for if, after all, he can force nothing out of it, he can at least force something into it, and from 'thou art Peter' can prove that the Pope is divinely warranted to govern the outer and inner life of every man in the world. And because Orangemen have an inaptitude for such a belief, it only shews what stupid and bad men Orangemen must be; or even that they have forfeited the right to be at all.

Still I never favoured Orangism. I thought that playing their party tunes hardly edified our Catholic fellow-citizens, that it did not exhibit Protestantism in its most amiable and winning form, and that it was provocative of counter displays. I thought it unnecessarily offensive, and therefore not in good taste; that some of the leaders were using their humbler brethren for political ends; and that their gatherings were at times accompanied by some of those baleful evils of social gatherings generally. But these are only accidental to such meetings, not essentials of the organization, and will, I have reason to hope, where wrong, be discontinued and improved. But when they celebrate among themselves 'the Battle of the Boyne;' when they talk of the brave deeds, and enduring fortitude, and resolute courage. and unflinching faith of the men, often their forefathers, who fought for their principles in that bloody fight, it is not in human nature for them not to feel the elation of the hour. It was a conflict pregnant with big consequences to them and to the world. But here I must go back a little.

The wars of religion (really of theology) in France and Germany, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the Marian persecution in England, the wholesale slaughter paying off old scores not a few in Ireland, had led Protestants to believe that public security was compatible only with Catholic disability to hurt. Catholics, on the other hand, bleeding under the persecutions of Elizabeth and the remorseless slaughter at Drogheda, the sufferings of their priests and the constant irritations and fearful hardships of penal laws, believed that their only hopes lay in victory and James; while the Protestants looked to William of Orange for relief from the despotism and cruelty of Jeffreys and James. Hearts and hopes beat high on both sides, while, shrouded in the darkness of the uncertain future, arose before the perturbed spirit many a spectre of possible despair. And when the battle was won—a battle which, had it gone against us, might possibly have reversed the whole course of English history and the very currents of the world—is it any wonder that the memory of it should have burnt itself into the hearts and brains of the descendants of those who had risked life and all things on the issue of that fight? No: it is one of those things that men never can, and never ought to be expected to, forget.

And with what results to Catholics *to-day*? We have flung our fears to the wind, stripped ourselves of every special safeguard of the constitution, and ventured all on the open ocean of peril and the future, for the sake of putting every Catholic on the soil of Britain on a full footing of equality with ourselves. The seed sown then has grown into a tree of liberty for all, flowering and fruiting for Protestant and Catholic alike. So that, as an outcome of the whole, Catholics may listen, without too much discomposure, to the victory of the Boyne; and Orangemen, without being 'ruffians and blackguards,' may be allowed their thankfulness and their triumph. Still their triumph will, I hope, be tempered with that modesty of demeanor which sits so well on the truly manful soul. But 'Croppies lie down' belongs to another age, when the sword of final arbitrament is unsheathed and argument has ceased. It is offensive, and therefore wrong. Still, there were, I believe, few, if any, who knew the words or the import of the tune they played or heard. It must be remembered, too, that we are all of us only emer

ging slowly out of the less wholesome atmosphere of the past.

But to return. A principal object contemplated by this 'U. C. League' is "the restoration of the temporal power' of the Pope (Art. 1). That is, he is to be forced by the bayonets of foreigners, by whom he is little known, upon the people of Rome, who know him well—who know him so well that they don't want him; indeed, want anything rather than *him.* Would this be just or patriotic? How should we in Canada like to have a government forced on *us* by foreigners? The people of Rome are Catholics. Rome for a thousand years has been the very focus and head-quarters of Catholicism; and yet the whole combined teaching of Pope, and Priests, and Jesuits, has not been able to reconcile the Romans to the government of the Pope. Has this no lesson for Catholics? Whereas Garibaldi, without ancient prestige, with nothing to recommend him but his brave naked soul, his disinterestedness, and his truth, is a name of magic, loved and all but worshipped *there.* And he lives to-day THE FRIEND OF MAN; while Rome, in the ecclesiastical sense, is the moral solecism of this nineteenth century, and a standing menace to the world.

In the famous Syllabus and Encyclical of the present Pope, all are condemned 'who maintain the liberty of the press,' 'of conscience,' 'of worship,' 'of speech,' . . . . or 'that the church may not employ force,' . . . . or 'that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization,' . . . . or that in 'countries called Catholic the free exercise of their religions may laudably be allowed' (see Mr. Gladstone's 'Expostulation'). Now, if these doctrines of the Popedom are to come into practice—and the Pope seems terribly in earnest—we have come to this pass, that either civil government will be brought to a dead lock, or that the sword will have to be drawn in defence of human liberties and rights. Does he want, or does he not want, a return of the happy times; that a Pope of Rome may put the Kingdom of England, the Republic of the United States, and the Empire of Russia under the terrors and confusion of an *Interdict?*—a return to times when men's sense of right—for you may educate or de-educate a man to almost anything—will be so perverted that the most appalling crimes, if committed by the *clergy* and tried by the ordinary tribunals of law and justice, will horrify the mind ecclesiastical?—a return to the times of Becket? 'Then'—I quote from the historian Froude—'then,' say Becket's despairing biographers, 'was seen the mournful spectacle of priests and deacons, who had committed murder, manslaughter, theft, robbery, and other crimes, carried in carts before the King's commissioners and punished as if they had been ordinary men!' To us this reads as if they had been enjoying the drollery of the thing! but, no, this was their solemn belief. *As if they had been ordinary men!* Truly may it be said that man is the creature of his circumstances, when that featherless biped can be reduced to think like this! Yet to us it seems a climax of pervertibility hardly reachable by any mortal. But not so; the churchman-mind is not governed by ordinary rules. He has a little world and an ideal of his own; and he dwells and dreams apart; and he does some wonderful feats of thinking; and he looks at this, his microcosm, so long and so lovingly, and it is so near to him, and the big world of life and reality and other men so far away, that the one looms up before him bigger and bigger as he looks, and the other fades into the far off, until the mighty Sirius in the distance is no bigger than a speck. And what cares he for your arguments, and science, and facts? They do not belong to *his world.* Besides, he has a faith-menstruum of his own—a universal celestial solvent—by which he can melt down the hardest facts in the universe, and thus mould and shape them to fit any theory he adopts. And this practice of mental legerdemain keeps growing into a habit of universal perversion,' until, at last, the world becomes so topsy-turvied that things stand in reversed order to his mind; and hence he thinks, without a consciousness of its absurdity, how 'mournful a spectacle' it is, that judges should punish ecclesiastics for crimes 'as if they were ordinary men.' No: we should have an *imperium in imperio* for our murder-committing *saints*—an exceptional rule for the demigods of humanity, in whose veins forever courses the ichor of the gods. But what stupid louts our Orangemen, that they cannot recognize this beauty of the coming age! Why, Sir, such men see little

to be grateful for in the goings on of Pope's Legates in the good old times (King John, Act iii.), when a minister of Rome could say (Act v., scene 1):

'It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope:
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.'

And so they blew the tempest up or made fair weather, to suit the whim or interest of Rome, and make or mar the welfare of the world.

Speak I thus to wound? Nothing can be farther from my thoughts. But I wish to warn, where I think the danger demands it. There are so many Catholics—many of them old friends—whom willingly I would not offend. But, if there be any manhood in me, I must speak out freely what I think, and what they do not believe, that their great leaders hold these views, and are pushing things to all extremities. Catholic laymen and the better-informed and more liberal of their teachers ought to make themselves heard before it is too late. But, happen what will, a good dose of truth is good for all men; and, if what I write be false, no one will be more pleased than I shall be to see it proved so. If true, they can come over to my side. They are not bound to this Catholicism as to a profession or trade which they have learned and cannot readily give up to take to another. If I have anything to impart, I am bound to impart it: emasculated thought is no proper thought at all. I know that Catholics do not realize the consequences to mankind of the theories of Rome. They accept things as they are, without thinking very much about them in a questioning way. It is the religion of their parents and their grandparents, and their earliest and strongest and gentlest sentiments of awe and reverence twine themselves round it, and, possibly, round some high-souled teacher or gentle nun, who represents to their minds the highest exemplars of all that is purest and noblest in humanity. And they hear of a Xavier in India wearing himself out in the service of the faith, and of an Elizabeth of Hungary, purest and saintliest of women; and they read the lives of the saints, and they think that Christianity could never have become corrupted with armies of priests and bishops to keep it pure; and they read of that arch-rebel and apostate, Luther; and they shudder as they read.

But they read little of church history, and know not that widespread ignorance, and superstition, and ambition, and intrigue, and false doctrine, and a foolishness and childishness unimaginable of teachers and of taught, stamp nearly every chapter of the history of the church, till, what with the crimes and licentiousness of some Popes, the grasping selfishness of ecclesiastics, and the dense ignorance throughout, things had reached such a climax as to justify Luther in making that REFORMATION so sadly needed by the church. In the fifteenth century, at the general council of Pisa, the Bishop of Novara said, that 'our former Popes had *disregarded the honour of God and the good of Christianity, and had broken their oaths.*' The Lord Cardinal of Florence said, that 'the church must be *reformed in faith and morals, in the head and members.*' In the sixteenth century (A.D. 1512, only five years before the great Reformation itself), Pope Julius II. declared that he 'had nothing more at heart than that . . . the state of the Roman Church should be *reformed;*' and the Bishop of Modrusch, at the fifth council of Lateran, under Pope Leo X., A.D. 1513, urged the need of reformation, for that 'faith, piety, and religion had grown so cold . . . that *scarcely any vestiges of them remain.*' If we be asked, then, why Luther set about reforming the Church of Rome, I say because the Pope of Rome had said that it *ought* to be reformed; and if he was infallible, the more reason why Luther should act upon his advice. But though Bishop, Cardinal, and Pope, with hosts of others, had alike testified to the need of reformation, yet Luther is held up to reprobation, because, only four years after the last quoted utterance, he did in good earnest, with all the tremendous energy of the man, commence that very REFORMATION—a reformation '*in faith and morals, in the head and members;*' for, once commenced, his soul all afire, when he made a sweep, he made a clean one.

Noble Luther, how little do they know of thee! That great, solid soul of thine, with its force and fearlessness and straight-seeing, how wholly incomprehensible to the

scholastic mind weaving cobwebs. Poor, simple-hearted Luther, when first he heard of Tetzel with his indulgences for sale, bartering sins for gold, how horribly shocked and indignant he was. And he appealed against him to Archbishop and Pope; but since it was Pope Leo himself who had 'sent his letters and bulls with ample promises of the full pardon of sins, and of eternal salvation to such as would purchase them with money' (Sleidan), his appeal was in vain. And soon his eyes began to open, and ever more and more, to the tremendous wrongs and errors of the Roman Church: and this imposition on credulity, this trampling on the rights of conscience, roused the spirit, and braced the energies, and nerved the arm, and lifted the voice of this noble man, and he tore half Europe from the Papacy; and that spirit of his awakened a kindred sympathy in many a soul, and hearts of oak and heads of vigour gathered round this leader—this born king of men—and he became the emancipator of Christendom and the benefactor of mankind. A stranger to fear, when his friends advised him, in their alarm, not to go to Worms, whither were assembling the Emperor and the Princes and the Pope's legate and the great ones of the earth, before whom he was to be tried, Luther replied, 'If there were as many devils between here and Worms as there are tiles on the houses, I would go.' And he went.

He had, it is true, his infirmities of intellect and of character, and he did not know all that we and Sir Francis Hincks know to-day. Granted! Yet it was a most roomy soul—a soul full of all sublimities and generosities and, withal, of sweet feminine gentleness. But he belonged to a rough age, and if he was too strong against some men and tore their small sophistries to shreds, it was because he scorned their littlenesses and pitied the entangled weak. And when in that august assembly at Worms, of the princes and nobles of the empire, how grand and colossal he looks—growing with the occasion, and equal always to every event; while the politic Erasmus, the friend of Rome, writes of him: '*the life* of the man is extolled even by those who cannot bear his doctrines.' But Luther, who did not wholly like Erasmus or his ways, said, 'Erasmus always tries to walk on eggs without cracking them.' Need I say that it was not a feat that Luther ever attempted. His genius lay in quite another line. I fear indeed that he—this terrible Luther—was half an Orangeman; and wholly one, on the question of civil rights. Let *them* be touched, and you would hear that trumpet voice of his from Gaspe to Sarnia, and over the Rocky Mountains, and in every outskirt valley and sequestered shanty of our land; and, while snorting his defiance, you would then believe, Sir, that on this question hung issues . . . . well, much more important than Sir Francis Hincks may believe. And how that big, burly thinker would close with our deft-handed and quite capable-in-his-way Sir Francis, and how with his '*Romanus civis sum*,' he would batter him as he was used to batter his adversaries of old. And when Sir Francis retires to a distance and fires what he deems a round shot at him, Luther shouts, 'What, Sir Francis, do you think to knock me over with a soap-bubble;' and he laughs his great hearty laugh: 'try again, man.' And again Sir Francis tries with a heavier shot. And again he shouts, 'Try again, Sir Francis; but take my dimensions better than to think to upset me with that paper-pellet'; and Sir Francis tries a third time, and—wishes in fact that he had never tried at all. For with this big Teuton setting his great feet squarely down on the solid earth, what avail your soap-bubbles, or paper-pellets, or sky-rockets of any kind? And then he gives one of his great good-humoured but half-contemptuous laughs; and he strokes him down half-playfully—but it seems horse-play to Sir Francis—with his *Romanus civis sum*. You feel grieved in your soul, because a handful of Orangemen parade your streets a few times, since it vexes the souls of your citizens, who, instead of being nobly tolerant, take it so terribly to heart; but you seem never to have asked yourself how many times, for the last fifty years—when, on the Fête Dieu, the host is borne on high—are the streets so wholly thronged, that Protestants are not able to reach their homes or places of worship through them; and how many have been forced on their knees; and how many hats knocked off and heads hurt by the long staffs of the Catholic beadles? And have you never lifted up your voice against this, Sir Francis? But if you mean that Rome is to

have a monopoly of such displays, and that she may tread with impunity on every man's corns, then I say again, *Romanus civis sum*, and claim from others the same rights that I grant; and more than that, I will enforce them; aye, and if it be necessary, by another battle of the Boyne. We are the peacefullest creatures in the word, if let alone; but we will take no nonsense. We hold our lives *by sufferance* in presence of that gigantic organisation. Yet you, Sir Francis, say nothing about *it*, but a great deal about our very small Orange affair. And what a reversal of the whole order of things, to make such a hubbub about a rat in your hen-loft, while you suffer a lion rampant to ravage your flocks and herds! Or is it that you can chase the one with impunity, but that the other you dare not confront? Come out and beard this lion, and no longer will we hold you cheap.

And then he turns round on the others. Am I to be a civis in Toronto or Halifax, and not in Montreal or Quebec? May I wear what I like, and praise what I think praiseworthy, and say what I wish about that great, resolute man, who, through a storm of bullets, fought with and for my forefathers and the right and me, if I think well to do so, granting the same right to others, which they take care to use, and abuse *too*? May I do this only among my own kith and kin—only where we are more numerous and have private friends to back us? Am I a British citizen only where public sentiment runs with me, but when that sentiment runs counter to me, does Britain relieve herself of the peril of my defence? Is the ægis of her power to be held *between me and murder*, only when I need not her protection; but as soon as the balance inclines the other way, am I to be flung adrift, an outcast and an outlaw—a Huss or a Jerome, without sign-manual or safe-conduct which king or council or populace is bound to respect.

What we want is, not to suppress or be suppressed, but only a fair, open world for ourselves and all men. Nothing more we want, nothing less we'll take.

J. A. Allen.

SELMA:

A TALE OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

VII.

THEY YIELD TO FATE.

. . . Thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main.
—*Tennyson.*

Walter's case would have been desperate indeed had he not prospered under the care of two such nurses as Maurice Smith and Selma. One or other of them was always at his side, ministering to his wants, or trying to beguile the languid hours with every device which kindness could contrive,—Smith in his calm, uneffusive way, and Selma with an eager tenderness which she did not now strive to conceal.

Nor did Mary Jane withhold her sympathy and assistance, for although she never so far overcame her apprehensions as to venture alone and unprotected into the sick man's presence, she cheerfully performed such services on his account as were not inconsistent with decorum.

To Jacob fell the task of bringing the doctor every day from the Point, and taking him back again, a duty which he performed with a due sense of responsibility. In his solitary meditations during the long rows thus rendered necessary, Jacob arrived at a private theory of his own

as to the cause of the accident. He suspected that Mr. Dean carried with him one of those convenient instruments known as 'pocket-pistols,' which gentlemen could always produce from somewhere about their persons, and that, if the truth were told, it was this dangerous weapon to which the young gentleman's injuries might be attributed. He confided his opinion to Anatole, in the seclusion of that individual's light-boat, and Anatole hastened to confirm it. Jacob was further strengthened in his view when Mr. Dean informed him one morning that as soon as he was well he proposed to carry him (Jacob) to the nearest Temperance Lodge, in order that they might 'swear off' together. After this a sense of his danger kept Jacob remarkably steady.

But there was one person who never came near the patient, nor Jacob's Island, as long as he was there, and that was Anatole.

'It ain't as Anatole don't feel interested, Mr. Dean,' Jacob apologized, 'for when I told him what had happened, I never see a man so took back. He got as white as this here counterpin, and he ketched me by the arm, and he says, says Anatole, in his kinder pious French way, "Holy Mother! don't say he won't get well," and I says, "Be easy on that point, Anatole, he's as spry as ever he was, barring a game leg, and a dashed sight spryer than ever you'll be;" and Anatole he seemed mighty glad to hear that, for he let go my arm, and heaved a powerful sigh, and run his hand over his eyes—so!'

'Anatole is sorry for you, I'm sure,' said Selma the charitable, 'and all the more because you were not very good friends. Perhaps he keeps away on that account, and because he fancies you wouldn't care to see him. I don't think we understand Anatole.'

'No, I don't think we do,' said Walter, drily, and the subject was dropped.

We know in what a conflict of feeling Selma had been left when Walter had bidden her good-bye. Like Walter, she had tried to convince herself that what seemed unattainable was not an object of her wishes, and had refused to admit to herself that the result of a week's association with that graceful idler, was a desire in her heart to live the rest of her life by his side. This regret for his absence, she had told herself in her self-examination, was no doubt due to the fact that he was the representative of a world of brightness and refinement for which she sometimes sighed, and to which, in his company, she seemed to be nearer, rather than to any personal regard she felt towards Walter himself. This being the case, with the return of active duties peace of mind would also come back to her. Thus had she reasoned with herself, though not without faltering. Perhaps she was right, and was not very much in love with Walter Dean. That passion, like any other, has degrees, and she may not have reached the superlative or comparative stage; perhaps not even the positive. In that event her actions in the boathouse were somewhat inexplicable. It may be so, but she was a woman, and this chronicler does not undertake to account for every feminine impulse.

But however dubious and unsettled her feelings towards Walter may have been, it is certain that when she found he was to be left for an indefinite period in her care, helpless and dependent, though not in actual danger, her heart leapt up with a gladness which she felt to be reprehensible under the circumstances. The wounded youth's own demeanour under the trial of pain and enforced inaction, was such as would have charmed a colder heart than Selma's. His gentleness, patience, gratefulness, and gaiety amazed even Smith, who thought he knew him. It was in such circumstances as these, indeed, that whatever of firmness and sweetness there was in Walter's disposition was displayed. When he found that he must remain a prisoner to his bed and tent for some weeks, dependent upon the good offices of others, he resigned himself to his lot with complete good humour, and seemed to have but one thought—how he could trouble his friends as little as possible. He made light of his own condition, and magnified the services of those who ministered to his needs. He was as thankful to receive as he was reluctant to exact the smallest attention.

He allowed no twinge of pain, no weariness, to draw a murmur from his lips, but met his troubles with a humour that never failed, even if there was sometimes a touch of pathos in it. In fact there never was a patient on whose weakness it was more of

a labour of love to wait. Mary Jane lost her heart completely, and confided the fact with despondency to a trusted friend. Poor Selma said nothing, but she felt that if this pallid, even-tempered youth was fascinating in health, in sickness he had the spell of an enchanter.

But the unsuspecting Smith forever set at rest the question, if the matter were really doubtful, whether Selma should bestow her affections without reserve on Walter Dean.

In conversation soon after the accident, he disclosed the real reason why Walter had swum the river, assuming, as a matter of course, that Selma knew it. When she heard the truth she fairly trembled; she became dizzy with a rush of sensations. Then he really cared about her? In her worldly wisdom she had distrusted his sincerity, frank as his admiration was; but young gentlemen, however inclined to trifling, were not in the habit of risking their lives to bid one good-bye, in pure levity! The performance, insignificant as it was in Walter's opinion, assumed in her eyes the dimensions of a deed of chivalry. It even occurred to her that she was really the cause of all his sufferings. If he had not crossed the stream for her sake, he would not have stumbled over the rocks in the dark. And she had dared to find fault with him for his hardihood! Well, she still blamed him, but with a very different appreciation of the offence. When she reflected on what had come to her knowledge, she felt strangely humbled and grateful, self-reproachful and fond.

If he had gone away from her for ever on that dreadful night, she would have striven to forget him; she believed that she would have succeeded. And sometimes now she felt horrified to think that this might have happened. However, Providence had ordained that he should not be taken from her; that he should be left with her in a state which appealed to all womanly compassion and loving-kindness. What right had she to withhold them; it could never be intended that she should. There might be separation, sorrow in the future; for the present, she yielded to circumstances. She consented to be floated down the stream, and resigned herself to the luxury of loving.

Walter accepted the situation like a philosopher. The combination of circumstances which had brought him to his present position he recognized as Fate, and the end to which they seemed to point he called Manifest Destiny. When events were looked at under this comfortable nomenclature, it was obvious that it would be disagreeable, if not impious, to try and oppose them. In his languid state this view of things suited him. He was not strong enough to challenge objections and obstacles, and grapple with them; so he quietly permitted them to remain out of sight. He too yielded to Fate.

He lay there day after day, drinking in every motion, glance, word of Selma's as he drank in the cool air and the sunlight; and it would be hard to say which were the more effective medicaments. There were times when Walter felt that he did not want to get altogether well. What had life to offer more agreeable than to lie in the restful langour of convalescence, soothed by the low musical voice of the girl he loved, or musing with half-shut eyes on the beloved outlines of her face and figure. He could have put up with that sort of thing for any length of time. But, as we know, Walter Dean was reprehensibly lazy.

However, no such unworthy desire was to be gratified, for each day, if it left him deeper in love, also left him, after the first week of prostration, steadily regaining strength and recovering from his wounds. Soon after the mishap he had been moved into the tent at his own express wish, that he might not inconvenience the inmates of the cottage. Maurice slept on a mattrass laid on the ground beside his bed. The tent stood beneath a spreading beech, shaded from the midsummer sun, and penetrated by the pure invigorating breeze which hardly ever slept on the St. Lawrence.

Something more than three weeks had elapsed since he had been hurt, when Walter announced that he was not going to allow Smith to waste any more time on Jacob's Island. The injured shoulder was quite sound again; the leg gave no trouble; indeed, in a day or two the patient was to rise from his bed, and a pair of crutches had been procured to enable him to limp about a little.

'My dear boy,' Walter said, 'you don't know how selfish I seem to myself to be, keeping you here and spoiling all your holi-

days. You need a change. Upon my word, I don't believe you are looking as well as I am. You get off to the sea-side now, and take a breath of sea-air before you commence work again. I know you intended to do that. Never mind me; I only want quiet, and I can get lots of that here. In two weeks I shall be off home, forgetting that I ever had an unsound member.'

Smith hesitated for a while whether to act upon this suggestion or not, but after some further discussion and reflection, he agreed that he might just as well take his departure. Indeed he had for some time been conscious of the fact that he was filling the part of that superfluous third person who is proverbially credited with spoiling company, and that was a species of self-abnegation against which even Maurice Smith's unselfishness sometimes revolted.

'One thing you must promise me,' he said.

'All right. What is it? You know the graceful ease with which I make promises.'

'It is this—Jacob must sleep in the tent.'

Walter mused for a moment.

'I know what you mean. He may do so, but I have a presentiment that our midnight assassin won't break any more oars over people's heads for a time. He has a regard for his own skin if he hasn't for other people's.'

'Well, he seems to have been relieved to hear that you weren't killed. We ought to prosecute the fellow, Walter.'

'What's the use, so long as this leg comes out all right. I really bear the poor wretch no grudge. Besides, where's the proof? By the way, in relating my adventure I think you had better let people suppose it was accidental.'

After some further conversation Walter said gravely,

'Maurice, I want you to take a letter to my father.'

'You ought to have let him know about the accident before.'

'My people have been away, or of course they would have known. But they should be at home now.' After a pause in which he seemed to be deliberating how he would go on, Walter continued, 'My letter contains something much more important than the news of my accident.'

'Yes?'

'Maurice, the letter is to inform my father that, if she will have me, I intend to make Selma Meres my wife.'

Smith dropped his eyes and said nothing.

'I know that you can hardly approve my conduct,' Walter proceeded, in a gentle but resolute tone; 'I have not forgotten our interview on the other side of the river, and indeed I have intended to apologize ——'

'Please say nothing more about that,' Smith said, shortly; 'I believe I acted like an interfering prig.'

'You did not. You acted like a true friend. You undertook a disagreeable duty for my sake, and I requited you ill. But I want you to believe, Maurice, that I had fully decided to take my leave of Jacob's Island for ever that night. I had said good bye, not without an effort, and would have crossed to the yacht had not my rival intervened.'

Smith laughed, and Walter went on in a more lively manner:

'What amuses me is, that Anatole should have so completely defeated his own purpose. There never was an engineer more effectually hoist with his own petard. If he had let me alone, I should have relieved him of my obnoxious presence. He chose to tap me on the head, and here I am, prepared to carry off the prize in the face of all the monsters that ever crawled.'

'Including me.'

'No, no, old fellow,' said Walter laughing, 'I don't classify you under that head; though I may if you don't at once give a smiling assent to my plans.'

'Well, Walter,' Smith said, and he did smile, though with a rather perplexed air, 'I think I must leave you to your own counsels in the matter. I believe you will do what is right.'

'Don't you see, Maurice,' exclaimed Walter eagerly, 'that the matter has gone quite out of my control. When I was master of my own actions I strove to break away from the charm of this place, but —*l'homme propose, Dieu dispose.* It was otherwise decreed. I am brought back in spite of myself, and subjected to influences which no man could withstand, unless it might be yourself.'

Smith smiled a little bitterly. It was a habit of Walter's to deny to Smith the possession of ordinary human weaknesses, and Smith sometimes resented it.

'It is quite clear,' Walter continued,

'that we are intended for each other. I know what my feelings are ; I think I am pretty sure of hers. Now, I have no ambition to be a Prometheus and defy fate. I yield gracefully. As for Esther, I am satisfied that she has ceased to think of me. We have never corresponded since she has been away. There is nothing between us which in the eyes of the world could be considered an engagement. I believe that neither of us would now desire it ; we should not suit each other. She was always rather too cool, dispassionate, statuesque for my taste.'

'Oh, Walter !'

'What's the matter, Cassius?'

'I wish I had not such an inconvenient memory. It is very embarrassing to have to remind you how you used to say, quoting Clive Newcome, that you would never have a fussy, enthusiastic woman for your wife; you wanted a calm, still, self-possessed beauty, whom you might admire as a picture; one who would never be vulgarized by getting heated with commonplace emotions.'

'Did I ever talk that way? Well I don't want a fussy woman, but, as I have none myself, I don't mind a little enthusiasm.'

'I am surprised at this change of opinion, knowing how constant, firm, unalterable your sentiments are as a rule.'

'Come now, none of your irony.'

'There's just one thing, Dean. As I don't possess the ordinary human feelings, you won't think it disagreeable of me to suggest it.'

'Oh, I'm hardened against your brutality.'

'Miss Selma—who, I will say, deserves a better fate than to be thrown away on you—has a vast reverence for Miss Lansing. She ought to have, for she owes a good deal to her. Are you certain that she will consent to come in and deprive Miss Lansing of a lover, more especially when he is such a fascinating, noble, superior creature—

'That'll do ; I know my merits. That little difficulty will be got over,' said Walter airily.

'Magnificent self-complacency ! If self-confidence is the secret of power, you might rule the world ! I suppose then you have informed Miss Meres of the facts, and know her views.'

'Well—no. I haven't said anything about the matter—yet. But it will be all right,' and Walter affected to yawn.

But at the same time Walter asked himself uneasily if it was certain that that little difficulty would be smoothly got over. He was foolish not to have confided the whole matter to Selma at the very first. Then, whatever happened, he would not be in danger of losing her esteem by an act of deception on his part. Well, as he had deferred the information so long, it would be better to say nothing about it—at present. He would arrange everything with Esther, who must, of course, be complaisant, and Selma need never know anything about that unimportant *affaire de cœur* at all.

Maurice Smith packed his valise and went away, and after he had gone, Walter sang the praises of his friend with such earnestness, that Selma admired and liked him all the better for it.

We have said that when any sacrifice was necessary, Maurice Smith was looked to by his friends as the person who would naturally bear the burden of it. Nor was this singular in the case of a man who, with most of the gifts which command success in this world, was fatally deficient in two most material qualities, self-assertion and the feeling of self-interest. His life indeed seemed to be a constant unostentatious sacrifice of self, either to the advantage of others, or to his own convictions. His disposition in this respect, apart from his coolness and judgment, made him a favorite on a yacht, where a selfish man is odious, more odious than a succession of calms, or a two days' thrash to windward. If any one were inclined to be lazy—and that is known to happen on a yacht—he took care that Smith's watch should precede his, for he was much wanting in management if he failed to get Smith to stay on deck an hour or two beyond his time.

So in his profession, the law, Maurice had declined the offer of a good partnership, because, happening to be in court one day, he heard the senior of the firm make a gross misuse of some evidence before a jury ! People who knew that Smith had ability, wondered that he did not 'get on!' He delighted in law as an abstract study ; but the wrangling, the pettiness, the chicanery of litigation were utterly distasteful to him. Thus, though he had as much business of an uncontentious sort as he desired

—he had some small private means besides —he did not come to the front as an advocate, and allowed men with foreheads as brazen as a bell, and tongues as tireless as the clapper, but without a tithe of his capacity, to pass him in the race.

He had, moreover, a profound sense of the littleness of the prizes which in his own country ambition might hope to win. It had been expected that he would enter political life, for few young men have commenced their career with higher prestige then he. A great statesman, who exercised a vast control over men by an astonishing skill in the art of pleasing their self-esteem, had once shaken him by the hand quite publicly, had addressed him without the 'Mister,' had told him a good story, and invited him to drink. But on meditation Smith decided that public life was not in his line. In truth he held somewhat peculiar views in politics, which, in the tyranny of opinion which prevailed, being a lover of peace, he kept pretty much to himself. Many of his cotemporaries were looked upon as rising men in politics: that is, they took an active part in elections, were hail-fellow-well-met with the powers of the ward and municipality, knew the details of all the political scandals, and the names of all the members of constituencies, with the majorities by which they had been returned, and the exact sum by which the majority had been bought—if the member happened to be on the wrong side. They poured their knowledge incessantly into the public and private ear, got their names frequently into the newspapers—the equivalent for fame—and were justly looked upon as 'promising' public men. Upon such 'fame' and such 'promise' Maurice Smith looked down with quiet contempt.

But the fact was, that Maurice Smith, in the business of life, was not by nature disposed to action. Cool and confident as he could be in the face of a crisis, he had not that audacious spirit which delights in contest, enterprise, speculation; which makes men ardent for gain and power, and vigorous in execution. Had he been less fond of reflecting, and more given to doing, he might have found that there are paths, which, as an advocate or politician, the man of lofty aspirations may dare to tread, and still keep his honour unsullied.

Thus much of Maurice Smith, who practised but little the art of making himself popular; who passed for an uninteresting, rather dull man to casual acquaintances; a bore, by reason of his scruples, to many of his friends; to the few who wore him 'in the heart of hearts, Horatio,' who loved him in spite of his frequent bluntness and outspokenness, a high-minded, unselfish creature, who made one think better of his kind and resolve to follow higher ideals of conduct. We have interrupted the course of this story to tell the reader something more about him than he has already learnt, and perhaps the offence against art will be forgiven in consideration of the fact that men like Maurice are somewhat rare, at any rate in a colony.

The letter which Maurice took away with him for Walter's father, may without any breach of confidence be laid before the reader.

'JACOB'S ISLAND,
'— August, 18—

'My dear Father,

'As my friend Maurice Smith will tell you, I have met with an accident which has kept me a prisoner for the last three weeks, down here on a breezy island, and will keep me a prisoner for another fortnight probably. I am getting on excellently, having the best of weather, the best of air, and the best of attention, so that neither you nor my mother need feel in the least anxious. Maurice will confirm me in this. I should have written you about it before, but I saw no use in marring and probably shortening your visit to the sea by ill-news. I write partly to let you know of the mishap, and to beg you and my mother to allow your minds no anxiety on my account, and partly to mention a circumstance which you will doubtless learn with some surprise. I have met here a young person whom I most ardently desire to make my wife. I propose to make her the offer of my unworthy self before I leave this island; although she is my superior in mental and moral qualities, I have reason to believe that she will not decline the offer. But I expect to excite a temporary feeling of annoyance when I tell you that, high as she is in worth, remarkable as she is for grace and beauty, she is poor and low in station. To be quite frank with you, her father superintends the lighthouse on this island, and is a person somewhat deficient in that external polish which society values. You will not object to him on the ground that he has been a common sailor, as you yourself have often told me that my own grandfather was once a seaman before the mast. Nor will you think it impossible that the child of such a person should have the feelings and manners of one of gentle birth. Selma—her mother was a superior person of Swedish descent, and hence the name—apart from her native refinement, has had the advantage of associating a good deal with a wealthy family, so that she will not be removed by marriage into a sphere quite new to her.

'My dear father, in proposing to marry this girl,

I take a very serious step, but I assure you I have considered it thoughtfully and in all its bearings. You have always been so kind and indulgent to me that I could not take such a step without your knowledge, and if possible your consent. Do not withhold it, for trust me my heart is set upon it.

'I shall of course at once apply myself to my books and get called to the bar. I feel that I have been too long idle and dependent on you. One result of my adventures down here is that I look forward to work and doing something for myself, with satisfaction, nay, at times, with positive eagerness.

'I am, my dear Sir,
'Your affectionate son,
'WALTER DEAN.'

And Walter also wrote to his mother thus:—

'You will see my letter to my father, dear Mamma. It is the longest I ever wrote in my life, and deserves to gain its object—were it only for the concentrated energy which produced it. Mother, she is simply the sweetest, loveliest, loveablest of girls. Ask Maurice Smith. You will love her now for my sake: when you see her, for her own. You will of course bring the governor round.

'Your loving
'WALTER.'

To the first letter, after some days, came the following response:—

'My dear Walter,

'Your friend Mr. Maurice Smith handed me your letter and gave me a full account of yourself. I am sorry to hear of your accident, but rejoice to know that you are now almost entirely recovered. You should have let me know about it before.

'The other announcement in your letter does surprise me indeed. I thought that you were to marry the younger Miss Lansing. Two years ago you entreated me to look with favour on that idea, and, as that would be an admirable match for you in every way, I have always done so.

'However, I shall never interfere with your freedom of choice and action in a matter of this sort. You are quite old enough to judge for yourself. But you cannot expect me to encourage a choice which I feel confident will not conduce to your happiness or success in life. Marry whom you will, if you are prepared to depend entirely on your own resources. I cannot in conscience lend my countenance or money to a step I strongly disapprove.

'Your affectionate father,
'SAMUEL DEAN.'

'P.S.—I don't see the analogy between the case of this young woman and my own. My father was a sailor, but there were special circumstances of character and parts in my case which made up for this disadvantage. I am amazed that you should attempt to draw comparisons.'

Mrs. Dean also scrawled a hasty note, in which she said she hardly knew what to think; that his father was very angry, and had declared Walter to be ungrateful. Also that the good lady had set her heart on Esther, but she trusted in her Walter to do what was right, that after all she was his mother and would never cease to love him, and that he was to come home at once.

Walter was not made very unhappy by this correspondence. He felt sure of his mother's final acquiescence, and he had not expected a different answer from his father. 'Though I did'nt want him to *lend* me his money,' he said rather hypercritically. In his secret heart perhaps he believed that in good time 'the governor would come round;' but for the present he had the prospect of working for his living and—for Selma, and the prospect did not discourage him. On the contrary he looked forward impatiently to the time when he might begin his labours, which he felt would be Herculean, for her sake. He no longer wished that he might continue to lie lazily on his back, basking in her presence. That was pleasant, but it would be pleasanter to enter the world's battle, to play one's part like a man, to strive bravely and patiently for competence, independence, perhaps fame, and to make her think well of him and approve. For a change had come over the feelings of this impressionable youth, who by a weak affectation of aristocratic insensibility, tried to make people believe that he was superior to all vulgar emotions.

One day Selma read to him the last part of 'The Princess.' He had been sitting up and hobbling about a little during the day, and now, as it drew towards evening, he was lying on the sofa in that bright little room where he had first seen her. Selma had been absent most of the day, for her school had reopened. Walter could not spare her from his sight without exacting a large share of her companionship, while she was on the island, as a compensation. He would have been content if she had sat near him in silence, but she asserted that she was not tired and was eager to finish 'The Princess.'

She completed the poem in a tremulous voice, and both remained silent for a time, touched by the exquisite beauty and tenderness of the closing scene.

At last Walter said, in a low musing tone, as if he were speaking to himself, although his eyes sought Selma,

'From all, a closer interest flourished up;
Tenderness touch by touch; and last, to these,

Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier.'

Selma darted a glance of shy inquiry beneath her eyelids, and then bent her eyes intently on the book.

'Well what do you think of "The Princess?"' Walter after a time demanded, speaking as if he had suddenly detached his thoughts from weightier questions.

'The poem or the woman?' she asked.

'Both.'

'I think the poem is perfection.'

'And the woman—imperfection, I suppose?' he went on, with an easy return to gaiety.

'Which of us is not?'

'I could tell you, but you would blush. But has not "The Princess" made you an advocate of Woman's Rights?'

'Woman's Rights? Do you know I was hardly aware that they had any particular wrongs. I suppose that is one disadvantage of living out of the world. But one has to reverence the Princess. She was so much in earnest, and had such high ideas; and oh! I pitied her when she found her plans defeated; but—'

'But what?'

'I don't understand why she wanted to have all the old ways reversed. I am lowly enough to like the idea of having somebody to look up to and rely on, and to take care of me by right of natural superiority.'

'A most admirable sentiment. I see you agree with the spirit of those excellent lines,

'Man for the field, and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword, and for the needle she;
Man with the head, and woman with the heart;
Man to command, and woman to obey.'

'I think I do, only man must show himself worthy to exact obedience.'

'And yet your princess, Selma, yielded to an effeminate, ineffective creature, with long hair like a girl, hopelessly sentimental, wanting in self-respect, and subject to hysterical fits. I beg his pardon, "weird seizures."'

'For shame. Besides you forget that he saved the princess's life, and, what is more, *she* learnt to love him. He must have had something in him. And then, Mr. Dean—'

'Selma, I thought I told you to call me Walter?'

'Call you—Walter, Mr. Dean?'

'No, not Walter Mr. Dean, but simply Walter. You know you promised.'

'I promised to do so when you are good; what opportunity have you given me?'

'I not good? Then virtue is impracticable. Call in Mary Jane and ask her opinion?'

'It is not good of you to spoil everything that is poetical and romantic by sneering remarks.'

'I sneer? When? How? Wherefore?'

'You had better be careful what you say about that prince; as I have been reading I have thought more than once—it is very silly, but I have been imagining that you were the prince yourself,' and Selma coloured at the ingenousness of her own admission.

'A prince I was, blue-eyed and fair of face:
In temper amorous as the first of May.

I admit the resemblance,' said Walter with assumed complacency.

'It was not that, Mr. Vanity, though your eyes are blue, I believe.'

'If you have any doubts, take a good look, Selma. I'll try and bear it.'

'Thank you, I can see from here. After all, except perhaps in that one point which I didn't think of, you are not the least like the Prince. I wonder how I could have thought so?'

'I'll tell you, Selma,' said Walter, raising himself on his elbow and becoming suddenly grave, 'it's not because I am at all like that or any other prince, that you think of us together. It is because you are the princess.'

She opened her eyes wide in wondering dissent.

'Yes, not in character altogether, though you have as fine ideas as she had; nor because you are an instructor of youth—a coincidence which is worthy of notice. But it is because you have a poor, feeble, shattered man dependent upon your gentle pity, to whom your presence is life, and health, and strength, and whose only claim upon you is—that he loves you.'

'Mr. Dean!'

'Nay, do not shrink away. Dearest, I am in earnest now. Do not draw away your hand. Selma, you must know my feelings. You, who are so keen to read me, can read my heart? You can see, can you not, how entirely it is yours?'

His gaze, his eager clasp, his low, intense tone, left no room to doubt the depth and earnestness of his feelings. His eyes, shining out of his white and wasted face, seemed larger and more luminous than when he was in health, and his inmost soul spoke through them.

'You are trembling, Selma,' he went on softly, with a restrained passion in his voice; 'why should you be frightened? You have known this before, that you are life, happiness, the world, everything to me. Listen! dear, Like that prince, I have been among shadows, and you have brought me out of them. I have had no sense of the reality of life around me; I myself have been unreal and a sham—I have had no purpose, or, if any, it was not high and noble, and it lay in the vague future. I think I have had no object but to make life pleasant to myself; to keep myself aloof from trouble, responsibility, anxiety; to blind myself to the fact that this world is full of toil, and strength, and passion; that there is work for all to do; that life for all is something real. Love, I have a purpose now, to play my part, to live a real life, to make myself worthy of you. Say you will let me try! I can offer you nothing princely, except that prince's best possession, constancy. Will you accept it, Selma? Answer me, dearest: You will be—you are—my Princess?'

He never got an answer, but somehow he found himself with his arms about her, and her head upon his breast.

VIII.

AMANTIUM IRÆ.

It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.
—*Old Song.*

ANOTHER week, and yet another slipped away before Walter made up his mind to leave Jacob's Island. He had not the shadow of an excuse for prolonging his stay. August was drawing to a close; by means of his crutches he could move with moderate ease; he felt that it was incumbent upon him, in view of his altered plans of life, to remain idle no longer; his mother had written him again chiding him for delaying his return, and urging him to come home. So Walter determined to take his leave, and the day of his departure had now arrived.

Though the days in their uneventful monotony had glided by swiftly enough, it seemed a long time since he had explicitly revealed his feelings to Selma, and accepted her own unspoken avowal in return. He had grown familiar with the idea that they were intended for each other, and that both of them were committed to this idea, and the knowledge that no uncertainty existed on this point gave him, at most times, a sense of serene and entire contentment. A subtler sympathy seemed to bind them together, a perfect understanding to subsist between them, so that he seemed to have known her, to have possessed her as part of his life, for years, and it appeared impossible that any force short of death itself could divide them.

And yet, secure and sanguine as his feelings generally were, at times a little shadow glanced like a passing cloud across his serenity. Esther Lansing! That name which he had once been unable to pronounce without a pleasant thrill, seldom occurred to him now, but when it did it only caused irritation and perplexity. That matter would give him trouble yet, he sometimes thought; it was folly to have concealed it from Selma so long. But the next moment, as we have already seen, he would decide that as he had put off the disclosure so long, it could wait a little longer. There was no sense in ruffling the smooth surface of present happiness; and his usual good luck would very likely tide him over any difficulties which might arise. He had already made up his mind that it would be better to see Esther herself first; no doubt she would be as glad to obtain a release from all implied engagements as he; and Selma need never know of that youthful romance at all, or at least till she might safely be informed of it.

So he had deferred and deferred any explanations in regard to Esther Lansing, with the weakness of a nature somewhat habituated to self-indulgence. It was curious that though he could make heroic resolves of work and effort, he could not force himself to the simple duty of even telling Selma that he had been guilty of the deception, not a very serious one, of letting

her suppose that the Lansings were not acquaintances of his.

He was to leave to-day by the steamboat which passed Point Lansing in the afternoon. Selma had gone to her school as usual—Walter had in vain pleaded for a holiday—and she was to meet him at the wharf after school and some time before the steamer left.

This order of proceedings was not at all satisfactory to Walter. He found himself chafing at her absence on this his last day near her, perhaps, for a long time. The morning was intolerably long and dreary. Neither the company of Jacob nor Mary Jane served to make it endurable.

At last he was seized by an inspiration. He would wait here in vexation of spirit no longer; he would cross the river and visit Selma amongst her pupils. Why had not the happy thought occurred to him sooner? He had never been at the school; he would greatly like to steal upon Selma at her simple duty; to mark the serious face and gentle firmness with which she dispensed a benignant sway over the younger bucolics of that country-side.

So, a full hour before the appointed time, he bade Jacob get ready the boat, disposed therein his traps, and pushed away from Jacob's Island. He little recked or knew that a tender-hearted damsel, ill-consoled by a monetary gift, with checked apron to streaming eyes, watched his receding form from behind the lighthouse till an unfriendly island hid him from her gaze.

The school-house in which Selma Meres, clothed in authority awful beyond imagination, compelled the youth of Point Lansing and neighborhood to drink of the Pierian Spring, was not at all superior to others of its class. It was neither romantic, nor picturesque, nor even pleasing in its appearance. It was new, and bald, and square, and staring, and at its best a wholly unlovely temple of the Muses. It stood on a gentle eminence from which the grass had been diligently trodden, while all the trees within a hundred yards had been eliminated with great care. It was supported by four low posts, which were left open to view, suggesting to the charitable mind that the school-house had been on its way to a more eligible locality, and had only stopped in that sun-tormented spot to rest.

The tears almost came to Walter's eyes when he approached this place. Its harshness and coarseness seemed to typify the duties which Selma had to perform, and the natures with which she was forced to come in contact. She would soon live amid more genial surroundings than these, please Heaven!

He paused at the school-house door, and listened for awhile to the antiphonal performance which was going on within. First Selma's clear voice, elevated to a high monotone which sounded quite unnatural, stating some weighty fact, and then the chorus of shrill and eager infants, indicating the gain of the moment by a clamorous repetition. Walter for a few moments hesitated to enter. For the first time he began to question whether a visit from him would be entirely gratifying to Selma.

Presently he took courage and stole noiselessly into the school-room through the half-open door. He saw between thirty and forty children, both sexes about equally represented. A third of them were standing at the upper end of the room, and, on a slightly elevated dais, instructing them in geography with the help of a map upon the wall, sat Selma. The rest of the school were sitting occupied with their slates, and displaying various degrees of industry and listlessness.

Walter entered so stealthily, in spite of his crutches, that for a time he was unobserved. But presently an urchin with a keen and roving eye, who made no pretence of feeling an interest in arithmetic, caught sight of him. He stared impudently at Walter for several seconds, while Walter returned his stare unflinchingly, with the feeling that this was a boy he would like to overawe. The youth, perhaps beginning to feel uneasy under Walter's steadfast gaze, at length withdrew his glance, and communicated to a friend, by expressive pantomime, the fact that if he looked round his eyes would be rewarded with a spectacle of interest. The intruder was then subjected to a duplicate inspection, followed by a further extension of the news, until by degrees the fact that a stranger was in the room had spread through the school, like the ripples from the edge of a disturbed pool. A vast revolving of heads, shuffling of feet, whispered consultations, and inquiring looks at the schoolmistress were

the immediate result, but so intent was the schoolmistress on her task that at first she failed to notice the excitement. At length the original discoverer—he did not look like a nice boy, with his close-cropped hair and brazen face—probably with a view to impressing the visitor with a sense of his own prowess and general superiority, suddenly interrupted his survey of Walter to strike the boy next him a violent blow in the ribs. The victim, a pale and studious-looking youth, emitted an audible groan.

'What is the matter? Enoch Slinghammer, at some mischief again, sir?' spoke the awful voice of the schoolmistress.

Then she caught sight of Walter and her face took fire. The whole geography class had turned about and gazed, with eyes and mouth expectant, at Master Slinghammer and Walter in turn, instinctively, perhaps, uniting them as jointly responsible for the disturbance. Walter began to feel very much ashamed of himself indeed.

The schoolmistress quickly regained her self-possession, and sternly called the class to order. A hasty inquiry confirmed her suspicions of Enoch Slinghammer, who was quietly transferred to an isolated position under her own eye. From this place the truculent youth cast airy and scornful glances about him, as if inviting the attention of the world in general and Walter Dean in particular, to the indifference with which a strong spirit could meet the reverses of fate. The lesson proceeded, though the voice of the schoolmistress had become low and constrained, and the pupils had lost all interest in geography. She went on undauntedly for a while, but at last she had to give it up as a bad business. The school was demoralized, and Walter was the cause of it.

Then she took her revenge.

The class was dismissed, and the following words, uttered with great precision, fell upon Walter's ear:

'Children, you have all been very good to-day, except *one* (a severe glance at the disgraced Slinghammer), 'and you shall get away a little earlier. But before you go, the gentleman who has been so kind as to visit us will address to you a few words. He knows it is our rule, and that we expect it from all visitors, and I am sure he won't disappoint us.'

And she marched straight down to Walter's side.

'Come,' she said sweetly, 'we are waiting for your speech.'

'Selma! you are not serious? I never did such a thing in my life!'

'Very likely. Come, please, the children will be impatient. All our visitors say a few words, and I have promised for you.'

'Good gracious! I think I'll bolt.'

'What?' (with gravedis pleasure) 'would you leave me in such an undignified situation; after me announcing it.'

'Do you really expect me to?'

'Most certainly.'

The children were all gazing at him, coughing, whispering, shifting their feet after the manner of expectant public audiences. He fancied that he heard a subdued exclamation of 'Speech!' from Enoch Slinghammer's corner, but that may have been imagination.

'Please don't keep them waiting,' Selma said, with her sweetest smile.

He limped after her meekly.

'Get up there please.' She pointed to the dais on which stood her own table.

He mounted the rostrum and stole one look at Enoch Slinghammer. They were both in disgrace, and suffering for their misdeeds. The younger malefactor seemed to understand this, and there was a gleam of unholy triumph in his ferret eyes.

The great Lord Chancellor Eldon, after he had been haranguing the Peers of Great Britain and the English bar with the utmost confidence for years, quaked at the prospect of addressing a deputation of half-a-dozen English merchants. He was not accustomed to his audience. Walter rather plumed himself on his oratory, and once or twice had made a hit by an after-dinner speech, speaking with readiness and self-possession. But suddenly called upon to talk to a few school-children, he was really nervous, and had it not been that he felt bound to accede to Selma's wish, he would certainly have declined the task. After a few sentences, however, he quite lost his uncomfortable sensations, and entering into the humour of the situation, proceeded fluently enough. Perhaps his remarks, as being something out of the common in the way of school-addresses, may allowably be reproduced.

'Ladies and—that is—of course—my

dear children—I need not tell you what—ah—unmitigated pleasure it gives me to address you here to-day. And perhaps—ah—the pleasure is, like the best of earthly joys, all the more appreciable because totally unexpected, and, I may even say, unsolicited. Your beautiful and gifted instructress has been so good as to tell me that you would be glad to hear a few words of counsel and experience and—ah—wisdom from me. Dear children, they shall not be begrudged. I have often thought what a much better man I should have been if—fellows—had sometimes—told me about things—when I was young. Well, there is no use regretting now; there is no use crying over the dreadful past, you know, as one of the poets says somewhere. But what I want to impress on you, and especially on you that happen to be boys—for of course girls must feel differently about these things—is just this. There is a time of life to which all of you, if you live long enough, will come, when alley-taws, and prisoner's-base, and all that sort of thing will prove but uncertain sources of joy; when the music of the humming-top will touch no responsive chord in the breast. It is then, in the deadly calm which belongs to this stage of decay, that you will look back on your school-days. It will be well for you then if you are not forced to say, I wish I had given more attention to geography and less to orchards when I was young; or, I wish I had been more pitiful to cats and kinder to my little sister in the days that are gone. Let *me*, who speak from bitter experience, tell you, that you had better look out now in order to prevent all that sort of thing from coming about. Now there is a character of whom I have read, and I dare say you have too, who I think is one that all boys, and girls too for that matter, should reverence and try to imitate, if they want to do their duty. You are all of you more or less familiar with the immortal spelling-book of the great Mavor. You must, all of you, have read those exciting tales, which only a coldly critical mind would reject as traditional, about Miss Rose and her accomplished doll, and about the unnatural youth who kept his plum-cake hid in his trunk, instead of trading it off amongst his companions as he ought to have done, and got it eaten up by rats as an obvious consequence. Well then, you will perhaps remember that spirited biographical sketch of the boy who has come down to posterity as plain and simple "John." You will recall the inspiring sentence in which his merits are summed up: "John was a good boy and read his book!" A good boy and read his book! How simple and yet how comprehensive. He "was a good boy and read his book." Have we not here in a single sentence the whole duty of man—or rather, boy? A good boy, and read his book! Morality and studiousness! Virtue and intellect! What a combination! To what honours might not such a boy, grown to manhood, aspire? Is there anything too high for him? To take round the plate at church, to run for parliament, to carry a banner in an Orange procession—anything, everything! Let us then, dear children, while we are yet young, emulate the example of the admirable John.'

How far this excellent fooling might have gone on, if it had not been interrupted, is matter for conjecture. The school was as edified as if the speaker had talked Hebrew. Selma was thunderstruck, and at the same time vexed and hurt. She had thought it almost indelicate of Walter to break in upon her as he had done, and the confusion he had caused had tried her temper a little. Now she felt as if Walter were shewing an entire want of respect for herself and her school-children, and exposing her own authority to danger. She failed completely to see the humour of the performance. But relief came to her from an unexpected quarter.

Walter suddenly dropped the serious, impressive tone in which he had been speaking, and uttered a few words in an abstracted manner. His eyes had wandered to the door, and he seemed to see there something which disturbed him greatly.

It was only two ladies standing there, and trying hard to repress a laugh.

But they seemed to have a withering effect upon the orator, for the words were falling from his lips slowly and without coherence. Suddenly recovering himself, he turned to the schoolmistress and said that he was not well enough to go on, and the school had better be dismissed.

Then he sat down on the chair which stood upon the dais, and became so white that he looked as if he was going to faint.

But he did not faint; the children flocked out; and the latest arrivals walked up the room.

The foremost of the two was a tall and fair and beautiful young lady, who moved with quite a queenly grace and ease. She was simply dressed; a rustic straw hat with a gauzy veil floating about it, a light cloudy sort of dress which seemed to fling most delicate odours from its airy folds as she went, a little lace and a yellow locket at her bosom—these were the things one noticed. And yet she seemed to be richly and splendidly arrayed, owing perhaps to the faultless taste of her dress, the lines of her own perfect figure, her dazzling though somewhat pale complexion. There was something of imperiousness in her serene, clear-cut features; they looked as if they might be set proud and cold to those for whom she did not care very much. But it was with no pride or coldness, but with a manner entirely sweet and gracious that she walked up to the schoolmistress and pronounced her name.

'My Selma!' she said in a soft endearing tone, placing both her hands on Selma's shoulders, and looking straight into her face with a pair of fearless grey eyes.

'Miss Esther?' Selma could only exclaim faintly in her surprise and pleasure, letting her eyes wander over her friend's countenance.

'*Miss* Esther, indeed?' the other replied, laying a kiss lightly on Selma's forehead. 'Is that the way you greet me? I suppose you thought I should never come to see you? But I have been away.'

Esther Lansing was followed by her elder sister, shorter, darker, and less handsome than herself, but with a good-natured, lively face and brilliant teeth. 'You unutterably naughty boy!' this one exclaimed, shaking her finger at Walter, who was still on the platform, feeling particularly uneasy. He descended, looking rather shamefaced.

Esther scanned him loftily for one instant. Perhaps in that rapid survey she read a whole history of passion cooled, of vows forgotten, of affection transferred. Women have marvellous instincts, I understand.

Whatever she suspected, she only held out her hand and said simply, 'How do you do, Mr. Dean? I was sorry to hear you had been hurt.'

'This is a pleasant surprise,' Walter observed as he took her hand, but he did not look as if he were greatly pleased. It was a strange reunion of lovers.

'It is more of a surprise to you than it is to us, probably, Mr. Dean,' put in the elder sister. She saw there was constraint in the meeting and hastened to remove it. 'We knew you were here; not in the school-house exactly, but in our neighbourhood. We saw Mr. Smith in town and he told us all.'

'All?' thought Walter, aghast.

'All about your accident, and how well you bore it, and in what good hands he left you;' with a friendly look at Selma, who stood by as one in a dream.

'I am glad of that,' said Walter, self-collected now. 'It will save you a lot of explanations, which would have been tedious.'

'But it doesn't save you from the necessity of explaining why you didn't come to see us.'

'I admit that a broken limb is hardly an excuse,' Walter said, with a humble inclination of his head.

'*Before* that happened, Sir. However, we must be merciful; you are not strong enough yet to frame excuses suddenly. I thought you looked very ill as you were closing that oration.'

'The excitement of seeing you,' pleaded Walter.

'Thank you. Esther, it was seeing us that made Mr. Dean so unwell.'

'That is not fair. But however badly I may look, I can not return the compliment. You are blooming.'

'It's very well to try to get out of it that way. I hope we didn't shorten your speech. The children couldn't have had too much of such sound advice.'

'No, I'm glad you came in. I couldn't have stood the intellectual strain much longer. To tell you the truth, that's what made me look as if I was suffering.'

'I am not surprised; you were most eloquent and edifying.'

'I am glad you think well of what I said. I thought I might safely recommend that John as an example. He is almost the only historical character of whom I know nothing disparaging,'

'Fortunately for him, like some other more famous people, history says very little about him.'

'Yes. He is like King Arthur of the Round Table, of whom we know nothing certain except that he was "blameless."'

Miss Lansing and Walter discussed the character of John, with other matters of equal importance, in the same strain for some time longer. Walter, indeed, led the conversation, for he felt nervously reluctant to turn to Esther and begin to talk with her. Selma was beside her, and he did not care to meet Selma's glance. But, at last, politeness demanded that he should address Esther, and, observing that he was anxious to hear something about Miss Esther's travels in the old world, he looked at her.

Esther had appeared to take no interest in the conversation between Walter and her sister. She had drawn Selma to a seat and tried to induce her to talk. But Selma returned random answers to her remarks, for the poor girl was preoccupied by painful and agitating thoughts of her own. One thing only was clear to her; Walter, her own Walter, whom she had learned to trust implicitly, had deceived her. In an unimportant matter it might be, though she could not be so sure of that; but still he had deceived her. He had led her to believe, had as much as told her more than once, that he did not know the Lansings, and now, for some reason yet to be revealed, it appeared that he had not told her the truth. What was the reason? None could be afforded, she thought, which could justify so plain a departure from the truth, nor which could prevent her from feeling that she had, somehow or other, suffered an indignity in being thus misled, and that her self-respect had received a wound. And perhaps the reason might be something which would affect her even more seriously than she fancied! She could hardly realize that the events of the last hour had actually happened. It seemed so unlike Walter, the Walter of later days, to come upon her uninvited, and disturb her in her work in that inconsiderate way, and then show how little he thought of her duties and herself by making that silly speech. And the gay gentleman who sat there talking nonsense to that polished, gloved, and perfumed lady of the world, instead of being covered with shame at the disclosure of his deceit—that could not be her Walter, surely?

Esther replied to Walter's remark with politeness, but hardly with warmth. She had no evidence that Walter was unfaithful beyond what she had seen to-day. And she had only come upon her quondam lover haranguing, in the interests of education, a school presided over by a pretty schoolmistress. To be sure he had been living on the same island, territorially insignificant, with the said schoolmistress for some weeks past, but that proved nothing. So that it is plain that there was no justification for a want of cordiality on her part, unless suspicion is to take the place of proof, which to tell the truth it sometimes does even in minds that pride themselves on being well regulated.

Walter continued to put somewhat constrained questions to Esther, and to receive rather short answers, for a while, until Miss Lansing conceived a notable plan for the general relief. And it may be said that perhaps this was the only occasion on which Miss Lansing was ever known to be guilty of a want of tact.

She knew nothing of the relations between Walter and Selma; the discreet Smith had kept his counsel on that subject. She only knew that Walter and Esther had once been very fond of each other; she believed that their feelings were unchanged; and as she liked Walter she was glad to think that this was so, and glad also to recall a promise she had once made him, when those wrong-headed parents were hostile, to help him in his suit. And Miss Lansing noticed that Selma, who probably had also heard all about that implied engagement, looked uneasy. No doubt she felt uncomfortable in the society of people who belonged to a different world from her, and talked of persons and things that were quite unfamiliar. What could be better than to leave Esther and Mr. Dean to have a quiet talk by themselves?

'By the way, Selma,' she said suddenly, 'I hear that poor little boy of Mrs. Greenleaf's, whose spine was hurt, is still very bad. I promised I would go and see him the moment I came home. The house is so near, I will go now. I wish you would come; the mother speaks of you as his favourite friend;' and she rose from her seat. 'Mr. Dean, you will sit here till we return. I know the charity of your disposition, but we can't drag you about with that leg. Esther, you will stay and take care of Mr.

Dean ;' and, followed by Selma, Miss Lansing moved to the door.

'Harriet!' protested Esther imperiously, and straightway she rose also.

She took a step or two forward, but as she stirred, her dress swept upon Walter's crutches, resting against a desk, and brought them to the floor with a clatter.

She turned her head, a slight touch of colour upon her cheek. Walter moved to draw the crutches out of her way, but as he did so uttered the slightest possible exclamation of pain.

Esther Lansing coloured deeply, and bending down, with more impetuosity than characterized most of her movements, took up the fallen crutches and returned them to their place. She gave one more look at the door, as if still meditating a retreat, and then slowly seated herself.

Walter, who was not accustomed to see ladies display a disinclination for his company, was a good deal nettled at this treatment.

'I hope it is understood that Miss Lansing is not staying here for *my* sake?' he said a little drily.

'Does Mr. Dean suppose I am staying here for my own?' was the answer, with about the same degree of cordiality.

This was a curious meeting of theirs ; not like what they had anticipated when they parted, two years ago. Perhaps, in the silence which ensued, both of them may have thought of this, and both of them too may have observed mentally that everything was over between them ; that was certain. And I dare say that neither was made particularly unhappy by this reflection, even though she appeared to him an unusually beautiful girl, with a certain nobility of character, whose outward charms had gained in lustre within two years, and he was a sufficiently agreeable, well-mannered and well-looking youth, who had spirit and courage two years ago, and who probably had not lost them since.

Walter at first decided that he would best consult his dignity by being angry, and distant and reserved in consequence; but he quickly began to soften,—a little at the thought that after all he could hardly claim to be treated kindly by her, and a good deal in the contemplation of her beauty. Indeed she made a glorious picture in that mean school-room, as she sat there gazing out of the window, serenely indifferent to his presence. The budding promise of girlhood had bloomed into a perfect flower ; her figure was more womanly in its now grand curves, her features more striking, her manner more composed and lofty than when he knew her as a mere girl. He admired her long white hands, the gold-encircled wrist from which the sleeve fell back as she slowly pushed back a lock from the heavy masses of her light-brown hair, the drooping shoulders, the head swayed sometimes, deliberately, like a lily ; she was in truth as goodly an object as the eye of man could wish to rest upon.

'Esther!' he burst out at last, 'forgive my frankness, but—you are grown a beautiful woman!'

Was it art which prompted this utterance, or a strong natural impulse? Whichever it was, she was appeased. The imperial creature turned and lavished upon him a slow and royal smile.

They got on well enough together now, though by tacit consent they avoided delicate topics. Walter had quite given up his intention of being angry, and strove instead to be as agreeable as possible. He talked to her about her travels, suggested his own experiences, and so drew her out to describe hers. And when she began to tell them he became a sympathetic listener, and so she grew interested herself and talked pleasantly and well. They talked, she perhaps chiefly, of Paris and the Louvre, of Switzerland and the Matterhorn, of Rome and St. Peters, of London and Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons. And they agreed that, after all, old England, though in some other lands it might be claimed that nature and art, men and —manners, were seen to better advantage, still old England had a deep and inexpressible charm that was all its own for the simple colonial mind. She told him how she had reached London, and with what a strange thrill she stepped out of the railway carriage, and for some days tried in vain to realize that this was London, all this ordinary brick and mortar, and these ordinary people who seemed utterly insensible to the privilege of living where they did ; and how once at night she heard the bell of St. Paul's, and thought of poor Lucy Snowe in 'Villette,' who arrived for the first time in London, alone and friendless, at night,

and was awakened from her bewilderment to a sense that she was not in a strange land and hopelessly desolate, by recognizing the deep sound as it boomed through the darkness and told her that she was within the shadow of the mighty cathedral. And then, having agreed that England must be unspeakably dear to them, they felt at liberty to pick the old land to pieces, and discovered that the hotels, arrangements for travelling, houses, and cities were not as good as they are in America, and were mutually amazed at the deep-seated prejudice which clung so tenaciously to absurd customs. And so they chatted away quite brightly and cheerfully, and with all the less constraint because, perhaps, both were conscious now that they had met on quite different terms to what, long ago, they had anticipated; that certain romantic dreams of other days, to be smiled at now, were not to be realized; and that, however friendly they might be in the future, they could never again be lovers.

They were talking as if they were extremely interested and well-disposed to each other, when the others returned, and the others did not fail to observe it.

When the Lansings said good-bye, Walter found himself accepting an invitation to pay them a visit on their return from the seaside, whither they were going for a while on account of their mother's health.

'Yes, by George, Selma,' Walter said when they had gone away, 'you are quite right to admire your friend Esther. She *is* like a princess; her grace and elegance are quite astonishing. And then she is clever too, and has, I'm sure, a great deal of good-feeling. You were fortunate to find such a friend.'

The schoolmistress had ascended her dais, and was setting copies from a book of head-lines which was open on her desk.

Prudence prevents Penury

she wrote, thinking to herself what an excellent maxim that was, and what a pity more people did not live up to it. But she did not speak a word.

'By the way, Selma,' he went on, appearing not to notice her silence, 'you must have been rather surprised to find I knew the Lansings. I have been keeping that little surprise in store for you a long time. You wonder how such a superficial person as I could be so reticent. But there are depths in my character which you know not of, Selma. What powers of self-restraint, what "a sublime repression" of myself is implied by my keeping this mystery sealed, till at the proper moment the revelation should break upon you in all its dramatic vividness.'

Still not a word spoke the schoolmistress. Another copy-book, Enoch Slinghammer's this time. What an unpromising pupil Enoch was, a defiant, unloving boy; and what a vast amount of ink he wasted on his copies. But Enoch must not be despaired of; he should have a head-line which conveyed a weighty moral.

Falsehood is fatal to Friendship.

That will do. There is matter in that. That is sharp and pointed too, and goes straight to the heart and into it like a thorn.

'Jesting apart, Selma, I begin to think that my innocent attempt to surprise you may look a little silly. I *have* known the Lansings quite a long time. They are charming people, are they not? Miss Lansing is not what you would call pretty, to be sure, but she is bright and sensible, and a good-hearted sort of a girl. Esther is undoubtedly attractive—in her way. She will receive a good deal of admiration in society; be its leader in a few years if she likes. Not that I could do more than admire her myself; she is not at all my sort; there is a want of tenderness, of warmth, which rather repels me—'

Oh, doubly traitorous to herself and to her dearer self, how far would he dissemble? 'Stop!' she cried, in a voice of authority. 'You need not go on. *Miss Lansing has told me everything*!'

Walter looked at her in amazement.

Esther Lansing, you may have the mien of a duchess and the gait of Juno, but you cannot look more proud than this light-house-keeper's daughter. There is as much scorn in that eye, and resolution in those lips, as ever were reflected in your patrician face.

Walter Dean had never seen Selma look like this before, and he did not like it. Not that he was in the least cowed; that was not in his nature. But he was ill-pleased; for Walter, as we know, was exceedingly jealous on the score of his honour. Find fault with him in any other respect and he

laughed in your face, but you had better not cast suspicion on his honour, unless you wanted to rouse an angry devil. And Selma was casting suspicion on his honour by going on in this way. It was very wrong of her to suppose that he could be untrue to her after what had passed between them; it was very wrong of her to suppose that he could not explain everything to her satisfaction, and not to trust him to give the proper explanations at the proper time; and she must be brought to admit her error. He did not like being bullied by women. It was bad enough that that magnificent girl in the lace, and gauze, and bracelets, should try to lord it over him, but—

'Dear Miss Lansing!' he said, with a hard little laugh; 'I know her information is extensive. But if she undertook to tell you *everything*, she must have deceived you.'

'It is not *she* who has deceived.' This was the result of that ill-considered laugh.

A pause, during which Walter's countenance twitched a little.

'I should be sorry to suppose that any one had deceived you, Selma,' he said, quietly and smoothly. 'If I am not unreasonable, and as Miss Lansing's communications appear in some way to influence your demeanour to me, I should like to know what those communications were.'

'It would be a waste of time to tell you what you already know,' and Selma devoted marked attention to Enoch's copy-book.

'You flatter me; but really I do not, like Miss Lansing, profess to know *everything*.'

There was no answer to this save the scratching of a pen which was writing

Falsehood is fatal to Friendship.

'Am I to understand then that I am not considered entitled to know what Miss Lansing has told you affecting me?' His voice and his heart were hardening.

A silence while a '*t*' was being crossed.

'Do you pretend to tell me, she said,' carefully surveying her handwriting, 'that you do not know perfectly well what I mean by "everything."'

'Pretend'; that was a word to sting. A moment's hesitation and then, 'If you think *pretend* is a proper word, I do pretend to say that I don't know what Miss Lansing's "everything" includes?'

'If you were one of my school-children I should tell you that you were—equivocating.'

'That is a long word and a hard one. You had better consider me one of your school-children, and that I do not understand it. Perhaps you will not deny me what I suppose even your children get—justice?'

'What justice do you want?'

'I want to know of what crime I am accused, that I may defend myself.'

'And I say you do wrong to keep up these pretences, and that you know what it is?'

'And I say—I know of no offence of mine which entitles you to treat me in this way?'

No answer to this, but the pen scratched away, '*Falsehood is fatal to Friendship.*' Enoch would stare in the morning. The mistress was writing, with an exactness and neatness quite foreign to that copy-book, line after line of this refrain.

Walter waited for some time. Would she yield? Would she even say something which might make it possible for him to yield, consistently with self-respect. 'Man to command and woman to obey.' That was her own view of the relations between woman and the superior being. Perhaps he had forgotten her saving clause: 'Man must prove himself worthy to exact obedience.'

'If the personified Virtue who presides over this academy,' he said at last in his airiest manner—he could have chosen no way to make his words more cutting—'has no more lessons in morality for her delinquent pupil, perhaps the school had better be dismissed.'

A sound came through the open windows borne faintly over the empty fields. They both recognized it. It was the whistle of the steamboat coming up the river. It crept like a chill through Selma's frame, as if it had been a bugle calling away her lover to a battlefield. But she did not speak. She only inclined her head slightly; it might have been to hide the spasm which passed over her face; or it might have been a silent assent to his suggestion.

He interpreted it to be the latter. 'Then the school *is* dismissed,' he said quietly, and limped down the room.

He seemed to walk with difficulty. There

was no soft arm to lend him help, more imaginary than real perhaps, but none the less acceptable for that reason; no one to look up into his face with a smile of anxious sympathy, and bid him rest awhile if he was tired. The irregular tap of his crutches upon the floor beat cruel blows upon her listening heart.

At the door he stopped to take his hat, and looked back for a moment. She had not stirred. She sat there composedly, her head bent a little, her eyes riveted on the book, and her fingers moving slowly along the page. The slight girlish figure seemed to him to loom into the outlines of an inexorable Fate, and that small hand was entering against him some irrevocable decree.

But the hand was only writing, in letters which were a little tremulous now,

Falsehood is fatal to Friendship;

while her heart was crying out, 'Oh Walter, Walter! come back and only say that you are a little sorry.'

EPILOGUE.

THE summer holidays are over, and the tale of the summer holidays is told. With the preceding chapter ended that pleasant time in our short, fierce summer which the more fortunate of us devote to the recreation of energies wasted in the wear and tear of busy life. The summer holidays! Sweet period of rest and change, of new scenes and new faces, of letters unopened and telegrams neglected, of mountain air and salt sea-breezes, of running streams and flickering camp-fires, of incident, adventure, and romance! Yes, they are gone, the happy summer holidays, and so our task is done. We have carried our drama through the promised acts, and we have nothing to do now but to thank such of the audience as have had the patience to sit through the play, and retire.

So drop the curtain, and if there is a moral in the play, let those who can discover it. Not that there is, probably, any moral to be found but what is presented in the quiet succession of every-day events in the work-a-day or holiday world around us. That beauty and grace, and all those instincts of gentleness, consideration, self-respect which constitute the true 'gentle' nature, do not flourish exclusively in drawing-rooms; that if there be anything of earnestness and genuineness in a man's character, love for a good woman will undoubtedly bring it to the surface; that honesty is the best policy, and a want of candour frequently leads to complications; that, however we may lay our plans, circumstances will often prove too strong for us; or, if you like,

> 'There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will;—'

all these things are simply truisms, which everybody knows from daily experience, and doesn't need to be reminded of by a story. Well, though the author might be pardoned for deeming it necessary to point out the purpose of his tale, if it happened to have one, the love of truth compels this confession—that not all nor one of these lessons were meant to be taught, for the excellent reason that it was never intended to teach any lesson at all.

So drop the curtain on the play that claims to have no moral. But stay! In his wilder dreams the writer fancies sometimes that there may be two or three amiable persons who, having followed the history thus far, would be glad that it should proceed a little farther. Not that they do not hold their own opinions as to subsequent events. Of course they know exactly what happened, these sagacious few; but there is always satisfaction, even in trivial matters, in being able to triumph in the proof that you were right. The author feels a vast desire, stronger than his original intention to keep to the letter of his contract, to oblige these thoroughly sensible people.

For the benefit, then, of that possible intelligent, judicious two or three, the curtain shall rise for a few moments for an epilogue, which shall prove that when they claimed to know all about everything, they did not overrate their sagacity.

September, with its clear, cool skies, and ripe peaches has gone; so has October, with its reddening leaves and winds that whirl them from the tree; and November, with grey skies, drizzling rains, and that general colourlessness and dreariness which excites persistent questionings as to the advantage

of living, is creeping unlamented to its grave.

Jacob's Island has not been looking cheerful lately beneath the leaden sky, washed by cold rains and a rather muddy-looking river, its trees—all except the dejected evergreens—naked and shivering in the wind, and its iron ribs bountifully exposed to view. The river is cheerless, too; no raft floats lazily by from which the songs come echoing sweetly to the island; no graceful yacht bowls past, its snowy wings spread to the rushing breeze; the bustling steamboat and sedate schooner are seldom seen.

But to-day there is more life in earth and air than there has been for some time past. For it has been blowing a gale since midnight, and raining impetuously at intervals. The river is churned into foam against the island, and breaks in spray about the lighthouse. But just now the rain has ceased, and the clouds are scudding away before the fierce sou'wester. It is not yet five o'clock in the afternoon, but darkness is closing in.

It is probably the discovery that the rain has stopped, and that night seems to be approaching earlier than usual, which brings that cloaked figure with the lantern out of the cottage. The figure is slight and fragile, we can easily see, as she bends her head and, holding her fluttering cloak about her with one hand, advances courageously in the face of the gale. It beats upon her ruthlessly, it makes her stagger sometimes, and sometimes turn her back to it; and it treats her skirts with rude freedom, but she does not give way. Stoutly she battles with the storm, and steadily gains ground, till she stands on the bridge which leads to the lighthouse.

Here she pauses, for as she looks beyond, she can see that the river is dashing itself to pieces around the lighthouse, and that now and then, between the lighthouse and herself, a crested breaker lifts itself and breaks in fragments on the bridge.

This is not an inviting prospect, and she looks all around her for a while, as if speculating on the possibility of help. She searches the gloomy horizon, but there is no help visible; the boat which is close behind her, creeping along the shore, escapes her notice. She presses her lip together and moves forward.

Then she pauses again, with a slight exclamation, as a monstrous roller, still retaining some of the bulk which has perhaps made more than one good ship reel on Lake Ontario, bears down upon the lighthouse, strikes it, sends a column of water shooting up the side, shakes the little gallery which runs round the tower, and scatters like drops of hail upon the crystal top.

She moves on again resolutely, but only a few steps. For suddenly there clambers over the rail behind her from the boat which she had overlooked, and had not heard approaching in the uproar of the storm, a man in a rough overcoat. He springs to her side.

'*I* shall do that, Selma,' he says softly in her ear.

She utters a sharp cry and looks up at him with a terrified face, and leans against the railing, and clings to it convulsively.

He gazes at her, and though his countenance is somewhat damp with moisture, it is eloquent with a look which speaks of love long denied its object, love starved by separation, hungry, and yearning, and too deep for words.

'Dear, you are like a ghost,' he says presently; 'I came upon you too suddenly. I could not help it. I could not keep back. I have been longing for you so. See, Selma, stay here quietly, and recover yourself, and I will light the lamp.'

He takes the lantern and key from her passive hand, and walks along the bridge. Even in the confusion of her thoughts, she notices that he still limps slightly.

The beacon-light is soon burning for all whom it may concern, and the gallant lighter who has been well sprinkled in the discharge of the duty, returns with his lantern to Selma's side. She has been standing insensible to the whistling winds, the raving waters, and the flying clouds; insensible to everything except that somebody has lit the lighthouse lamp for her, and that the old beacon seems to burn with a strange and beautiful lustre. And for a moment there flashes upon her mind the picture of a bark, storm-beaten and damaged, labouring in desperate and darkling seas, to which a light has flamed up suddenly, flashing hope and comfort through the gloom.

She was firm again, and greeted him with a pathetic smile.

'I have been yearning for you all this time,' Walter said endearingly, 'I have much to explain. But tell me, have you ever forgiven me?'

He put his arm around her and drew her towards him, and in the face she turned up to his he saw there was nothing he had done for which he need ask of her to be forgiven. But he saw too, with a bitter pang, that the face was worn and pallid, and that she had gone through unimagined sorrow since last he beheld her.

'I am glad you have come,' she said simply.

Walter pressed her close to his side, but 'Please don't' she said presently, and gently disengaged herself. It was not like her to be long bereft of her perceptions. Looking down she had seen, just above the flooring on which they stood, the keen eyes and bronzed round face of a boy she knew.

'Young Sledgehammer here would bring me over in his own boat,' Walter explained cheerfully, 'He takes a deep interest in me. Here Esau, Enoch,—you stay here and watch the boat while I go up to the house. If it rains get under the bridge. I'll be gone exactly half-an-hour—or more Your house sheltered me once in a storm,' he added, turning to Selma, 'I shall ask for shelter once again.'

He took her hand in his, indifferent to what Enoch Slinghammer might think of such familiarity, and walked towards the cottage. Enoch gazed after them curiously till they disappeared. Then he turned his eye solemnly upon the blinking light, and winked thrice confidentially. Then he whistled softly, and with an air of abstraction beyond his years.

In the cottage Selma threw off her cloak, and sank down upon a chair. The brightness which for a few moments had lightened her face had faded away; her look and attitude seemed dejected and hopeless.

'Selma!' he exclaimed in a tearful voice, as he saw this sorrowful change; and he drew near and would have thrown his arms about her.

'No, no!' she cried, and motioned him from her, sadly.

'I shall respect your wishes. You have a right to hold aloof till you hear what I have to say. But only tell me that you have sometimes thought tenderly of me since we parted.'

'I have often—always thought of you. And my thoughts have not been unkind.' She smiled pathetically.

'They might well have been. I behaved like a coward and a cur that day. You thought I did not feel ashamed. I did, and have ever since. I wrote you a long letter explaining everything, and asking you not to hate me.'

'A letter!' She looked at him with a startled glance.

'Yes, Selma, a letter which you never got. I have found out all about it. I shall tell you how it was just now. When no answer came, day after day, and week after week, I felt very bad indeed. Sometimes I thought you had no softness in you at all; that you intended to give me up completely, and that I might give up every thing too. Yes, Selma, I thought of trying Central Africa, or the Prussian war, or somewhere where nothing would matter.'

'Give you up, Walter? Oh, if there is any thing which can make it right for me to think of you as mine, tell it to me.'

'Selma, there is no reason why you shouldn't, unless you think me quite unworthy of your affection. But I have a long story to tell, and you must listen patiently.'

'I can be patient, Walter.'

'I told you in that letter which never reached you, how I came to mislead you so about the Lansings; how at first I said nothing about knowing them, because it simply seemed to be of no importance; and how I intended to tell you that night I left the island, and other things put it out of my head. I don't know why I didn't tell you after that, except that I was a miserable, imbecile, and—very much in love with you. Selma, I did once want to marry Esther Lansing; it seems an age ago now. But I'm sure I don't want to marry her now, and equally sure she doesn't want to marry me.'

'How could she now, knowing all?' put in Selma, faintly.

'Knowing all only makes her precious glad to have an excuse for getting rid of me. Selma, we were never actually pledged to each other. There was a sort of mutual understanding that if we cared about each other after a time, we were to—let each other know it. We can never let each

other know what isn't and never can be the case. You need not shake your head that way. I shall think you are still finding fault with me.'

'No, Walter, I am too unhappy to find fault with anybody.'

'You have no right to be, just when I'm explaining why you shouldn't be. Selma, can you guess who brought me word about the fate of my letter, and all that has happened down here lately?'

Selma shook her head, while the remembrance of some recent sorrow made her eyes overflow.

'Selma, it was Anatole.'

'Anatole?'

'Anatole, and no other. That man sailed up the lake in a miserable cockle-shell of a boat, and found me out, and told me that your poor father—had been drowned—don't cry, Selma, or I shall too—that the Lansings were still away, that you and Mary Jane were looking after the lighthouse, that you were friendless and unhappy, and slowly dissolving away with grief, and he flattered me so far as to say that, in his opinion, I was the only person who could persuade you not to dissolve away altogether.'

'Anatole should not have said that,' she said, smiling through her tears.

'But he did say that, on the authority of that angel in calico, Mary Jane, who has been Anatole's fellow-conspirator. And when I offered Anatole money to help him back—he let out that it was the want of money that compelled him to come the way he did—the fellow spurned it; would not touch my filthy lucre, and if I hadn't known how really amiable he is, I should have feared he was going to tear my eyes out.'

'Poor Anatole! the idea of him taking so much trouble and risk for my sake,' Selma said with a grateful tremor in her voice. 'I suppose he thought it would do some good,' she added with a little sigh.

'Selma—if you dare to sigh again, I declare I'll—kiss you. I don't think you'll see poor Anatole about here again. He told me incidentally that he had given up his lighthouse, and was going to sail up to the North-West somewhere. He didn't seem particular where, and had left Niagara Falls out of consideration.'

'I hope nothing will happen to him.'

'So do I, for he has done me more than one good turn. His character has great possibilities in it, but is not well regulated. I am sorry to have to state that he admitted having received my letter from the postmaster and—he forgot to deliver it.'

'Is it possible? oh why did he do that?'

'Because—well, he takes a deep interest in you, and he thought that corresponding with me would not tend to elevate your character. However, he bagged the letter, and precious near sent me to Senegambia, though I held on with a sort of lurking hope that things would turn out all right. And I believe that, had I started for Senegambia, I should have dropped in upon you just to say good-bye. Selma, I prefer Canada to that country on the whole. I believe I can be happier here, if I can persuade you to think I am not quite wanting in truth and honour.'

'Walter, I do not think so. I believe what you say is true, except that you cannot know Esther's feelings. I think I can understand why you came to put off speaking about Esther. But I knew not what to think on that dreadful afternoon. I behaved very badly. It has made me very miserable ever since.'

'Not more miserable than I have been, Selma.'

'I think so, but—perhaps not. Esther wrote to me—she went away the day after we saw her—telling me just about what you have told me.'

'Did she? Glorious Esther!'

'She said she had found out my secret. She prayed that I might be happy, and, in spite of all the kindness of her words, she left in my mind the impression that——'

'Well?'

'That my happiness could only be brought about at the expense of hers.'

'Nonsense! you have placed such a construction upon her words because you have been alone here, a prey to morbid fancies. It is not true, and Esther Lansing is not the girl to try to cast a drop of gall into your happiness by even insinuating such an untruth. You are mistaken, Selma. Read in a proper light, I engage that her words will not bear that construction.'

'I wish I could think so. I have read and re-read them I have thought much over it, and have no doubts. She does not give you up willingly. She does it—simply out of kindness to me.'

'Indeed; and that being the case—'

'That being the case,' said Selma with quiet determination, 'I know exactly what we have to do. We must separate.'

'For how long?'

'For—ever.'

'Selma! you do not, you *can* not love me, or you would not talk this way.'

'I could wish I did not. But alas! I do, too much for my own happiness. My mind and heart can never change. But there is something higher than love, and that is duty. And my duty is clear. I must sacrifice my own inclinations for the sake of the friend to whom I owe everything. It costs me an effort, but it will be better for me in the long run to know that I have done right.'

'So we are to say good-bye, Selma?'

She bent her head silently.

'And what are you going to do?' he asked after a long pause.

'My plans are not quite settled. I shall leave here perhaps. I am only taking care of the lighthouse till the new keeper comes. I shall be sorry to leave Jacob's Island.'

'And what am I to do?'

Another pause. 'You will do what is right,' she said softly.

'We may have different views of what is right. Do you tell me what I am to do.'

'You will keep strict faith with Esther, and make her happy.'

'I won't,' growled Walter under his breath. 'There will be difficulties in the way, I'm afraid,' he said aloud, with a dubious shake of the head.

'They will be overcome.'

'Well, I don't know; there is one I fear can't be got over.'

'There is nothing which the determination to do right may not overcome.'

'There are things which would daunt even angels like you. For instance—Esther Lansing intends to marry another man.'

'Walter!'

'As letters seem to play an important part in this—tragedy,' said Walter calmly, 'I am happy to be able to produce *the* epistle of the occasion,' and he drew a letter from his pocket.

He read it slowly. It was dated at Quebec. It stated that the writer had been thrown in with Miss Esther Lansing a great deal during the last three months, first at the sea-side, and then, quite without design on either side ('Of course!' note by the reader), at Quebec; that a strong regard for her which he had felt two or three years ago and had never been able quite to control, had reasserted itself; that he had endeavoured to discipline it, but, owing to the unexpected kindness of the young lady, without success; that he had been so unguarded as to flounder into a confession one evening, which, somewhat to his surprise, was received graciously; that in effect he was the accepted suitor of Esther Lansing, *vice* a superior person once a childish fancy and now—retired.

Such concisely was the letter, and it was signed 'MAURICE SMITH.'

'Selma, I have one or two questions for you. Is Maurice Smith a man to be believed?'

'He is indeed.'

'Is Esther Lansing a girl to marry where she does not love?'

'I do think, I am sure—she would not.'

'My premises granted, what is the inevitable conclusion?'

'I do not know; I can hardly say; I can hardly think. It seems as if something which I have been building up painfully in long bitter months that were like years, were falling in fragments about me.'

'Your resolves must fall; the foundation is gone. Yes, dearest, you must yield. Your ideas of duty make you sacred in my eyes: you are something unspeakably higher and better than I. I do not deserve the love of such a one. No, nor such a friend as Maurice,' he said, musingly, folding up his letter. 'Selma, Maurice tried to persuade me to give up seeing you long ago. He reminded me of Esther Lansing, and declared I owed it to her to give up seeing you. I know the reason now. He loved Esther, and could not bear to think that any trouble or suffering might come to her through me. I thank heaven which has given me the friendship of such a man; and, Selma, I thank heaven a thousand times for you, and I do most earnestly pray that I may prove myself worthy of the gift. For, dearest, you must yield now, and, as far as I can promise, no suspicion, no shadow shall ever come between us two again.'

'Oh Walter, I am ready enough to yield. It was very hard to make up my mind that, if you ever came again, I must give you up. It is not hard for me to change my mind. Oh love, indeed, I trust you. A great load

is lifted from my heart and the world is bright again ;' and a happy mist dimmed the soft brown eyes.

With both his hands he drew the dear head towards him, and kissed away her tears.

ELLIS DALE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IS the world getting better or worse? The evolutionists, with Mr. Spencer at their head, tell us it is and must be getting better. But then the evolution philosophy admits of a good many eddies in the stream of progress, and possibly we are running up stream just now instead of down. If, as a matter of fact, there are any very encouraging signs in the moral condition of the world to-day, I should like somebody to say what they are. Is the tone of our literature higher than it was, say thirty years ago? Is business conducted on better principles? Do children receive a sounder moral, or a more vigorous intellectual, education? Is fidelity to public and private engagements more general now than then? Is there a better feeling between different classes of society? Is life altogether more natural and better-ordered? Are elevated and generous sentiments more widely understood by our contemporaries than by the generation that is gone? It would indeed be a happy thing if to all these questions we could answer 'Yes'; but I could scarcely venture that answer to them, or to any of them, myself. We have less crime, I believe, than they had thirty years ago, but what an amazing 'loafer' element we have in all our large towns. By 'loafers' I mean great gawks of men and youths more or less vicious in their habits, with a natural love of idleness, and indifferent as so many savages to all that dignifies or beautifies life. These are not they who, as Matthew Arnold says,

> 'Tread the border-land dim,
> 'Twixt vice and virtue ;'

for all their sympathies are with vice, in which they indulge just as far their means and opportunities allow.

But go a step higher in society and ask what is the intellectual and moral calibre of our fashionable and, as things go, well-educated youths of both sexes. I think, myself, that those who have passed through the period of youth take more interest in young people than they did when they were young themselves. I find myself at least watching young people with a great deal of interest, and trying to understand their ways and their feelings. Youth, we have always understood, is the age of romance, and we remember that years ago it was so to us. At least we could understand Robert Browning when he said,

> 'O good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
> This autumn morning.'

We knew too what Wordsworth meant when he said that,

> 'To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

But alas for our chances of discovering any traces of romance or poetic sensibility in the dressing, dancing, pic-nicing youth of to-day. It is neither in their tones, nor their looks, nor their conversation. Buzzing like so many moths around the lamp of pleasure, they seem to have no leisure either to think or to feel. Even the novel, such as it has become in the hands of Ouida and Miss Broughton, begins to be a burden; and as to all the world of literature beyond, it is an '*orbis veteribus notus*,' that is to say, a world abandoned to old fogies. The most amazing stories reach me from time to time of the absolute, blank ignorance of some of our most highly-gilded youths; and what I observe myself enables me to believe them very readily.

If I might venture upon a theory to ac-

count for the very unsatisfactory condition of things which I think can be shown to exist just now, I should say that the world is not advancing in the right direction at present, for want of fixed ideas upon fundamental questions. Before there can be orderly progress, there must be some sure basis of belief in regard to the deepest and widest questions of all. This we lack at present. The Christian theory of the universe and of man's destinies is being more feebly presented from year to year; that is to say, more and more adulterated in order to diminish the appearance of conflict with 'modern thought.' But the result of this is to rob it in a large measure of its directive virtue, for men will not be controlled by any doctrine that comes to them with an uncertain sound. On the other hand, 'modern thought' is slow to furnish a synthesis of its own. It has an admirable power of tearing down; its guerilla soldiery make havoc of old ideas here and there and everywhere; but as yet it has hardly begun the work of construction. Consequently society is left to drift about with but little clear moral guidance, and with a comparatively feeble sense of moral responsibility. It is much to be desired that 'modern thought' may get through the critical and dispersive stage as quickly as possible, and begin to furnish us with the affirmations, the binding truths, that we so much need. If once more we could have a common basis of belief and education, the progress society would make in organization and general well-being, would be, I fully believe, something of which at present we can have very little idea. Certainly nothing can be less favourable to social advancement than such a conflict between superstition and scepticism as constitutes the most salient feature of the civilization of to-day.

— If I were ever selfish enough to want to own a 'tight little island' all to myself, I would make my selection in Lake Joseph. Then, if my fellow guests here want to visit me, the direction how to find me is very simple. They will take the steamer from Gravenhurst to Port Cockburn, put up at Mr. Fraser's beautifully situated hotel, and start next morning in a boat to beat up my quarters. Keep the boat's nose, coxswain, straight between Round Island and the mainland, and, now lads, give way, for there is a five mile pull before you. Rowed all! and you see the water shoaling under you with a clear rock bottom, on which the shadow of boat, steerer, and paddle floats waveringly. A strange wine-colour the water is, you will notice, not red, but a yellowish tint like Hock; does it come from the saturation of the sunbeams, think you? Now up the steep rocky shore, a thirty or forty feet slope of unbroken rock, just mottled with thick pads of white and grey moss. You can easily see how the soil is formed that will one day cover these dry bones with flesh and skin. A few pine needles lodge in a hollow or cleft, a little rain-water softens them and stops their blowing away. So they slowly rot into a handful of black mould, and a black velvety lichen, like crisp burnt paper, covers the face of the rock all round them, and in a year or so you will find a green blade or two of grass sprouting out. You need not wait the two or three years, for here are patches of vegetation in different stages of existence, side by side: there, a pine seedling has struck root and events will begin to march. The sparse soil is kept damper by the shade, the rain of pine-needles falls thicker and faster, and a wild-strawberry plant casts in its lot with the grass and the thick moss. The pine sends out its roots this way and that way, grows ambitious and drops a taproot down a cleft in the rock to another patch of soil, and sends an exploratory feeler in quest of moisture between two huge blocks, till the whole stone is netted in a snake-like covering of roots. But come away, here is the forest primeval, and we have some climbing and clambering yet to do between the thick tree-stems, treading on rotten trunks masked with a wilderness of ferns (how your true fern loves a decaying tree! it is at once the earthworm of the forest-corpse and its transmigrated spirit), or on great blocks of granite, from which your slipping foot will peel whole sheets of mossy greenery.

The island is some eighty acres in size, and before we are a quarter across we begin to descend again. Down, down, down! The underbrush is not very thick, and if you are travelling too fast, just break your momentum by charging against some big tree and clutching it stoutly, till

you are ready for another dive. In the midst of one of these rushes you pause and look through a break in the leafy masses. A lake by all that's—holy! I hear you exclaim. Yes, my friend, a lake, five or six acres of it, in the very middle of this trim little island; a lake, too, that is waiting for some surveyor of a curious turn of mind, to determine if it is higher than the *outside* lake or not, and if so, by how many feet it takes precedence. Now you see why I chose this particular island. Admire my basket-ferns; chin-high, or may I never know the difference between Polypodye and Osmunda,—and my chin high is based upon a total height of 5 ft. 10½ in. Look at these moccasin plants growing so lushly in the beds of moss all round the brim, and then gaze at the cup-like hollow in which the little lake lies peacefully, full to the lip with its water and the blue it has stolen from the sky.

'Any fish in it?' Ah! I thought so! Wretched visitor, avoid thee; hence with thy rod and tackle, thy bait and thy trolling lines! This is sacred ground and holy water; the close season reigns all the year round, and wert thou St. Peter himself, or didst thou come along chatting with old Izaak Walton, never a cast shouldst thou make on the surface of this enchanted lake!

—Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, in the *International Review*, challenges the conclusion of Lord Macaulay in regard to the authorship of Junius's letters, and endeavours to establish a *non sequitur* to the historian's argument. I have no pet theory in regard to 'the man in the anonymous mask;' but I cannot fail to see that a material part of Mr. Stephens's own argument is more preposterous than that of Macaulay. The former says: 'Is it probable that anyone filling a clerkship in any of the departments of Government, could have been possessed of such extraordinary powers as Burke recognized in Junius, and such as he exhibited throughout his whole career? Could Philip Francis, clerk, have overmatched Mansfield and Blackstone on questions of law? Isn't the supposition untenable on rational principles? Is it not even preposterous?' I confess I fail to see either the preposterousness or the lack of rationality. Why should not a clerk in the British Civil Service possess extraordinary powers? Charles Lamb was one, so was John Stuart Mill; and Macaulay himself was a clerk in the India Office when he first discovered his literary powers. Besides, chief clerk in the War Office is no mean position. Francis felt it incumbent on him to resign his position, because the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the position of Deputy Secretary of War was distasteful to him; and his subsequent appointment to the position of Indian Councillor shows that 'clerk' in the War Office is not of the insignificance which Mr. Stephens evidently attaches to it. That the ability of Sir Philip Francis to trip up even Blackstone on a point of parliamentary practice is not the marvel which the same gentleman seems to regard it, may be inferred from the fact that many a clever journalist succeeds in convicting veteran statesmen of violating constitutional practice.

—What is to become of us if the Telephone proves a success? Carlyle's wind-bags are bad enough already, but how will it be if they can indefinitely multiply themselves, and become at once as prolific and destructive as the Colorado beetle? The prosy speeches of the Right Hon. Sir Jabesh, no longer boiled down and concentrated by the reporter's useful art, will echo through the land with all the drawling verbosity for which that eminent statesman is so noted. Rumour, with its 'coat painted full of tongues,' will be outdone for the nonce, whilst, on the other hand, gossip may be expected to lose half its present charm of unexpected originality, when it is circulated on less impulsive and tricky organs than lips of mere flesh and blood. But only fancy the domestic horrors it might entail! In a house with a telephone in every room, poor Benedict might be tempted to imagine that his mother-in-law had been 'laid on,' like the gas and hot water. It would be so delightfully easy for that sweet lady (like Homer's heroes in the press of battle) to 'send her voice before her' on speculation, all over the house, to enquire what Benedict is doing, or why he is doing it, or if not, why he isn't doing it, and particularly (when perhaps he is doing some harmless fretwork) why he persists in smoking when he knows dear Angelina's nerves—.At this point we may picture

Benedick breaking his saw, throwing the unfinished bracket from him, and putting a stopper on the instrument (if such a process is possible). Then the horrid thought assails one, could a telephone be tapped? Might not a rejected lover intercept the soft whisperings that pass between Rosalind and her more favoured swain? Could not two strands of wire get accidentally twisted, and mix together the fervour of the temperance lecturer and a graphic report of the Woodbine Race-meeting, to the utter confusion and discomfiture of the would-be recipient?

The post-card has been found a very efficient method of dunning, when the 'dunnee' has still a feeling of shame about him, and a nervous dread of his correspondence being overhauled by his clerks or servants. What would it be though to the telephone? Fancy your impecunious swell greeted at a dinner party with a frightful reminder from his tailor that his coat is unpaid for; or the guests being politely informed by the host's wine-merchant that the claret they are imbibing is the last they will get at *that* hospitable mahogany unless that 'little bill' now under protest is taken up before the morrow is out.

Will not the second-rate lecturers, 'stick-it' ministers, and thumping piano-forte players object to an invention which threatens to cut them off in favour of the foremost men of mark, who, seated comfortably in their studies, can reel off an harangue or play a sonata in fifty different directions at once? Some classes of Protestants would rejoice to have nothing more tangible than a voice to teach them; it would suit so well that style of impersonal and super-spiritual religion which declines to decorate the chapel, lest the mind should be led to dwell on outward manifestations to the detriment of the inward light. Those of a more sensational school could be gratified by a double arrangement, which would depict Paradise from the region of the chandelier, and dilate on the tortures of Hades in a deep tone out of the hot-air flues under their feet. Nor need the other sects, who require a central figure, whether of surpliced priest or black-kid-gloved minister, be disappointed. Artful lay figures, like those pallid, intellectually-browed busts we see in hairdressers' windows, could be fastened up in front of the sounding-board, and a very little practice would enable deacon or organist to pull the wires so as to produce the appropriate action of eyes and pocket-handkerchief at the critical moments. But there! we are straying too far from our subject, and, we fear, bid fair to become as great a bore as the telephone itself must infallibly turn out to be, if our dear friends A, B, or C are often at one end when our ear is at the other.

—It is a social problem yet unsolved,—this vast amount of jam-making which, during the whole of this intensely oppressive summer, has been and still is going on in every household, is it an absolute necessity, or simply a national prejudice? Two things have to be considered—the jam-making and the jam-eating. Let us look first at the jam-maker. See her, on a day hot enough to do nothing but 'sit in one's bones,' stewing over an awful stove for hours and hours at a time; look at the fruit, meant for summer refreshment, gradually losing its identity and becoming amalmagated with the sugar into an indistinguishable mass. Remember, too, that this is not the performance of a day, but of weeks, and that during the time when the jam fever rages, calls are forgotten, letters are unwritten, friends are considered a bore, and going out a delusion and a snare. One's duty towards one's neighbour is read as one's duty towards one's preserves. Think, too, how, all this time, the mind, left to itself, must necessarily take a saccharine and sub-crystalline turn, and dwell principally upon the number of jars that have been filled or yet await their fate. There is no room for thought, or for fresh ideas from the book-world; and, worse still, abroad, the lily must fade away unconsidered, and the beauty of the summer leaves and the brightness of the summer birds be unheeded and unseen,—and all for jam! Leaving the poor house-mother, let us come to the jam-eating. Once made, of course it stands to reason that jam must be eaten. Alas for the healthy appetites of our ancestors, gone will be the wholesome taste for beef and cold mutton, if our children, instead of being *preserved* from a morbid appetite for preserves, have a passion for that unwholesome food *jammed* (don't be angry; this is atrocious, I know, but I couldn't help it)—jammed into them in the fashion customary

in this country. Have you ever, oh fellow-guests (and devoutly do I hope you never have), after a tiresome, wearying day, come cold and hungry to a friendly house in time for tea? You sit down expectant and eager. What anguish of soul, what keen disappointment! There is nothing to eat but jam! 'What! not take plum jam? then pray try this citron, or this strawberry, or perhaps you prefer raspberry.' You sternly refuse all such sticky consolation, and rise from the meal unsatisfied and disgusted. You looked for substantial food, and are offered trifles light as air and quite as indigestible! You expected nourishment—something to strengthen bone, tissue, and blood; and are put off with a pretence, a hollow mockery!

—Henry Ward Beecher has said, with epigrammatic narrowness: 'There are some people who do not get enough of themselves by always living in their own company, and so keep journals.' As I am one of these, it is well that I have learned not to be disconcerted by pert sayings: they carry with them stings, but seldom blows from which one cannot rally. If one hope to live without incurring by one's habits or actions a multitude of sharp hits, one may as well try dodging rain-drops in a shower. 'Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour?' Certainly they should not, but as certainly they do. Jokes have brought about mighty things, and very poor jokes at that; and in this small matter, many a diary-keeper will wince at the aggressive little remark I have quoted, as he may have done at others like it. People who keep diaries, in company with mothers-in-law, hen-pecked husbands, volunteers, and lawyers, have long been the butts for merciless witticisms. If that were all, they would have no great occasion for concern; but under all this poking of fun there are very serious objections that may be urged against their habit, as well as some very trivial ones. It is to save the patience of some of my fellow guests that I get rid of a great deal of the rubbish by saying dogmatically that silly folk will keep silly diaries from silly motives, as they would exhibit silliness wherever their individuality had free play. Let us consider sensible objections to the diaries of sensible people—for it is indisputable that some sensible people keep diaries. And while I postulate common-sense, I would also be understood as referring only to ordinary, and not exceptional persons; the diaries of magnates and celebrities are quite beside the question. In the first place, then, I have heard it urged that to write up a diary regularly is a waste of time. This is begging the question: if it be shown to be worth doing, it is not a waste of time; while if it be a pleasure altogether innocent, neither useful nor detrimental, it may be pleaded that the few minutes devoted to it would probably be wasted in some other amusement. It is only as a corollary to the demonstration that the habit is actually harmful, as well as absolutely useless, that there is anything in this objection.

Is the habit actually harmful? The weightiest consideration against it on this ground is that it is apt to foster a morbid, self-examinative mood; to magnify Self as a fact in the mental vision, and enthrone Self in absolute monarchy in the emotional realm. It is urged that the diary of a man inclined to vanity will soon become little else than a daily incense-offering that shall smell sweet in his own nostrils; a diurnal pæan of self-praise in abbreviations; a regular writing down of great I and little *you*. On the other hand, it is supposed that a man with a tendency to self-suspicion, over-humility, or that vanity turned inside out which apes humility, will make his diary a confessional into which will be poured avowals of trivial shortcomings and petty misdeeds, accompanied by a manuscript wail of exaggerated repentance. As at other confessionals, by dwelling with gusto on his wrong-doings, he gets an appetite for imaginary wickedness, and feels bound to bring a little guilt to bemoan and do easy penance for every day. He becomes tragical in his allusions—generally made before young ladies—to the secrets known only to himself and 'that book'; and is pleased if he can excite wonder as to what they are. In short, the charge against the diary is, that, as it is a sort of Liberty Hall, in which a man may make as great a fool of himself as he pleases, unobserved, he will probably set up in it a metaphorical looking-glass, and play the pranks most to his liking before it; be audience and actor in one, applaud himself, hiss himself, and bow to

himself, until that self has acquired all-importance in his eyes.

I could not for a moment dispute the validity of this charge against the habit of keeping a diary, did I admit the assumption on which it is grounded; which I certainly do not. That assumption—made also in Mr. Beecher's remark—is that a diary must necessarily treat of self. I fail to recognize anything in the words 'Diary' or 'Journal' implying any such necessity; and the force which custom and tradition lend the idea goes no further than to make it orthodox for a diary to chronicle the actions performed by, and the events occurring to, one's self day by day. I postulated sensible people, be it remembered; and it seems to me that a sensible person would in his diary stop short here—at actions and events, excluding as far as possible emotional entries and morbid self-analysis. When these are admitted, diary-keeping becomes at once a dangerous habit, which it requires strong good sense and sharp watching to keep from growing foolish and actually harmful. Most young people of a thoughtful turn of mind have kept such diaries; and in most cases they work their own cure. After an interval of a few years—of a few months very frequently—to read entries of the emotional or subjective, the self-laudatory or the self-depreciatory kinds, is as wholesome as it is nauseous.

It may be assumed, then, that there is nothing actually harmful in the habit of keeping a diary, so long as it excludes almost everything concerning *Self* except the simple chronicle of events and actions. We can thus claim that, if it be an amusement, it deserves the time we spend over it as well as any other amusement by which we might occupy the same time. But I am not satisfied with this; for I think it has a better right to those few minutes than it would have as an amusement. It is not absolutely useless in my opinion; but useful and profitable in many ways that I cannot now enlarge upon. It depends entirely on the keeper of a diary whether it shall remain negatively harmless, and of some slight use as a bare chronicle of events; or whether it shall become an intelligent comment on daily occurrences, a well-indexed, though pleasantly informal commonplace-book; a brief record of his honest opinions as to all he sees and reads; a daily exercise in writing clear and concise English; and a volume full of such notes and sketches as shall in after years call up pleasant memories, and speak of 'old times' in their own voice. Without any secrecy, open to any friend, with no morbid self-consciousness, written in the warmth of present interest, each volume as it is laid away should 'fix' the glowing reflection of mental progress through active and earnest days.

—Those of us Canadians who have the fortune or misfortune to live in cities, and who have returned from their expeditions and holiday trips to the seaside and elsewhere, can scarcely fail to be delighted and instructed if they make occasional explorations nearer home during the remainder of the season. October is a pleasant month for taking long walks, collecting ferns, leaves, mosses, etc. Apart from the fascinating amusement thus afforded, I know nothing that lends to a Canadian home such a delightful charm during the fire side evenings of winter, as the adornment of the walls with pictures of tastefully arranged leaves and ferns; and to see here and there a fern-shade, with its graceful looking miniature forest of green. This month is especially attractive to the student of Nature. It is the time when the beautiful maple-leaves put on their prettiest shades of colour. What, too, can charm the eye more than the simple maiden-hair fern, modestly hiding itself in a picturesque glen? and with what tenderness it seems to cling to the moss-covered stones and the antique roots of trees; yet how unnoticed and almost unknown, wasting 'its sweetness on the desert air.' There are, no doubt, many Nature-favoured haunts within an easy walk of most of our cities, where a variety of ferns are to be found, and where anyone who wants to learn the art of forgetting, can converse with Nature in the fields and valleys. Perfect specimens of ferns have been found in coal formations hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth. A lady friend of mine who has a delightfully ordered house, devotes particular attention to her fern-shades, in which are collected beautiful specimens of prettily arranged plants. These, together with the song of a number of golden canaries, in their fancy cages, give to the room a charming air of spring, even in the depth of winter.

—I cannot help being struck with admiration at the really charming consistency which some of our religious journals occasionally display. Of this excellent quality, two notable instances have recently come under my observation. About a couple of months back the *Christian Guardian* fell foul of the management of the CANADIAN MONTHLY on account of the liberality which it has sometimes shown in allowing both sides of a theological subject to be discussed, by contributors, in its columns. In the week following this remarkable display of toleration and of its appreciation of the Scripture injunction to 'prove *all* things,' the *Guardian* contained a very favorable notice of the July number of the Canadian edition of the *Fortnightly Review*, in the course of which it praised the enterprise of the Messrs. Belford in publishing the Review in this country, and, by implication at least, 'recommended their venture to the support of the Canadian public. The truly admirable consistency of the *Christian Guardian* will be apparent when it is pointed out that the particular number of the *Fortnightly* so praised and recommended, contained an article on 'The Ethics of Religion,' by Prof. Clifford, compared with which anything of a theologically unorthodox character that has ever appeared in the columns of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, is 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.'

The other notable instance of the peculiar species of consistency which has awakened my admiration, is given in the September number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*. In the course of a couple of editorial articles devoted to the recent Dunkin campaign and defeat in Toronto, the editor congratulates 'Brothers Dewart, Potts, Hunter, Senator Aikins, and other good men and true, the heroes of this fight, on the abuse and invective, the outpourings of the wrath of the whisky-mongers, of which they have been the objects.' The obvious intention, of course, is to condemn the abuse, invective, and outpourings of wrath alluded to. From the articles in which the foregoing passage is imbedded, I cull, for the edification of the guests at this Table, the following choice flowers of rhetoric. 'We hear of no prayer-meetings on the other side. But instead, drunken ruffianism, and besotted ignorance, and sordid greed, and utter selfishness, leagued in unhallowed warfare against domestic peace, public sobriety, and private morality.' If the by-law should be defeated, 'it would be a victory that, gained by unrighteous means, should overwhelm the advocates of the liquor-traffic with confusion and shame.' The traffic is 'a foul incubus of darkness.' Those engaged in it 'controlled a large number of friends, dependants, and hangers-on, who from sordid self-interest, debased and insatiate appetites, or more corrupt motives still, marched as a phalanx to the poll, to vote, and jostle, and crowd, and fight for the perpetuation of the unhallowed traffic in the woes and sorrows of mankind. Hundreds of blear-eyed, drunken, and ragged wretches, bribed by unlimited drinks, free feeds, and the lavish expenditure of money, swamped, with their venal votes, those of the respectable, moral, and religious portion of the community.' Every large city, it seems, 'is a sort of Adullam's cave,' where 'the tramps and dead-beats and vagabonds of society come together, and with their malign influence, oppose every effort to elevate the community to a higher plane of being.' 'The cities are, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, the place where Satan's seat is; and it is exceedingly difficult to overcome the selfish machinations of his agents and allies.' The description, which follows, of the 'vulgar triumphal procession which outraged every sentiment of common decency,' by which, 'in eminent congruity with their nature, the Licensed Victuallers celebrated their victory,' glitters with such gems as these: 'bar-tenders and their disreputable satellites,' 'vulgar ruffians,' 'blasphemous utterances,' 'victors "flown with insolence and wine,"' 'victuallers and their myrmidons,' and 'guilty traffic.'

No doubt the writer who condemns abuse, invective, and outpourings of wrath, imagines that his own language is in perfect good taste, is perfectly *temperate*, and therefore perfectly fit and proper to be addressed by a *temperance* advocate to the four thousand tax-paying citizens of Toronto who voted against the Dunkin Act. Well, I was one of the four thousand. Nevertheless, incredible as the fact may seem to the editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, I am *not* a drunken ruffian; nor a blear-eyed and ragged wretch; nor a tramp, dead-beat, or

vagabond; nor a victualler's myrmidon; nor the disreputable satellite of a bar-tender; nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, an agent or ally of Satan. Neither did I march in a phalanx to the poll, to jostle, or crowd, or fight; nor was I bribed to vote by unlimited drinks, free feeds, or the lavish expenditure of money; nor was my vote in any sense a venal one. On the contrary, I voted against the Act conscientiously, because I believed it to be one of the most iniquitous laws that ever disgraced the statute-book of any civilized country,—an Act which is essentially unjust in principle, which outrages liberty, and which legalises robbery,—which in seeking to suppress the *vice* of drunkenness, perpetrates the *crimes* of tyranny, injustice, and spoliation.

That the Act is an outrage on liberty, by interfering with a man's right to eat and drink what he pleases, has been proved to a demonstration by Mr. Allen in his masterly articles in this Magazine, and nothing more need be said on that head. True, the *Christian Guardian* appears to think that Mr. Allen's ideas of liberty are 'crude.' This, however, is simply amusing, seeing that they are the ideas, not alone of Mr. Allen, but also of the greatest of modern thinkers—men like Wilhelm Von Humbolt, John Stuart Mill, Buckle, and Herbert Spencer,—indeed, of the whole army of modern European liberals. But this is neither new nor strange. The contest between Science and Theology is an old one. The great thinkers of every age have always found the theologians arrayed in deadly enmity against them.

That the Act is unjust in principle is susceptible of equally unanswerable proof. In seeking to put down a certain traffic, it punishes only one party to it. If the liquor traffic is criminal, then both buyer and seller are guilty, and both should be punished. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the buyer is the actual tempter, and consequently the more guilty of the two—supposing there is any guilt in the matter. Moreover, one need not be a political economist to be aware that a commodity of any kind is supplied because there is a demand for it. Let the demand cease, and the supply will cease. The Dunkin Act puts the cart before the horse: it attacks the supply and leaves the demand untouched; it punishes the man who supplies, while the man who, by demanding, really creates the supply, is allowed to go free. He can even refuse to pay for the liquor which he has bought, and recover, by law-suit, what he has paid. Nay, worse! He may be and often is rewarded with half the penalty if he will but act the part of a whiskey-detective, and inform against the man whom he has instigated to break the law and joined with in breaking it. Of two parties to an illegal act, then, the less guilty is punished, while the more guilty is rewarded. Could legislation be devised more monstrously one-sided, or more utterly subversive of the very foundations of public morality? That such an Act is tolerated on the statute-book is due to the fact that consumers of liquor are immeasurably more moral than the law; they are not such contemptible sneaks and cheats as to take advantage of its infamous provisions.

That the Act legalises robbery is equally easy of proof. In Toronto there are about four hundred grocers, tavern-keepers, and other persons who deal in liquor by retail. Allowing an average of five to a family, there are, then, about two thousand people dependent to a greater or less extent for subsistence, upon the liquor traffic, a perfectly legal one be it remembered. Had the Act come into force, these people would have been robbed in three distinct ways. First, their property, including liquors, barfixtures and furniture, machinery for brewing and distilling, and all the other paraphernalia of the business, would have become greatly deteriorated in value, if not altogether worthless. Secondly, their leases would have been thrown upon their hands, and they would have been obliged to continue paying rent, notwithstanding the shutting up of their places of business. Thirdly, they would have been deprived of their livelihood, and the bread taken out of the mouths of their wives and children. Grocers would have suffered probably even more than mere liquor-sellers, for every grocer in Toronto knows that it is impossible to make a living out of 'dry groceries' alone. Nor would the injuries described have been mere accidents, incidental to the practical working of the Act, such as is sometimes the case as an indirect consequence of a change in the tariff; though, even if they had been, it would have made no difference in the principle involved. The injuries

specified are the very things which the Act is designed to produce: did it not produce them it would fail of its purpose. The very intention of the Act is to rob,—to prevent people from selling what they have lawfully bought for the purpose of lawfully selling; to throw their property on their hands and make it unsaleable and comparatively worthless; to deprive them of their means of subsistence. Is it wonderful that liquor-dealers cry out against such iniquities; that they do not stand quietly by while they are being despoiled in this fashion? The plea that a liquor-seller buys only the right to sell for a year, is a dishonest quirk, worthy only of a shyster lawyer,—an afterthought excogitated for the purpose of giving some colour of justification to an act of spoliation. A person entering into the trade of liquor-selling frequently has to pay an enormous sum for the good-will and fixtures of the business; if he opens a new saloon or hotel he has to sink a large capital in fittings and furnishings. Moreover, it is preposterous to expect that in laying in his stock of liquors he can buy precisely the quantity necessary for 365 days, neither more nor less. From these and similar considerations it is always held in England—where the right and wrong of this question is better understood, apparently, than in Canada—that a liquor license confers upon the licensee a vested right to renew it at pleasure. No municipal body in England would dream of depriving a publican of his license, *merely from motives of public policy*, without compensating him. In this country the whole question of liquor-licensing is turned topsy-turvy. Morally speaking every man has a right to sell liquor. A license gives to the man named in it no moral right, because he already possesses it. A License Act simply deprives the rest of the community—those to whom a license is not given—of their natural right to sell. The limit of twelve months is fixed, not as indicating the time for which the licensee will be allowed to sell, but partly for revenue purposes, and partly in order to have some hold upon him in case he abuses his right, so as to be able to deprive him of it when the time expires. It will be easily seen, then, how nonsensical it is to talk as some people do about 'legalizing the office of tempter.' The *tacit license* given to, or the natural right exercised by, dry-goods merchants and jewellers, to display in their shop windows their silks and satins, their gold and precious stones, might with far more justice be stigmatized as 'legalizing the office of tempter,' seeing that every woman who passes by is thereby tempted to go in and spend more than her husband or father can afford. I say with *more* justice, because the liquor-seller does not flaunt his wares glaringly and obtrusively under the eyes or nose of every passer-by, nor does he persistently pester and tempt his customers to buy this, that, and the other thing, whether they want it or not. Indeed, he never asks them to buy at all; if he did his impertinence would be very promptly rebuked. But then, you see, he deals with men, not women. A very strong case might be made out in support of the position that the 'legalising of the office of tempter,' in the persons of the dry-goods merchant and the jeweller, is at the root of an amount of social and domestic misery immeasurably greater than that caused by drunkenness. Some economists tell us that the extravagance of women in these particulars is one of the chief causes of the widespread and terrible financial depression from which the civilized world has been suffering during the past three or four years. I say, then, if we are to re-enact despotic sumptuary laws of three centuries back, let us, in the name of logical consistency and equal justice (or rather, of equal injustice), re-enact them entire—those which will grind down the one sex, as well as those which will grind down the other: let us at least put on a complete suit of the clothes of mediævalism, not merely its cast-off rags. If we are to regulate what rational beings shall put *in*side their bodies, let us regulate also what they shall put *out*side; if we are to prescribe the physical food which a man shall put into his stomach, let us prescribe also the intellectual, moral, and religious food which he shall put into his brain; in brief, let us go back to the Inquisition, the torture-chamber, and the stake. There is no logical line of demarcation between the Dunkin Act and the statute *De Hæretico comburendo*.

Suppose we put the boot on the leg of the editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, and ask him how he likes the fit. He seeks to sup-

press liquor-sellers, because, speaking in a general way, he believes that they poison men's *bodies*, and are consequently the enemies of mankind. Well, Professor Clifford, in the article on 'The Ethics of Religion' which the *Christian Guardian* inferentially praised so highly, tells us that 'the priest' poisons men's *souls* with false doctrines, and is, consequently, 'at all times and in all places the enemy of all men—*Sacerdos semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus*'; and that 'if there is one lesson which history forces upon us in every page, it is this: *keep your children away from the priest, or he will make them the enemies of mankind.*' (The italics are Professor Clifford's). Suppose, then, that those who agree with Professor Clifford should at any time command a majority in the Legislature, and should get a 'Clifford Act' passed, prohibiting all clergymen from preaching, enforcing the closing of all churches, and suppressing the *Christian Guardian*, the *Methodist Magazine*, and all other publications which, as they believe, similarly trade in moral poison. What would the editor of the *Methodist Magazine*, himself a clergyman, think of an Act which should deprive him of his livelihood in this fashion? Would he not denounce its shameless injustice with all the energy he could command? I should, were I in his place; and I think he would, too, and, judging from the specimens which I have quoted above, without stopping to pick and choose his language very carefully. Supposing then, while manfully standing up for his rights in this way, some Cliffordite were to turn round upon him and denounce his 'sordid greed,' his 'utter selfishness,' his 'sordid self-interest,' and his 'selfish machinations.' Would he consider such a course fair or decent? I think not. Let him then take the beam out of his own eye, and look at this Dunkin question, if he can, from the point of view of the liquor-sellers. Let him acknowledge that even they are his fellow-creatures, who, if you tickle them, will laugh, and if you prick them, will bleed; who have their rights, like him, who have their feelings, like him, but who do not, like him, set themselves up as examples of culture, of sweetness and light, and of that Christian charity which is not easily provoked, doth not behave itself unseemly, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Let him but put himself in their place, and he will perhaps cease to wonder why they do not look on calmly while they are being robbed by process of law, and themselves and those whom they love (for, strange as it may seem, even liquor-sellers love their wives and children) are turned into the street to get a subsistence as best they may, or, failing that—to starve. Even Shylock, the money-lending Jew, teaches us a lesson in this matter:

> 'You take my house, when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
> When you do take the means whereby I live.'

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE political record in each month of the long vacation is so similar to its predecessor, that it would seem almost impossible to make it the subject of fresh or profitable review. When the leaders are not abusing one another from the platform, their journals supply the deficiency by additional vigour in acerbity and vituperation. Now that the dog-days are over, the belligerents ply both methods of attack, and the battle rages along the entire line. Party demonstrations in Canada are *sui generis*, and hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. In England, the prorogation of Parliament is the signal for a truce, more or less complete, from party wrangling. Even now, when it is exceedingly desirable that the intentions of Government, as well as the voice of the people, on the Eastern question, should be clearly understood, there

is little speech-making from the leaders. Sir S. Northcote, Earl Granville, and, of course, Mr. Gladstone, have had something to say; but there has been nothing like a formal political campaign on either side. President Hayes, again, has naturally employed a portion of his first summer recess in expounding his policy, and, in addition, there are autumn elections in prospect; yet the political world across the lines has been comparatively quiet and inert. This state of things may be partly owing to a natural desire for repose, but it is mainly attributable to the 'decay of party' on both sides of the Atlantic. In Canada, on the contrary, where there is no more urgent reason for continued warfare, it is deemed necessary to keep up the cannonade, so as, if possible, to delude the public into supposing that there is really something to fight about. Just when grouse and partridge shooting began in Britain, our politicians found human game to harry, and instead of casting a fly for salmon, as Mr. Bright does, they discovered that they had 'other fish to fry.'

Now, although any attempt to follow this second series of 'pic-nics' in detail is manifestly out of the question, it may be of service to inquire into their purpose and utility, and to describe their salient characteristics. To begin with, each party claims that the other is without a policy. Mr. Huntington stated at Galt, that 'The Opposition had no policy to propound at their pic-nics. They claimed to be the friends of of the working-man, and even allow him to be a Tory. They did not present any new principles for discussion, but they came with long speeches concerning the rascality of those in public life.' On the other hand, it has been repeated *ad nauseam*, that the Government has no settled policy; that they are violating all the principles they maintained when out of office, and are endeavouring to set off the sins of their predecessors against their own. The worst of it is that both these accusations have more or less truth in them, and that principle has evidently little or nothing to do with the bitter struggle between them. It is clear, therefore, that the object of these demonstrations is not to expound any policy for the future, or to defend any pursued in the past, but simply to give greater latitude for abuse and scandal than our politicians would otherwise enjoy. Sir John Macdonald observed at Whitby, 'that the reason he had spoken so plainly of the conduct of the Government was that the restrictions imposed by the rules of Parliament prevented that plainness of speech which he used before farmers and workmen.' In that short sentence, Sir John, as he often does, unconsciously let out the secret of the pic-nics. Their object is not to instruct or convince the people; but to have the greatest liberty of tongue-fence compatible with the smallest amount of personal responsibility. The Premier has evidently the same notion of the real purpose of these demonstrations; for he never would express himself in Parliament as he does continually at these pic-nics. On the floor of the House, he would not think of calling Heaven to witness to his purity, as he did at Galt, or claim that 'no man but a coward or a poltroon' would act as his opponents had done, or 'thank God that, if they were gentlemen, he was not.' Much less would he have attacked Senator Macpherson in such words as these:—'He had published a pamphlet written by somebody else, and in it there was not a page in which there was not an absolute falsehood.' These are but mild specimens of pic-nic rhetoric, and we quote Mr. Mackenzie because he is at once the least excusable offender, and by no means the worst. The language used by some of the Opposition speakers is scurrilous in the extreme, and we have no disposition to palliate, much less to deny, their guilt; still that is no sufficient reason for the undignified course of Ministers.

It must apparently be taken for granted then, that the only policy either party can boast of is the policy of scandal. And here it may reasonably be asked, whether an *ad captandum* appeal to a party audience in the country, on any one or all of the numerous accusations preferred by either side, is a proper and reasonable method of investigation? Why go out of doors to air these mutual recriminations, when there is a Parliamentary tribunal for investigating them, one after the other? Of what value is Sir John Macdonald's *ex parte* view—for it is not evidence—or Mr. Mackenzie's protestation, both delivered to partisan audiences out of doors? The leader of the Opposition gloated over the fact that al-

though the Premier had threatened to obtain an Investigating Committee, he had not dared to moot the question in Parliament; but why did not Sir John himself demand one? If the foul deeds of the Government are as open and palpable as he alleges, if they are poisoning the springs of public morality and furnishing scandals by the score, what has he been about that he did not insist upon their investigation when Parliament was sitting? The excuse that the Government, having a majority in the Commons, would stifle inquiry, will not do, because they have no power to stifle it, even if they wished to do so. Sir John threatens that 'before a Committee of the Senate, the struggling monsters of corruption will be brought to light,' and Dr. Tupper, at Barrie, professed his willingness to 'meet Mr. Mackenzie in a court of law,' and prove that Mr. Mackenzie's brother was a legal partner in the firm of Cooper, Fairman, & Co., after the steel rail transaction. By all means let there be a full and impartial examination of any charges made against the Administration, so that the people may have a fair opportunity of deciding upon their truth or falsity; but it is altogether preposterous to parade these charges, day after day, and week after week, before audiences which have neither the means, the power, nor the ability to adjudicate upon them.

Nor are Ministers and their defenders in a much better plight. The time has surely come when they can afford to stand or fall upon their own merits. That they inherited great difficulties when they assumed the responsibilities of office, will be readily admitted, and every allowance should be made for them under the circumstances. Still they ought not to forget that it was by the aid of some of their opponents they obtained office, and by a terrible slip of the old Government. A party which secures power by the exposure of scandal, rather than by the legitimate triumph of principle, always occupies an invidious position. The same weapons are invariably turned against themselves; the same accusations, rightly or wrongly, are sure to be made, so soon as they are firmly seated in power. Those who have been ejected from place grow microscopically keen-sighted in matters where corruption may possibly or plausibly be imputed. Walpole mounted upon the ruins of the South Sea Bubble, and, after more than twenty years of power, in which he was constantly harassed by 'scandals', gave way, first to Carteret and the 'patriots,' and then to the Pelhams, the most corrupt of the entire batch. Canada is now in the George II. stage of politics, apparently; for although all our public men are purer than the English statesmen then were, there is the same lack of sterling principle, the same indifference to personal reputation, the same want of charitable consideration for the motives and acts of opponents, and therefore an equal amount of scandal and reckless abuse. Moreover, it must not be forgotten by the dominant party, that they occupy an entirely different position from that of the men they supplanted. Oppositions are always virtuous, and the Reform party had accumulated such a stock of purity during their sojourn in the 'cold shade,' as practically to swamp them when their time came. It is often a misfortune to have too good a character, especially when a man gives it to himself; and it is so with a party. The severe measure meted out to its predecessors, is measured to it again, generally pressed down and running over. Nor will it do then to revert to the misdoings of the old *régime*; because shortcomings in purists of ten or twenty years' standing admit of no set-off. All allusions to Pacific Scandals, Secret Service or Northern Railway jobs, are so much breath expended in vain. The one thing needful, unless the verdict of the people is to be that both parties are equally guilty and equally undeserving of confidence, is to meet the charges, such as they are, openly, squarely, and good-humoredly. That they should be made was, under the circumstances, inevitable; it remains for the Administration to show that they are baseless, and that the party it leads, from its integrity as well as ability, still deserves the entire confidence of the electorate.

There is all the more reason that this should be done at once, with the prospect of a general election before us within a twelve-month. The desire for immediate dissolution shows some indisposition on the part of their authors, to put these innumerable scandals to the test. They are wanted for 'stumping' purposes; but the fear is that they will explode, like a badly filled torpedo, before they can injure the enemy.

It was never likely that Mr. Mackenzie would dissolve the House this autumn ; because he must be in as good a position next year, and may possibly occupy a better. The revival of trade, now manifesting itself, will probably cause much popular discontent to disappear, and will be so far a gain to our present rulers. Most unprejudiced people have not lost confidence in the personal integrity of Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake. They are willing to allow for the difficulty they have had in controlling the hungry herd who, after years of watching and waiting, came forward with 'claims on the party.' Still they require something more than the Premier's angry protestations and querulous complainings about Opposition 'coarseness, vulgarity, falseness, and slander;' and they are weary of the *tu quoque* style of retort which he and his friends are so ready to adopt. Most people have not much confidence in the case for the prosecution as against the Premier, but they do not feel satisfied with the defence ; it is in his power to set the matter at rest by a full, fair, and thorough investigation. At any rate, anger and strong language will not do much for either party. As Professor De Morgan answered when an advocate of duelling inquired what he would do, if he were called a liar :—'I should call upon the man to prove it : if he did prove it, I ought to be ashamed of myself ; and if he did not prove it, he ought to be ashamed of himself.'

The advantage of speedily eliminating the scandal element, as a factor in our party politics, must be obvious to any one who has glanced, however cursorily, at the pic-nic speeches on both sides. The only valuable purpose to be served by party demonstrations is to bring our public men face to face with the people, and to give them an opportunity of expounding and vindicating their policy before those who must finally decide upon it at the polls. In other words, they are only useful, so far as they instruct, explain, and persuade. Now, it can hardly be pretended that the pic-nics of this year have, in the slightest degree, fulfilled these requirements. Taken *en masse*, their chief characteristic has been angry and bombastic rhetoric, inspired by the exhilarating sympathy of a partisan audience—reckless, ill-considered, and inflated declamation. In place of informing the people by a fair exposition of public questions, this system has distinctly tended to foster prejudices, inflame passions, and pervert the judgment. But its most pernicious effect is one to which we have already adverted, and which cannot be too strongly impressed upon the reader's attention—its tendency to deprave public morality. It is impossible, for any length of time, to persist in flinging the mire of scandal in every quarter, without causing some of it to stick ; and when the public mind is once satisfied that all politicians are corrupt, the first step in the decadence of popular morals has been already taken. To be familiar with vice or corruption, whether it be proved or not, is to grow indifferent to it, to lose faith in the existence of integrity and purity everywhere, and eventually to care but little whether there are such virtues or not. There is no instance recorded in history, where settled distrust in public virtue has not been followed by a gradual deterioration of private morality. The poison filtrates from the highest to the lowest stratum of society, and, if we, in Canada, escape the ultimate degradation our politicians are heedlessly providing for the country, it will not be any merit of theirs, but because of the sterling stuff of which Canadians are made.

If it be said that the people do not believe half the accounts of corruption related to them, that is merely paying a compliment to the purity of public men at the expense of their veracity. No one, unless he be hopelessly sunk in the partisan slough, can imagine either the last or the present Government to have been hopelessly corrupt or immaculately pure. Each is ready to detect stains in its opponent's garment : neither will admit that there is any spot on its own. Perhaps the safest conclusion is that arrived at, even by not a few party men, that both sides have been guilty of calumny and evil-speaking, and that both are, more or less, tarred with the same stick, when party interests are to be served or party friends to be rewarded. Yet if all the stories extant could only be sifted by any fair and competent tribunal, it would doubtless be found that exceedingly little wheat would remain to be garnered from the threshing floor of truth. It is not our purpose to decide upon whose shoulders the burden of guilt rests in this matter ; both parties are to

blame, though perhaps not equally so. During the last four years, no doubt, the responsibility rests with the Opposition, since they have not been in a position to be accused of corruption. To judge fairly between the parties would require an impartial survey of their conduct from say 1854 to the present time. The history of the ante-Confederation period appears to have almost faded from the public memory; yet it is there we must look for the first and rankest crop of scandals. Year by year, it appears to have spread with more deadly luxuriance, until it has almost choked the growth of our public vitality. What was merely by-play in the political battle, when principles were at stake, has become its serious business now that there are none. We can only hope that parties will either disappear speedily, to make room for something better, or else find more fitting and honourable occupation than flying at each other's throats.

It has been the fashion lately to look back with envious eyes to the times of the Hon. Robert Baldwin. That golden age appears to have peculiar attractions for the party men of to-day, Conservatives and Reformers are all Baldwin men; indeed, to read some contemporary utterances, one would scarcely imagine that the father of Responsible Government had been abused, harassed, and finally driven from public life. The eagerness with which politicians revert to the glories of the past, is sufficient evidence of the pettiness of party warfare as it now is. The other day, Sir John Macdonald was in the historical mood at Newmarket, and well he might be, for he stood on classic ground. Mr. Baldwin represented North York for many years, and Sir L. H. Lafontaine, the Lower Canada Liberal chief, sat for it in one Parliament. In 1841, the latter lost his seat for Terrebonne, and Mr. Baldwin, who was returned for Hastings as well as York, elected to sit for the former, and his colleague was chosen in his place for this County. The compliment was returned in 1843, when the Upper Canadian leader lost his seat in Hastings; for he was immediately elected by acclamation in Rimouski. Sectionalism had not then become rampant. Now, Sir John, in his speech, did not, as the *Globe* appears or affects to suppose, figure as an 'old Reformer,' the honoured ally of Baldwin, Hartman, &c. The ex-Premier may sometimes be forgetful, or careless in his statement of facts, but his memory is scarcely impaired to that extent. With regard to Mr. Hartman there can be no mistake, for he did not appear on the hustings as an 'old Reformer,' but as one of the new school of Grits, and was supported by the *Globe* in opposing and defeating the Hon. R. Baldwin himself. Sir John distinctly said that 'he could not congratulate the Riding upon that election, although Mr. Hartman proved to be straightforward, honourable, and reasonable.' With regard to Mr. Baldwin, it is clear that after the formation of the coalition of 1854, Sir John was much more closely a follower of the old Reformer than the new Grit could claim to be. The Clergy Reserve and Seignorial Tenure Acts were substantially the measures of Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine.

It is much to be regretted that we have no full and impartial history of the interval from 1840 to 1867—at least in English—as it would do away with much of the mock homage paid to the memory of the old chiefs. Now Mr. Brown, up to April, 1851, had been a close adherent of the Government of Mr. Baldwin. But after his defeat in Haldimand, he wheeled about and became the leader of the Grits. It was in the autumn of that year, that, in the excess of his new-born zeal, he drove Mr. Baldwin from North York and from public life. Nor was that all; for in 1858, Mr. Baldwin might have been nominated for the York Division of the Legislative Council, but Mr. Romain, who had no claim whatever upon the electors, was thrust forward as the Reform candidate, and badly beaten by the Hon. G. W. Allan. In the December following, the 'old Reformer,' who had been so scurvily and ungratefully treated, breathed his last.

The memory of politicians is of a peculiar kind, being short or long as occasion requires. It is sometimes expedient, said an old Roman, 'to forget what you know,' and that is a form of expediency greatly in fashion since Confederation. Having no particular claims of their own to public recognition or support, our public men, in these degenerate days, are setting up a title to party apostolical succession. Each side claims to be the legitimate inheritor

of the principles and authority of the fathers of Responsible Government. Sir John Macdonald and the Hon. Mr. Brown are battling for the mantle of the prophet of North York, while some of the minor lights are endeavouring to snip a fragment or two, as relics, from its skirt. Each of them asserts that he is the anointed and properly constituted successor of the departed statesman, with a zeal kindred to that of the cities which claimed the dead Homer, who, when living, begged his bread in their streets. Now it does not appear to a candid enquirer, that either party, as now constituted, has the slightest title to the honourable distinction it claims. Sir John Macdonald was a violent and not over-scrupulous foe of the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government, and of every reform it proposed, including the secularization of the Reserves and the abolition of the Feudal Tenure. He even went so far as to vote in favour of every Radical motion, including that of Mr. W. L. Mackenzie which drove Mr. Baldwin from office. He opposed also the Hincks-Morin Administration, being a leader of the first Canadian Coalition, whose chiefs were, *mirabile dictu*, Messrs. Brown, Mackenzie, Sir Allan McNab, John A. Macdonald, and Co.! In 1854, the Coalition Government was formed, without Mr. Brown, who, having trotted forth the Protestant horse, had declared himself to be 'a governmental impossibility.' It was this new combination which was compelled by stress of circumstances to settle the Reserves and the Feudal Tenure questions. That was no merit of theirs at all; for they could not have attained power or have kept it a month, without pledging themselves to deal with them. In so far, therefore, as Sir John followed Mr. Baldwin—and it was not over far—he did so because he could not help it.

If we turn to the other *soi-disant* Elisha, it will soon appear that he has scarcely a better title to the mantle of the Reform Elijah. Up to April, 1851, Mr. Brown was a faithful follower of the 'old Reformers,' but after the Haldimand election, he began to think that the Grit side was destined to carry the Province. When returned for Kent, he immediately took his seat on the Opposition side, cheek by jowl with the Family Compact party, with whom he acted in close concert, although he did not possess a shred of principle in common with them. Whilst his allies were determined to maintain the State Church, his complaint was that the proposed settlement was too favourable to the Churches of England and Scotland. Yet he managed to act with them against the Reform Government, and when the support of the Upper Canada Catholic Liberals was no longer required to obtain a settlement of the Reserves question, Mr. Brown opened his budget of grievances and proclaimed a sectional and religious crusade. Now, we are far from impugning Mr. Brown's motives in the course we have rudely sketched; for, although he has always been characterized by too much of the dictatoral spirit, there was something to be urged in favour of his policy, had it been advocated reasonably and without fanaticism. Whatever, therefore, may be thought of his tactics, it may be cheerfully admitted that he had something more than vaulting ambition, which 'o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side.' The Grit chief was doubtless in earnest, and we are not now discussing the question whether his opinions and policy, abstractly considered, were right or wrong. Much may be said on both sides; our contention here is that neither the opinions nor the policy accorded with Mr. Baldwin's, but would have met with his sternest disapproval. It is therefore idle to assert that the existing Reform party is identical with the old party to which we owe our constitutional liberties. The truth of the matter is, that the year 1854, like the year 1864, marked a new stage in political affairs. On both occasions, parties were virtually broken up by the formation of Coalition Governments; there was a fault or hitch in the stratification, and no ingenuity can remedy or conceal it. Perhaps an apology is due for this historical *resumé*, but a little consideration will satisfy the reader, that it is not a work of supererogation at a time when both our parties are striving to deck themselves with borrowed plumes.

The announcement that Her Majesty has been pleased to confer the title and dignity of knighthood on Chief Justice Richards of the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Dorion of Quebec, has been received with hearty approval on all sides. Sir William B. Richards is better known to us

as a judge than as a statesman, for his tenure of office as Attorney-General in the Hincks-Morin Administration was too brief to leave any mark upon our parliamentary history. Next June, he will have occupied a seat on the Bench for a quarter of a century. During his prolonged judicial career, he has established an enviable reputation for ability and erudition. His suavity of temper, imperturbable good humour, and singular clearness and perspicacity of mind have made him universally popular with the bar and the people, and he has never, so far as our memory serves us, given a decision which, even for a moment, impaired the confidence reposed in his integrity and acumen. Sir Antoine A. Dorion's elevation is also popular everywhere, perhaps with the exception of some irreconcilable old Conservatives of Quebec, who cannot conceive that such a title, conferred on the quondam leader of the Rouge party, is according to the fitness of things. The Chief Justice, until a little over three years ago, was the leader of a political party still in existence, and its chief representative in the Cabinet as Minister of Justice. In his younger days he was one of a band of young enthusiasts, who, no doubt, advocated some wild republican theories, as most of the fiery young spirits of Paris have always done. Their organ was *L'Avenir*, and *L'Institut Canadien* of Montreal their headquarters. But it must not be forgotten that the leader of the party was, from the first, its most moderate and reasonable member. The amiability of M. Dorion's temper always restrained him from violence of language, and he was of too eminently practical a turn of mind to cry, like some of the boys around him, for the moon. Indeed, he may be truly said to have 'educated his party' in rational modes of thought and action. He was always popular with the bar of his Province without regard to his political bias, and, notwithstanding the feeble grumblings heard here and there, it is quite certain that almost all his compatriots rejoice at his elevation.

The Quebec Liberal Party, as it now exists, is what Sir A. A. Dorion made it. The wild Radicalism of former days has given place to sober and constitutional views on public affairs: in brief the Rouge party has been as completely transformed as M. Gambetta and the Liberals of France appear to be. M. Dorion had a brief taste of the sweets and responsibilities of office more than once during a Parliamentary career of twenty years, but only for short periods. With the *bouleversement* of 1873 every thing was changed, and the Liberal party of Quebec finally emerged into the chrysalis state.

The able speech of M. Laurier at Quebec is a landmark in the history of party; he is a young man, not yet thirty-six years of age, but there are no signs of crudity or juvenility in his party manifesto. Tracing the history of those with whom he has acted, he marks with precision every stage of its development, and clearly defines the position they now occupy. The principles he lays down are such as no lover of civil and religious liberty, in an English sense of the phrase, can hesitate to sanction. The only issue upon which the electorate of Quebec is divided, is that of illegal influence by the clergy, and upon that M. Laurier gives no uncertain sound. He is above all things a friend of freedom, at once from state oppression and ecclesiastical encroachment. The gradual change in tone which has come over Liberalism in Quebec has been a result, partly of the mellowing influence of time, and partly of the reactionary policy of the Ultramontanes. In the one case, the alteration has been for the better; in the other, unmistakably for the worse. The Liberal party has emerged from the mists of revolutionary theory to the clear and steady light of British constitutionalism, whilst their opponents have sunk deeper and deeper into the fetid and murky slough of absolutism. The cause of tyranny, political as well as ecclesiastical, is theirs, all the world over. To speak of but one instance, it may be fairly doubted whether the Count de Chambord can boast of as many supporters in France as are to be found in the Province of Quebec. From the time when M. Laurier delivered his lecture up to this moment, the newspaper war has been going on with increasing virulence on the part of the reactionary press. It is in vain, however, that the clerical press strives to expose the inconsistency of its opponents; whatever it may say it is the inconsistency of progress and development, not that which creeps on in the downward course of decrepitude and decay —a step from youth to manhood, not a tottering descent on the slope towards the grave.

The principles of Papineau are not those of modern Liberalism; yet, on the other hand, the views and policy of Lafontaine, and even of Cartier, were still more dissimilar to the Quebec Conservatism of to-day. It may be that the hierarchy will be able to force the elections there in its own interests; if so it will at once cut off the Province from political communion and sympathy with the rest of the Dominion, and possibly arouse once more the ill-omened spectre of fanatical bigotry.

It is not difficult to foresee the consequences of a religious crusade, entered upon at the bidding of the Roman Catholic Bishops of Quebec. The train is already laid there for one of the direst catastrophes that has ever befallen the Dominion. The tone of the French clerical press, and of the *True Witness*, is exceedingly violent and aggressive. Those who are not in the habit of perusing their rabid utterances, can form no conception of the mischief they are calculated to produce. Unhappily some of our Protestant clergymen and journals, instead of calmly asserting their dignity as British subjects, and striving to exorcise the evil spirit, appear to vie with their antagonists in virulent rhetoric. With the charges preferred by Mr. Court against Father Chiniquy, we do not propose to deal, simply because we have no means of arriving at the truth. But of the violence of language indulged in by the rev. gentleman and his collaborateurs we may freely speak. It is no secret in Presbyterian circles that Mr. Chiniquy has been a continual source of embarrassment to the Church since he became connected with it. The coarse and boisterous character of his preaching, and his decided lack of intellectual balance, have deprived him of general confidence wherever he has appeared. The sober common-sense of Protestants, clerical as well as lay, is offended, if not disgusted, by his vehement outbursts of passion. Only the other day, under pretence of denying a rumour, that, when supposed to be at the point of death, he had sent to the priests a request to be received again into the fold of the Church, he penned a most abusive and un-Christian letter to Mgr. Fabre, the R. C. Bishop of Montreal. In that remarkable epistle, in which he called the priests of the Church to which he once belonged, 'impostors,' 'fraudulent,' 'perjurers,' 'idolaters,' and what not, he disclosed his real character, and gave the best possible example of what a Christian minister and gentleman ought not to be. The Rev. Mr. Bray, though not a convert, and certainly not quite so outrageously violent, has also his share of responsibility for what may hereafter happen in the streets of Montreal. It is for the intelligent and reasonable portion, that is, the great mass, of Canadian Protestants to assert the honour and dignity of their religion against this pitiful outburst of clerical rage.

The announcement that the Hon. Mr. Blake would address his constituents at Teeswater on the 24th ult., caused some excitement and no little speculation amongst the *quid nuncs* of both parties. It was well understood that the hon. gentleman had no taste for pic-nics, either as a personal or popular diversion; and further, that the address he was about to deliver was not unlikely to do him physical injury. Obviously, therefore, it seemed a foregone conclusion that there was some special reason for Mr. Blake's appearance on the platform. The full text of the speech has not yet appeared, but its general character and purpose may be gleaned from the telegraphic summaries already published. The purpose was two-fold—first, to rebut personal charges against himself and wanton aspersions upon the reputation of his distinguished father; and secondly, to review his own course as a statesman, and reassert the principles he expounded at Aurora. Of his warm and impassioned vindication of the late Chancellor's memory, it is sufficient to say that it was as worthy of its subject as it was of his able son—the inheritor of his abilities and his sterling integrity. With regard to what is known at Opposition gatherings as the 'Goderich job,' it seems difficult to conjecture why Mr. Blake's name has been introduced at all, except casually. Sir John Macdonald, however, at Lindsay, suggested, without the slightest ground for doing so, that when, in writing to the Premier, the Minister said, 'I told my friend Moore that an introduction was unnecessary, as you would let the work fairly without respect of persons,' the word 'friend was no doubt underlined in the original.' The right hon. gentleman, however, as the *Globe*

points out, had altogether forgotten that he had defended Mr. Blake on the floor of the House. Either his memory is short, or the temptation was too strong to be resisted at Lindsay, or he would not have omitted to state that he had declared the Minister's course to be 'highly creditable,' and that Mr. Moore 'had a right to receive a letter stating all that the hon. gentleman could honestly state.' Certainly he received no more, and therefore, as Sir John had admitted, Mr. Blake was not 'personally responsible' in the matter.

Into the hon. gentleman's review of past legislation, it is unnecessary to enter; but, so far as the future is concerned, there are three points deserving of notice in the speech. Mr. Blake, although evidently curbed by restraints of office, if not chafing under them, declared himself the friend of a franchise system based on 'intelligence and citizenship.' These words are not quite so well-defined as might be desired, but perhaps when we receive the full report, they will be made plain. It is really a formal recognition of the 'intelligence' of Canada which is the chief requirement of the time. Much has certainly been effected in that way by Mr. Mackenzie's Government, but only indirectly, and not completely and avowedly. If, therefore, Ministers will devise a measure which would provide for such a recognition, they may confer an essential service upon the cause of culture in Canada. We are not in favour of 'fancy franchises,' as a general rule; still there can be no doubt that 'intelligence' might easily be made to occupy a more prominent place as an electoral qualification. Mr. Blake also declared his firm adherence to the representation of minorities, and referred to Mr. Devlin's Committee, with an expression of hope that its labours would bring forth fruit next session. Whether the hon. gentleman intended to adumbrate some Ministerial scheme on the subject or not, cannot now be determined. The question of our political destiny, on which our readers have recently had the opportunity of reading four papers, was the third topic touched upon. Here Mr. Blake gave forth no uncertain sound. He favours neither the dreary outlook afforded by the prospect of annexation, nor the precarious experiment of independence, but boldly espouses the cause of Imperial Federation. His words have the true National ring in them:—'He believed, in common with many others, that our relations with the mother-country were anomalous, and our present form of government not likely to be perpetual. He thought we must exchange dependence for association, and change our position as colonists for the responsibilities of partnership.' It is our firm conviction that, whatever preliminary or theoretical obstacles may be in the path, Federation alone will be found to commend itself to the matured thought and intelligence of Imperial and Colonial statesmen. The Confederacies of Canada and South Africa mean nothing, if the structure, of which these form the outlying wings, be not closely connected with the main building. Isolated and alone, dead and lifeless for common purposes—like the pyramids of Egypt, pointing indeed to heaven, but having no intercommunion on earth—they must be made a living temple in which the genius of British freedom may order, direct, and bind in one the sacred secularities of all British people. The newspapers state that Mr. Blake's effort seems to have prostrated him physically, and that he is seriously unwell. It is to be hoped that this is only a temporary drawback to his ultimate recovery; a man of the hon. gentleman's great abilities and far-seeing views is too valuable a gift to the country to be surrendered without the deepest regret.

It would seem that the advocates of the Dunkin Act have, for the present, abandoned all hope of carrying their by-law in the cities; a better plan would be to abandon it altogether. Whatever view may be taken of the justice or injustice of the law, it is clear that the only justification possible for its enactment is that it can be enforced, and that it may reasonably be supposed likely to accomplish its avowed object. In the two cities where it has been the subject of a popular vote, its rejection was inevitable from the first, and signally obvious at the last. The town of Brantford is now a city, but it was only a town when the Dunkin By-Law passed in Brant. Brantford itself gave no less a majority than two hundred and twenty against it; and it is not and cannot be enforced. *Au contraire*, the Act has passed in Bruce and will probably carry

in Durham and Northumberland. Mr. Grace, the License Inspector at Brantford, has resigned, because he declares that the statute cannot be enforced in that city. In Bruce, the tavern-keepers declared themselves perfectly indifferent whether the by-law passed or not, because, from the experience gained in Grey, they believed it would cause no diminution in the traffic, and would save license fees.

Now the question which should present itself, even to those who believe the Dunkin Act to be just and equitable, is this:—If the law is obviously inoperative in cities and large towns, where it might perhaps operate with the greatest benefit, what is the use of attempting to force it upon a determined, recalcitrant minority? In the country, its rigorous enforcement is certainly out of the question, without employing an army of officials that would make a Warden or Reeve's hair stand on end. Is then the sacrifice of individual liberty they demand, counterbalanced by any good, real or imaginary, resulting from it? Here is a law of doubtful justice, having but a slim foundation of right on which to rest, admittedly faulty and defective in every way—a law, in short, for which no apology can be offered, if not that it is workable and can be carried out,—and such is the result in counties, but more especially in cities and towns. The Hamilton *Times*, a well-edited journal, tolerably independent of party, and certainly a friend to temperance, has distinctly pronounced the opinion that there is no use in attempting either to adopt or enforce the Act in the larger communities. This we believe to be the view of many friends of compulsory abstinence, and it is well worthy of serious consideration from all who have not surrendered their reason into the keeping of sentiment and passion.

President Hayes, after a successful tour in the New England States, has gradually made his way to the South-west, where he has been enthusiastically received by all the people, black and white. Notwithstanding his defective title, and their natural exasperation at the outrageous frauds committed amongst them last November, the Southerners have cordially bowed to the decision of the Electoral Commission and are working cheerfully for the restoration of peace and prosperity. The reign of force and fraud is over, the Governors they chose have been recognized at Washington, and negro or 'carpet-bag' domination is a thing of the past. It does not now matter at whose hands they have received all these benefits; they have received them, and are not ungrateful. The negro, who was made their enemy, is one no longer; the inevitable has been acquiesced in without discontented murmuring; the old slaves are now the friends of their old masters, and are received not merely as free labourers, but as fellow-citizens. This rapid change was appropriately noted by Mr. Hayes, in an address to the negroes, when he said: 'And now my coloured friends, let me say another thing. We have been trying it for these six months, and, in my opinion, for no six months since the war, have there been so few outrages and invasions of your rights, nor you so secure in your rights, persons, and homes as in the last six months.' This peaceful state of society is something to be proud of; yet it is melancholy to think that the process of recuperation might have been commenced five years ago, had the Washington Administration been desirous of doing so. Mr. Hayes denied that he had been forced into a conciliatory policy 'by anything but a sense of duty under his oath of office.' The cordial reception tendered him by old Confederate officers and Democratic Governors, in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, is the best evidence that his policy has been as successful as it was honourable and judicious.

President Hayes is by no means an eloquent man, but he speaks affably to the people in a plain, common-sense way. It is said by the *N. Y. Herald* that his attempts at humour are 'clumsy and sometimes grotesque, and, except as an evidence of good-nature and kindly feeling, better calculated to provoke ridicule, than to inspire respect.' That may well be; yet, after all, the masses are not critical judges of humour, and laugh heartily on the slightest provocation; but they are keenly alive to 'good-nature and kindly feeling,' can tell the counterfeit article from the true by instinct, and can appreciate it warmly, even when it peers through the mean habit of a bad joke. The lesson taught by the current politics of the United States may be summed up in two words—party disintegration. In the South, men have turned their

attention to State matters, and in some cases the Democrats have made no party nominations at all, as for example, in Mississippi. In the North, there never was such a political chaos. The wire-pullers of last November have lost all control over the puppets. The old managers of the Republican party are estranged from its leaders and at open war with them. The Southern Policy, Civil Service Reform, Specie Payment Resumption—'all these things are against them.' The Democrats, especially in the State of New York, are also divided. The anti-Tildenites, or good old party of corruption, look back with regret to the halcyon days of the 'rings,' and are in overt rebellion. Then again, the Grange, Anti-Liquor, Labour, Free Trade, Greenback, and other parties, serve to make confusion worse confounded. It was stated the other day that there were fifteen State tickets in New Jersey, and five or six in Pennsylvania. All these things indicate that our neighbonrs are passing through a stage of transition, the issue of which is hidden from human view. That they have national vigour enough to carry them safely, every one must hope, and no one acquainted with their past can for a moment doubt.

Were it not for the absorbing interest of the Eastern War, the state of affairs in France would cause serious concern in Europe. Yet so incapable, apparently, is the human mind of taking in more than one engrossing theme, that even if France were in the throes of a new Revolution, as she may be before another moon has waxed and waned, it would scarcely divert public attention from Bulgaria. Step by step the usurping Government of May has pursued the fatal path of coercion and terrorism. The press has been muzzled, freedom of speech destroyed, the *préfets* changed where they were not furiously devoted to the Ministry, and a system of espionage and repression set on foot all over the land, from Calais to the Pyrenees. Never since 1789, save during the Terror, has so tyrannical a régime lorded it over France. Bad as the old Bourbons were, grinding as the Second Empire proved, neither of them was quite so vile as the iron rule of President McMahon. M. Fourtou, the Minister of the Interior, is an Imperialist, but he has improved upon the teachings of his school, and all that prevents a bloody resistance and a pitiless revenge is the longing for peace and a settled Government. To the moderation of the Republican party, which is now, for the first time, the vast majority of the nation, and to the wise counsels of M. Gambetta alone, are the national tranquillity and long-suffering due. Their moderation is now known of all men and cannot fail to approve itself to France. No outrage upon popular freedom has yet succeeded in its purpose of exciting them to violence in word or deed. M. Gambetta, the Republicans of the Senate, and the candidates for the Chamber, have all issued addresses to the nation, and perhaps the strongest in language is the last, which seems mild enough. It thus concludes: 'Your duty will increase with the audacity of those who presume to impose themselves on France; you cannot become the instruments of clericalism; the Republic must have Republican functionaries, and the country expects order, peace, and stability through the Republic.' For the publication of a speech he delivered in a private room at Lille, M. Gambetta has been prosecuted and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 2000f. Perhaps no more fatuous blunder could have been perpetrated than this. The words especially objected to as insulting to the Marshal and therefore—a *non sequitur*—threatening to his person, were these—'*Il faudra ou se soumettre ou se démettre*'—either submit to the popular will or resign. M. Gambetta's appeal has been dismissed, but we presume he has further legal means of delay in his power. But as if this infamous perversion of justice were not enough, M. Fourtou reaches 'the climax of repression,' by issuing an order that all electoral addresses 'shall be carefully read, in order to prevent outrages against the President, violent menaces, or falsehood.' Such are the measures of a Government which was to preserve France from anarchy and the turbulence of Radical rule: and yet we blush to say that the Ultramontane press of Quebec, without exception, and yet happily alone amongst the host of journals published on British soil, applauds the usurpers and exults at the forging of each new chain which is bound about the quivering limbs of Gallic freedom.

The death of M. Thiers, on the third of September, was undoubtedly a serious blow to the Republican cause, but not a mortal one. It may even turn out of advantage to it; the real grief of the French people, and the simulated regrets of M. Fourtou will not so soon disappear or be forgotten. Even the Orleanist and moderate Imperialist journals felt it necessary to conform to the proprieties. Only such men as the Bonapartist Paul de Cassagnac, or Louis Veuillot of the ultra-clerical *L'Univers* ventured to speak evil of the dead, before his body was at rest in Père la Chaise. It was politic in the Government party to speak with some measure of reserve and self-respect of the veteran statesman. Their game is evidently to exaggerate his value, now that he is no more, as well as to convince France that he has left no Republican behind fit to succeed him. By so doing they may hope to win over some timid souls who yet mistrust M. Gambetta. The *fou furieux* has again been too astute for them, leaving the eulogy on Thiers to M. Jules Simon, and nominating M. Grévy as his successor. How far the demise of the octogenarian chief will injure the cause he had honestly at heart, will appear on the 14th instant.

So many accounts of M. Thiers have appeared in the papers that it is unnecessary here to give any sketch of his life. He was not a stable politician, not a consummate statesman, hardly a second-rate orator. His histories, by which he is best known among us, are turgid and rhetorical in style, and not over truthful in fact or correct in inference. To him events were only valuable as they illustrated a preconceived historical theory, and where they would not fit in, he unhesitatingly ignored them He was a worshipper of the first Napoleon, and a victim to the ambition of the third. In public life from the fall of Polignac and Charles X. until the rise of the second Empire, he was a self-seeking, ambitious, and unprincipled politician. In office, he was as despotic as Polignac, Napoleon III., or Fourtou; out of it the blatant champion of liberty. It was in 1870 that a change seems to have passed over his nature; self was lost in fervid patriotism, and he became the idol of France as 'the liberator of the territory.' As President, he was a sincere Republican for the first time in his life—and the Republic was at once his last and purest love. What he might have done in the future had he been spared can never now be known; but there is reason to believe that he would have governed wisely and well, and that he would have shown the same self-abnegation as he manifested by bowing to the public will in 1873, even to the end.

The Eastern war has entered upon a new phase; but as the scenes are still being shifted, no clear account of the immediate past, or forecast of the future, is possible. Russia, whether through bad generalship or over-weening self-confidence, has committed fearful blunders, and has sorely paid for them at Plevna. It is discovered that, however inferior the Turk may be as a tactician, he has not degenerated as a soldier, and that, under competent generalship, he is a match, in any equal contest, for his foe. The Schipka Pass is still in Russian possession, notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Suleiman Pasha. Osman Pasha, after regaining Plevna, has entrenched himself so strongly as to defy attack after attack from the enemy. Russia and Roumania have suffered to the extent of 25,000 men, put *hors de combat*. The attacks are still continued fitfully, but in every case have ended in a repulse; the Russians now await the arrival of their great *corps d' armée*, the Imperial Guard. On the eastern side, Mehemet Ali was equally vigorous, and, at first, equally successful. The army of the Czarevitch was driven over the Lom and its affluents, and compelled to shelter itself behind the Jantra—an important line of defence. It was even reported that Bjela had been taken by the Turks, which would probably have been the finishing blow to both Russian armies. But fortune has been so fickle as to change once more. The invaders have advanced, and the Pasha has been repulsed, after repeated attacks upon Tzercovna, and forced back upon the Banica Lom. The Russians, by all accounts, have made a second Plevna, of which they are the masters, and there is no longer any chance of the two Pashas uniting the forces under their command. As for the issue of the war, whatever may be that of the campaign, there can be no doubt.

September 25th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WAR AGAINST THE WESTMINSTER STANDARDS. The Rev. David Macrae's Speeches. Glasgow: John S. Marr & Sons. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This phamplet of ninety-six pages, contains the case against the Confession of Faith, and has been followed by another, which we have not seen, entitled 'Reconstruction of the Creed,' by the Rev. Fergus Ferguson, of Crosshill, Glasgow. Messrs Macrae and Ferguson are both members of the United Presbyterian Church, the one at Gourock and the other at or near Glasgow. The *brochure* before us is a 'new and enlarged edition,' containing Mr. Macrae's speeches in Presbytery and Synod, his lecture at Gourock, and a vindication suppressed by the Presbytery, together with notes and criticisms. Whatever may be thought of the movement against the Westminster Standards, there can be no doubt of its reality and importance. The revolt has attained dimensions so formidable that many sober-minded men do not hesitate. Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the well known physiologist, does not hesitate to say that, having had opportunities of observing 'the direction of the under-current of intelligent thought which sooner or later manifests itself in *surface movement*, he entertains a strong conviction that the speech of the Rev. David Macrae, in moving for that revision, will form the beginning of a new era in the religious life in Scotland.' The first ripples of the advancing tide have at length reached our shores, and it is merely with a view of directing the attention of readers, who, openly or in secrecy, sympathize with the Scottish reformation movement of our day, that we briefly notice Mr. Macrae's phamplet.

The first feature of the description that strikes the reader is the fact, that the chief opponents of this sturdy rebel virtually confess that the Standards require revision, 'but the time has not come.' As Mr. Macrae remarks, it is admitted that 'our Standards fail to present the truth of the gospel; but this is not the time to do it. They state things that are false; but this is not the time to bring them into harmony with the truth. Was ever mockery like this?' On the 5th of December, 1876, in the Greenock Presbytery, Mr. Macrae, gave notice of a lengthy motion in favor of a revision of the Standards. It sums up all the objections to them. They are too long and too intricate; they omit more than one thing they ought to contain, and contain many things they ought to omit; they mix up matters of opinion with matters of faith; they are antiquated and are, in part, not held by the Church, a state of things demoralizing to the Church and producing unfaithfulness to the truth, &c. Finally, that a brief and simple formula should be drawn up containing only the essential articles of faith. Mr. Macrae's indictment of the theology of faith will be found to be a most formidable one, and it is placed in the appendix in parallel columns with the *ipsissima verba* of the confession. He principally takes exception to the Calvinistic portions of that venerable faith, but he does not hesitate to express doubts as to its teachings on the Future State. He contends that texts are perverted in the proofs, and that Presbyterians who disbelieve much of its teachings are compelled to resort to casuistry in interpretating it. In short, the pamphlet states every point of the case with great vigor, and not a little of the Knoxian spirit of stern raillery. We recommend the book to the careful attention of all earnest men, especially of those who are firmly convinced that the creeds and confessions framed by good and learned men in past centuries, have, like our other 'little systems' had 'their day', and had better 'cease to be.' A cheap re-issue here of Mr. Macrae's pamphlet would be a boon.

GÉRARD'S MARRIAGE. By André Theuriet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

M. Gérard de Seigneuilles, as to whose matrimonial prospects this little book promises to enlighten us, is a young man of good family, who has, unfortunately, been hindered by his father, a stiff old chevalier, and an earnest believer in the *ancien régime*, from mixing in society, or otherwise providing himself with a suitable field in which to sow his wild oats. However, he is far from being a milksop, and the scene opens with his evading parental scrutiny by jumping over the terrace wall of the garden to join in a ball given by the workwomen and petty shopkeepers. His diffidence, for it is his first ball, is well pourtrayed, and to put the finishing touch to his miseries, the dye off his black gloves (so badly furnished was he for the occasion) spoils the dress of his partner, and the other young men make this

the pretext for badgering him and getting up a scene. From this awkward position he is rescued by a neighbor, hitherto unknown to him, Marius Laheyrard by name, who has spent his life in Paris, and, amongst other excellencies, has acquired the art of dressing in a style which the other young men of Juvigny-en-Barrois find very captivating. 'He wore a soft felt hat with a broad brim, and a loose black velvet jacket, with the ends of a flame-colored cravat floating over the lapels; white cashmere trousers, ornamented with a black stripe, completed his toilet,' which we are glad to say our author confesses to be 'easy, but rather loud.' And Gérard finds his new acquaintance as daring in his mental attitudes as in his energetic waltzings—even going so far as to call his father 'the old man,' an altogether unheard-of freedom to our hero's thinking. In fact M. Gérard has been so long kept in leading-strings that *his* father retains entire dominion over him to the end of the book, shutting him up in a room, or sending him away to the Grange-Allard, a farm-property held by the father at some distance from town, at pleasure. It is true that Gérard gets out of the room, and walks back from his exile in a secret manner, but he never really confronts the despotism that deprives him of his liberty, face to face.

Of course this Argus-eyed parent finds out about the ball, and at once plans a marriage for Gérard with one M'lle. Georgette Grandfief, as a sort of quieting dose to prevent any more nocturnal and undignified ramblings. Unfortunately, or fortunately for the interests of our tale, the hero does not take kindly to the heiress, but on the contrary falls vehemently in love with Marius's sister. The second time he sees her, she has mounted into a plum-tree, and a very pretty picture she makes there, eating the luscious greengages, with the amatory sunlight flecking her face and long hair. The little children have run away with the ladder by which she got up, and the first love scene is carried on in an idyllic fashion *de haut en bas*.

We must not tell the varying incidents which checker this love-making. The imprudent Marius gets the chief characters into a terrible scrape, and they part, thinking, or at least one of them thinking, that they will never meet again. The outburst of talk among the scandal-mongers at Juvigny is very aptly told. 'The inhabitant of a small city, who watches, behind curtains discreetly drawn, the comings and goings of his neighbors, and makes this his only occupation, welcomes a scandal as a rare game, a treat of high relish that he must enjoy to the utmost. He seasons it with marvellous ingredients, and cooks it at a slow fire with special refinement; he breakfasts and dines upon it for a month.' But poetical justice is not long delayed. M'lle Georgette (although her innocence is so great as to remind us of some of Molières inimitable touches in the character of Agnes in 'L'Ecole des Femmes') falls under the like imputations. Luckily this double scandal acts the part of a reconciler in bringing the parted couples together again, and M. de Seigneuilles's love of honor overcoming his love of family and position, everything ends happily.

M. Theuriet may be congratulated on having written a pleasant little tale, hardly perhaps coming up to the standard of its predecessor in the series, but still lively and sparkling, and containing some pretty bits of description, as, for instance, the shooting party and picnic, and the game of St. Nicholas' Gate, which bears an important part in the *dénouement*. If we must be critical we should point to the amusing scene between Georgette and the Abbé Volland, as, in one point, becoming a trifle broad; and if we single out the one misprint of '*rights* of hospitality,' for '*rites*,' it is because it is, so far as we can notice, the only misprint or mistake in the book.

NOTE.—It is not customary to offer a rejoinder to newspaper strictures on a book-review, and if an exception be for once made, in favour of the *Christian Guardian*, it is not because our contemporary merits the distinction or with any idea of forming a precedent, but simply on account of the momentous practical issues involved in this particular instance. In an editorial contained in its issue of the 12th ult., entitled 'Partial and Bitter Criticism,' it takes up the polemical cudgels on behalf of Mr. Gideon Ouseley, the reprint of whose work on 'Old Christianity' was noticed in these columns last month. As briefly as possible, we propose to advert to the *Guardian's* false suppositions, errors in fact, and paralogism in argument. Our reviewer is *not* an 'Anglican semi-papist,' nor is he Romish or 'semi-Romish.' He is not conscious of having the slightest 'sympathy with the dogma of Transubstantiation,' or any other distinctive doctrine of Rome; he does not for one moment believe that 'the priest changes the bread into the body and blood of Christ,' but is firmly convinced that 'the wafer remains bread after consecration.' In short, he is as good a Protestant as the editor of the *Christian Guardian*, unless bigotry and intolerance have usurped the place and dignity of charity amongst the Christian virtues.

Our reviewer is no 'Puseyite,' and utterly disclaims any 'anti-Protestant animus.' He did *not* display 'obsequious homage and admiration for popery;' but he did protest strongly against the republication of Mr. Ouseley's book, because it is an anachronism, a resurrection of old-time violence in religious

controversy. If the writer spoke with warmth and feeling, it was simply because he was in earnest; and he has no intention of retracting or apologizing for a single word uttered or epithet applied in the review. Every syllable was deserved, and the notice might easily have been made much more severe without doing full justice to the pernicious spirit which pervades almost every page of the book. Indeed, the *Guardian* reluctantly admits that he was right. In fact it dare not defend a writer who stigmatizes all whose views of the Gospel are not in accord with his own, as 'either ignorant, or insane, or wicked men and of the devil.' It is vain to offer as an apology for such abominable language, that the Homelies contain foul words, or that John Milton was abusive and violent. What is that to us, in the nineteenth century, when broader knowledge and more correct views of the scope as well as the amenities of controversy have led us into a region of clearer and serener light? Writing in the year 1827, Mr. Ouseley was highly culpable, and when his book is reproduced in 1877, it ought to be censured with all the severity it so well deserves. He may have been a saint, for aught we know; but in 'hatred and malice and all uncharitableness,' he was one of the worst of sinners. But if the author was to blame for writing as he did, what judgment shall be passed upon those, who, half a century later, re-issue a work whose tone and temper they are constrained to condemn, and palm it off as 'a standard authority' on the conflict between Protestantism and Popery? In point of fact, the book is a 'standing' reproach to the Irish Protestantism of the years preceding Catholic Emancipation—an incentive to Romanist intolerance and Protestant bigotry. One more correction of fact. Our reviewer did *not* allow 'numbers to weigh powerfully' with him at all, as every reader of the notice is aware. His object was to impress upon his co-religionists that lesson which, in the nineteenth century, humanity is beginning to learn,—the lesson of charity. At this moment, an overwhelming majority of our fellow-Christians are, as we who profess ourselves Protestants all believe, in unquestionable error on many important points. Shall we assert our own infallibility and claim that our little handful of human dust contains all the golden grains of sacred truth? Should not the knowledge, that, in the world beyond, where all things will appear as they are, the varnish and tinsel of this transitory scene will vanish away as though they had never been, give us pause when we are disposed hastily to judge our brothers, even if they be, as we believe them to be, in error? It is perhaps a common subject of complacent exultation with such blatant Protestants as was Mr. Ouseley, and as the *Christian Guardian* now is, to imagine the day when those idolatrous Papists, those miserable Pagans, those self-sufficient Brahmins or Mussulmans shall awake to find out their mistake. Did it never occur to them to imagine that THEIR awakening may be not less amazing? Do they ever think that it may be found, at the last, that their creeds avail nothing, and that crying from the corners of the streets, and Pharisaical upturnings of the eye are things of no account with Him who does not look at the absolute truth of the creed, but searcheth the heart and trieth the reins of Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Pagan alike?

The argumentation of the *Guardian* is on a par with the tone and ingenuousness of its entire article. One brief reference will suffice, and we shall put it nakedly so as to show clearly its logical deformity. The Roman Catholic believes that the wafer in the mass is transformed into the body and blood of the Saviour; the Protestant on the contrary believes that it remains bread. Now the question here has nothing to do with absolute truth, but with personal belief, and we ask, would not any reasonable person say that, with such beliefs, the Protestant worshipping the host would commit idolatry, but that the Catholic would certainly stand on a different footing? And why? Because the one would worship what he believed to be bread, whilst the other would pay adoration to what he believed to be God. In point of fact, the absurd logic of the *Guardian* does not deserve a moment's examination. And here we leave him to his 'standard authority,' and to his reflections, with one of our own in addition. It is this: that the republication of such a book in Canada is distinctly a sin against society, because it tends to engender and foster in a peace-loving country a spirit of bitterness between classes of the population, the fruits of which, in the shape of riot and murder, we have lately seen in Montreal. That spirit the publishers of this rabid book are doing their best to arouse and encourage.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SPEECHES ON THE PUBLIC EXPENDITURE OF THE DOMINION. By the Hon. D. L. Macpherson. Toronto: Williams, Sleeth, & Macmillan, 1877.

SPECIAL REPORT TO THE HON. THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION ON THE ONTARIO EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT, AND THE EDUCATIONAL FEATURES OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT PHILADELPHIA, 1876. By J. George Hodgins, LL.D., Deputy Minister. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1877.

THE SCRIPTURE CLUB OF VALLEY REST, OR SKETCHES OF EVERYBODY'S NEIGHBOURS. By the Author of 'Helen's Babies,' etc. Belford Bros., Toronto.

IN A WINTER CITY. A Sketch. By Ouida. A new edition. Toronto: Belford Bros, 1877.

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PERSONAL REPRESENTATION AND THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

I.

IT is stated that Bishop Butler on one occasion, after having remained for a long time buried in deep thought, suddenly turned to his chaplain and exclaimed: 'Do nations ever go mad?' We have been left in ignorance of what reply was made by the chaplain, or what conclusion was reached by the author of 'The Analogy.' For my own part, however, I do not hesitate to say that, on this continent at all events, nations do occasionally make an approach at least to the loss of sanity, and that at the time when they have most need of it—in the midst of a general election.

The scene then displayed is not calculated to exalt representative institutions in the eyes of either friends or foes, or to encourage hopes of their future success. It is the occasion on which they are seen in their darkest hue; and yet, if all that is said by vehement admirers of popular government be true, it is precisely the period at which they should shine forth in their brightest colours. If misgovernment be due entirely to the selfishness of kings, aristocracies, or ministers, and purity and patriotism can be found only in the people—as the language of vehement democrats generally seems to imply—surely the favourable contrast ought to be most evident at the time when the people stand forth in their uncontrolled might to decide who shall bear sway over them. Yet, is it so? For an answer, I appeal to the fact that across the line the scene has degenerated to such a degree as to hinder the more respectable portion of the community from taking any share in it. Amongst ourselves, it is gratifying to know that this depth of degradation has not yet been reached; but, with shame and sorrow, it must be admitted that Canada seems to be progressing towards it. The writs are issued. Candidates must be selected. As no numerous body is capable of acting in an executive capacity, this duty is one which must be discharged by a few. Nominating conventions have not yet been brought to the same pitch of mischievousness with us as they have in the States; but the leading question with the nominators is the same in both countries. The search is not for the man best fitted to discharge the duties of a legislator, but for the candidate most likely to attract votes. Here is an ex-member: it may be one who has been a minister; who unites talent and experience, and is, unquestionably, fitted to adorn the Legislature and to serve Canada; but, perhaps, he may have spoken freely, and not in accordance with the party traditions on some matter, and, besides, 'a local man' will run much better: so he is set aside. Here is a good local man, but he is involved in a local quarrel which will

turn the votes of some village or township against him, so he may share the fate of his predecessor. Here is another, but this religious sect, or that semi-religious association, can be conciliated only by naming one of its members, and, as it holds the balance of power, he is out of the question. And so on, until, at last, as in the United States' Presidential elections, it frequently happens that a candidate is selected chiefly because, being a Nobody, no sins of commission can be brought forward against him. At last, however, a candidate is chosen, and now comes the tug of war. Two candidates are opposed to one another, and they and their supporters struggle, not as fellow-countrymen equally interested in promoting the good of the commonwealth, but as ancient foes, whose only object is to crush their opponents at any cost. Nothing is sacred to the ruthless hand of party spite. The sanctity of the domestic hearth is often violated. Old transactions, which have lain buried for years, are dragged to light, again to sink back into obscurity the day after the close of the polls. If a candidate has been previously in the Legislature, his words and votes are misrepresented in a manner calculated to make the unfortunate man howl with rage, even if to this misrepresentation there were not added the further sting arising from the fact that his foes strive to penetrate into secrets known only to the man and his Maker, by pretending to explain the *motives* by which his conduct was influenced —which motives, we may feel pretty sure, are not admitted to have been unselfish. And now, at last, polling-day has arrived! Votes *must* be won; and men work to win them by ways and means which, if proposed to them in their calm moments, would elicit the indignant reply: 'Is thy servant *a dog* that he should do this thing?' Patronage, money, liquor, and intimidation are called into play as influences, while the three former seem, in very many cases, to be eagerly welcomed, if not demanded, by electors. And now comes the climax. At the declaration of the poll, the majority in each constituency has all the representation; the minority has none, even though the difference between them should be only a single vote. Hence, it often happens that elections are virtually decided by the votes of a dozen rowdies purchased at two dollars each.

Such a system of election cannot fail to demoralize the electors and to deform the House. The scene which I have described cannot fail to be most mischievous to the electorate, for a near acquaintance with vice always tends to render the mere spectator increasingly charitable to it, which is the first step towards its adoption. In this instance, all are spectators, and, where the franchise is so widely extended as it is in Canada, nearly all men are participants. Few, then, can escape infection of the disease. Besides which, the actualities of an election tend to blind men to its true ideal. In any event, it is a most serious exercise of power, which cannot fail to influence the welfare of the existing generation, and the effects of which may be felt by unborn millions. To render its influence beneficial, the action of the electors must be kept subordinate to the dictates of patriotism, intellect, knowledge, and uprightness; but it must, I fear, be admitted that the man who takes his stand on the possession and exercise of these qualifications is not one most likely to come to the front of his fellow-electors in a contest; that what is wanted is rather one who is ready to go anywhere and do anything for the party. Passionate and unreasoning ardour prevails everywhere. The consequence is that the electors are led to regard the whole scene as a mere struggle for power, in which victory belongs of right to the strongest, and to look upon their votes, not as trusts to be used for the promotion of the good of the commonwealth, but as private properties of which they are entitled to dispose according to their own sovereign will and pleasure —forgetting that their action will affect, not themselves alone, but will be powerful for good or evil on their fellow-countrymen in the present day, and on their children in future times; and that, for acting aright towards these they are responsible to their God! As like produces like, it follows that these influences on the electorate react on the Legislature. The first requisite of any candidate is, that he shall be a popular man. To be this, he must be prepared to swallow all the popular shibboleths of the day; and a disposition to do so is usually developed in an inverse ratio to the power of independent thought. A man who 'has a mind of his own, and is not afraid to speak it,' is always least in favour. Then,

besides being prepared to swim with the tide, it is essential that he should be willing to give and take almost any amount of abuse in reference to both public and private matters; and that he should not be very chary in promising support to local jobs, or in spending money to procure the support of such 'free and enlightened electors' as value their votes just in proportion to the dollars which they will command. Across the line, the influence of these causes has ended in leading respectable men to abandon politics, and in making the name 'politician' almost a term of reproach. Like causes will produce like effects in Canada, if they should be allowed free play. If patriotism, wisdom, and uprightness are at a discount at the polls, so will they be in the House. Can anybody in his senses suppose that a process of election such as that already described, carried on by an electorate almost co-extensive with manhood suffage, in which men of ignorance and intelligence, of industry and of idleness, of vice and of virtue, all stand on a footing of absolute equality, will give us a Legislature in which the action of members is likely, in face of increasing temptations, to be swayed by motives of patriotism, intelligence, wisdom, and up rightness? It may do so when a clean thing can proceed out of an unclean, but not before.

The chief cause of the prevalence of these evils is to be found in the system of the election of representatives by local majorities. It is, indeed, true that when constituencies vary in size and character; when the franchise is confined to the more intelligent classes of the community, and when the great majority of the representatives consist of men of wealth who have sought election chiefly for the honour which it brings, the system may result in the formation of a very good legislature, as has been the case in England, though even there its evils are being rapidly developed, in proportion as numbers are being taken for the basis of representation. The system, however, must always be pernicious; and without safeguards similar to those formerly existing in England, can scarcely fail ultimately to induce political demoralization. The reason is that it forces both electors and representatives to act under conditions most unfavourable to the display of whatever amount of political virtue they may possess. It limits the electors' field of choice to two candidates, and thus forces non-partisan electors to accept one of two men both of whom they may dislike; while it compels partisans to vote for one who may stand much lower in their estimation than many of the candidates in neighbouring constituencies, and thus deteriorates the character of the House, and keeps highly popular men out of it. If anybody should doubt the correctness of these views, I would invite him to consider the cases of East Toronto in 1874, where Conservatives were not much enamoured of Mr. Coatsworth or Grits of Mr. O'Donohoe; of Messrs. Brown, Dorion, Drummond, Thibaudeau, and Laberge defeated in 1861; of Mr. Brown again defeated in 1866; of Sir George Cartier and Sir Francis Hincks defeated in 1872; of the general defeat of Conservative leaders, and of Sir John A. Macdonald's narrow escape from a like fate in 1874; *although in all these latter cases there can be no doubt that from one-tenth to one-half of the electors desired to have these leading men in the House and would have voted for them had they been at liberty to make a choice from the whole list of candidates.* Then, when the elector has decided for which of the two candidates he shall vote, the system renders it impossible for him to return the man of his choice otherwise than by defeating one whom his neighbours prefer to him. It thus induces the subordination of merit to popularity in the election of candidates, and the electioneering strife, with all its attendant evils, which revelations before our courts of law are proving to be by no means small; and it augments partyism both in the electorate and in the House. And finally, when the return has been made, it stultifies the votes of almost one-half of the constituency, and thus fails to secure a fair representation even of political parties —much less of national classes, interests, intelligence, or morals—in the House. Experience, on both sides of the line, proves its defectiveness in this particular most conclusively. In the States we find 92,798 electors of Maryland in 1868 polling 62,356 votes for Democratic, and 30,442 for Republican candidates. The total number of members to be elected was 111. Consequently a representation of each party

according to its numbers would have resulted in the return of seventy-five Democrats and thirty-six Republicans. But the actual result was that not a single Republican was elected, and nearly one-third of the electorate was left utterly unrepresented. Then in Maine, in 1869, the Democrats polled 38,502 votes against 55,680 polled by Republicans. The Democrats, however, elected thirty-seven members and the Republicans two hundred and forty-three, whilst a return proportionate to their numbers in the electorate would have given the Democrats one hundred and fourteen and the Republicans only one hundred and sixty-six representatives.* Then in the States' elections in 1866 the Republicans polled 2,260,882 votes, and Democrats 1,888,398. According to these figures the former were entitled to have one hundred and seven, and the latter seventy-seven representatives in Congress. But the actual Congress consisted of one hundred and thirty-eight Republicans, and forty-six Democrats, giving the former party thirty-one more than they were entitled to claim. And in the State Legislatures, on the same vote, Republicans were entitled to 2,072 members, and the Democrats to 1,460. But the actual result was the return of 2,582 Republicans, and nine hundred and fifty Democrats.† As to Canadian experience, let Mr. Blake speak. In his speech at Aurora, that gentleman expressed himself on the subject as follows :—

'In Nova Scotia in 1877 there was a bitterly fought contest on the question of union or anti-union. The result was that only Mr. Tupper was returned from the whole province, and that by a very narrow majority, as a representative of the union sentiment. I have analyzed the statistics of that election, and I find that the real strength exhibited at the polls would have given as nearly as I can estimate, seven to the union side instead of one, and only twelve to the Anti-Unionists instead of eighteen. Take Nova Scotia again in 1874. The returns gave nineteen to the Government, one Independent, and one Opposition, Mr. Tupper again. I will give him the Independent man again, because I think he belongs to that quarter. The popular vote on that occasion would, as nearly as I can judge, have given eight out of the twenty-one to that side instead of two, and but thirteen to the Government instead of nineteen. Our principle of government is that the majority must decide. Upon what is it founded? Well, you cannot give a reason except this, that it is necessary. It is the only way in which government can be carried on at all. But if the minority must on this ground of necessity bow to the voice of the majority, the majority is all the more bound to see that the minority has its fair share of representation, its fair weight in the councils of the country. The majority must recollect that it may become the minority one day, and that then it would like to have its fair share in those councils, and such disparities as these are not likely to reduce a feeling of cheerful submission on the part of the minority. In Ontario, in the election of 1867—I cannot, of course, be precisely accurate in these matters because there were some acclamation returns, and there are other difficulties in making an exact calculation—but there were eighty-two members to be returned. The whole popular vote would have resulted in a slight majority for the Liberal party over the Government, but discarding fractions, the result would give forty-one members to each. The Government, however, carried forty-nine seats to thirty-three, and so the Liberal party did not obtain its fair share in the government of the country. A turn of four hundred and eight votes would have taken seventeen seats from the Government and given them to the Liberal party. We say we have representation by population, but we have not representation by population unless the population has a representation in the Legislature equivalent to its strength at the polls. In the late election of 1874, the popular vote, although very strongly in favour of the Government, was by no means so decided as the returns showed. And besides this, one hundred and seventy eight votes turned the other way would have changed sixteen seats, or thirty-two on a division, and this in a province where over 200,000 votes would, if

*See Sterne's 'Republican Government and Personal Representation,' pp. 71-2.

† See Report of the Constitutional Convention of New York on Personal Representation, p. 13-14. By Simon Sterne. Published by A. Sinnott & Co., 1867. Later elections would certainly show similar incongruities, but I have not got the returns.

all the elections were contested, have been polled.'

These facts are decisive. They prove beyond the possibility of dispute that the present system of election by local majorities fails to secure even to political parties a representation in the Legislature proportionate to their numbers in the electorate; that it leaves non-partisans utterly unrepresented; that it induces the electioneering strife with all its attendant evils; that it subordinates merit to popularity in the selection of candidates; and that it excludes many able men from the House whom electors of all shades of thought would wish to see there. Nor are these all its evils. Mr. Blake has done well to draw attention to the fact, that the change of a few score of votes may alter the fate of very many seats. But he has omitted to remark that under our system of responsible government, the fate of parties and policies for many years depends almost entirely upon that of these few seats, as it is a few members who will hold the balance of power, and form the ministerial majority; that the uncertainty tends to make the struggle of parties degenerate into a mere game of chance, and that the players in such a game can scarcely fail to become, in some measure, demoralised by it. These are all serious evils and are likely to lead to others of still greater magnitude. To escape them we require a system of election which would insure the representation of all classes and parties, at least in proportion to their numbers; which would lessen party strife, by enabling people who can only 'agree to differ,' to return representatives after their own hearts without interfering with each others' choice; which would keep up the statesmanlike talent of the House by investing each party with power to secure the return of its best man, and which would bring to light at least something more than the mere partisan aspect of the case, by endowing independent men with power to make their voices heard. The representation of minorities, more particularly in the form of personal representation, would do much towards the attainment of all these objects. Before attempting to prove that it would produce this effect, it may be well to examine the nature of the various systems of election whereby the representation of minorities may be secured.

Of these systems the first is that usually designated the Restricted Vote. It has been applied to all cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom returning not less than three members. Its distinctive principle is the provision that in constituencies returning three members, each elector shall be allowed to vote for only two candidates, or in those returning four, for three; while the three or four at the head of the poll shall be declared elected. The effect of this limitation is that the party of the minority can, if not less than one-third of the electorate, place its own candidate at least third on the poll, and thus secure his return. The system is generally admitted to be the least efficient of any of the schemes proposed, as it is almost incapable of extension beyond three-cornered or four-cornered constituencies, but the result of its adoption in England is now admitted by all, save a few incorrigibly conservative Radicals, to have been highly beneficial. Thus that ablest of Liberal sheets, the London *Economist*, in its issue of February 14, 1874, in commenting on its effects in the preceding election, points out that 'it really affords a kind of safety-valve for representative government;' that without it London, Manchester, and Liverpool, would have been represented exclusively by Conservatives, while Liberals form at least one-third of each constituency; that it has enabled these minorities to retain a share of representation in every case and thereby lessened the irritation which a defeated party always feels at its total effacement, and which tempts it to acts of rashness; that it has preserved to the Legislature at least one man of mark in Mr. Goschen, who but for it would have been defeated; and that the tendency of the system is to diminish the violence of reactionary movements from one party to another. These are no insignificant benefits, and it is certain that an increase of them can be secured by an extension of the principle.

The next system for providing for the representation of minorities is that of the Cumulative Vote. It consists in giving each elector as many votes as there are members to be elected; allowing him to distribute them amongst the candidates, giving all to one or parts to several, as he

may desire, and returning those at the head of the poll. The effect of this provision is that in a constituency returning three members, one-third of the electorate *plus* one, can, by concentrating their votes on one man, place him amongst the three highest on the poll. Thus, in a constituency with an electorate of 1,000 and returning three members, the cumulative votes of 334 electors would amount to 1,002, while it would be impossible for the remaining 666 electors, by any distribution whatever of their 1,998 votes to poll a larger number of votes on behalf of three other candidates. The system is certainly much superior to that of the 'restricted vote,' as it is capable of much wider extension. Under it each constituency is divisible into as many equal parts as there are members to be elected, and each part is capable of electing one of them, as may be seen by applying the above rule to constituencies returning any given number of representatives with each elector possessing as many votes as there are members to be elected.

The cumulative vote has been adopted in the election of school-boards in England, and of the House of Representatives in the State of Illinois. In the latter instance it was tried for the first time in 1872, and the result seems to have afforded almost universal satisfaction to all parties. There were fifty-one districts, each returning three members to the House and one to the Senate. In the election of the former the cumulative vote was used; in that of the latter of course not, so that the two systems were tested simultaneously. The Republicans carried thirty-three districts, and the Democrats eighteen; under the old system the former would have elected ninety-nine members, and the latter fifty-four. The total Republican vote was 240,837, and the total Democrat vote 187,250. According to their proportionate numbers the former were entitled to eighty-five members, and the latter to sixty-eight. The actual result was the return of eighty-six Republicans and sixty-seven Democrats. But in the Senate, elected by majorities, the Republicans carried thirty-three seats and the Democrats only eighteen, though according to their proportionate numbers the former should have had twenty-nine and the latter twenty-two. In the House the share of representation possessed by each party was almost exactly identical with the proportion of the electorate supporting it; as is proved by the fact that we have there 2,800 Republican votes to each Republican member, and 2,790 Democratic votes to each Democratic member. But in the Senate the fact was directly the reverse. There a division of the total Republican vote by the number of Republican Senators elected gives about 7,500 votes to each; while a division of the Democratic vote by the number of Democratic Senators elected gives 10,400 votes to each. In other words: under the cumulative system a vote proved almost exactly as powerful in obtaining representation on one side as on the other; but under that of election by majorities, two Republican were almost as powerful as three Democratic votes.* These results seem almost decisively to demonstrate that large advantages may be expected to flow from the substitution of the cumulative vote, even on the smallest scale possible, for our present system of election.

In the election of the English school-boards the result has been more mixed than in Illinois. In Birmingham, for instance, where there were fifteen members to be returned, the Liberal party started a ticket of fifteen candidates; and although they polled for it 220,638 votes against 214,445 polled for other candidates, they succeeded in electing only six of the fifteen members, and 124,211 Liberal votes were useless and ineffectual, having no operation whatever owing to their having been distributed amongst nine candidates none of whom had sufficient votes to be returned. And in other constituencies somewhat similar results ensued. But the cause of these results is perfectly clear, and is to be found in the fact that the majority refused to recognise the change which the cumulative vote had produced. They sought, as in old times, to elect *all* the members; and *by so doing* failed to elect as many as they might have done had they accepted the situation and concentrated their majority of votes on a majority of candidates instead of distributing them among all returnable. They had failed fully to realise the fact that with fifteen members to be elected, and each elector

* See 'The Election of Representatives.' By Thomas Hare. Appendix O.

possessing fifteen votes, any body of electors not less than one-fifteenth part of the electorate could, by concentrating its votes on one candidate, place him somewhere amongst the fifteen candidates standing highest on the poll. Thus, supposing the electors to number 1,500, the suffrages of 100 of them would, if concentrated on A, give him 1,500 votes; while as the total votes of the remaining 1,400 would amount to only 21,000, it is impossible to divide these amongst 15 candidates in such a manner that all of them will have a larger number of votes than A. In the case of Birmingham the minorities did recognise this fact; and by concentrating their 214,445 votes on nine men, were enabled to give each of them, on an average, 23,827 votes; whilst the majority by distributing its 220,635 votes amongst fifteen candidates could give each, on an average, only 14,709 votes. Consequently several of them stood lower on the poll than they would have done had their friends concentrated their support on them. It may fairly be expected that so soon as this point is fully understood, as it now seems to be, the above difficulty will disappear. Still it is evident that *in constituencies returning large numbers of representatives*, the cumulative vote, through the concentration of a large number of votes on very popular candidates and the distribution of other suffrages amongst insignificant men, may enable compact and well-disciplined minorities occasionally to obtain a larger share of representation than they are justly entitled to claim. But even after admitting the possible occurrence of this evil occasionally, the fact remains that the balance of advantages is enormously in favor of it. On this point the testimony of the London *Times* of October 29, 1874, is unwavering. It tells us that:

'Warnings against the adoption of a false method of Municipal Government are everywhere about us, but we are fortunate in having an experience of our own which indicates the line which should be pursued. The London School Board is the greatest and most successful experiment in Municipal Government which has been attempted in our generation. Its members are elected by the broadest suffrage, and the body as a whole is a faithful reflection of the constituency it represents; yet its individual members are secure from dependence on the continued support of party organizations, and, although the divisions of the constituency are large, eminent personal character is an assistance to success instead of being a drawback. The adoption of the cumulative vote preserves the independence and character of candidates while giving every section of the constituency its proper weight. It gives free play to the best energies of the social system, instead of destroying them by a forced alliance with the worst. A single illustration will help to show the importance of this observation. The Licensed Victuallers of London are a numerous body, and are supposed to be very powerful in the existing Vestries. It is said, apparently with truth, that more than one metropolitan election was turned last February by their influence. It is not an impossible supposition that the regulation of public-houses in the metropolis should be hereafter in some measure subjected to the control of the Municipality of the future, and if the scheme presented to the Home Secretary yesterday was sanctioned as it stands, the Licensed Victuallers would be supreme. Election contests would, at all events, wholly turn upon the regulation of their business. The cumulative vote would save us from this danger. The Licensed Victuallers would have their own members on the Board, but they would be a small proportion of the whole, and the representatives of the rest of the community would administer their functions in accordance with the wishes of the community. We do not doubt that these are considerations that will recommend themselves to many of the deputation who waited on the Home Secretary yesterday, and it is probable that a majority of them would at once assent to the amendment of the Bill that has been drawn up in the sense we suggest. It is necessary to tell them, however, that this would involve considerable alterations of the really operative clauses of the proposed measure. Provision would have to be made not only for the election of Councillors, but for the election of Aldermen; and the conditions under which the latter should hold their offices would have to be reconsidered. The Bill, in short, may be a contribution to the settlement of a great problem; but when Mr. Cross complimented the deputation on having "thought out" the question, we must conclude that the Home Secretary himself has not sufficiently appreciated its enormous dimensions.'

Either of these systems of election would certainly be an improvement on that of election by majorities; but when taken alone they are incomplete, as they aim only at procuring a fairer representation of political parties than that resulting from the present system. For a complete and equitable representation of all sections of the electorate, we must turn to the scheme of Personal Representation devised by the genius of Mr. Thomas Hare, which would give us representative assemblies consisting of members elected by constituencies at once unanimous in sentiment and equal in number. The advantages derivable from such legislatures, I shall indicate after explaining the system of election by which they may be called into existence.

The system of representation by population is based on the theory that each mem-

ber of the legislature should be returned by a like proportion of the population, and that the actual number entitled to return a representative will be found in the quotient resulting from a division of the numbers of the population by the numbers of the legislature. If so, says Mr. Hare, let the test of election consist in obtaining a number of votes equal to the quotient from however many constituencies they may be gathered, and not a mere majority of votes within one constituency; if a certain number of electors are entitled to return a representative, let any body of electors of the requisite number who may unite their suffrages in favor of any one candidate be allowed to return him as their representative. In other words, instead of limiting each elector's choice to one of the candidates in a local constituency, Mr. Hare would leave him free to vote for any candidate in the whole country. Instead of dividing the population, or electorate, into as many separate constituencies as there are members to be elected, he would permit the electors to group themselves into constituencies. And, instead of allowing a local majority to return a member, he would require that each member should poll a number of votes equal to that requisite to constitute a constituency. These principles may be illustrated by applying them to the Province of Ontario. In that province there are eighty-eight members to be elected; and according to the theory of representation by population, the country should be divided into eighty-eight separate constituencies, each equal in population: thus, supposing the electorate to consist of 88,000 electors, each constituency should contain 1,000 electors, by the votes of a majority of whom the member should be returned. According to the system of Personal Representation, an elector in Sarnia might desire his vote to be recorded for a candidate in Ottawa, or *vice versa*, and any candidate for whom 1,000 votes had been polled—or more strictly speaking, any candidate for whom one eighty-eighth part of the whole of the votes polled in Ontario had been recorded—would be declared duly elected as a member of the Legislative Assembly. The process of election under this system has next to be examined.

It is evident that, with each elector free to vote for any candidate whom he might prefer, and the test of election consisting in obtaining a definite number of votes, many members might be returned by votes gathered from many different cities and counties. This fact renders necessary the appointment of a Registrar, or returning-officer, for the whole province, whose duties will become apparent as we proceed. At the close of the polls on election-day, each returning-officer would transmit by telegraph to the Registrar a statement of the aggregate number of votes polled in the county, city, or riding, for which he was acting. On receipts of these telegrams, the Registrar would, by adding the several returns together, ascertain the total number of votes polled in the province. He would then divide this total by 88—the number of members to be returned by Ontario—and having found the quotient, would notify each returning-officer that any candidate who had obtained that number of votes should be declared elected. Thus, supposing 88,000 votes to have been polled in all Ontario, any candidate obtaining 1,000 of them would be entitled to be declared elected, as that number would constitute one eighty-eighth part of the poll. Each returning-officer, on receiving this statement of the quota, or number of votes entitling a candidate to election, would proceed to ascertain whether any of the candidates for the constituency in which he was acting had obtained it within his jurisdiction. If it should appear that the quota had been polled for any one of them, the returning-officer would at once declare him to be elected for that constituency; and all votes polled for other candidates, or, in case no candidate had polled the quota within his jurisdiction, all the votes polled in it, he would at once transmit to the Registrar. This would be done by transmitting the voting-papers on which each elector had recorded his vote or ballot, those polled for each candidate being sorted together in separate bundles with the number contained in each bundle, and the name of the candidate for whom they were polled endorsed outside. On receipt of these papers, the Registrar and his clerks would place together all the votes polled for each candidate, and whoever had obtained the quota, he would declare elected. But here would arise a difficulty. In case each

elector were confined to voting for one candidate unconditionally, a large number of the voting-papers would be rendered useless. Such would be the case with all votes polled for candidates who had already been declared elected by returning-officers; with many of the votes polled for candidates who, though failing to obtain the quota in one constituency, had polled much more than it from the united votes of electors in many different constituencies, and such also would be the case with all votes polled for candidates who had failed to obtain the quota. To meet this difficulty, Mr. Hare has devised the system of contingent-voting, by which the elector is permitted to place the names of several candidates on his voting-paper, and to direct that his vote shall be given to the candidate whose name stands first on the list; but that in case he shall have polled the quota and been declared elected before this voting-paper comes to be counted, his vote shall be transferred to the second name on the list; if he has been previously elected, to the third name, and so on throughout the list Consequently the Registrar, after assorting the voting-papers, ascertaining the number of votes polled for each candidate, and declaring elected those candidates who had received more than the quota—would take the overplus voting-papers for candidates already elected, cancel their names on them, and distribute the votes to the candidates standing second on the list, to whom the elector had desired that his vote should be given in case the candidate standing first on his list should not want it. Then, as soon as any candidate's quota had been completed by the transfer of these second votes to him, his name would be cancelled on all the remaining voting-papers, and the votes assigned to the candidates standing third on the list, and so on until all the surplus votes had been distributed according to the electors' orders. The simplicity of this operation will become apparent if we suppose the first assortment of the voting-papers to have revealed the fact that forty candidates had polled the quota; and that after their election their names still stood first on 20,000 voting-papers; that their names were then cancelled on all of these, and the papers appropriated to the candidates whose names stood second on them; that the different batches of papers were then recounted, when it might appear that the addition of these 20,000 votes to the first votes for previously unelected candidates had completed the quotas of ten or fifteen more, and left a surplus of 10,000 votes; that the names of these ten or fifteen would then be cancelled on this surplus, and the papers assigned to those candidates whose names stood third on them, and so on until the whole of the original surplus of 20,000 votes had been distributed. It is true, indeed, that this is not exactly Mr. Hare's mode of procedure; his system is really less tedious than the above would be, but I use this illustration as the principle can thus be explained in the fewest words. At this point, however, arises another difficulty; all the surplus votes have been distributed, but possibly the quotas of only seventy-five members have been completed. There would consequently remain thirteen members to be elected, and the 13,000 votes necessary to that election might be distributed amongst forty different candidates, none of whom had polled the quota. To settle which of these should be declared elected, and to secure an exact equality in the votes for every member of the House, it was at first proposed to cancel the names of candidates having the smallest number of votes, and transfer their votes to the candidates standing next on the list, and to carry on the process until only so many candidates were left as would suffice to supply the House. But for many reasons this scheme was abandoned, and it is now proposed to take the number necessary to complete the House by declaring elected those candidates whose names, at the distribution of the surplus votes, stand at the head of the greatest number of voting-papers. Thus in Ontario the House would be completed by declaring elected the thirteen candidates who had polled the largest number of votes next below the quota. Mr. Hare calculates that by this method about one-thirteenth of the votes polled might fail to influence the actual elections; but goes on to show that none of these electors need be left unrepresented, as it is almost certain that there will be on their voting-papers the names of some of the elected candidates. He therefore proposes to assign their votes to such of the elected

candidates as stand highest on their list, and count each of these electors as one of the constituents of the member to whom his vote shall thus have been assigned. With this operation the process of election would be completed; after which the Registrar would afford to candidates and their agencies every facility to verify the results of the poll. This done, the votes appropriated to each member would be printed in separate pamphlets and sold at cost, and then the voting-papers would be redelivered to the returning-officers, and accessible to voters, candidates, and others desiring to inspect them. In case of the death or retirement of any member in the interval between general elections, the electors who had voted for him would be notified of the vacancy and of the candidates for their suffrages, and the candidate who should receive the greater number of the votes of such constituency would be declared elected to fill the vacant seat.

Having thus sought to explain the details of Personal Representation, I shall seek in my next to examine the arguments used against it, and to explain the means whereby I believe that they may be overcome.

JEHU MATTHEWS.

(*To be Continued.*)

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.*

II.

AT dinner, six o'clock, the same people assembled whom we had talked with on deck and seen at luncheon and breakfast this second day out, and at dinner the evening before. That is to say, three journeying ship-masters, a Boston merchant, and a returning Bermudian who had been absent from his Bermuda thirteen years; these sat on the starboard side. On the port side sat the Reverend in the seat of honour; the pale young man next to him; I next; next to me an aged Bermudian, returning to his sunny islands after an absence of twenty-seven years. Of course our captain was at the head of the table, the purser at the foot of it. A small company, but small companies are pleasantest.

No racks upon the table; the sky cloudless, the sun brilliant, the blue sea scarcely ruffled: then what had become of the four married couples, the three bachelors, and the active and obliging doctor from the rural districts of Pennsylvania?—for all these were on deck when we sailed down New York harbour. This is the explanation. I quote from my note book:—

Thursday, 3.30 P. M. Under way, passing the Battery. The large party, of four married couples, three bachelors, and a cheery, exhilarating doctor from the wilds of Pennsylvania, are evidently travelling together. All but the doctor grouped in camp-chairs on deck.

Passing principal fort. The doctor is one of those people who have an infallible preventive of sea-sickness; is flitting from friend to friend administering it and saying, 'Don't you be afraid; I *know* this medicine; absolutely infallible; prepared under my own supervision.' Takes a dose himself, intrepidly.

4.15 P. M. Two of those ladies have struck their colours, notwithstanding the 'infallible.' They have gone below. The other two begin to show distress.

5 P.M. Exit one husband and one bachelor. These still had their infallible in cargo when they started, but arrived at the companion-way without it.

5.10. Lady No. 3, two bachelors, and one married man have gone below with their own opinion of the infallible.

5.20. Passing Quarantine Hulk. The infallible has done the business for all the party except the Scotchman's wife and the author of that formidable remedy.

Nearing the Light Ship. Exit the Scotchman's wife, head drooped on stewardess's shoulder.

Entering the open sea. Exit doctor!

* Published from advance sheets by arrangement with the author and his American publishers.

The rout seems permanent; hence the smallness of the company at table since the voyage began. Our captain is a grave, handsome Hercules of thirty-five, with a brown hand of such majestic size that one cannot eat for admiring it and wondering if a single kid or calf could furnish material for gloving it.

Conversation not general; drones along between couples. One catches a sentence here and there. Like this, from Bermudian of thirteen years' absence: 'It is the nature of women to ask trivial, irrelevant, and pursuing questions,—questions that pursue you from a beginning in nothing to a run-to-cover in nowhere,' Reply of Bermudian of twenty-seven years' absence: 'Yes; and to think they have logical, analytical minds and argumentative ability. You see 'em begin to whet up whenever they smell argument in the air.' Plainly these be philosophers.

Twice since we left port our engines have stopped for a couple of minutes at a time. Now they stop again. Says the pale young man, meditatively, 'There!—that engineer is sitting down to rest again.'

Grave stare from the captain, whose mighty jaws cease to work, and whose harpooned potato stops in mid-air on its way to his open, paralyzed mouth. Presently says he in measured tones, 'Is it your idea that the engineer of this ship propels her by a crank turned by his own hands?'

The pale young man studies over this a moment, then lifts up his guileless eyes, and says, 'Don't he?'

Thus gently falls the death-blow to further conversation, and the dinner drags to its close in a reflective silence, disturbed by no sounds but the murmurous wash of the sea and the subdued clash of teeth.

After a smoke and a promenade on deck, where is no motion to discompose our steps, we think of a game of whist. We ask the brisk and capable stewardess from Ireland if there are any cards in the ship.

'Bless your soul, dear, indeed there is. Not a whole pack, true for ye, but not enough missing to signify.'

However, I happened by accident to bethink me of a new pack in a morocco case, in my trunk, which I had placed there by mistake, thinking it to be a flask of something. So a party of us conquered the tedium of the evening with a few games and were ready for bed at six bells, mariner's time, the signal for putting out the lights.

There was much chat in the smoking-cabin on the upper deck after luncheon today, mostly whaler yarns from those old sea-captains. Captain Tom Bowling was garrulous. He had that garrulous attention to minor detail which is born of secluded farm life or life at sea on long voyages, where there is little to do and time no object. He would sail along till he was right in the most exciting part of a yarn, and then say, 'Well, as I was saying, the rudder was fouled, ship driving before the gale, head-on, straight for the iceberg, all hands holding their breath, turned to stone, top-hamper giving way, sails blown to ribbons, first one stick going, then another, boom! smash! crash! duck your head and stand from under! when up comes Johnny Rogers, capstan bar in hand, eyes a-blazing, hair a-flying....no, 't wan't Johnny Rogers .....lemme see....seems to me Johnny Rogers wa'nt along that voyage: he was along *one* voyage, I know that mighty well, but somehow it seems to me that he signed the articles for this voyage, but—but—whether he come along or not, or got left, or something happened'—

And so on and so on, till the excitement all cooled down and nobody cared whether the ship struck the iceberg or not.

In the course of his talk he rambled into a criticism upon New England degrees of merit in ship-building. Said he, 'You get a vessel built away down Maine-way; Bath, for instance; what's the re-ult? First thing you do, you want to heave her down for repairs,—*that's* the result! Well, sir, she hain't been hove down a week till you can heave a dog through her seams. You send that vessel to sea, and what's the result? She wets her oakum the first trip! Leave it to any man if 't ain't so. Well, you let *our* folks build you a vessel—down New Bedford-way. What's the result? Well, sir, you might take that ship and heave her down, and keep her hove down six months, and she'll never shed a tear!'

Everybody, landsmen and all, recognized the descriptive neatness of that figure, and applauded, which greatly pleased the old man. A moment later, the meek eyes of the pale young fellow heretofore mentioned came up slowly, rested upon the old man's

face a moment, and the meek mouth began to open.

'Shet your head!' shouted the old mariner.

It was a rather startling surprise to everybody, but it was effective in the matter of its purpose. So the conversation flowed on instead of perishing.

There was some talk about the perils of the sea, and a landsman delivered himself of the customary nonsense about the poor mariner wandering in far oceans, tempest-tossed, pursued by dangers, every storm blast and thunderbolt in the home skies moving the friends by snug firesides to compassion for that poor mariner, and prayers for his succor. Captain Bowling put up with this for a while, and then burst out with a new view of the matter.

'Come, belay there! I have read this kind of rot all my life in poetry and tales and such like rubbage. Pity for the poor mariner! sympathy for the poor mariner! All right enough, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Pity for the mariner's wife! all right again, but not in the way the poetry puts it. Look-a-here! whose life's the safest in the whole world? The poor mariner's. You look at the statistics, you'll see. So don't you fool away any sympathy on the poor mariner's dangers and privations and sufferings. Leave that to the poetry muffs. Now you look at the other side a minute. Here is Captain Brace, forty years old, been at sea thirty. On his way now to take command of his ship and sail south from Bermuda. Next week he'll be under way: easy times; comfortable quarters; passengers, sociable company; just enough to do to keep his mind healthy and not tire him; king over his ship, boss of everything and everybody; thirty years' safety to learn him that his profession ain't a dangerous one. Now you look back at his home. His wife 's a feeble woman; she's a stranger in New York; shut up in blazing hot or freezing cold lodgings, according to the season; don't know anybody hardly; no company but her lonesomeness and her thoughts; husband gone six months at a time. She has borne eight children; five of them she buried without her husband ever setting eyes on them. She watched them all the long nights till they died,—he comfortable on the sea; she followed them to the grave, she heard the clods fall that broke her heart,—he comfortable on the sea; she mourned at home, weeks and weeks, missing them every day and every hour,—he cheerful at sea, knowing nothing about it. Now look at it a minute,—turn it over in your mind and size it: five children born, she among strangers, and him not by to hearten her; buried, and him not by to comfort her; think of that! Sympathy for the poor mariner's perils is rot; give it to his wife's hard lines, where it belongs! Poetry makes out that all the wife worries about is the dangers her husband's running. She's got substantialer things to worry over, I tell you. Poetry's always pitying the poor mariner on account of his perils at sea; better a blamed sight pity him for the nights he can't sleep for thinking of how he had to leave his wife in her very birth pains, lonesome and friendless, in the thick of disease and trouble and death. If there's one thing that can make me madder than another, it's this sappy, damned maritime poetry!'

Captain Brace was a patient, gentle seldom-speaking man, with a pathetic something in his bronzed face that had been a mystery up to this time, but stood interpreted now, since we had heard his story. He had voyaged eighteen times to the Mediterranean, seven times to India, once to the arctic pole in a discovery-ship, and 'between times' had visited all the remote seas and ocean corners of the globe. But he said that twelve years ago, on account of his family, he 'settled down,' and ever since then had ceased to roam. And what do you suppose was this simple-hearted, life-long wanderer's idea of settling down and ceasing to roam? Why, the making of two five-month voyages a year between Surinam and Boston for sugar and molasses!

Among other talk, to-day, it came out that whale-ships carry no doctor. The captain adds the doctorship to his own duties. He not only gives medicines, but sets broken limbs after notions of his own, or saws them off and sears the stump when amputation seems best. The captain is provided with a medicine-chest, with the medicines numbered instead of named. A book of directions goes with this. It describes diseases and symptoms, and says, 'Give a teaspoonful of No. 9 once an hour,' or 'Give ten grains of No 12 every half hour,' etc.

One of our sea-captains came across a skipper in the North Pacific who was in a state of great surprise and perplexity. Said he:—

'There's something rotten about this medicine-chest business. One of my men was sick,—nothing much the matter. I looked in the book: it said, give him a teaspoonful of No. 15. I went to the medicine-chest, and I see I was out of No. 15. I judged I'd got to get up a combination somehow that would fill the bill; so I hove into the fellow half a teaspoonful of No. 8 and half a teaspoonful of No. 7, and I'll be hanged if it did n't kill him in fifteen minutes! There's something about this medicine-chest system that's too many for me!'

There was a good deal of pleasant gossip about old Captain 'Hurricane' Jones, of the Pacific Ocean,—peace to his ashes! Two or three of us present had known him; I, particularly well, for I had made four sea-voyages with him. He was a very remarkable man. He was born in a ship; he picked up what little education he had among his shipmates; he began life in the forecastle, and climbed grade by grade to the captaincy. More than fifty years of his sixty-five were spent at sea. He had sailed all oceans, seen all lands, and borrowed a tint from all climates. When a man has been fifty years at sea, he necessarily knows nothing of men, nothing of the world but its surface, nothing of the world's thought, nothing of the world's learning but its A B C, and that blurred and distorted by the unlocused lenses of an untrained mind. Such a man is only a gray and bearded child. That is what old Hurricane Jones was,—simply an innocent, lovable old infant. When his spirit was in repose he was as sweet and gentle as a girl; when his wrath was up he was a hurricane that made his nickname seem tamely descriptive. He was formidable in a fight, for he was of powerful build and dauntless courage. He was frescoed from head to heel with pictures and mottoes tattooed in red and blue India ink. I was with him one voyage when he got his last vacant space tattooed; this vacant space was around his left ankle. During three days he stumped about the ship with his ankle bare and swollen, and this legend gleaming red and angry out from a clouding of India ink: 'Virtue is its own R'd.' (There was a lack of room.) He was deeply and sincerely pious, and swore like a fish-woman. He considered swearing blameless, because sailors would not understand an order unillumined by it. He was a profound Biblical scholar,—that is, he thought he was. He believed everything in the Bible, but he had his own methods of arriving at his beliefs. He was of the 'advanced' school of thinkers, and applied natural laws to the interpretation of all miracles, somewhat on the plan of the people who make the six days of creation six geological epochs, and so forth. Without being aware of it, he was a rather severe satire on modern scientific religionists. Such a man as I have been describing is rabidly fond of disquisition and argument; one knows that without being told it.

One trip the captain had a clergyman on board, but did not know he was a clergyman, since the passenger list did not betray the fact. He took a great liking to this Rev. Mr. Peters, and talked with him a great deal: told him yarns, gave him toothsome scraps of personal history, and wove a glittering streak of profanity through his garrulous fabric that was refreshing to a spirit weary of the dull neutralities of undecorated speech. One day the captain said, 'Peters, do you ever read the Bible?'

'Well—yes.'

'I judge it ain't often, by the way you say it. Now, you tackle it in dead earnest once, and you'll find it'll pay. Don't you get discouraged, but hang right on. First, you won't understand it; but by and by things will begin to clear up, and then you wouldn't lay it down to eat.'

'Yes, I have heard that said'

'And it's so, too. There ain't a book that begins with it. It lays over 'em all, Peters. There's some pretty tough things in it,—there ain't any getting around that,—but you stick to them and think them out, and when once you get on the inside everything's plain as day.'

'The miracles, too, captain?'

'Yes, sir! the miracles, too. Every one of them. Now, there's that business with the prophets of Baal; like enough that stumped you?'

'Well, I don't know but'—

'Own up, now; it stumped you. Well, I don't wonder. You had n't had any experience in raveling such things out, and naturally it was too many for you. Would you like to have me explain that thing to

you, and show you how to get at the meat of these matters ?'

'Indeed, I would, captain, if you don't mind.'

Then the captain proceeded as follows: 'I'll do it with pleasure, First, you see, I read and read, and thought and thought, till I got to understand what sort of people they were in the old Bible times, and then after that it was all clear and easy. Now, this was the way I put it up, concerning Isaac* and the prophets of Baal. There was some mighty sharp men amongst the public characters of that old ancient day, and Isaac was one of them. Isaac had his failings,—plenty of them, too; it ain't for me to apologize for Isaac; he played it on the prophets of Baal, and like enough he was justifiable, considering the odds that was against him. No, all I say is, 't wa'nt any miracle, and that I'll show you so 's 't you can see it yourself.

'Well, times had been getting rougher and rougher for prophets,—that is, prophets of Isaac's denomination. There was four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal in the community, and only one Presbyterian, that is, if Isaac *was* a Presbyterian, which I reckon he was, but it don't say. Naturally, the prophets of Baal took all the trade. Isaac was pretty low-spirited, I reckon, but he was a good deal of a man, and no doubt he went a-prophesying around, letting on to be doing a land-office business, but 't wa'n't any use; he couldn't run any opposition to amount to anything. By and by things got desperate with him; he sets his head to work and thinks it all out, and then what does he do? Why, he begins to throw out hints that the other parties are this and that and t'other,—nothing very definite, may be, but just kind of undermining their reputation in a quiet way. This made talk, of course, and finally got to the king. The king asked Isaac what he meant by his talk. Says Isaac, 'Oh, nothing particular; only, can they pray down fire from heaven on an altar? It ain't much, may be, your majesty, only can they *do* it? That's the idea.' So the king was a good deal disturbed, and he went to the prophets of Baal, and they said, pretty airy, that if he had an altar ready, *they* were ready; and they intimated he better get it insured, too.

'So next morning all the children of Israel and their parents and the other people gathered themselves together. Well, here was that great crowd of prophets of Baal packed together on one side, and Isaac walking up and down all alone on the other, putting up his job. When time was called, Isaac let on to be comfortable and indifferent; told the other team to take the first innings. So they went at it, the whole four hundred and fifty, praying around the altar, very hopeful and doing their level best. They prayed an hour,—two hours,—three hours,—and so on plumb till noon. It wa'n't any use; they had n't took a trick. Of course they felt kind of ashamed before all those people, and well they might. Now what would a magnanimous man do? Keep still, wouldn't he? Of course. What did Isaac do? He graveled the prophets of Baal every way he could think of. Says he, "You don't speak up loud enough; your god's asleep, like enough, or may be he's taking a walk; you want to holler, you know,"—or words to that effect; I don't recollect the exact language. Mind, I don't apologize for Isaac; he had his faults.

'Well the prophets of Baal prayed along the best they knew how all the afternoon, and never raised a spark. At last, about sundown, they were all tuckered out, and they owned up and quit.

'What does Isaac do, now? He steps up and says to some friends of his, there, "Pour four barrels of water on the altar!" Everybody was astonished; for the other side had prayed at it dry, you know, and got whitewashed. They poured it on. Says he, "Heave on four more barrels." Then he says, "Heave on four more." Twelve barrels, you see, altogether. The water ran all over the altar, and all down the sides, and filled up a trench around it that would hold a couple of hogsheads,—"measures," it says; I reckon it means about a hogshead. Some of the people were going to put on their things and go, for they allowed he was crazy. They didn't know Isaac. Isaac knelt down and began to pray: he strung along, and strung along, about the heathen in distant lands, and about the sister churches, and about the state and the country at large, and about those that's in authority in the government,

* This is the captain's own mistake.

and all the usual programme, you know, till everybody had got tired and gone to thinking about something else, and then, all of a sudden, when nobody was noticing, he outs with a match, and rakes it on the under side of his leg, and pff! up the whole thing blazes like a house afire! Twelve barrels of *water?* *Petroleum*, sir, PETROLEUM! that's what it was!'

'Petroleum, captain?'

'Yes, sir; the country was full of it. Isaac knew all about that. You read the Bible. Don't you worry about the tough places. They ain't tough when you come to think them out and throw light on them. There ain't a thing in the Bible but what is true; all you want is to go prayerfully to work and cipher out how 't was done.'

At eight o'clock on the third morning out from New York, land was sighted. Away across the sunny waves one saw a faint dark stripe stretched along under the horizon,—or pretended to see it, for the credit of his eye-sight. Even the Reverend said he saw it, a thing which was manifestly not so. But I never have seen any one who was morally strong enough to confess that he could not see land when others claimed that they could.

By and by the Bermuda Islands were easily visible. The principal one lay upon the water in the distance, a long, dull-coloured body, scalloped with slight hills and valleys. We could not go straight at it, but had to travel all the way around it, sixteen miles from shore, because it is fenced with an invisible coral reef. At last we sighted buoys, bobbing here and there, and then we glided into a narrow channel among them, 'raised the reef,' and came upon shoaling blue water that soon further shoaled into pale green, with a surface scarcely rippled. Now came the resurrection hour: the berths gave up their dead. Who are these pale spectres in plug hats and silken flounces that file up the companion-way in melancholy procession and step upon the deck? These are they which took the infallible preventive of sea-sickness in New York harbour and then disappeared and were forgotten. Also there came two or three faces not seen before until this moment. One's impulse is to ask, 'Where did you come aboard?'

We followed the narrow channel a long time, with land on both sides,—low hills that might have been green and grassy, but had a faded look instead. However, the land-locked water was lovely, at any rate, with its glittering belts of blue and green where moderate soundings were, and its broad splotches of rich brown where the rocks lay near the surface. Everybody was feeling so well that even the grave, pale young man (who, by a sort of kindly common consent, had come latterly to be referred to as 'the Ass') received frequent and friendly notice,—which was right enough, for there was no harm in him.

At last we steamed between two island points whose rocky jaws allowed only just enough room for the vessel's body, and now before us loomed Hamilton on her clustered hill-sides and summits, the whitest mass of terraced architecture that exists in the world, perhaps.

It was Sunday afternoon, and on the pier were gathered one or two hundred Bermudians, half of them black, half of them white, and all of them nobbily dressed, as the poet says.

Several boats came off to the ship, bringing citizens. One of these citizens was a faded, diminutive old gentleman, who approached our most ancient passenger with a childlike joy in his twinkling eyes, halted before him, folded his arms, and said, smiling with all his might and with all the simple delight that was in him, 'You don't know me, John! Come, out with it, now; you know you don't!'

The ancient passenger scanned him perplexedly, scanned the napless, threadbare costume of venerable fashion that had done Sunday-service no man knows how many years, contemplated the marvelous stove-pipe hat of still more ancient and venerable pattern, with its poor pathetic old stiff brim canted up 'gallusly' in the wrong places, and said, with a hesitation that indicated strong internal effort to 'place' the gentle old apparition, 'Why....let me see ....plague on it....there's *something* about you that....er....er....but I've been gone from Bermuda for twenty-seven years, and....hum, hum....I don't seem to get at it, somehow, but there's something about you that is just as familiar to me as'—

'Likely it might be his hat,' murmured the Ass, with innocent, sympathetic interest.

MARK TWAIN.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

[He was drawing pictures for them as well as telling stories—of the three students entering the room in which the landlady's daughter lay dead—of Barbarossa in his cave—of the child who used to look up at Heine as he passed her in the street, awe-stricken by his pale and strange face—of the last of the band of companions who sat in the solitary room in which they had sat, and drank to their memory—of the King of Thule, and the deserter of Strasburg and a thousand others.

'But is there any of them—is there anything in the world—more pitiful than that pilgrimage to Kevlaar?' he said. 'You know it of course. No? Oh, you must surely. Don't you remember the mother who sat by her sick son, and asked him whether he would not rise to see the great procession go by the window; and he tells her that he cannot, that he is so ill; his heart is breaking for thinking of his Gretchen? *You* know the story, Sheila. The mother begs him to rise and come with her, and they will join the band of pilgrims going to Kevlaar, to be healed there of their wounds by the Mother of God. Then you find them at Kevlaar, and all the maimed and the lame people have come to the shrine; and whichever limb is diseased, they make a waxen image of it and lay it on the altar, and then they are healed. Well, the mother of this poor lad takes wax and forms a heart out of it, and says to her son, "Take that to the Mother of God, and she will heal your pain." Sighing he takes the wax heart in his hand, and sighing, he goes to the shrine: and there, with tears running down his face, he says: "O, beautiful Queen of Heaven, I am come to tell you my grief. I lived with my mother in Cologne; near us lived Gretchen who is dead now. Blessed Mary, I bring you this wax heart: heal the wound in my heart." And then—and then—'

'Well, the last scene, you know, is a small chamber, and the mother and her sick son are asleep. The Blessed Mary glides into the chamber and bends over the son, and puts her hand lightly on his heart. Then she disappears. The unhappy mother has seen all this in a dream, and now she awakes, for the dogs are barking loudly. The mother goes over to the bed of her son, and he is dead, and the morning light touches his pale face.'—BLACK: *A Princess of Thule.*]

I.

THE mother stands by the window—
In bed the sick son lay—
'Wilt thou not, Wihelm, rise and see
The Pilgrims on their way?'

'I am so sick, dear Mother,
I care for nothing more:
I think of the dead pale Gretchen,
And all my heart is sore.'

'Nay, Child, we will to Kevlaar
With book and garland go:
And the Mother of God shall heal thy heart
Of all its bitter woe.'

The banners flutter, and ever
The hymn of glory flows—
From proud Cologne upon the Rhine
The long procession goes.

The mother follows slowly,
She leads her boy along—
'O Mary, ever praised be thou!'
So flows the ceaseless song.

II.

The Mother of God in Kevlaar
To-day is robed and crown'd:

Much work, Good Lord, hath she to do,
The sick so press around.

And each an offering bringeth,
At Mary's shrine to lay:
Many wax hands and many feet
Are offer'd there to-day.

And who a wax hand bringeth,
His hand is heal'd anon;
And who a waxen foot shall bring,
His weary halt is gone.

A wax heart forms the mother,
With many a tearful vow—
'Take this to the Holy Mother of God,
And she will heal thee now.'

The son took the wax heart sadly—
Went sad to the Holy Maid—
The tears, he could not keep them back,
As, bending low, he said:

'Thou ever-blessed Mary!
Thou Virgin free from stain!
O Queen of Heaven, hear my prayer,
My heart is sick with pain.

'I live with the dear kind mother
In that Rhine city old,
Cologne, that hath its hundred spires
And chapels rich with gold.

'And close to us, lived Gretchen;
But now she comes no more—
Take thou this heart, and heal the wound
That maketh mine so sore.

'O heal my sick heart, Mary!
O help and heal me now;
And early and late will I pray, and sing
"O Mary, praised be thou!"'

III.

The sick son and the mother
They slept in their little room:
The Mother of God came softly there,
In silence through the gloom.

Over the boy she bent her—
A light around her shone—
She laid her hand on his heart, and smiled—
And like a dream was gone.

In her dreams the mother saw her
So lightly come and go;

Then suddenly woke and look'd around—
The dogs moan'd loud, below.

There lay her Wilhelm calmly—
She call'd—but he was dead !
Over his wasted cheek there fell
A ray of the morning red.

She stood with trembling hands—
She felt, she knew not how—
But softly in her heart she said,
'O Mary, praised be thou !'

E. J. C.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

'The palette on the painter's arm was a great shield painted of many colours ; he carried his maul-stick and a sheaf of brushes along with it, the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests, wherein none are wounded save the envious : with that he shelters himself against how much idleness, ambition, temptation ! Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts cannot gain the mastery over him ; selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth ; and truth is religion ; and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty.'—THACKERAY.

IN attempting a slight sketch of the most famous of our English portrait painters, I have confined myself entirely to those few who hardly come under the name of members of the modern school. Now-a-days, when exhibitions and loan collections are of such frequent occurrence, we can hardly take up a newspaper without meeting with some criticism on one or other of our cotemporary painters. Those of whose lives and principal works it is my design to speak, being not so prominently before the public as some others, will doubtless on that account be more valued and appreciated. Foremost in this rank are William Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, George Romney, Thomas Gainsborough, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. Hogarth, strictly speaking, was not a portrait painter, but on account of his numerous and successful portraits may be reckoned as belonging to this class.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born in London in 1697, of poor but respectable parents. He received little or no education, but from his boyhood amused himself by sketching, rudely no doubt, whatever pleased his fancy or caught his eye. His humble birth gave him this advantage, that he was able to penetrate into nooks and corners of London life that would have been inaccessible to a youth born in a different grade of society. He early frequented taverns and coffee-houses, where he delighted in depicting scenes of riotous drinkers and brawling card-players. From his earliest years he showed his strong inclination for caricature; indeed he was ever incapable of idealizing, and boldly repudiated as untrue to art all preference for classical beauty of form, and was unable to appreciate the soul-like genius that views with 'larger, other eyes,' and depicts, together with the faithful reproduction of what actually exists for all eyes, a subtle spiritual essence perceived only by those who see with a true mental vision. Hogarth delighted most in catching a droll expression, in mimicking grotesque movements, and even when at his art school, where he was subsequently sent, preferred making laughable studies of his masters and fellow-pupils to attending to his duties. On leaving school his father apprenticed

him to an engraver, and here Hogarth lived many years. In his leisure hours he still went on observing and sketching, and often, to help his memory, which however was remarkably good, he would draw faces that particularly struck him, on his thumb-nail. Determined to devote himself to his beloved art he struggled through a thousand difficulties to attain his end, but it was many, many years before he found the work that was most acceptable to him, and that gave him the reputation he ultimately obtained. Taine, in his history of English Literature, remarks that, to find a subject 'which suits him, is the greatest joy permitted to an artist.' Hogarth tasted this joy, but first he had to work hard at prints, engravings, frontispieces to books, even sign-painting, and often had to find himself unsuccessful in what he undertook. He invented what he called 'Conversation pieces,' paintings containing family portraits, and which for a time met with great success, but ultimately the public wearied of them and he turned his attention to something else. The most talented of these productions are: a family group of the Riches, another of Governor Rogers's family, and a garden scene at Cowley. The personages are represented in easy attitudes, and from the pose of the figures and the surroundings of the scenes, pretty and attractive pictures are made. In single portraits Hogarth met greater encouragement, but even here his sitters found him too faithful, and disliked to be represented exactly as they were, without any gloss to cover over their deficiencies of complexion or feature. We have all heard of that man who, sitting for his likeness, was anxious not to show an enormous wart on his cheek, and to obviate that difficulty was taken with one finger thoughtfully resting on the spot. Most sitters prefer the artist's brush to perform this for them, and like to gloat over their pink and white complexions fresh from the studio. But Hogarth was inexorable, he insisted (indeed it was impossible for him to do otherwise) upon copying what was palpable to his bodily eye, consequently many were too fastidious to come to his atelier. One nobleman was so much disgusted with his own too life-like portrait that he refused to have it sent to his house, or to pay for it, whereupon Hogarth threatened to blacken it and give it the addition of a tail, and then to sell it publicly; it is needless to say that the nobleman speedily claimed the obnoxious painting. A portrait of Simon Fraser of Lovat, however, was so popular 'that it was impossible to supply impressions sufficiently fast to satisfy the eager demand of the public.' Among his best known portraits is one of Mrs. Hogarth, the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and a kit-cat sized one of Lady Thornhill when quite an old woman. He painted also a very graceful and tender portrait of Lady Pembroke, a great beauty, and which he executed entirely from memory. But perhaps the most charming of his portraits, and one but little known, is a dainty sketch of Miss Rich, which was exhibited some years since in London. She is represented in a mob cap, and the whole thing is so sweet and fresh that it stands alone among the rest of Hogarth's pictures. It affects one much in the same way as a choice bit of Dresden china would, or as that exquisite little novel of George Eliot's, 'Silas Marner,' does. It gives one the impression of being perfect of its kind and entirely complete. As soon as Hogarth found his specialty he never left it. Series after series of pictures appeared, and he became famous. It will be sufficient to mention their names here, as they do not belong properly to portrait painting, though very many of the persons represented were drawn from life. First appeared the 'Harlot's Progress' consisting of six separate pictures, then the 'Rake's Progress' in eight pictures, 'Marriage à la Mode,' 'The Idle and Industrious Apprentices' in ten divisions, and many others. It is on account of the grand moral lessons taught by these paintings, so much needed in Hogarth's time, and which he brought home so directly to the spectators, that he has gained the title of 'Painter Moralist.' Through them he did for his age what other reformers of the pen and the pulpit have done in other times.

Notwithstanding his popularity and fame, William Hogarth died miserably, at war with public opinion and at enmity with all his contemporaries. He engaged in literature, for which by both education and character he was most unfitted, and strove, in a work entitled the 'Analysis of Beauty,' to lay down some eccentric rules as fundamentally necessary for all students of art. Every one was up in arms on account of

this book, and he encountered much violent opposition from every quarter, which embittered his latter years and soured his temper. He died in 1764, aged 67 years. His temper was hasty, and by it he made many enemies. He was intensely conceited, and conceived himself able to rival Vandyke and Correggio as an artist; but his hatred of falsehood and of the vices of the age enabled him to do great good in spite of himself. Burke said of Hogarth that 'he was not a true artist.' 'Who says so,' retorted Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'has never seen his pictures.'

Joshua Reynolds, the founder of the English National School of Painting, and first President of the Royal Academy, was the son of a schoolmaster, and was born in Devonshire in 1723. A treatise on Painting, by Richardson, first led him to believe himself an artist, and instilled into him an admiration for Raffaello and the painters of the 15th century which lasted all his life, increasing when he had had opportunities for studying their masterpieces, and understood more and more the secrets of their glory. Reynolds, however, was slow to adopt art as a profession, and though at seventeen he studied under Hudson, a portrait painter of that period, he can hardly be said to have gained any knowledge thereby, and at the end of three years he returned to Devonshire, where he spent his time rather in feeding his imagination and studying nature than in making any visible practical progress. His first picture of note was a portrait of Captain Hamilton, which drew towards him the attention of Lord Keppel, who was at that time about setting out as commander of a maritime expedition. He took young Reynolds with him, and thus gave him the opportunity of visiting Spain, Portugal, Africa, and the islands of the Mediterranean, finally leaving him in Italy to pursue his studies. Here Reynolds really threw himself heartily into his work. He was never weary of learning from the great masters, and what he learnt from them, and the high esteem in which he held them, as models for all students, may be seen in his famous discourses delivered at the Royal Academy. Michel Angelo, of all, was the master he most loved, and in his last discourse he concluded by saying, 'I can declare for myself that each of my discourses has borne witness to my intense admiration for this truly divine artist, and I wish the last words that I pronounce in this place to be: Michel Angelo! Michel Angelo!' So determined was he to master if possible the secrets of their execution and colouring, that he purchased a Titian and scraped away the paint in layers to discover how it was mixed. He would make experiments of colours on white paper, comparing the shades with those of the Venetians, and thoroughly applied himself to the technicalities of the art. He found out that 'a figure or figures on a light ground, should have the upper part as light as or lighter than the ground, the lower part dark, having light here and there.' That properly 'the ground should be dark.' This last rule he practised constantly himself, bringing out his figures in strong relief and often having masses of dark foliage or draperies as backgrounds. His stay in Italy came suddenly to an end, for hearing one night an English song at an opera house, such a desire for home came over him that he could no longer withstand it, and he accordingly set out for London, where he at once began to put in practice his new ideas.

The portrait of Lord Keppel speedily made him famous. The *élite* of London society flocked to his studio, and his brush was quickly employed in painting lovely duchesses, countesses, and all the beauties and wits of that lively age. No one pretending to any fashion could omit sitting to Sir Joshua. The renowned Duchess of Devonshire sat several times to him, both as Lady Georgiana Spencer, and after her marriage. Many photographs have been taken of these pictures, the loveliest and best-known being one where the Duchess is taken with her infant, and which contains all the easy and charming grace Reynolds was so thoroughly master of. If he erred at all in manner, Ruskin says it was 'slightly on the side of facility and grace of abstraction,' though his 'playful tenderness and easy precision' never degenerated into slovenliness. 'He is for the present wholly inimitable,' writes the same great critic. A small photograph of this last named picture, and also of one of the Duchess with her brother and sister, may be seen in the Normal School, Toronto. Others of Reynolds's most famous pictures are—Mrs. Crewe as a shepherdess, where she is represented as

sitting amongst her sheep, and which is an exquisitely sweet and charming picture. Mrs. Siddons, David and Mrs. Garrick, 'The Strawberry Girl,' 'Innocence,' a 'Holy Family,' the 'Three Graces,' and the 'Infant Samuel.' Reynolds thoroughly understood child-life and painted it as none other ever did. 'The Strawberry Girl' is a fresh, unconscious-looking child, carrying a stawberry pottle. It was for some time in the Bethnal Green Museum, London. 'Innocence' is a small girl in white, sitting on the ground, with a background of dark trees, and her tiny bare feet peeping out from her dress. The 'Infant Samuel' kneeling with clasped hands, is too well known to need description here. The 'Mrs. Siddons' is a magnificent picture; the lovely actress, in long, flowing brown robes, is seated facing the spectator in a chair of state, having, on either side of her, masks representing the comic and the tragic muse. Her face has a rapt expression and is most spiritual. This painting is in the possession of the Duke of Westminster, and is truly admirable. Sir Joshua Reynolds saw and depicted something more than the outward form and features of his model; he painted also the moral characteristic of the man or woman, and the result was the portrait not only of the personage as he or she appeared as they moved about splendidly dressed in the drawing-room or at court, but as they actually were in heart and mind. His own portrait by himself is a good example of this. We seem to see at once the sort of man he was. He had a singular way of never painting his sitters from themselves directly, but from their reflections in a mirror. Probably this gave them more ease of manner, as they could hardly be conscious they were being painted, seeing Sir Joshua looking away from them. His kind and courteous manners made Reynolds a favourite wherever he went. The king created him a knight, and the noblest of the aristocracy counted themselves amongst his friends. Doubtless, however, he preferred the society of such men as David Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Burke, and Gibbon, whom he was intimately acquainted with, and whom he was continually amongst. Towards the end of his career he became very deaf, and though he worked on unceasingly as long as he could, his sight ultimately began to fail him. He died in the midst of honors, in 1792, and was buried with much ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral. Besides being a painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds is known as an art critic and lecturer of much celebrity. His discourses, which were the first ever delivered to the students of the newly-formed National School, are still quoted, and the praise of him by his friend Burke is yet remembered and applauded: 'Reynolds was one of the most illustrious men of his time, not only as a great painter, but as an eminent writer and profound philosopher.'

George Romney was born in 1734 at Dalton-le-Furness, Lancashire. He was first apprenticed by his parents to a cabinet-maker, but a taste for drawing developing itself in him, he was sent to Kendal, where he studied under a portrait painter of the name of Steele. In 1762 he went to London and from there to Italy and France, remaining abroad two years. When Romney again went to London he became popular enough to divide public patronage with Reynolds and Gainsborough. In the South Kensington Museum is a sketch of a female head by him, but the picture which of all his works is perhaps the most pleasing, is that of Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. It is only the head and bust, but the face is very lovely, and the position of the head looking over the shoulder is most graceful. Romney afterwards returned to Kendal, where he died in 1802, aged 68.

Thomas Gainsborough, the son of a crapemaker, was born at Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727. He received a liberal education at the Grammar School, and when quite a boy showed considerable talent for painting. His little sketches much delighted his father and the neighbours who were called to look at them, and when one day he drew from the life a young rascal who was stealing his father's fruit, with the sunlight falling on his head and arms, his parent, still more enraptured, determined that the boy's genius should not be neglected, and accordingly sent him to London. Here his master was an unknown artist of the name of Hayman, a friend of Hogarth, whom he had accompanied into France.

From the studio of Hayman, Gainsborough went to that of the engraver Gravelot, where he learnt the art of engraving,

which seems to be all he did learn during his four years' residence in London. On his return to Sudbury he was diligent in devoting himself to sketching the surrounding scenery. In these early years he was essentially a landscape painter, and it was not for some time after that he began painting portraits. His landscapes are intrinsically English, for, unlike most celebrated artists, he never left his native country. His oaks, his valleys, his green pastures, are all such as may be seen in Suffolk. With portraits it was the same; he never studied from the antique and had no other models than his English sitters. On his marriage he went to reside at Ipswich, and having through his wife a sufficiently comfortable income, he was placed above all drudgery, a somewhat dangerous position for an artist. With Gainsborough it would have been better had he depended on his art for a livelihood, for he took up with music to such an extent that it seriously interfered with his painting. Had he been anything of a musician, excuse could be made for him, but he rushed madly from instrument to instrument, never attaining to any remarkable proficiency on any. Often his models would lose all patience when he left them in his studio, to practice on the violin or flute. His enthusiasm was so great that no performer of the least merit came to England but Gainsborough sought him out and made him welcome. From Ipswich he went to Bath, where he first began to achieve notoriety. His portraits of Lord Mendip, Sterne, Quin, Judge Blackstone, and Colonel St. Leger speedily gave him a great reputation, and he was persuaded by a friend to settle in London. Among the sitters who at once flocked to his studio, came Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, then in the prime of her beauty, and the most fascinating woman of the court of George III. Gainsborough made two sketches of her, which are incomparably lovely, but the finished picture he was not himself at all satisfied with, saying, 'her Grace it too difficult a subject for me, I own myself conquered.' This picture, although much admired, is thought to lack delicacy and certain beauties of form and colour. The story of it, or a copy of it, being stolen recently, when on exhibition in London, is universally known. Fortunately, before the theft occurred, an excellent engraving of the picture was taken by Samuel Cousins. The Duchess is painted in a white dress and blue silk scarf, with large dark hat and long feather. This portrait, whether it be the original one or not, was exhibited as such by its then owner, Mr. Wynn Ellis, in the International Exhibition at South Kensington in 1862, in company with many others, all of them undoubted Gainsboroughs. Gainsborough also painted Lady Ligonier, Mrs. Sheridan and Mrs. Tickell, Nancy Parsons, and several other beauties of the period. One of his most famous pictures is the portrait of Master Thomas Buttal in the possession of the Duke of Westminster, and known by the name of the 'Blue Boy,' on account of its prevailing colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds had once said in one of his discourses that blue could never be the predominant colour in a picture. Gainsborough, between whom and Sir Joshua there was some rivalry, determined to prove this statement untrue. He therefore painted this portrait, clothing the figure from head to foot in blue. The effect, under the hands of such a master, is very beautiful, the painting being exceedingly soft and harmonious. In this work, the hands and face (which is strikingly intellectual and noble looking) are particularly finely executed. The South Kensington Museum contains only one example of Gainsborough, a portrait of his wife when young, but the National Gallery is much richer in his works, and possesses, with many others, the portrait of Mrs. Siddons. Although Gainsborough never studied in Italy, and had no opportunities of seeing either the old masters or Greek statues, he made one attempt at an antique study in his 'Musidora bathing her feet.' As a classical subject it is most certainly a failure, but as the representation of a very beautiful girl in a graceful attitude no one can help admiring it. Gainsborough died of cancer in 1788; by his bed-side was Sir Joshua, formerly his rival, now his friend. 'We shall meet in heaven,' said the dying man, 'and Van Dyck will be with us.' He had a changeable and moody disposition, sometimes gay and sparkling, at other times depressed and desponding. It is told of him that on one occasion, when dining with Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan, he was in great spirits,—lively, witty, and full of repartee. Suddenly he put down his glass, thrust his hands into his pockets, let his

head drop on his breast, and gave himself up to the most profound melancholy. At last he rose, and taking Sheridan aside said in a solemn voice, 'I shall die soon, promise me you will be present at my funeral.' Sheridan, who could hardly forbear laughing, promised him what he wished, whereupon Gainsborough recovered his former good spirits and returned at once to the pleasures of the table. No one has been more eulogistic of Gainsborough than Reynolds, who consecrated one entire discourse to his memory. 'I can say without hesitation,' were his words, 'that the pictures of Gainsborough move me more deeply than the pictures of the Italian masters from Andrea Sacchi to Carlo Maratti.'

Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769. His father was landlord of the White Lion Inn in that city, and of the Black Bear, Devizes. From his earliest childhood Lawrence was extremely precocious, and when only four years old the guests at the Black Bear were bored by his long recitations which his proud father would oblige them to listen to. At five he could take a likeness with great rapidity and correctness. At ten he painted earls and bishops, and a few years afterwards was the fashionable painter of the day. Besides his repute as an artist he had a tolerably good education, was personally very handsome and attractive, and from early intercourse with persons of distinction had acquired the ways and habits of a gentleman, so that even George IV. mentioned his graceful and elegant deportment. Never was a painter so soon and so much of a favourite as young Lawrence. Ladies particularly patronised him; probably they were drawn to him not only by his charming face and courteous manners, but on account of it being his way to paint them all beautiful, all smiling, all with fresh complexions and graceful figures. Unlike Hogarth he could omit what was there which might be unpleasing to his sitter, and could see his lady as she wished others to believe her, rather than as what she really was. Like Gainsborough, he first began his fashionable career at Bath, where he painted Mrs. Siddons and Admiral Barrington; but he was anxious to come to London, which he accordingly did, and was most kindly received by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who ever after took a friendly interest in his welfare. On Sir Joshua's death, Lawrence was made painter to the king, a great distinction for so young a man. In London, the first portrait that brought him attention was that of Miss Farren, a famous actress and a great beauty. Some one had advised him to represent her in a low dress and short sleeves; and the novelty of the idea soon made it the rage, and every one became desirous to be painted in this way. Lawrence soon found that, to succeed well and to keep popular, it was necessary to please his fair sitters by accurately painting their costumes. Accordingly he took consummate pains to represent faithfully their silks, satins, and velvets. Probably, with the exception of one or two more modern artists, he has never been excelled in the millinery and dressmaking department of his art. Consequent on this superiority of his, beaux with their flowered waistcoats and ruffles, and beauties in their court costumes, filled his studio. Long rows of carriages might be constantly seen before his door, and it was even considered a favour to speak to him or to shake hands. In 1814 he was employed to paint the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Blucher, Platoff, and others, and he was subsequently sent to Aix la-Chapelle to paint the personages assembled there. He took this opportunity of travelling to Italy and making himself acquainted with the picture galleries of Rome. In 1820 he succeeded West as President of the Royal Academy, and this important position was granted to him with every mark of the royal favour. A great number of his pictures are at Windsor, and are portraits of members of the royal family and other illustrious individuals. The best of his portraits are those of Lord Baring, Lord Aberdeen, Lady Cowper, and Mrs Arbuthnot, Kemble as Hamlet, and Mrs. Siddons. Hamlet is a full-length figure draped in black, with a half-melancholy, half-mad look on his face, and with his eyes lifted to heaven. In his hand he holds Yorick's skull. It is a remarkably fine picture, and has been often and justly admired. Sir Thomas Lawrence died in 1829, and was much regretted by the members of his profession and his numerous friends. He can hardly be called a painter of the highest class. Grace, with him, was too apt to dwindle into smiling sentimentality. He

seems to have aimed rather at being popular than being true to his art. He paid too much serious attention to the accessories of a picture, not bearing in mind that the 'man's character is the central idea in every portrait; and to seize it and render it the function of poetical insight,' and that 'Nature requires that the expression of the features shall be the keynote to the expression of the figure.'

'By soul the soul's gains must be wrought,
The Actual claims our coarser thought,
The Ideal hath its higher duties.'

AMY RYE.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

A STORY OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

BY MRS. C. R. CORSON, ITHACA, N.Y.

IT was in the autumn of 18— that I accepted an invitation from the Chevalier S—— to spend the hunting season at his château in Bohemia, in the neighbourhood of the far-famed Boehmerwald. Chevalier S—— was the younger son of an influential family of Austria, which had played a considerable *rôle* in the politics of that empire, and held vast possessions in the county of Klattau. As a younger son, the chevalier was cut off from his father's patrimony with what is called an apanage, as is the custom in those countries still under the majorate system, and was enrolled among the Knights of Malta. I had met him a number of times socially at the Austrian ambassador's in Paris, and was attracted towards him partly from a natural feeling of sympathy, and partly from a sense of curiosity. Let it be said, in passing, that I was myself a stranger in the great capital, whereto a benevolent parent had sent me, and where I was to complete my university education and become truly initiated into the graces of life. My first lessons in that direction, however, had, to my sorrow, proved so bitter, that in the course of one short year I had turned misanthrope, and was fast settling into a state of spleen, which, but for the extraordinary circumstances I am about to relate, would probably have cancelled all my hopes of happiness. Born in England, an only son, and heir to a large estate, I was by temperament and fortune destined to be a happy man, and nothing but an experience that sapped the roots of what we hold highest and dearest in existence could have effected so dire a change from the most sanguine expectations to the most absolute indifference. In such a frame of mind, it is, therefore, not surprising that the serenity of character of my new acquaintance, the freshness of feeling which allowed him to enjoy the stereotyped pleasures of Parisian high-life with apparent satisfaction, should attract my attention. Here, said I to myself, is a problem worth solving: a fruit, to all appearances sound to the core, in the midst of this nineteenth-century rottenness; and I determined to study it out.

One evening, as we came out together from the opera, where we had met accidentally, I proposed a walk on the *boulevards*. I had been so struck during the performance with the profound calm that seemed to pervade my friend's whole system, that I began to suspect him of being possessed of a secret the philosophical world had not yet ferreted out, and which might be worth seeking after. I had repeatedly cast a scrutinizing glance at his countenance to watch what effect the grand combination of worldly powers exhibited on a first

opera-night of the season—the brilliant array of female loveliness in the private boxes, *balcon*, and *avant-scènes*, the magnificence of the scenery, and that soul-searching music of Meyerbeer in his grand opera of 'Robert le Diable'—might have on its placidity, and could never discover anything but the most sublime repose. His eyes were generally fixed on the stage with the gaze of the *connoisseur* and analyst; and whenever, between the acts, they wandered over the house, it was with the same earnestness, as upon a side-study. A few remarks which we exchanged during the play, bearing upon its merits, convinced me also that he was a shrewd observer and close critic; so that, when I proposed a walk on the *boulevards*, it was with a more than usual interest that I looked forward to a *quart d'heure d'artiste*, that untranslatable moment of interchange of thoughts, feelings, and ideas, so difficult to seize upon, and of which the world at large is so chary.

'You like Meyerbeer,' said I, as we had reached the sidewalk, and, in the freer air, were gradually driving from our lungs the heated atmosphere of the crowded house.

'Yes,' he replied, 'I like particularly the art of his music: it is better than his science.'

'How so?'

'I like the poetic subjectivity of the play, and the perfect adaptation of the music to its sentiments. The great struggle between good and evil—the latter ever crossing man's dearest hopes—is admirably rendered in sound; and therein, I think, lies the completeness of the composer's art. But there is, to my mind, a flaw in it.'

'And that is?'

'The holy chants that disperse the infernal chants are weak. Meyerbeer's science has not yet reached the secret of celestial strength. The Roman Catholic church, with its passive saintliness, is too predominant. The music of the demons, as you must observe, is of a higher character than that of the angels; we needed here a concert of celestial voices of more force; something indicative of triumph, as in the prayer of Moses. However, I am glad to see that this frivolous nation can appreciate such a piece; it is some indication of latent spirituality.'

I could not help smiling at his simplicity. 'I should like to hear you catechize on this subject some of the belles we saw to-night, and get an idea of their appreciation of it.'

A fine smile passed over his lips. 'You have not much faith in the women of France, it seems. I feel differently on this subject. I assure you that in many of those sparkling eyes, behind many of those bouquets and fans, I felt a heart beat in unison with mine.'

'You are a fortunate man,' I replied. 'These poor Parisians have long since lost the naïveté of such primitive emotions. However, it is a question of nationality, I suppose. In your Bohemian solitudes, the soul, no doubt, remains virgin a longer time. A few years of Paris life would soon dispel its illusions.'

He looked at me somewhat quizzically. 'You have probably met with sore experiences in that quarter; the old story, eh? faithlessness—perjury—'

'Oh no, not particularly; not any more than others. I grew wise suddenly; I profited also by the experience of my cotemporaries, and became a philosopher early. I have learned to take woman for what she is—a pretty toy. I do not quarrel with her spirit of intrigue, her frivolity, her coquetry; it is her nature, and, knowing that, I shall avoid many calamities.'

'The greatest calamity of all, in my opinion, is that you should have come to such a conclusion,' remarked he, rather drily; and, after a pause, during which we walked on in silence: 'My dear sir, with all our nineteenth-century progress, we have made next to no progress in our knowledge of woman. We no more understand her superior mechanism than that monkey who attempted to imitate his master on the violin, and, failing to draw from it the harmonious sounds he expected, scratched and kicked and cuffed and broke the instrument. There are very few men who know how to play her.'

I laughed.

'See,' continued he, 'to what a desperate extreme our incorrigible stupidity has driven women to in America.'

'Oh! America,' I replied, rather contemptuously, 'a country where any kind of human folly, from a woman-preacher to a woman-lawyer, finds ever a ready stage to exhibit itself.'

'America!' he retorted, with the same

earnestness, 'with all its youthful temerity, its crude activity; with all its loose methods and systems; has taught old Europe many a beneficial lesson this last century, and will no doubt teach it a good many more.'

'I for one do not accept its mentorship. Without being over-conservative, I believe in order, and that country looks to me but a battle-ground of most admired disorder. Its reform movements—well, as far as the woman question is concerned, I positively protest against your insinuation that its present wild radicalism is to be laid at our door.'

'Fifty years hence will decide; meanwhile woman all over the world is emancipating herself, and this emancipation is the very lesson we needed to learn in order to comprehend her.'

'A pity that your knightly vows do not permit you to make the experience of an emancipated wife: you seem to me to need some lesson in that direction.'

He laughed goodnaturedly.

'For my part,' I continued, 'the emancipation may go on *ad lib tum:* my mind is fixed on the subject; I have forsworn the whole charming sex as a ruinous and visionary method of life, and am just now in quest of that insensibility that lifts us above earthly wishes and desires, that—'

'Surely you do not mean insensibility?'

'Call it what you please—calm—repose—I can conceive of no other happiness; and you are the first man that I have met, who seems to have mastered its secret.'

'My dear fellow,' he replied, with a certain gravity that put a sudden check upon the rather bantering tone in which I had carried on our conversation, 'you will never reach it on the road on which you are now. You lack one of the principal elements to its acquisition.'

'And that is?' I asked.

'Faith!—faith in God, in woman, in all things.'

'Then am I a hopeless case, for I believe in nothing.'

'There is some heart disaster at the root of your spleen,' said he, with a knowing look. 'No malady without a cause. Try a change of air, a change of friends, of civilization even. I leave in a few days for Germany and Bohemia; come and see me at Kauth. We get up at times some capital fox-hunts in our wild forests, and you shall have the honours of the chase—and perhaps, who knows' (with a kindly smile), 'you may chase something nobler than a roebuck or a hare. Come, at all events.'

I paused a moment, then said: 'I will.'

We shook hands and parted.

Some weeks elapsed before I could make up my mind to carry out this project so suddenly formed. The prospect of spending the winter in that wild solitude was anything but attractive; for, from what my friend had told me of the social life of his country home, I gathered that Kauth was one of the most retired villages of Bohemia, and, as the coming winter promised, according to all appearances, to be one of unprecedented gayety in Paris, I can scarcely be blamed for hesitating. Paris, with its balm for every wound, its electric life, its immense resources, was still the only place in the world where one could waive happiness and do without it. Then, as I called to mind the terrible truth of Boileau's lines concerning a friend suffering from hypochondria:

. . . 'Malade a la ville ainsi qu'a la campagne;
En vain il monte à cheval pour tromper son ennui,
Le chagrin monte en croupe et galope avec lui;'

and applied them to myself, I concluded naturally that it would be of no earthly good or use. Still, a small voice within urged the journey: 'There is no rest here; try it there;' and after one of those insignificant parties that open the winter-season, disgusted both with its shallowness and with my own weakness for seeking comfort in it, I packed my trunk and started for that weird region of gnomes and hobgoblins where *Rübezahl* still reigns supreme.

CHAPTER II.

THE château of my friend, where I arrived after a couple of days' *diligence* travel, disappointed at first my antiquarian expectations. I was looking for the sombre haunts of an ancient manor-house, and found a modern dwelling with all modern appointments. The grounds alone still retained traces of ancestral quaintness. There reigned throughout their disposition a sort of horticultural anarchy that seemed

to stand in direct opposition to what Le Nôtre would have set down as absolute rules of artistic gardening. Art and Nature seemed playing, as it were, hide and seek with each other. Their only regular feature was a broad avenue of lindens that led from the gate—an iron grating within a massive doorway of granite—to the front porch. From there and all around, stretching in every direction, the grounds followed pretty much their own sweet will, in thickets, hedges, and coppices, to which the gardener made no further claim except that here and there a neat gravel walk, a flower-parterre, or a vegetable-patch, testified to his own fancy and industry. It was a curious pell-mell of park, orchard, kitchen, and flower-garden. The house, meanwhile, though plain in design, was built on a vast scale, and contained a large number of spacious apartments with high ceilings and generous windows. The chevalier lived entirely alone in this roomy retreat. An aged housekeeper, his former nurse, a cook, a valet-coachman, and a gardener constituted the household, and I concluded that, to be happy among such surroundings, he must himself possess immense intellectual resources. The rest of the estate, which comprised a number of villages and vast tracts of woodland, was administered by an overseer and a little brigade of clerks, and formed an immense revenue, of which the elder brother, Count Rudolph S——, had the sole enjoyment. This elder brother, an ardent politician and a great favourite at the Austrian court, came at rare intervals to visit the domain, give a survey to its administration, and have his joke at the chevalier's philosophic retreat from the world. Still, the most fraternal relations subsisted between the two brothers, and it was marvellous that two such wholly different temperaments and dispositions could so unite and so harmoniously work together.

The novelty of the situation, and a certain benignity that seemed to pervade the place and the people about it, soon made me feel at home and content, and I was surprised to find how easily the most tyrannic habits yield to circumstances, and what a slight hold, after all, the mere pursuits of pleasure may have on us.

'I am afraid,' said he, the morning after my arrival, as we were coming from the breakfast-room to have a little chat at the chimney-corner of the parlor, where a huge fire was blazing forth comfort—'I am afraid that I have presumed too much on my resources in coaxing into my solitude so great a lion as you are; I scarce can hope to tame you down to my sedentary and frugal course of life.'

'Now don't,' I replied. 'Whatever bad opinion my random speeches may have given you of me, I am no *petit-maître*, I assure you; and I mean to show you that I can be interested in something better than boudoir-gossip or a waltz.'

'I do not doubt that; but the opportunities here for social intercourse are so meagre, and of so commonplace a character, that a vast deal of stoicism is necessary to rise above the situation and accept them as they are. We must meanwhile,' with a look outside, 'take advantage of these few bright days, for winter will soon set in with all its sternness, and I must get you familiarized with the topographical side of the country; its æsthetic features, you will soon enough discover. By the way, you speak German, don't you?'

'Barbarously! I loafed for one year at the University of Heidelberg, and picked up some few notions of German grammar, but just enough to speak most ungrammatically.'

'That does not signify; we shall not mind a few limping parts of speech, provided your hobbling along allows us to follow you. I shall begin to introduce you to our country gentry this very day, and you must make up your mind to vigorous leg-gymnastics, for there is a vast amount of walking and leaping and climbing to be done—ravines, hills, ditches, fences, anything but boulevards and Chaussée d' Antins.'

And walk we did! In less than a week I had visited, both as amateur and tourist, which means that I had minutely studied, the two ruins the neighborhood boasted of—the Riesenburg and Herrnstein—which, despite their dismantled towers and ruined walls, still look from their craggy hills defiantly at each other, ready to have out their ancient feud with lance and battle-axe; I had made friends with the forester Lhoduslau and his wife and children; had quite succeeded, though not without sustained efforts, in spelling out and pronouncing their extraordinary names; I had com-

mitted to memory the consecrated phrases of salutation observed by the population of this primitive country, where faith and reverence still hold their ground, and which consist in the devout formulas : 'Praised be Jesus Christ,'—'In eternity, Amen'—the latter being the reply to the former—travellers on the road greeting each other invariably by the same; I had learned to like the national *Krapfen* and *Kolatschen*, the one a sort of compromise between the French *beignets* and the American doughnut, and the other a sort of tart filled in with poppy-seeds crossed with sweet almonds; I had become acquainted with the musical genius of the place, a certain Christopher Stickna, the most raphaelic figure I had ever seen alive—a face that for the saintliness of its expression and its supreme spirituality might have been enshrined in some cathedral niche for daily worship; and, finally, I had made friends with the overseer, Bärenkopf, a kind, full-blooded, and full-hearted Bavarian, in whom the native hop had become distilled into pure Christian charity, so ready was he ever to overlook human frailties and exalt smaller virtues. Beer and sourkrout were the nectar and ambrosia of this sylvan god, whose cortège of bright-eyed, gleesome clerks, gave him a touch of classicism, and called to mind Pan and his satyrs. But better far than even Homeric worth, shone forth the present age through their intelligent countenances, for there was certainly upon these seemingly unsophisticated youths the touch of the time; an artist here, a musician there—poets, thinkers, young Germany in short, idealized by Bohemian ancestry. Paris and its scented salons waned in the distance, and I had not the least hankering after them. The dry, bracing air of these wild mountain regions, with their ancient lore and modern thought, was gradually reaching through blood and lungs to heart and head, and I was already beginning to feel a different man. But the restless search after the possible substance behind the shadows of life, which I then still thought might be concealed in the things of the world, had not yet left me. I was still unconsciously seeking that legendary *Fons iuventutis* of which I suspected my friend to have discovered the source. As, however, Mephistopheles had no doubt long been given up all future Faust-business as unprofitable, he being ever the loser by it, I could not hope to get at that famous key secreted by the 'Mothers,' and had to depend upon the ordinary means, namely, discussion, to work at the riddle of life. This the seclusion of the place and its stock of good books greatly favoured; my friend's ideas running moreover in channels diametrically opposed to mine, there was plenty of opportunity for word-fencing—the only question being which argument got the better of the other.

One afternoon of a rainy day, which we were spending in the library, reading, writing, rummaging among the books and albums, I remarked to Frederic, quoting Buffon's celebrated axiom, *le style, c'est l'homme*, that I could see pretty nearly what manner of man he was from the collection of his books.

'Schelling beside Fénélon, Fichte along with Montaigne, Joseph de Maistre and Lamennais, show the universality of your mind. I congratulate you; I am not nearly no broad; I have my preferences. Now, do you accept them one and all?'

'Yes,' he replied; 'they all contain fragments of truth, and those I pick out; but I do not read much now; occasionally, as to-day, I pull out a book; but indeed I read very little.'

'Who is it,' remarked I incidentally, 'that recommended to read much in reading very little?'

He smiled. 'I am chewing the cud; I have reached the ruminating stage. But truly I find the living world far more interesting than ideas, and prefer watching real men and women to reading about them.'

'You are fortunate if in this terribly prosaic age you can find enough that is worthy the observation. In novels, at least, the tame experiences of life are made somewhat interesting by a heightening of the colours, but the commonplaceness of every-day life can scarcely afford to a thinking man a study.'

'It is the way you look at it,' said he, throwing himself into his favourite attitude for discussson, which was to raise one of his knees high enough to embrace it. 'Rosa Bonheur now, will find delight in a mud-puddle.'

'Oh artists! yes; they have an object in view.'

'The naturalist will go into ecstacy over a peculiar fern.'

'Yes, science has endless resources; we all know that; but if one is neither an artist nor a scientist; when one is unfortunately fashioned as I am, with elements unkindly mixed—two-thirds spleen and one-third indifference—it is not so easy to get interested in men or things.'

'I have read somewhere in Swedenborg,' continued he, after musing awhile, and in a peculiar tone which made me feel that the remark contained an incipient satire upon my worthlessness, 'that the angels in heaven are happy in proportion to their usefulness.'

'Usefulness implies interest in things,' I replied, somewhat sulkily. 'Tell me how to arrive at a feeling of interest and I may become useful.'

'In such desperate cases as these,' said he, springing up and pacing the room with slight indications of impatience, 'I have known dire calamities—crimes sometimes—to work the desired result.'

'Frederic!' I exclaimed.

He turned round. My face no doubt expressed something of the shock and subsequent agitation of mind his words had produced, for he hastened to me, and laying his hand on my shoulder, said gently, 'Why Paul, my good friend, I really did not mean any harm;' then with a persuasive earnestness, 'Take comfort. The memorable sentence of Pascal, in his passionate search after the Infinite, is as applicable to your worldly despairs, as to spiritual despairs: "Console thyself," was the divine answer to his own yearnings—"Console thyself; thou wouldst not seek me, if thou hadst not already found me." Your very hunger for that substance which you only apprehend, is a proof of its existence. "Seek and you will find," is another grand consolation.'

I rose; he drew his arm through mine, and led me to the window.

'Yonder,' said he, pointing to a distant point visible through the branches of the lindens, you see the belfry of one of our fast dying out miniature châteaux. It is the modest retreat of Baron Prochazka, an original, as you would call him, a good deal of a visionary, given to occult sciences, but an excellent man. He has an only daughter, Marie, now twenty-five, I think, but you would scarcely think her eighteen, so young and fresh has the noble mind within kept the outer form. It is one of my pet theories, you must know,' he put in in an undertone and by way of parenthesis, 'that the mind has much to do with the preservation of female beauty. Now she is my beau ideal of a woman; so also is my sister-in-law, Amelia—two very different characters, but equally fine; and I want you to become acquainted with her because I feel assured that if you succeed in understanding her, the battle against your scepticism in womankind will be half over; and my dear fellow,' with a half serious, half comic expression, 'that is absolutely necessary towards a perfect restoration of moral health.'

I smiled. 'Who are these Prochazkas?'

'An old and very respectable family. The baron is the owner of a little estate called Altgedein, comprising about a hundred acres and a few peasants' huts. He is comparatively poor; the estate however is well administered, and under dear Marie's management yields all it can; then, as their wants are but few, they live happily and often find means to be a Providence to the poor around them.'

'The baron, you say, is a—dreamer?'

'He is a cabalist, a kind of rosicrucian; believes in all sorts of odd things; very learned in antiquities, but exceedingly *bonhomme*, and as generous with his ideas and discoveries in hieroglyphics, as with his means, which, as I have already said, are very scanty. Now, I only hold up Marie to you as a study; don't set your heart on her; she is irrevocably disposed of.'

'So, so: I understand; like those old knights of whom you are the worthy descendant, you just wish to make me declare that the lady of your heart is the paragon of women, and challenge me to find her equal.'

'No, not that. I have got over that; we are good friends and nothing more. She loves Christopher, Christopher loves her—but second only to his invisible muse, I fancy; for Marie, who has made me her confidant, is quite aware of the infinite distance to which the genius of her young maestro carries him away from her. The baron, who is above the susceptibilities of mere rank and money, will not withhold his consent, and all that is wanted to make them happy, is for the young man to declare

his love and ask her of her father, and that is probably what he will never have resolution enough to do.'

'A dangerous game—a woman's heart.'

'Not here. Marie—I know her from her childhood—does not change; she will love on, and bear all the pain this love may be fraught with, without murmur.'

'Such faith in womanhood is absolute fanaticism,' I cried. 'That is carrying the *culte de la femme* altogether too far; but you Germans are ultra in all your notions. I should not wonder but what you are ready to demonstrate to me as true, what Goethe so absurdly maintains, namely, that the fair sex leads us invariably upwards.'

'You mistake; it is 'Das Ewigweibliche zieht uns hinan.'

'Well?'

'Das Ewigweibliche—eternal femineity—love, as in opposition to reason, or rather reasoning. Goethe, as well as you and I, knew of the Fifine-element in the world, but he looked upon it, in its downward movement, to be, finally and in the abstract, ancillary to the Elvire-movement, which is ever upward.'

'Good heavens!' cried I, springing up and holding my head, what a brain-harassing way of reasoning you have. This is the very quintessence of abstract abstractions! Do speak plain for goodness sake! What in the name of all common-sense do you mean by Fifine and Elvire?'

Frederic laughed and quietly said: 'You surely understand what I mean by Elvire—Moliere's Elvire—Don Juan's. That finer and nobler influence which some highly gifted women exercise over us to stimulate us to great deeds and worthy achievements—our mortal guardian-angels. By Fifine I refer to that masterly poem of Robert Browning's, just out, which treats of this very question. I suppose you would call that the *grisette* element.'

'I see,' I said.

'But really,' continued he, in a dismissing tone, 'this is all too theoretical for a realist like you. You want actual, palpable, flesh and blood facts as evidences of my doctrine. Well I have in my gallery of portraits of *Goode Women* another living specimen which ought to satisfy you. Amelia, my sister-in-law, was born and reared in what is called the hotbed of worldliness; and yet she is as dear and pure a soul as ever breathed. It is a very false notion to suppose that innocence and purity can only be found in the humble walks of life.'

'Well,' I said, 'Amelia; Rudolph's wife. Was it a marriage *de convenance?*'

'Partly; Rudolph met her for the first time at one of the Esterhazy receptions. She pleased him uncommonly; he waltzed with her a number of times, and before the end of the ball, and in the midst of the whirlwind of the dance, asked her point blank if she would be his wife?'

'Pshaw!' I said incredulously.

'Upon my word, without any more formality. The idea had been given him by our father, a fortnight before, as the possibility of an alliance with her house was being discussed; but he was left to choose according to his inclination, and it happened that inclination and *convenance* chimed in on this occasion. Rudolph is very prompt in all that he undertakes and prides himself considerably on the despatch he used in securing a wife.'

'And the lady accepted—at once?'

'Yes. Rudolph, when he related the circumstances to us, said that she could not say yes at once, panting still from the dance, but that her eyes looked pleased, and that when he brought her to her seat, and waited for an answer, she hesitated a little, laughed, stammered something about mamma and papa, if they consented, and finally said bravely "yes."'

'Charming! such prompt transactions save many embarrassing preliminaries, to be sure.'

'She has now three lovely children; she is a dutiful wife, an excellent housekeeper, a devoted mother, a sincere friend, and withal a perfect *femme de monde.*

'A woman of the world and a devoted mother; the two do not go well together.'

'You shall judge from a little incident I will relate to you, and which is enshrined in my memory as the most perfect of domestic scenes. Rudolph was absent and I was to accompany her to the opera, and from there to a ball at the archduchess Sophia's. We were late; she had been two hours at her toilet. As it was completed, she called me into her dressing-room to ask my advice about a set of jewellery she was in doubt about wearing; a mere matter of taste and choice. I gave my opinion; she acceded to it. Indeed, I see her yet; she

was lovely. Amelia, though a brunette too, is again an entirely different style of beauty from Marie's. She is tall, with sufficient embonpoint to have nothing angular about her. Her face is round and full, regular; her eyes dark, well-shaped; her ears two rosy little shells; mouth and teeth to match; in short one of those happy, pretty faces, sometimes more attractive even than beauty, and which one keeps looking at as on a successful picture. No intellectual depth, mind you; she has never known sorrow, and there is the flaw in the character; but I am persuaded that if anything were to happen to Rudolph, she would turn out a heroine.'

I laughed: 'That's judging from your moral consciousness.

'No; judging from small indications, as many a scientist does; guessing at wholes through parts; judging from an angelic patience when playing with the children, when Rudolph gets into his particular moods, when the servants do something amiss, and from a certain well-timed decision of character, when circumstances call for it.'

'Virtues and vices are often so many heirlooms,' I put in musingly. 'And now for the ball incident.'

'Well, as I said, she stood there in all the splendour of a complete ball costume. Her dazzling shoulders outrivalled in brilliancy the white satin bodice which set forth her perfect form. A graceful garland of wild roses ran down the rich skirt and seemed to play hide and seek among the *tulle-bouillons* with which it was covered, and I was just fastening the last bracelet on her superb arm, when Gretel, the assistant nurse—the *kinder-madchen*, as we call them—came in with the timid message: "Master Rudy, please your ladyship, is crying and will not let us put him to bed; he won't let us take off his shoes and stockings; he kicks and screams, and says that he has not seen his mamma all day, and will not go to sleep without kissing her." Amelia burst out into a rippling laugh. "Nonsense!" said I impatiently; "don't mind the child; put him to bed and be done with him." "No, no," cried she; and turning to me with an adorable pout, "You cruel man, you! you don't know how it feels to be papa or mamma." Then, with a smile to the maid: "I am coming, Gretel; tell him I am coming;" and she took me by the hand and pulled me along with her, assuring me all the while that a look at her precious little ones in their cunning nightshirts, was by far the finer of the spectacles we were going after that evening. I yielded. We came to the nursery, and listened awhile at the door; then opened it, and a pretty sight it was, to be sure. The baby, a little girl, lay quietly in the crib, with wide open eyes, apparently amazed at the hubbub the two brothers had raised. Rudy, a sturdy little fellow, three years old, was on the nurse's lap, obstinately refusing to have his shoes taken off, and crying "mamma, mamma," and Sebastian, the oldest, was remonstrating with him, and, no doubt by virtue of his heir-apparentship, commanding the servants, in most authoritive tones, not to mind the naughty boy but put him to bed by force. Our appearance created a sudden silence. The baby instinctively put out its little arms towards its mother; Rudy stopped crying and Sebastian stood still in the middle of the room, in a stare of admiration at his mother's full-dress. Amelia walked up to the little culprit, knelt down before him, allowed him to put his little arms around her neck and wipe his wet face, hot from crying, against her fresh cheeks, and talked, or rather sang to him, "Poor, poor Rudy; poor, poor mamma; poor mamma has not seen her little Rudy all day, no, not all day; poor mamma is so sorry! But now she has come; yes, yes, she has come to love her little boy," etc., etc. And then followed such a variety of caresses, and cooings, exquisite sounds, on all sorts of keys, such as only babies and mothers can utter; and the little face looked up all bright again through its glistening eyes: "Pretty, pretty mamma," he muttered, playing with her earrings. I had not the heart to chide; the scene was too delicious; still I remonstrated against her being on her knees and allowing the child to tumble her so. "Oh never mind," she said, "all this will get crushed in the carriage anyhow." Then, with a cheering ring in the voice, and clapping her hands to divert the child's attention away from her ornaments, she said, "And now mamma is going to take off Rudy's shoes, and put Rudy to bed, and Lisbeth is going to sing, "'Aya Popeia,"' and little Rudy will go to sleep." So with an exultant shout in which

the child joined, "Off with one shoe! ha! ha! off with the other! and now the stockings!. one—two—three, off it goes!" And such laughing and shouting! the baby and Sebastian looking on with mirthful eyes and joining in the fun. Then, composing her face, as if by magic, into solemnity, she whispered: "And now Rudy must think of the dear good God, and all good angels, and say. '"Dear dood Dod, bless papa and mamma, and sister and brother;"' and go to sleep, sweetly, sweetly." And, with her jewelled hand, raising the tiny hand of the little one, she made him go through the sign of the cross, and carried him into the cradle. All got to bed, all were fondly kissed, and we went to the ball. I thought the whole performance angelic.'

'Charming! exquisite! divine!' cried I with tears in my eyes. 'The scene should be written out in characters of gold, and framed and hung in every lady's boudoir!'

'But,' continued Frederic, with a significant look, 'if you had seen her an hour later at the ball, you would never have suspected, amidst her mischievous coquetries, her fan and bouquet skirmishes, her lively repartees, her constant dancing, that she had just gone through such a model scene of domestic duties. Believe me, Paul, there is an angel in every woman!'

I had nothing to say in reply; the story was almost convincing.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, although it still continued to rain, Frederic ordered the close family coach to be got in readiness for us, and we drove to the *Schölsslein*, the name given by the peasantry to the Prochazka manor-house. There my antiquarian expectations were somewhat realized. The house, without being exactly antique, belonged evidently to a past century. The style presented even something of a riddle, and seemed to partake both of the Dutch and German orders of architecture. It looked at first sight rather a clumsy piece of work, with its massive stone walls, and rough attempts at embellishments in the way of outside window-traceries. Its distinctive features, however, were the elaborately carved oaken-door, with the traditional brazen knocker in the lion's mouth, and the belfry. At each side of the front door, to which led a dozen or more stone steps, two windows indicated the lower apartments, over which a number of smaller windows showed that the upper story was divided into fragments of smaller rooms. When we had alighted, and a servant had answered our coachman's energetic knock, we walked in and were taken to the sitting-room. Marie soon made her appearance. She was a person of middle stature, finely proportioned, and with the most admirable pose of the head I had ever seen. Whether it was the curves of the neck, or the exquisite shape of the shoulders that gave it that air of girlish majesty, I know not; but the bust was one of unequalled beauty. The features, irreproachably regular, were far more Italian than German, a trait inherited from her grandmother, a Florentine, as Frederic told me afterwards. Her eyes were intensely dark, as was also her hair, and stood almost in too violent contrast with the fairness of the complexion: not the fairness of the blonde, but a ruddier one; a blending of the warm southern skies with the northern snows.

'Mr. Osborn,' said Frederic, introducing me. 'A gentleman I have coaxed away from the capital of capitals into our wilderness, with all sorts of promises, which, unless you help me to fulfil them, my dear Marie, I shall be much at a loss how to make good.'

She smiled and put out her hand, which I kissed, a German fashion of meeting a lady I highly approve of, and which I was not long acquiring. Then, with an ease of manner I was surprised to find in so retired a nook of the world, she invited us to sit dawn, and led the conversation from Frederic to myself with incomparable tact and naturalness. What Frederic thought of France, how I liked Bohemia, all interspersed with bright observations and sagacious criticisms of her own. She touched upon what had transpired during his absence, the men and women of their acquintance, with an occasional parenthesis for my benefit, explaining and describing who and what they were; in short, she proved herself possessed instinctively of that talent of conversation which is generally acquired only by a long intercourse with society. I was infinitely pleased, for I had

never before seen so much womanly tact blended with so girlish a naturalness of manner. Her father soon joined us, and I had before me another interesting study. Baron Prochazka was in every respect a handsome looking man, despite his bent figure and the *négligé* of his grizzly beard; occult sciences standing no doubt in opposition to the razor. Frank and cordial in speech, as Frederic had already described him to me, and without the least claim to superiority of learning, yet there seemed implied in his off-hand ways and decision of tone, that whatever anybody else's opinion might be, his was fixed and unalterable.

The room into which we had been ushered presented nothing striking in itself. Three windows let into it all the light a rainy day could afford to give, and the furniture, partly antique, partly modern, gave evidence that its owners looked chiefly to its use. A few old oil paintings, considerably impaired by age, covered the walls and gave the apartment a certain air of gravity which was still more enhanced by two time-stained pieces of statuary, the one a veiled Isis, and the other the enigmatic bust of Hermes. The total absence of those meaningless trifles which encumber some drawing-rooms showed plainly that the young *chatelaine* was not given to fancy-work ornaments. The only indication of female industry observable was a work-basket on a side table, filled with garments of the roughest texture, which led me to suppose that Miss Marie was as much a *dame de charité* to the poor of the vicinity as the dutiful daughter of an eccentric father. During one of those invitable pauses that occur in the most animated conversations, I stepped to one of the windows to have a look outside. Looking northward the country undulated towards a line of fir-clad hills—the younger children of the well known *Boehmerwald* of legendary fame—rows of evergreens, among which, here and there, a faint curl of smoke indicated a human habitation. To the right, on a hill, peeped, through the leafless branches of the thicket of trees wherein they were enshrined in summer, the ragged towers of that most ruined of all Bohemian ruins, the Herrnstein, at the foot of which, on a green plateau, was forester Lhudoslau's modest dwelling, a hyphen, as it were, between the middle ages and the nineteenth century, and blending the progressive thought of the latter with the blind faith of the former. To the left, separated from the Herrnstein by a miniature valley, and on a lesser eminence, could be distinguished, also through the surrounding forest branchings, the better preserved walls of the Riesenburg.

'Delightful haunts in summer time,' observed Marie, as Frederic pointed them out. 'Many an improvised drama have we played among those wild stones!'

'Yes,' said my friend, 'and many a good thing was said in those childish improvisations. I wish I had them all written out.'

'It is a fact worth recording,' observed the baron, musingly, 'that among the great number of these mediæval structures there are so few inscriptions; whilst the more ancient ruins of Greece, Italy, Egypt abound in them.'

'It would almost argue,' I said, guessing at his thought, 'that there was less enlightenment then than in the far more remote ages.'

'Undoubtedly! The farther back you go in the world's history the more enlightenment do you find.'

I smiled, and looked at him somewhat suspiciously.

'A certain kind of enlightenment, of course. I do not mean that the people of those dark periods had anything of the acute, fine sense for classification and analysis which we possess now. Oh, no!' and with an expression in the eye, in which a close observer might have detected a Rabelaisian hint, he continued: 'These poor wretches knew of architecture, so wonderfully developed now-a-days, but just enough to raise up buildings as wonderful in durability of workmanship, as significant of design; they produced works of beauty without knowing anything about the rules of beauty.'

I laughed.

'Their meaningless inscriptions too,' he went on in the same satiric vein; 'a stork here, a wretchedly drawn human figure, with a sparrow-hawk's head there, could never compare with the *hic jacets* of our superior age. Good enough for some poor fools to puzzle their noddles over, but what sensible scholar would leave the good substantial bone the present age holds out to him in the shape of molecular atoms, for those shadowy figures of speech? Pooh!'

'Ah, Baron,' I said, 'you are a little too hard on progress,' and stepping to another window, and noticing the presbytery that lay ensconced in a bouquet of trees close by the outer wall that encircled the private grounds, I remarked, pointing to it, 'Here is another ground for attack. What do you say of Christianity, so called, that does away with these "shadowy figures of speech"?'

'Oh!' replied he, with a good-humoured smile, I mean no attack; I only state certain peculiarities of human wisdom.' Then, turning to Frederic, 'Chevalier,' he said, 'you must take your friend to see our Herrn Dechant and Kaplan. They are,' speaking to me again, 'fine illustrations of the breadth of our Christianity here. John Huss himself would not have refused to shake hands with them.'

'I doubt though whether that breadth would cover my atheism; I——.'

'Nay, nay, my young friend,' said he, with a friendly tap on my shoulder, 'there is no such thing as atheism. A disease of youth merely. You'll get over that;' and changing abruptly the subject, and pointing to the grounds immediately before us, 'Here you see an old man's foible; half of these grounds are devoted to dahlias—all kinds—I pride myself on having the largest collection in the country. They are gone now, but if you are here next summer, and this young lady (with a nod towards Marie) does not get down before me in April, and encroach, as she often does, upon my territory, for her own darlings and her favourite vegetables, you will see a fine display of those regal flowers.'

I smiled at the off-hand way with which he disposed of my atheism, comparing it with his predilection for dahlias; and perceiving a curious little building in the farthest end of what looked like a park, I asked what other foible that might be, that did indulge in Mohammedan practices; the structure reminding one of a small mosque with its minaret.

'That,' said he, pointing at it, 'is an oriental fancy of my student-days. My father gave me on my sixteenth birthday a few hundred gulden and an acre of land, probably to find out what my dominant idea might be, and I planned a pavilion; and as my favorite studies bore all on oriental questions, it took the shape of a mosque; but you will find the interior quite Christian. I have always preferred the cross to the crescent as a symbol. In short, I built it for my library; and, in order to prevent intrusion, and no doubt influenced by the spirit or Dedalus, I laid out the grounds around it in a miniature labyrinth.'

'Ah! I was wondering what these intricate windings around could mean.'

'Young ideas! The children meanwhile have found that pavilion very much to their taste; haven't you?' looking at Marie and Frederic.'

'Haven't we though!' echoed Marie with a childish glee that sent additional color into her cheeks and lustre into her eyes. 'Do you remember our pitched-battles, Frederick?'

'Remember!' repeated my friend with a tenderness of tone and look I had not observed in him before.

'Ah, Mr. Osborn,' continued she, with increased animation, 'you should have seen us ten years ago, in the summer vacations, what fun we had around that pavilion. There was,' looking alternately at her father, the chevalier, and me, 'Rudolph, you Frederick, cousin Rosine, poor Madeline—she is gone now!' (with a sigh), 'Christopher, Milic, Fritz the cowboy, our Hannah, myself; and what shouts and cries and groans and tears were mixed with this wild play!'

'But what did you play,' I asked, 'that would call for groans and tears?'

'This young lady,' said my friend, pointing at Marie, 'was always possessed with the idea of saving her country—saving somebody or something—and would always pick out bits of history to act out by way of play—battle scenes generally. Now this labyrinth afforded us capital hiding places, and we found it invaluable for marches, countermarches, ambuscades, and all sorts of war-stratagems; for, as I have said, our historical games were always of a martial character,'

I laughed. 'And the heroine, no doubt, was always Miss Marie.'

'Always. Our favorite game was the rescue of Orleans by Joan of Arc. We divided, boys and girls, into two equal bands; one, the French, defending the pavilion, which simulated Orleans; the other, the English. But, oh Marie!' looking at the young girl

with a peculiar expression in the eyes, 'you remember that last signal defeat of yours!'

Marie laughed.

'But then,' said I., 'you were not acting out history, if you defeated her.'

'There is the joke of it,' contined Frederic. 'Marie used to be terribly obstinate in her battle-plans, and had a superstitious faith in her heroine and herself; so that without any regard to our natural pride, my brother's and mine, she would invariably pick out for her troops the least competent of all: Christopher for example, an exceedingly delicate lad, the imbecile little Milic—.'

'Oh! Frederic!' remonstrated Marie.

'Well, he was something of an imbecile then, though now,' with a look of intelligence towards the young girl, 'he may see farther than any of us. Then poor Rosine, and Hannchen, who used to put her apron over her head for protection, and march blindly before her with outstretched arms, and then expect that we fellows who knew something about regular fighting, would allow ourselves to be beaten by this little band of ragamuffins.'

'Ragamuffins!' again protested Miss Prochazka, with a familiar tap on my friend's head.

Frederic laughed. 'But,' resuming his narrative, 'one day we had our revenge. Rudolph and I determined to give this new Maid of Orleans a lesson, despite history. So when it came to the encounter, and the walls were scaled, instead of pretending to fall back, as we had always kindly done before, without even getting any thanks for it, we lay on firmly with our sticks, and, in no time, we had them all on the ground, crying and moaning piteously. Milic, I remember, had a bloody nose, and declared he would never play Orleans again; Marie sat down on the grass, crying fit to break her heart, not over her scattered troops, and scratched face and hands, and torn dress, mind you, but over the imaginary loss of Orleans.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'You bad boys,' said Marie, making a fist at Frederic, which he caught and kissed. 'So you see,' turning to me again, 'these are memorable grounds.'

I was considerably amused at the character of these early reminiscences, and mentally compared such a childhood with one spent in the convent or among the artificial influences of city-life, and concluded that they must necessarily bring about different results.

We soon took our leave. Driving home, the most natural question my friend could put to me was:

'Well, and what think you of Marie?'

'Lovely,' I replied; 'but, oh, Frederic, you who are a man of taste, how can you allow her such barbarous colors? Gray, you ought to know, goes not with such hair and complexion; and such a cold gray. Amaranth is her color—a lively pink—warm tints.'

'Ah, well,' replied he, laughing, 'we are not quite so particular here. I leave such a little reform for you to make. But beware! Marie has a reason for all things, and she may even have a reason for her choice of colors.'

The evening's mail meanwhile brought the chevalier a letter from his brother which obliged him to leave home for some days on business.

The next morning, as I saw him off, he looked at me with such an air of commiseration that I burst out laughing.

'But what will you do?' said he pityingly.

'Do? What else but cut you and Christopher out? I am going to make desperate court to Marie.'

He laughed, murmured something about playing with fire, and drove off.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day being fair, I thought I would beguile the first effects of my solitude with a visit to the forester, in the vague hope that between him and me we could get up a little shooting match; for the promises of superior fox-hunts which the chevalier had held out to me at Paris, to lure me on, lay in a vague future, and with my friend's contemplative turn of mind, threatened very much to turn out like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. I accordingly gave orders to Peppy, our Figaro, to saddle his master's riding-horse, and, scarcely heeding the good fellow's repeated injunctions that the direct road to the Herrnstein lay mid-way on the *Kauth-*

strasse, I sallied forth somewhat Don Quixote-like, in quest of adventures.

Taking the highway, I travelled towards what I supposed to be the Herrnstein direction, and paced along musingly till I became aware that the road had made a curve which took me out of the right line. Unable to orient myself, I was about returning to whence I came, when, by a second turn, I perceived a little hut all hid within a cluster of firs, and at the wicket of which was tied a horse. On coming nearer I saw that it was a fine riding-horse, and a lady's, as the side-saddle indicated. Marie ! I thought ; who else ? I alighted, tied my horse next her's, and knocked at the door. A woman poorly clad, and with big tears rolling down her cheeks, came to open. I made a few ineffectual attempts, half in German, half in Bohemian, to enquire for the Herrnstein road, but to no purpose ; she kept wiping her eyes with her apron, and shaking her head that she did not understand. I said : ' Marie ? Marie ? ' with a head and hand mimicry that implied : ' Is she in here ?' She nodded yes, and stepped aside to let me in. At the furthest end of the room, half-kneeling, half-bending over a low cot-bed on which lay evidently a sick person, I saw Miss Prochazka, but so intent upon the subject before her that she did not notice my entrance. I walked up to her to help me out of my difficulty. She started, and looked up at me with an expression so full of surprise and awe, that I drew back. When, however, I had explained in a few words my presence, she gradually recovered from her astonishment, and, pointing to the bed, told me that she had just been praying ardently for assistance of some kind ; that she was confident that with proper help and efforts the poor man lying there might yet be restored to life. I at once put myself entirely at her service, and, combining our efforts, we succeeded in recalling him to consciousness. He was a miner, and the husband of the woman who had opened the door to me. Having obtained a few days' leave of absence, according to the mine regulations, he was coming home with his year's salary, a distance of forty-two miles, and overcome by exhaustion and sickness, had crept to a little creek a few miles from his hut, where he was found unconscious, with his money about him, by some wood-cutters who brought him home. The wife had at once sent her little boy to the *Schlosslein* for her help, and Marie had hastened to the spot, but after repeated trials had found herself unable to perform the task alone. The man's teeth were so firmly set that she could not administer the needed remedy, and was intently wishing for succor. It was therefore not surprising that my sudden appearance proved more of a shock than a pleasure. Still it was a moment of real need ; the case demanded stronger muscles than her delicate wrist could boast of, and it took all of my own strength to sufficiently separate the teeth to let the medicine through. The whole scene engraved itself deeply in my memory, and I could realize how, in moments of extreme tension of mind, trifles will occupy the attention. Thus, during the tedious process of friction, which lasted fully two hours, my eyes ran mechanically over the details of the little hut. I noticed the poor colored prints that adorned the walls of the sick chamber; the shepherd's pipe lying on the floor, the rusty gun standing in one corner, the garden utensils in another ; the mixture of distress and curiosity in the face of the little boy, who was seated on a low stool near the fire ; the various attitudes of the wife and mother, now with clasped hands, praying and moaning alternately, now bidding the child to mind the fire and throw turf on it, but, more than all this, the intensity of feeling in Miss Prochazka's treatment of the moribund. With the naturalness of perfect innocence she had resolutely bared the rigid limbs of her patient, and rubbed them up and down with an ardor, which, in its sustained effort, must indeed have derived its strength from an invisible source. Her eyes were fixed upon the vacant stare of the seemingly lifeless body, as if through the intensity of their magnetism they could call life back into those glassy orbs.

When, after having bid these good people good-bye, we both stood before our horses, and I offered her my assistance to get into the saddle, she expressed to me, in words which I have forgotten, but of which the tone still lingers in my ear, her heartfelt thanks for my timely assistance. She was very pale, and I feared a reaction. The fresh air, however, and the ride home soon restored the needed equilibrium.

The day meanwhile being considerably

advanced, I accepted the kind invitation to stay to dinner proffered by father and daughter, and was thus for the first time introduced into the baron's private sanctum. As soon as the meal was over he ordered the coffee to be brought into the library, and we all three repaired thither.

It was an oblong apartment which seemed to take in the whole depth of the house, and into which four high and broad windows let in a generous light. The walls, with the exception of one reserved for a large map of the ruins of the Temple of Ceres at Eleusis, were entirely covered with shelvings, filled with books, old and new, in promiscuous company with cigar-boxes serving as pigeon-holes. In the centre of the room, on a large antique table with twisted legs ending in lion's claws, lay a mass of paper and writing materials; whilst on ottomans and foot-stools scattered around it, huge folios and ancient looking books indicated somewhat the character of study of the occupant of the place.

'Truly,' said I, as we were seated, and the servant had brought in the after-dessert, 'this is a most cheerful place for the sombre pursuits you are engaged in. I have always coupled occult sciences with subterranean vaults, mysterious recesses, and plenty of cobwebs,'

He laughed. 'There is enough of the latter, I assure you, both in these upper corners' (pointing with his pipe to the cornices around the ceiling) 'and in my own brain, despite Barbara's broom, and the protests of my reason. But *qu: voulez-vous;* we are not quite the masters of our destinies, and our work on earth is pretty much cut and dried for us. Mine seems to be, to judge from my uncontrollable leaning towards the mysteries of signs and numbers, to search the past in order to benefit the present.'

'To benefit the present?' I repeated in a rather dubious tone.

'Yes; don't you think that the past has yet a vast deal to teach the present?'

'This occultism of yours is as yet an entirely closed book to me; not till to-day was my attention seriously arrested on the possibility of there being anything worth gathering in the rubbish called mystery, which the light of science has driven into the dark corners of civilization. You must admit that ignorance and superstition have gone hand in hand, and that ——'

'Ignorance and superstition, my good sir,' said the baron, interrupting me, and giving a strong puff to his pipe to keep it alive a while, 'are the most elastic of words, and cover a vast amount of inconsistent facts. Whatsoever does not fit into the circumscribed space laid down by the recognized authorities in learning, is branded as ignorance and superstition. But a fact is a fact, despite the doctors; and however unorthodox certain out-of-the-way events or cures may appear, patients will ever prefer being cured contrary to the rules of orthodox practice than dying according to them.'

'No doubt of that,' I said.

'The world just now,' said he, musingly, 'has come to a curious pass, and hardly knows whether to go backward or forward. There is danger both ways of its losing its balance. The scepticism which science has run into, is very closely allied with the superstitious faith founded on the legendary evidence of the past. The materialist can no more prove the atomic theory—no one as yet having seen an atom pure and simple, since all atoms are infinitely too minute to come within the ken of the strongest microscope—than the spiritualist the doctrine of immortality by his miracle theory.'

'But on what, then, do you base your hopes of immortality?' I asked.

'On knowledge; knowledge of myself and the world around me. He who cannot read the written Word that rises up on every side must needs either believe or doubt.'

'If I understand you rightly,' I said, 'you mean that the whole universe contains an answer for all our questionings, and that it depends upon our more or less penetration to make out its riddle. But, my dear sir, this is but reading one's fancy into things. Who will vouch for your solution being the correct one?'

'Experience! The Cabala, Mr. Osborn, is not a fantastic compilation of signs and numbers; it is as exact a science as mathematics, and proceeds from the known to the unknown with the same certitude as the scientist on his stepping-stones from one fact to the next. Have once a clear ideal of its fundamental principles—its balance, illustrated by the two bronze columns which Solomon had placed before the door of the

Temple, and which are, as it were, the monumental hieroglyphic of the antinomy necessary to the law of creation—and all things, good and evil, will be explained; you will see clearer, plainer than with your natural eye, the rounds of Jacob's ladder rising from the lowest abyss into the infinite.'

I was silent. I am rather fond of helping people on their hobbies, if but to see them ride them, and watch where they are taken to; but that of the baron looked so much like a griffin, that I began to think of that better part of valour—discretion—and cast about for a convenient and polite loophole to slip out of the subject; but before I had found an egress, he held me fast again with:

'You dropped something about atheism, the other day, that led me to think that you are one of those unfortunate grandchildren of Voltaire who expiate through misanthropy the crime of pride and forwardness of their grandsire. Now, my dear sir, with all due respect to that remarkable ancestor, let me tell you that this Monsieur Arouet de Voltaire was a marvellously ignorant man, whose shallowness only escaped the eye of the public because he always found means to conceal it under successful jokes. But to laugh at a thing is not to explain it, and the whole of this godless crew of encyclopædists who rallied fanatically around their pigmy-god of irreligion, never advanced civilization a single step.'

'They sowed the seeds of liberty,' I ventured.

'They sowed the seeds of anarchy you mean. But the times you refer to are scarcely attributable to the negation doctrine of the Ferney philosopher. A far more subtle and pernicious influence was generated through the writings of Jean Jacques. Indeed, Robespierre and Marat might be considered but the faithful exponents of the mild mock-philanthropy of Rousseau. It is just such men, my dear sir, whose indomitable pride causes them to throw off all allegiance to order, that retard progress.'

A considerable pause followed the baron's last tirade against the poor Geneva reformer, for my attention had long since been divided between the father's arguments and the daughter's beauty. Miss Prochazka was quietly sitting near the window engaged in needle-work, and I had allowed myself to become gradually swallowed up in admiration of the perfection of her features and the beautiful lines of her neck and shoulders.

'Miss Marie,' said I after awhile, 'I am afraid of your father. I shall never have courage enough to follow him into the labyrinthian theories of the ancient wisdom he lays so much store by. I am sure you know of a more direct road to the enjoyment and usefulness of life. I wish you would take me for a pupil, and teach me how to be good without too many sacrifices.'

She laughed. 'Sacrifices of what?'

'Oh, of ideas—habits. I like the world, for example; a good dinner, a game at billiards, a ball occasionally. I do not like the Church; I do not believe in *Monsieur le Curé's* unquenchable fire for such as I.'

'No, to be sure not,' fell in the baron. 'There is nothing so stupid as those precious sheepfolds where the whole flock bleat in unison meaningless hallelujahs, and fall asleep over their holiness. They need a nice little wolf to wake them up.'

'I know of but one recommendation,' said Marie, raising her eyes up to me full of sweet earnestness, 'and that is St. Augustine's: "Love, and then do what you please."'

'Love rightly, I suppose you mean,' replied I, rising to go; 'but the difficulty is still in the taking of the remedy. I am, you see, a sort of spiritual moribund, like the poor fellow we assisted to-day, and my teeth are set against it. I lack too the very *grâce suffisante* that carries a poor wretch across the boundary line of the fatal section in the next world; but *adieu*, more of that some other time.'

She smiled. I put out my hand; she pressed it gently, and I left.

'And did *Euer Gnaden* find the way?' asked Peppy as I reached home and was dismounting.

'Not to the Herrnstein, my good man,' I replied, 'but to the *Schlösslein*.'

A very knowing smile passed over the lips of the rustic groom, and his eyes told of a world of agreeable suspicions. I concluded that Peppy was evidently a man of imagination.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

THE LAW OF SUCCESSION TO LAND IN ONTARIO.

THE common law of England has been declared by some of its enthusiastic votaries to be 'the perfection of reason,' and most students of English law imbibe this exalted notion with regard to one of the principal objects of their study at the very commencement of their labours, and accept it with all the docility which becomes profound ignorance sitting at the feet of profound wisdom. As, however, they emerge from the state of pupilage, not a few begin to ask themselves the whys and wherefores of many of those principles of law governing the rights of property which previously they had been content to accept as axioms, and they begin to discover that the flattering encomium must be taken with some qualification. For although they may still justly admire the reasoning by which the common law has been developed by a succession of able and learned lawyers, yet the premises on which that reasoning has been based will, in many cases, we fear, fail to excite the same degree of admiration. For it will be often found that those premises rest on arbitrary rules framed to meet the needs of a state of society which has long since passed away, and which had very little in common with the age in which we live.

Now, no system of law which is founded on premises or principles which are faulty in themselves, or which were devised to meet wants which no longer exist, can, by being elaborated by mere reasoning, be made altogether satisfactory, even though the reasoning be without a flaw. Nor if the inherent weakness be in the root, will even the lopping of a branch here or the grafting on another there, cause the decaying tree to flourish.

And yet it may be asked, with all due respect for the eminent persons who have of late years devoted themselves to the task of Law Reform, whether the system they have been proceeding on is not, to a great extent, chargeable with the defect of a want of thoroughness, and whether, notwithstanding the disease is at the root, they have not for the most part contented themselves with a simple course of pruning and grafting, whereas the treatment really needed is of a much more radical and drastic nature?

Next to the absurd system of administering the law by two distinct classes of tribunals, the one dispensing what is technically called Law, and the other what is technically called Equity—a system which is the result of accident rather than design, and which, having been the source of endless injustice, seems at last to be yielding to the common-sense of the present day—there is the peculiarity in English law which governs the right of property in land by one system of law, and the right of property in goods and chattels by another and totally different system, the one system being a development from the ancient feudal law, and the other built up on principles mainly derived from the ancient Roman law; and this diversity, also, may be traced rather to accident than design.

The Roman law was the law of a highly civilized people, and the result of the labours of some of the keenest intellects the world has ever seen; the feudal law, on the other hand, was the law of a semi-barbarous people. Taking the feudal law as a foundation whereon to build, what can be hoped for? It needs no great acumen to see that the feudal system is now out of date; that it implies a state of society which has passed away; that it was designed to protect interests and to enforce rights which have no longer any need of protection or enforcement; that it is, in short, based on a theory regarding the tenure of land which has lost all the vitality it ever had.

England is not the only country in Europe in which the feudal law was introduced; but it is almost the only one of any pretensions to civilization in which it has not been, to a great extent, superseded by the more enlightened principles of the civil law. And it would seem that it is to the fact that it has been so superseded in France, as regards the tenure of land, th

in no small measure is due the extraordinary recovery of that country from the ruin in which it was left at the close of the Franco-Prussian war.

But it would be impossible within the limits of our short paper to discuss all the objections which might be raised to the continued retention of the feudal law as the basis of our real property laws; and we propose, therefore, to confine ourselves on this occasion to the consideration of one branch of the subject only—that which relates to the succession to land.

It is needless to say that the law of succession to land differs vitally from that relating to goods. When the English law was first introduced into Upper Canada, the rule of primogeniture was established here; but in 1852 this rule was abolished, and all the children of a deceased person were admitted to share in his lands. This change was in one sense an approach to the law of succession to personal property, but it fell short of actual agreement with it, in an important particular. For while personal property passes in the first place to the personal representative, as he is called, —*i. e.* the executor or administrator—who is charged to see to the payment of the debts of the deceased before permitting any part of the property to pass into the hands of the next of kin,—we find that land still passes by descent directly to the heirs-at-law without first passing through, or in any way coming under, the control of any person whose duty it is to see to the payment of debts. In this respect the succession to land still rests on the old feudal principle which practically ignored the rights of creditors; the only change made is in the designation of the persons entitled to inherit.

If land were a species of property which the law intended, as did the feudal law, to exempt from liability for debts, the retention of this mode of succession might be reasonable enough. But most people now-a-days seem to be agreed that all property of a deceased debtor, whether it be in the shape of lands or goods, should be made liable for the payment of his just debts; and very numerous are the enactments which have from time to time been passed to give effect to this idea. Land is deemed to have no particular sanctity about it, which should preserve it from the hands of the sheriff, if the demands of justice require it.

Having got rid of the feudal idea that land should be exempted from liabilities for the debts of a deceased debtor, the most natural way to give effect to the contrary opinion would seem to be to provide that land should pass under the control of the executor or administrator in the same way as goods and chattels, upon the death of the debtor. But our legislators have not seen fit so to provide; hence it is that we find that, while the law provides that it shall be the duty of the executor or administrator of a deceased person to see to the payment of his debts, yet the person who is thus by the law charged with this duty, has no power whatever over the deceased person's lands, which in many cases constitute the chief assets which are left for their satisfaction; and we find the further anomaly that, whilst the only person who can be sued for the debts of the deceased is his executor or administrator, yet under a judgment against the executor or administrator, lands which by law are vested in another person can be sold without as much as making that other person a party to, or giving him any notice of the proceedings. Nothing could well be more illogical than the present state of the law in Ontario on this point; and it arises from the efforts which have been made to patch up by statutory enactments the obvious defect in the feudal law, which, as we have said, practically ignored the rights of creditors to be paid out of the realty of their deceased debtor; the patches being introduced, it seems to us, without much regard as to how they suited the old garment or the *tout ensemble*.

But it may be said that the law as it now stands, although illogical, works no practical injustice. It is not necessary, however, to point to particular cases in which it has actually operated unjustly; it will suffice, we think, if it can be shown to be capable of being used to defeat righteous claims, and to injure those whom it is designed to benefit.

In the first place, the present law of descent of real estate is open to this objection, that it operates silently and without any official or public record being necessary to its consummation. The moment a man dies intestate, his land passes *eo instante* to

those persons whom the law has provided shall be his heirs. No formal act on their part is necessary to complete their title; the law vests in them all the land of their deceased ancestor, without the intervention of any public officer or a scrap of writing. In the case of personal property, the case is entirely different, for the law requires an inventory to be made of all the deceased person's personal property, which is filed of record, and no one can legally deal with it until he has obtained the sanction of the proper court, evidenced by the grant of probate in the case of a will, or of letters of administration in the case of an intestacy; and the law moreover requires from a person applying to be appointed administrator, that he shall give security for the due performance of his duties. By this means some reasonable protection is afforded to creditors for the proper administration of personal estate.

It is true, land is itself immovable; but how is a creditor to know of what land his debtor may have died entitled to? or how is he to be assured that all his debtor's lands will be made available for the payment of his debts? The law of succession to real estate is very simple in its mode of operation; but what is or what may be its effect as against creditors? What security does the law require to be given by the heirs which will prevent their selling the land descended, and appropriating the proceeds to their own purposes to the prejudice of creditors? As for security, none whatever is required; and the only remedy for the protection of creditors is the putting of the estate in Chancery for administration, a proceeding which involves the incurring a great amount of expense, which in many cases might be altogether avoided, if the personal representative had power to deal with the land. The law, therefore, so far as the real estate of a deceased debtor is concerned, leaves the creditor almost entirely at the mercy of the heir-at-law or devisee, with the alternative of a suit in Chancery.

It cannot be said to be due to the wise and just provision of the law protecting the rights of creditors, but rather to the general honesty of mankind which has prevented the claims of creditors from being more generally defeated than they have been. But it is to be feared that many cases exist which have never come to light, in which frauds of the kind pointed out have been committed with impunity.

Another practical objection to the present system of succession to land is this, that it prevents the administration of the estates of intestates to the best advantage. The personal representative's authority is limited, as we have seen, to the personal estate, which he is bound to apply as the primary fund for payment of debts. What is the result? Let us suppose the deceased to have left a widow and a young family with no other means of support than is to be derived from his estate; no uncommon case. This estate, let us suppose, is found to consist of personal property, comprising shares and stocks and moneys lent on mortgage, all yielding an income—and also a quantity of wild land or other real estate which is wholly unproductive, or which, in order to be made productive, requires the carrying on of some particular business in which it is utterly impossible for a widow and infant children to engage. Any man of common-sense called on to administer such an estate, would say at once that it would be better to sell off the unproductive property first, and apply the proceeds of that as far as possible to the payment of the debts, and by this means preserve the personal estate for the benefit of the widow and children. No one would be injured by this proceeding; it would deprive no one of any right; and yet it is a course that under the law as it now stands in Ontario, could not be taken, because the law absurdly requires that where a man makes no express provision, by will, to the contrary, his personal estate must in all cases, without regard to circumstances, be first applied to the payment of his debts. The consequence is, that it is frequently a simple impossibility to administer the estates of deceased persons in the only way that the ordinary rules of prudence would suggest.

Then again, our present law of succession is hampered by two other causes. Firstly, the right of the wife to dower, and secondly, the right of the husband to curtesy, as it is called.

These two estates both arise by virtue of marriage; in the latter case it is also necessary that issue should be born of the marriage capable of inheriting the property—it matters not that it dies the day of its birth, provided only it be born alive. Now these

rights or estates which wives and husbands are entitled to in each other's lands, although created by the act of marriage, do not, as the law now stands in Ontario, come into effect until the death of the person in whose land the estate is claimed; they are therefore more properly within the law of succession than at first sight appears.

The right of dower entitles the wife, on her husband's death, provided she have not barred her right, to a life estate in one-third of his lands, except those which are in a state of nature at the time of her husband's death or at the time of their alienation by him. Few persons who have had much to do with real estate, but know how great is the inconvenience, trouble, and expense occasioned by this right of dower. A purchaser of land has to take care not only that the wife of him from whom he buys, bars her dower, but he has also to take care that the wife of every previous owner has done the same. In the chain of title a deed may appear in which there is no bar of dower; it may not be known whether the grantor was actually married at the time or not; it is enough that he may have been, in order to render enquiry necessary to establish the fact positively, either that he was unmarried or that his wife is dead or has barred her dower. An enquiry of this kind, simple as it may appear on paper, frequently involves great trouble and great expense, in the effort to trace the whereabouts of a man of whose movements nothing may be known.

The difficulty and expense which this right of dower creates in the investigation of titles, is not its only defect. It has others, and in the opinion of the writer they are even more serious.

In the first place, it is a right which is placed paramount to the claims of creditors by the mere act of marriage, and without any express stipulation between the parties. A man may be entitled to a large amount of real estate, he may have incurred debts which render him hopelessly insolvent, and yet, by the simple act of marriage, the law vests in his wife a right of dower in his lands to the prejudice of his creditors. It in effect withdraws from the just claims of creditors a considerable portion of the assets of the debtor. As the law formerly stood, there might be some little show of reason for this, when by the fact of marriage the husband acquired the right to the wife's personal property, and also to a valuable interest in any lands which she might possess. Then it might be said the creditors of the husband got a *quid pro quo*. But the course of legislation ever since the year 1859, has, in this country, been in the direction of emancipating the wife's property from the debts or control of her husband. The reason on which dower formerly rested has in a great measure been thus swept away, and there really now seems no good reason left why the claim of the wife to dower should any longer be preferred to that of the creditors of her husband.

If the giving of dower priority over debts existing before the marriage is objectionable, it seems still more so as regards debts created subsequent to the marriage, and of which the wife reaps the benefit, as in the natural course of events she often must.

This right of dower, too, is often a clog on the improvement of property, for no one cares to make improvements of which another is to reap the benefit, nor yet does any one who has a mere life interest, such as a dowress, care to make permanent improvements on property of which they have so precarious a tenure; and as a security for money it is almost valueless.

The right of the husband in the wife's lands stands very much on the same footing. Until lately it was supposed that this estate had been altogether abolished. At the last session of the Ontario Legislature, however, an act was passed which provides for its continued existence on the death of the wife without having parted with the estate. The legislature has freed the husband from liability for the debts of his wife, and has nevertheless suffered him to retain a life estate in all her lands, to which she may die entitled, free from the claims of the wife's creditors. The making the husband's interest in his wife's land depend on the accident of having had issue born capable of inheriting, is one of those rules of the common law which, though perhaps expedient in feudal times, seems nowadays somewhat absurd. To make the husband's interest superior to the claim of the creditors of his deceased wife is unjust.

The rights of husbands and wives in each other's personal property are not paramount

to the claims of creditors, and it would seem that it is merely from the accident of the feudal law having made no provision for the application of lands to the satisfaction of debts, that this anomaly exists with regard to lands.

No good reason, it appears to the writer, can be assigned for making this distinction between lands and goods, although, it must be confessed, it is a relic of feudalism which has been retained in some countries which, in the main, have adopted the Civil Law as the groundwork of their jurisprudence.

There is yet another difficulty which results from our present law of succession to realty, and that arises in the proof of titles which have been acquired by descent. Owing to the fact of there being no judicial investigation necessary, on the death of the ancestor, as to the right of those claiming to be heirs-at-law, unless there be some lawsuit actually brought, the proof of heirship after the lapse of a few years frequently becomes a most difficult matter, involving as it does the proof of the due marriage of the parents, and the fact that the persons claiming to be heirs are the only persons so entitled. So great is this difficulty that it has been said by able lawyers that a title which rests on several successive descents is practically unmarketable.

But we shall naturally be asked what remedy can be suggested for the evils of which we complain.

The answer we have already indicated, and it is shortly this, to make the law of succession to land the same as it is to personal estate; to abolish all merely artificial legal distinctions between the two classes of property, so far as they affect the right of succession; and to make the law of personal property the law of land too, so far as it can be conveniently applied.

If this were done the person charged with the payment of debts would have complete control over the whole estate of the deceased, and could administer it to the best advantage of all interested. It would no longer be possible to withhold any considerable portion of the assets of a deceased person from the hands of his creditors, for the title to it would have to come through one charged by law with the payment of debts, and whose duty and interest would alike compel him to see that the estate of the deceased is properly applied. After payment of the debts, the residue of lands and goods would, in the event of intestacy, be distributed among the same class of persons, instead of there being, as there is now, one rule for selecting persons to inherit the lands, and another for those who are to inherit the goods; and in the case of the land being devised, the devisee's right would be subject, as is that of a legatee, to the assent of the executor or administrator.

By the abolition of the law of primogeniture, some advance has been already made towards assimilating the law of succession to goods and lands; and having already proceeded thus far, the further steps necessary to complete that assimilation would, in the majority of cases, work no violent change in the class of persons who would be entitled as beneficiaries, nor in the proportion of their shares; it would chiefly affect the manner of their taking. The principal change would be occasioned by the alteration in the rights of husbands and wives, who, instead of taking, as they now do, life interests, would become entitled to an absolute interest, which would however be subject, instead of paramount, to the claims of creditors.

So far as concerns the right of dower, such a change would be less likely to meet with opposition than would a proposal for the simple abolition of dower without providing any equivalent. The equivalent now proposed is really a more substantial and valuable right than that which would be taken away; it would extend the interest of the widow to a class of property of which she is not now dowable, and would give her an absolute interest, in the place of a mere life interest. The position of the wife would thus be improved, the only change to her prejudice being the subordination of her claim to that of her husband's creditors.

The advantage of the change would be reaped not only by the husband and wife and their creditors, but it would also be felt by every subsequent owner of land, the title to which is derived by succession, by reason of the greater simplicity it would ensure in the proof of titles so derived.

Our present law of succession to land may be confidently said to be the greatest obstruction in the way of the reformation

of our real property law. To it, more than to any other cause, we believe, is due the maintenance in the present day of so many of those ingenious subtleties and technicalities which were the delight of mediæval lawyers, but which are an offence to the common-sense of a more enlightened age; technicalities and subtleties, indeed, which instead of advancing the cause of truth and justice and right, have often the very opposite effect; and instead of being an assistance in effectuating the just intentions of men, are found to interfere and frustrate them altogether.

Were the law of succession to land amended in the direction suggested, we believe many of those absurd and technical rules which at present are a blot on our system of real property law, would at once become obsolete, and the day would not be far distant when men of ordinary intelligence might reasonably hope to understand the law governing our rights to land without devoting a lifetime to its study.

GEO. S. HOLMESTED.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SAMBO.

ON a blazing, hot, dry day in August, two straugers might have been seen carefully picking their steps down a narrow path cut in the steep precipice that overlooks the whirling and hurrying waters of Niagara. They were apparently Esquimaux; and they were attended by a third person, also apparently an Esquimaux. All three wore heavy and amorphous garments of blue woolen stuff; but these were mostly concealed by capacious oil-skins. They had yellow oil-skin caps tightly strapped on their heads; yellow oil-skin jackets with flapping sleeves; yellow oil-skin trousers of great width, but no particular shape; and shoes of felt. One of the two travellers wore—alas!—spectacles.

These heavy garments became less hot as the Esquimaux began to receive shooting spurts of spray from the rocks overhead; and when, following their guide, they had to stand in a shower-bath for a few seconds, while he unlocked a small and mysterious portal, the cool splashing was not at all uncomfortable. But when, having passed through this gate, they had to descend some exceedingly steep and exceedingly slippery wooden steps, they discovered that even a shower-bath on a hot day may become too much of a good thing, For now they began to receive blows on the head, and blows on the shoulders, as though an avalanche of pebbles was upon them; while strange gusts of wind, blowing up from some wild caldron below, dashed across their faces and mouths, blinding and choking them. And in the booming and thundering sound all around them, had not the taller of the two travellers to stop, and seize his companion's arm, and yell with all his might before he he could be heard:

'Donnerwetter! what a fellow that was in the guide-book! I will swear he never came through that gate! He said you

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must take off your collar and gloves, or you will get them wet! Ho, ho! Your collar and gloves! Ho, ho!'

But the laughter sounds wild and unearthly in the thunder of the falling waters and the pistol-shot hammerings on one's head. Still further down the slippery steps go these three figures; and the roar increases; and the wild gusts rage with fiercer violence, as if they would whirl these three yellow phantoms into mid-air. The vagus nerve declares that in all its life it never was treated in this way before; for what with the booming in the ears, and the rattling on the head, and the choking of the mouth, it has got altogether bewildered. The last of the wooden steps is reached, the travellers are on slippery rocks; and now before them is a vast and gloomy cave, and there is a wild whirlpool of lashing waters in it and outside it; between the travellers and the outside world is a blinding wall of water, torn by the winds into sheets of gray and white, and plunging down as if it would reach the very centre of the earth. The roar is indescribable. And how is it that the rushing currents of wind invariably sweep upward, as if to fight the falling masses of white water, and go whirling a smoke of foam all about the higher reaches of this awful cavern?

Here ensues a piteous and painful spectacle. No doubt these two travellers had gone down to this Cave of the Winds to be suitably impressed. No doubt they had read with deep attention the description of getting behind the Falls written by gentlemen who had adventered some little way behind the Horse-shoe Falls—on the other side—and who had gone home, with damp gloves, to write an account of the business, and to invoke the name of their Maker in order to give strength to their intransitive verbs. But could anything in the world be more ludicrous than the spectacle of a man, with Niagara tumbling on his head, trying to keep his spectacles dry? It was in vain that the guide had warned him to leave them behind him. It was in vain that his companion besought him. And there he stood, in the midst of this booming and infernal cavern, trying to get furtive snatches through his miserable spectacles by rapidly passing over them a wet handkerchief. Then a fiercer gust than usual whirled the handkerchief out of his hand, and sent it flying upward until it disappeared in the smoke of the spray. After that, mute despair.

For now, as dumb signs declared, it was necessary to pass around the back of this wild cavern by a narrow path between the lashing waters and the rocks; one hand on the rocks, the other gripped by the guide, the eyes keeping a sharp look-out, as far as was possible in the gloom, for one's footing. But how could this miserable creature with the swimming spectacles accomplish this feat? Blind Bartimeus would have been safer; he, at least, would have had both hands free. It was with a piteous look that he held out the spectacles and shook his head. The face of the attendant Esquimaux plainly said, 'I told you so'—speech was almost impossible amidst this thunder.

And now this helpless person, being left alone at the entrance to the cave, and alternating the efforts of spray-blinded eyes with quick glances through spectacles dried by a dripping oil-skin sleeve, saw some strange things. For at first it appeared to him that there was nothing visible in the outer world but this unceasing plunge of masses of water that crashed upon the rocks, and sprung down into mid-air, whirling about in mad fashion with the twisting hurricanes of wind. But by-and-by—and apparently immeasurable leagues away—he caught fitful glances of a faint roseate colour, a glow that seemed to have no form or substance. And then again, with the rapidity of a dream, a glimmer appeared as of sunlight on brown rocks; and for an instant he thought he saw some long wooden poles of bright red, supported in mid-air. Was that, then, the bridge outside the Falls by which the other two phantoms were to return? But the whole thing was fleeting and unsubstantial; and again the wild, gray mists closed over it; while the vagus nerve protested horribly against these perpetual hammerings on the head. For a moment the frantic thought occurred to him that he would sacrifice these accursed spectacles—that he would dash them into the foaming caldron—that he would at all risks clamber round the black walls with both hands unencumbered. But the vagus nerve—which seems to form a sort of physical conscience—intervened. 'Think of your loving wife and tender babies,' it said. 'Think of your

duty as one of the magistrates of Surrey. Above all, consider what the wise Frenchman said, "When one is dead it is for a very long time;" and cheerfully, and without a pang, sacrifice the dollars you have paid.'

Another vision through this Walpurgis dance of waters. Far away—as if another world altogether was revealing itself—two figures appeared in mid-air, and they seemed to be clambering alone by the rose-red poles. But there was no substance in them. They were as aerial as the vapor through which they faintly gleamed. They passed on, apparently descending toward certain phantasmal shadows that may have been rocks, and were seen no more.

It was about ten minutes thereafter that the wooden portal above was reopened, and the Esquimaux, dripping inside and out, stood in the dry air. And now it seemed as if the great landscape around was dyed in the intensest colours; and the eyes, long harassed by these bewildering grays and whites, roved in a delighted manner over the ruddy rocks, and the green woods, and the blue of the skies. And the hot air was no longer too hot after this mighty shower-bath; while the lieutenant, his face glowing after the wet, and his beard in twisted and flaky tangles, was declaring that the passage along these slippery boards was about as bad as the Mauvais Pas. Was it to flatter him—as every captain is ready to flatter his passengers on getting them into port by telling them he has not experienced such a storm for five-and-twenty years—that the attendant Esquimaux observed that it was an unusually bad day for the Cave, owing to the direction of the wind? In any case, the lieutenant answered, it was a good thing he had not asked any of his lady friends to accompany him.

But of course these gentle creatures insisted on going down to the old and familiar passage behind the Horse-shoe Falls which has been the theme of much eloquent writing; and accordingly, in the afternoon, we all went along to a big building that reminded us at once of Chamounix, so crammed was it with photographs, trinkets, guides, and tourists. Here, for a trifling charge, we were accommodated with a few loose waterproofs to throw over our ordinary costumes; and, thus attired, we crossed the road, and struck down the narrow and sloppy path leading to the falls. We would have no guide. If there was a guide at all, it was a courageous person who had boldy left his spectacles in the building above, and had sworn—in his purblind state—to accomplish this desperate enterprise or perish in the attempt. Undaunted, he and his companions passed by several ladies who were busy making water-colour drawings—having cunningly chosen positions where they could get a good lump of red rock and some bushes for their foreground. Undaunted, they met the preliminary challenges—as it were—of the Horse-shoe Falls in the shape of little spouts of water; in fact, these were only the playful and capricious attentions that Undine's knight received when her uncle was in a good humour and attended him through the gloomy forest. These spouts and jets increased to a shower, and the path grew narrower, so that we had to exercise some caution in allowing returning explorers to pass us—more especially as we were shod, not in gripping felt, but in goloshes of enormous size. But what of that? We should have pressed forward, if each foot had been in a canoe.

And it was shameful to see at this time how the lieutenant paid almost no heed at all to his wife—to the mother of his children—to the friendless and forlorn creature who had been banished from her native land; but almost exclusively devoted himself to Lady Sylvia, whom he led in the van of the party. Not only did he give her his hand at all the narrow places, but even, in order to do so, was bold enough to venture outside on the broken and brittle slate, in a fashion which no father of a family should permit himself. But as for Bell, she was not born in Westmoreland for nothing. She walked along this ledge as freely and carelessly as if she had been walking in Oxford Street. When she looked down the sheer precipice, it was only to admire the beautiful colors of the green water, here swirling in great circles of foam. We firmly believed that she was singing aloud the mermaid's song in *Oberon*; but of course we could not hear her.

For now the booming of the Falls was close at hand; and we found in front of us a ledge or plateau running away in between the high wall of rock and the mighty masses of water shooting downward in a confusion of mist and spray. One by one we entered

into this twilit hall of the water gods ; and, after trying to overmaster or get accustomed to the thundering roar, placed our backs to the rocks, and confronted the spectacle before us. What was it, then? Only perpetual downward streaks of gray ; slight upward motion, as if the wind was fraying the surface of these masses ; a confused whirling overhead of gray vapor ; and at our feet a narrow ledge of black and crumbling rock that trembled with the reverberation of the crash below. The strange twilight of this hall of waters was certainly impressive ; and there was something in our enforced silence, and in the shaking of the ground on which we stood, to add to the impression. Here, too, there were none of the fierce hurricane gusts of the 'Cave of the Winds' to buffet the eyes and choke the mouth and nostrils. Nor had the vagus nerve to contend with the hammering of tongs on the head. No doubt a cultivator of the emotions might come down here with a fair presumption that beautiful feelings would arise within him. He might even bring a chair with him, and sit down and wait for them. And when he clambered up into the dry air again, he would find himself none the worse, except, perhaps, that his gloves might be damp.

But onward—onward. The goal has to be reached : let those whose vagus nerve remonstrates remain behind. And now the darkness increases somewhat ; and the narrow ledge, rising and falling, and twisting round the edges of the rocks, is like a black snake at one's feet, and the wind and water around one's face seem more inextricably mixed than ever. But has the world come to an end? Have the rocks, too, been mixed up with the vapor? Have we got to the verge of the visible universe, to find ourselves confronted by nothing but misty phantoms? Suddenly one feels a hand on one's shoulder. With caution and a tight grip one turns. And what is this wild thing gleaming through the gray vapor—a great black face, shining and smiling and dripping, brilliant rows of teeth, and coal-black eyes? And what is this thing that he yells high and clear, so that it is heard even through the roar and thunder around, 'You kent go no forder den dawt?' 'Tis well, friend—Sambo, or Potiphar, or whatever you may be. You are very like the devil, down here in this queer place ; but there has been a mistake about the element. 'Tis well, nevertheless ; and a half dollar shall be thine when we get back to dry air and daylight.

Our women-folk were greatly pleased with this excursion, and began to assume superior airs. At dinner there was a wild and excited talk of the fearful things they had seen and done—a jumble of maddened horses, runaway coaches, sinking boats, and breaking ice—so that you would have thought that such an assemblage of daring spirits had never met before under one roof.

'These are pleasant things to hear of,' it is remarked, 'especially for the father of a family. When one listens to such pranks and escapades on the part of respectable married people, one begins to wonder what is likely to be happening to two harum-scarum boys. I have no doubt but that at this moment they are hewing off their thumbs with jack-knives, and trying to hang the pony up to a tree, and loading the gardener's gun with four pounds of powder and three marbles. What do you say, Bell?'

'I have no doubt they are all asleep,' answered that practical young matron, who has never been able to decide whether American time is before English time or the reverse.

Well, we got our letters at Niagara, and were then free to set out for the far West. There was nothing in these letters but the usual domestic tidings. Lord Willowby expressed surprise to his daughter that Balfour should intend, as he understood, to remain in London during the autumn ; that was all the mention of her husband that Lady Sylvia received. Whether she brooded over it can only be conjectured ; but to all eyes it was clear that she was not solely occupied in thinking about Niagara.

Our favourite point of view had by this time come to be certain chosen spots on the American side, close by those immense bodies of green water that came gliding on so swiftly and smoothly, that fell away into soft traceries of white as the wind caught their surface, and that left behind them, as they plunged into the unknown gulf below, showers of diamonds that gleamed in the sun as they remained suspended in the upward currents of air. But perhaps our last view was the finest of all, and that was as we were leaving from the Canadian side.

The clear blue day was suddenly clouded over by a thunder-storm. Up out of the southwest came rolling masses of cloud, and these threw an awful gloom over the plain of waters above the Falls, while the narrow neck of land adjacent was as black as night. Then, from a break in these sombre clouds, one gleam of light fell flashing on the very centre of the Horseshoe Falls, the wonderful green shining out more brilliantly than ever, while nearer at hand one or two random shafts of light struck down on the white foam that was whirling onward into the dark gorge. That was our final glimpse of Niagara; but perhaps not the one that will remain longest in the memory. Surely we had no intention of weaving anything comic or fantastic into our notion of Niagara when we went down that dripping path on the hot August afternoon. But now we often talk of Sambo—if such was his name—of the tall and dusky demon who burst upon us through floating clouds of vapor. Does he still haunt that watery den—a gloomy shape, yet not awful, but rather kind-hearted and smiling, in the midst of these unsubstantial visions? Or have the swift waters seized him long ago, and whirled him away beyond the reach of human eyes and ears?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE COLLAPSE.

LORD Willowby had heard of the arrival of his son-in-law at The Lilacs; and on the following morning he drove over to see if he were still there. He found Balfour alone, Mr. Bolitho having gone up to town by an early train.

'What a lucky chance!' said Lord Willowby, with one of his sudden and galvanic smiles. 'If you have nothing better to do, why not go on with me to The Hollow; you know this is the first day of the sale there.'

'Well, yes, I will go over with you for an hour or so; I need not be up in town before the afternoon,' answered Balfour. 'And I should like to see how that fellow lived.'

He certainly did not propose to himself to buy any second-hand chairs, books, or candlesticks at this sale; nor did he imagine that his father-in-law had much superfluous cash to dispose of in that way. But he had some curiosity to see what sort of house this was that had had lately for its occupant a person who had given rise to a good deal of gossip in that neighbourhood. He was a man who had suddenly inherited a large fortune, and who had set to work to spend it lavishly. His reputation and habits being a trifle 'off colour,' as the phrase is, he had fallen back for companionship on a number of parasitical persons, who doubtless earned a liberal commission on the foolish purchases they induced him to make. Then this Surrey Sardanapalus, having surrounded himself with all the sham gorgeousness he could think of, proceeded to put an end to himself by means of brandy-and-soda. He effected his purpose in a short time, and that is all that need here be said of him.

It was a pitiable sight enough—this great, castellated, beplastered, ostentatious house, that had a certain gloom and isolation about it, handed over to the occupancy of a cheerfully inquisitive crowd, who showed no hesitation at all in fingering over the dead man's trinkets, and opening his desks and cabinets. His very clothes were hanging up there in a ghastly row, each article numbered off as a lot. In the room in which he had but recently died, a fine, tall, fresh-coloured farmer—dressed for the occasion in broadcloth—was discussing with his wife what price the bedstead would probably fetch. And there was a bar, with sherry and sandwiches. And on the lawn outside, the auctioneer had put up his tent, and the flag erected over the tent was of the gayest colours.

Lord Willowby and Balfour strolled through these rooms, both forbearing to say what they thought of all this tawdry magnificence: panelings of blue silk and silver, with a carpet of pink roses on a green ground, candelabra, costing £1800, the auctioneer's reserve price on which was £300, improvised ancestors, at a guinea a head, looking out of gorgeous frames, and so forth, and so forth. They glanced at the catalogue occasionally. It was an imposing volume, and the descriptions of the contents of the house were almost poetical.

'Look at the wines,' said Lord Willowby, with a compassionate smile. 'The

claret is nearly all Lafitte. I suppose those toadies of his have supplied him with a *vin ordinaire* at 120 shillings a dozen.'

'I should not be surprised if a lot of these spurious things sold for more than he gave for them,' Balfour said. 'You will find people imagining every thing to be fine because a rich man bought it. That claret would fetch a high price, depend on it, if it were all labelled "Château Wandsworth."'

Then there was the ringing of a bell; and the people began to stream out of the house into the marquee; and the auctioneer had an improvised rostrum put up for himself at the end of the long table; and then the bare-armed men began to carry out the various articles to be bid for. It was soon very evident that prices were running high. No doubt the farmers about would be proud to show to their friends a dispatch-box, a bird-cage, a hall table—any thing that had belonged to the owner of The Hollow. And so the ostentatious trash, that even Tottenham Court Road would have been ashamed of, was carried piecemeal out into the light of the day; and in some instances these simple folk considered it to be so beautiful that a murmur of admiration ran round the tent when the things were brought in. It was altogether a melancholy sight.

Balfour had accompanied Lord Willowby solely from the fact of his having an idle forenoon to dispose of; but he could not quite make out what his father-in-law's purpose was in coming here. For one thing, he appeared to be quite indifferent about the sale itself. He had listened to one or two of the biddings; and then—saying that the prices were ridiculously high—had proposed a further stroll through the rooms. So they entered the house again, and had another look at the old masters (dating from the latter half of the nineteenth century) and at the trumpery gilt and satin.

'Ah, well, Balfour,' said Lord Willowby, with a pensive air, 'one can almost pity that poor fellow, having his house overhauled by strangers in this way. Fortunately he knows nothing about it. It must be much worse when you are alive and know what is going on; and I fancy—well, perhaps there is no use speaking of it—but I suppose I must go through it. What distresses me most is the thought of these merry people who are here to-day going through my daughter's room, and pulling about her few little treasures that she did not take with her when she married—'

Lord Willowby stopped; doubtless overcome by emotion. But Balfour—with a face that had flushed at this sudden mention of Lady Sylvia—turned to him with a stare of surprise.

'What do you mean, Lord Willowby?'

'Well,' said his lordship, with a resigned air, 'I suppose I must come to this too. I don't see how I can hold on at the Hall any longer; I am wearing my life out with anxiety.'

'You don't mean to say you mean to sell Willowby Hall?'

'How can I help it? And even then I don't know whether I shall clear the mortgages.'

'Come,' said Balfour, for there were several of the auctioneer's men about, 'let us go into the garden, and have a talk about this business.'

They went out. It did not occur to Balfour why Lord Willowby had been so anxious for him to come to this sale; nor did he consider how skilfully that brief allusion to Lady Sylvia's room in her old home had been brought in. He was really alarmed by this proposal. He knew the grief it would occasion to his wife; he knew, too, that in the opinion of the world this public humiliation would in a measure reflect on himself. He remonstrated severely with Lord Willowby. What good could be gained by this step? If he could not afford to live at the Hall, why not let it for a term of years, and go up to London to live, or, if the shooting of rabbits was a necessity, to some smaller place in the country? And what sum would relieve his present needs, and also put him in a fair way of pulling his finances together again? He hoped Lord Willowby would speak frankly, as no good ever came of concealing parts of the truth.

That Lord Willowby did disclose the whole truth it would be rash to assert; but, at all events, his dramatic little scheme worked so well that before the talk and walk in the grounds of The Hollow were over, Balfour had promised to make him an immediate advance of £10,000, not secured by any mortgage whatever, but merely to be acknowledged by note of

hand. Lord Willowby was profoundly grateful. He explained, with some dignity, that he was a man of few words, and did not care to express all his feelings, but that he would not soon forget this urgently needed help. And as to the urgency of the help he made one or two references.

'I think I might be able to see my partners this afternoon,' Balfour said, in reply. Then we shall only have to step across to our solicitors. There need be no delay, if you are really pressed for the money.'

'My dear fellow,' said Lord Willowby, 'you don't know what a load you have taken from my breast. I would have sold the Hall long ago,but for Sylvia's sake ; I know it would break her heart. I will write out at once to her to say how kind you have been—'

'I hope you will not do that,' Balfour said, suddenly. 'The fact is—well, these business matters are better kept among men. She would be disturbed and anxious. Pray don't say anything about it.'

'As you please,' Lord Willowby said. 'But I know when she comes back she won't be sorry to find the old Hall awaiting her. It will be her own in the natural course of things—perhaps sooner than any one expects.'

It was strange that a man who had just been presented with £10,000 should begin to indulge in these melancholy reflections ; but then Lord Willowby had obviously been impressed by this sad sight of the sale ; and it was with almost a dejected air that he consented—seeing that his son-in-law would now have no time to get luncheon any where before leaving by the mid-day train—to go to the refreshment bar and partake of such humble cheer as was there provided. It was not the dead man's sherry they drank, but that of the refreshment contractor. They stood for a few moments there, listening to the eager comments of one or two people who had been bidding for a box of games (it cost £10, and went for £23) and a cockatoo ; and then Lord Willowby had the horses put to, and himself drove Balfour all the way to the station. He shook hands with him warmly. He begged of him not to hurry or bother about this matter ; but still, at the same time, if there was no obstacle in the way, it was always comforting to have such things settled quickly, and so forth.

Balfour got up to London, and went straight to the offices of his firm in the City. Perhaps he was not sorry to make the visit just at this juncture ; for although it would be exaggeration to say that the hints dropped by Bolitho had disquieted him, they had nevertheless remained in his mind. Before this, too, it had sometimes occurred to him that he ought to take a greater interest in that vast commercial system which it had been the pride of his father's life to build up. It seemed almost ungrateful that he should limit his interference to a mere glance over the Profit and Loss and Capital accounts. But then, on the other hand, it was his own father who had taught him to place implicit confidence in these carefully chosen partners.

Balfour was shown up stairs to Mr. Skiner's room. That gentleman was sitting alone at his desk, with some letters before him. He was a small, prim, elderly, and precisely dressed person, with gray whiskers, and a somewhat careworn face. When Balfour entered, he smiled cheerfully, and nodded toward a chair.

'Ah, how do you do, Balfour? What's new with you? Any thing going on at the House? I wish Parliament would do something for us business men.'

'You have plenty of representatives there, anyhow, Mr. Skinner,' said Balfour —the 'Mr.' was a tradition from his boyish visits to the office, when the young gentleman used to regard his father's partners with considerable awe—'but at present my call is a personal and private one. The fact is, I want to oblige a particular friend of mine—I want you to let me have £10,000 at once.'

'£10,000? Oh yes, I think we can manage that,' said Mr. Skinner, with a pleasant smile.

The thing was quite easily and cheerfully settled, and Balfour proceeded to chat about one or two other matters to this old friend of his, whom he had not seen for some time. But he soon perceived that Mr. Skinner was not hearing one word he said. Moreover, a curious gray look had come over his face.

'You don't look very well,' said this blunt-spoken young man.

'Oh yes, thank you,' said Mr. Skinner

quite brightly. 'I was only thinking—since you were here, anyway—we might have a short talk about business matters, if Mr. Green agrees. I will see whether he is in his room.'

He rose, opened the door, and went out. Balfour thought to himself that poor old Skinner was going fast; he seemed quite frail on his legs.

Mr. Skinner was gone for fully ten minutes, and Balfour was beginning to wonder what could have occurred, when the two partners entered together. He shook hands with Mr. Green—a taller and stouter man, with a sallow face, and spectacles. They all sat down, and, despite himself, Balfour began to entertain suspicions that something was wrong. Why all this nervousness and solemnity?

'Balfour,' said Mr. Skinner, 'Green and I are agreed. We must tell you now how we stand; and you have to prepare yourself for a shock. We have kept you in ignorance all this time—we have kept our own clerks in ignorance—hoping against hope—fearful of any human being letting the secret go out and ruin us; and now—now it is useless any longer—'

It was no ordinary thing that had so disturbed this prim old man. His lips were so dry that he could scarcely speak. He poured out a glass of water and drank a little. Meanwhile Balfour, who merely expected to hear of heavy business losses, was sitting calm and unimpressed.

'But first of all, Mr. Green, you know,' said he, 'don't think that I am pressing you for this £10,000. Of course I would rather have it; but if it is necessary to you—'

'£10,000!' exclaimed the wretched old man, with the frankness and energy of despair; 'if we go into the *Gazette*, it will be for half a million!'

'The *Gazette!* The word was a blow; and he sat stunned and bewildered, while both partners were eagerly explaining the desperate means that had been taken to avoid this fatal issue, and the preliminary causes, stretching back for several years. He could not understand. It was as if in a dream that he heard of the Investments Account, of the China Capital Account, of the fall in property in Shanghai, of speculations in cotton, of bill transactions on the part of the younger partners, of this frantic effort and that. It was the one word *Gazette* that kept dinning itself into his ears. And then he seemed to make a wild effort to throw off this nightmare.

'But how can it be?' he cried. 'How can these things have been going on? Every six months I have looked over the Profit and Loss Account—'

The old man came over and took his hand in both of his. There were tears in his eyes.

'Balfour,' said he, 'your father and I were old friends while you were only a child; if he were alive, he would tell you that we acted justly. We dared not let you know. We dared not let our own clerks know. We had to keep accounts open under fictitious names. If we had written off these fearful losses to Profit and Loss, we should have been smashed a year ago. And now—I don't think any further concealment is possible.'

He let the hand fall.

'Then I understand you that we are hopelessly bankrupt?' said Balfour.

He did not answer; his silence was enough.

'You mean that I have not a farthing?' repeated the younger man.

'You have the money that was settled on your wife,' said Mr. Skinner, eagerly; 'I was very glad when you applied for that.

'It will be returned to you; I can not defraud my father's creditors,' said Balfour, coldly.

And then he rose: no one could have told what he had undergone during that half hour.

'Good-by, Mr. Skinner; good-by, Mr. Green,' said he. 'I can scarcely forgive you for keeping me in ignorance of all this, though doubtless you did it for the best. And when is the crash to be announced?'

'Now that we have seen you, I think we might as well call in our solicitors at once,' said Mr. Skinner.

'I think so, too,' said the other partner; and then Balfour left.

He plunged into the busy, eager world outside. The office boy was whistling merrily as he passed, the cabmen bandying jokes, smart young clerks hurrying over the latter part of their duties to get home to their amusements in the suburbs. He walked all the way down to the House, and quite mechanically took his seat. He dined by himself, with singular abstemious-

ness, but then no one was surprised at that. And then he walked up to his house in Piccadilly.

And this was the end—the end of all those fine ambitions that had floated before his mind as he left college, equipped for the struggle of public life with abundant health and strength and money and courage. Had this courage, then, fled with his wealth, that now he seemed altogether stunned by this sudden blow? Or was it rather that, in other circumstances, he might have encountered this calamity with tolerable firmness, but that now, and at the same time, he found himself ruined, forsaken, and alone?

CHAPTER XL.

A FLASH OF NEWS.

WE dragged a lengthening chain. As soon as we had left Niagara and its hotels and holiday-making, and plunged into that interminable forest-land that lies between Lakes Huron and Erie, one could have noticed that the gravity of our women-folks was visibly increased. Did they half expect, then, while they were idling about these show-places, some sudden summons which they could readily answer? Bell, at least, could have no such hope; but all the same, as this big and ornate car was quietly gliding away westward, in the direction of her future home, she was as sad as any of them.

What was the matter? It was a beautiful afternoon. The country through which we were passing was sufficiently cheerful; for this forest was not dark, gloomy, and monotonous like the Schwarzwald, but, on the contrary, bright, varied in hue, and broken up by innumerable clearances. Every few minutes the window next us became the frame of a pleasant little picture—the sudden open space among the trees; a wooden house set amidst orchards in which the ruddy apples showed in the evening light; a drove of cattle homeward-going along the rough road; tall silver-gray stems of trees that had been left when the wood was burned down; and every where, in every available corner, maize, maize, maize.

'What is the matter?' says the German ex-lieutenant to his wife, who is gazing somewhat absently out of the window.

'I know,' says Queen T——, with a gentle smile. 'She is thinking how she could ever make her way back through this perpetual forest if she were all by herself, and no road to guide her. Fancy Bell wandering on day and night—always toward the East—toward her children. She might take some food from the country people, but she would not enter their houses; she would go on, day after day, night after night, until she got to the sea. And you want to know what she is thinking of now? I believe she is consumed with hatred of every thing lying westward of the river Mole, and that she considers the Pullman car a detestable invention. That is the pretty result of Colonel Sloane's ingenuity!'

It certainly was not fair to talk in this slighting fashion of poor old Five-Ace Jack, who was but recently dead, and who had done what he considered the best with such worldly possessions as Providence had allowed him to thieve and amass. But at this moment the lieutenant struck in.

'Oh, that is quite foolish!' he cried. 'There is no longer any such thing as distance between the Rocky Mountains and Surrey; it is only how many days; and you may as well be living in a pleasant car, and having good food and very capital beds, as in a hotel, while all the time you are travelling. And, indeed,' continued the young man, seriously addressing his wife, 'there is very little difference of time either now. You want to speak to your children? You speak to them through the telegraph. It is an hour or two—it is nothing. In the morning you send them a message; you say, "How do you do?" In the evening, as you sit down to dinner, you have the answer. What is that separation? It is nothing.'

'I think,' says Bell, with savage ferocity, but with tears springing to her eyes, 'I will spend the whole of the first year's income of this wretched property in telegrams to the children. One might just as well be dead as living without them.'

And if she was to derive any comfort from this reflection that the telegraph was a constant link of communication between herself and those young folks left behind in Surrey, she was not likely to be allowed to forget the fact for any length of time. Even

out in this forest wilderness the most prominent feature of the smallest hamlet we passed was its telegraph poles and wires. Very plain, unpretending, picturesque hamlets these were, even in the ruddy glow now shining over the land. They consisted of a number of wooden shanties all set down in rectangular rows, the thoroughfares being exceedingly broad and bare, the whole place having an oddly improvised and temporary look, as if the houses and shops could in a few minutes be put on wheels and carried along to the next clearance in the forest. But what could even the smallest of these here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow-looking places want with such a multiplicity of telegraph wires?

That night the three women, having been bundled into the prettily decorated state-room that had been secured for them, and being now doubtless fast asleep, saw nothing of a strange thing that occurred to us. Had Von Rosen gone mad, or had the phrase 'state-room' confused his fancies, that, looking out of the car window, he suddenly declared we were at sea? Rubbing his eyes—perhaps he had been dozing a bit—he insisted on it. Then he must needs hurry out to the little iron gangway at the end of the car to see if his senses were forsaking him.

Here, certainly, a strange sight was visible. We were no doubt standing on a railroad car; but all around us there was nothing but black and lapping water through which we were rapidly moving, propelled by some unknown power. And the blackness of this mysterious lake or sea was intensified by the flashing down on the waves of one or two distant lights that seemed to be high above any possible land. Then, as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, lo! another phenomenon—a great black mass, like a portion of a city, moving after us through the night. We began to make it out at last. The bewildering lights ahead were two lofty beacons. We were crossing a lake, or a bit of a lake. The long train had been severed into lengths, and each portion of the huge serpent placed on a gigantic steam ferry-boat, which was taking us across the black waters. And when this night-passage ceased, we scarcely knew whether we were on sea or on shore, whether on a boat or a line of rail. But people began to talk about Detroit; and here undoubtedly was a railway station, to say nothing of a refreshment bar.

'I believe we have got into the States again,' observed the lieutenant, thereby showing a knowledge of geography which was not surprising in a German.

Next morning our little party had most obviously improved in spirits. Perhaps there was some secret hope among the women-folk that they would have further news from England when they arrived at Chicago, though what good could come of that it was hard to say. Or perhaps they were delighted to find that they had suffered no discomfort at all in passing a night on board a railway train. They praised every thing—the cleanness and comfort of the beds, the handiness of the lavatories, the civility of the attendants. There was no fatigue at all visible in their fresh and bright faces. And when they sat down to breakfast, it was quite clear that they meant to make it a comic breakfast, whereas breakfast in an American railway car is a serious business, to be conducted with circumspection and with due regard for contingencies. For one thing, the hospitable board is not spacious; and with even the most smoothly going of cars there are occasional swayings which threaten peril to coffee-cups. But the chief occasion for fear arises from the fact that your travelling American is a curious person, and insists on experimenting upon every possible form of food that the districts through which he is passing produce. Moreover, he has a sumptuous eye, and likes to have all these things spread out before him at once. No matter how simple the central dish may be—a bit of a prairie-chicken, for example, or a slice of pork—he must have it, perhaps merely for the delight of color, graced by a semicircle of dishes containing varied and variously prepared vegetables. Now we never could get the most intelligent of negroes to understand that we were only plain country-folk, unaccustomed to such gorgeous displays and varieties of things, and not at all desirous of eating at one and the same time boiled beans, beet-root in vinegar, green corn, squash, and sweet-potatoes. Sambo would insist on our having all these things, and more, and could not be got to believe that we could get through breakfast without an assortment of boiled trout, pork and ap-

ple-sauce, and prairie-chicken. The consequence was that this overloaded small table not unfrequently reminded one or two of us of certain experiences in Northern climes, when the most frugal banquet—down in that twilit saloon—was attended by the most awful anxiety.

'She pitches a good deal,' said Bell, raising her cup so as to steady it the better; 'the sea must be getting rougher.'

'Madame Columbus,' asked the lieutenant, 'when shall we come in sight of land? The provisions will be running short soon. I have never seen people eat as these people eat: it is the fine air, is it not?'

'Mr. Von Rosen,' said Lady Sylvia, 'do you know that you can have Milwaukee lager-beer on board this ship?'

'Do I know?' said the young man, modestly. 'Oh yes, I know. I had some this morning at seven o'clock.' And then he turned to his shocked wife: 'I was very thirsty, and I do not like that water of melted ice.'

He would have explained further, but that his wife intimates that such excuses are unnecessary. She has got used to this kind of thing. Happily her children are now beyond the sphere of his evil example.

'Ah,' said he, 'this is all very poor and wretched as yet—this crossing of the American continent. I am a prophet. I can see the things that will come. Why have we not here the saloon that we have across the Atlantic—with a piano? I would sing you a song, Lady Sylvia.'

'Indeed,' said the lady, very sweetly, 'you are very kind.'

'But it is a long time ago since we used to have songs in our travelling. I can remember when we had to try a new piano every day—some of them very queer; but always, in any case, we had the guitar, and "Woodstock Town" and "The Flowers of the Forest"—'

'And "*Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter,*"' says Bell, in a suddenly deep and tragical voice, '"*wollt' dem Kaiser wiedrum krrrrrrrriegen Stad und Festung Belgarrrrrr ad!*"'

'Ah, Bell,' says Queen T——, 'do you remember that morning at Bourton-on-the Hill?'

Did she remember that morning at Bourton-on-the Hill! Did she remember that bunch of fiddle-sticks! No doubt they were very pleased to get away from the small inn where they had had ham and eggs and whiskey for supper, and ham and eggs and tea for breakfast; but here, in this bountiful and beneficent land, flowing over with broiled blue-fish, Carolina widgeon, marrow squash, and Lima beans, what was the use of thinking about Bourton-on-the-Hill and its belongings? I do not believe we were charged more than a shilling per head for our lodging in that Worcestershire hostelry; here we were in a country where we could pay, if we chose, a couple of shillings extra for having a bottle of wine iced. And, if it came to that, what fresher morning could we have had any where than this last that now shone all around us? We dragged these nostalgic persons out on to the pleasant little balcony at the end of the car. There had been a good deal of rain for some time before, so there was little dust. And what could be brighter and pleasanter than these fair blue skies, and the green woods, and the sweet, cool winds that blew about and tempered the heat of the sun? We seemed to be rolling onward through a perpetual forest, along a pathway of flowers. Slowly as the train went, we could not quite make out these tall blossoms by the side of the track, except to guess that the yellow blooms were some sort of marigold or sunflower, and the purple ones probably a valerian, while the rich tones of brownish-red that occurred among the green were doubtless those of some kind of rumex, And all through this forest country were visible the symptoms of a busy and shifty industry. Clearing followed clearing, with its inclosures of split rails to keep the cattle from wandering; with its stock of felled timber close to the house; and with, every where, the golden yellow pumpkins gleaming in the sunlight between the rows of the gray-green maize.

'What a lonely life these people must lead,' said Lady Sylvia, as we stood there.

'Yes, indeed,' responded her monitress. 'They are pretty nearly as far removed from telegraphs and newspapers and neighbors as we are in Surrey. But no doubt they are content—as we might be, if we had any sense. But if the newspaper is ten minutes late, or the fire not quite bright in the breakfast-room—'

'Or the temper of the mistress of the

house,' says another voice, 'of such a demoniacal complexion that the very mice are afraid of her—'

'—Then, no doubt, we think we are the most injured beings on earth. Oh, by-the-way, Lady Sylvia, how did your dado of Indian matting look?'

This was a sudden change; and, strangely enough, Lady Sylvia seemed rather embarrassed, as she answered,

'I think it turned out very well,' said she meekly.

'I suppose some of your guests were rather surprised,' is the next remark.

'Perhaps so,' answers the young wife, evasively. 'You know we never have given many dinner parties in Piccadilly. I—I think it is so much better for my husband to get into the country whenever he can get away from the House.'

'Oh yes, no doubt,' says Queen T——, with much simplicity. 'No doubt. But you know you are very singular in your tastes, Lady Sylvia. I don't know many women who would spend the season in Surrey if they had the chance of spending it in Piccadilly. And what did you say those flowers were?'

Our attention was soon to be called away from the flowers. The forest became scantier and scantier—finally it disappeared altogether. In its place we found a succession of low and smooth sand hills, of a brilliant yellowish-brown in this warm sunlight, and dotted here and there with a few scrubby bushes This was rather an odd thing to find in the midst of a forest, and we were regarding these low-lying mounds with some interest when, suddenly, they dipped. And lo! in the dip a dark blue line, and that the line of the horizon. The sea!—we cried. Who can imagine the surprise and delight of finding this vast plain of water before the eyes, after the perpetual succession of tree-stems that had confronted us since the previous morning? And surely this blue plain was indeed the sea; for far away we could pick out large schooners apparently hovering in the white light, and nearer at hand were smart little yachts, with the sunlight on their sails.

'Madame Columbus,' cried the lieutenant, 'have we crossed the continent already? Is it the Pacific out there?

'Why, you know,' says the great geographer, with a curtness unworthy of her historic name and fame, 'it is Lake Michigan. It is a mere pond. It is only about as long as from London to Carlisle; and about as broad as—let me see—as Scotland, from the Clyde to the Forth.'

It was a beautiful sight, however insignificant the size of the lake may have been. Nothing could have been more intensely blue than the far horizon line, just over those smooth and sunlit sand hills. No doubt, had we been on a greater height we should have caught the peculiar green color of the water. Any one who has unexpectedly come in view of the sea in driving over a high-lying country—say in crossing the high moors between Launceston and Boscastle—must have been startled by the height of the suddenly revealed horizon-line. It seems to jump up to meet him like the pavement in the story of the bemuddled person. But down here on this low level we had necessarily a low horizon-line; and what we lost in intrinsic color we gained in that deep reflected blue that was all the stronger by reason of the yellow gold of the sand hills.

We got into Michigan City. We were offered newspapers. We refused these—for should we not have plenty of time in Chicago to read not only the newspapers, from which we expected nothing, but also our letters from England, from which we expected everything? As it turned out, there was nothing at all of importance in our letters; whereas, if we had taken these newspapers, we could not fail to have noticed the brief telegraphic announcement—which had been sent all over the commercial world—of the suspension of the well-known firm of Balfour, Skinner, Green, & Co., liabilities, £500,000. In happy ignorance we travelled on.

It was about mid-day, after skirting the southern shores of Lake Michigan through a curiously swampy country, that we entered Chicago, and drove to the very biggest of its big hotels.

CHAPTER XLI.

CHICAGO.

WE knew nothing of this dire announcement, though it was in every

one of the newspapers published in Chicago that day. We were full of curiosity about this wonderful city that had sprung up like Jonah's gourd; and as we drove through its busy thoroughfares—the huge blocks of buildings looking like the best parts of Glasgow indefinitely extended—and as we saw the smoky sky over our head streaked in every direction with a black, rectangular spider's web of telegraphic wires—and as we caught glimpses at the end of the long thoroughfares of the tall masts of ships—we knew that we had indeed reached the great commercial capital of the far West. And, indeed, we very speedily found that the genius of this big, eager, ostentatious place was too strong for us. We began to revel in the sumptuousness of the vast and garishly furnished hotels; we wanted more gilding, more marble, more gaudy colouring of acanthus leaves. A wild desire possessed us to purchase on speculation all the empty lots available; we should cover every frontage foot with gold, and laugh at all the assessments that were ever levied. Look at this spacious park on the south side of the town; shall we not have a mansion here more gorgeous than the mind of man can conceive, with horses to shoot along these wild drives like a flash of lightning? We began to entertain a sort of contempt for the people living on the north side of the town. It was hinted to us that they gave themselves airs. They read books and talked criticism. They held aloof from ordinary society, looked on a prominent civic official as a mere shyster, and would have nothing to do with a system of local government controlled by 30,000 bummers, loafers, and dead-beats. Now we condemned this false pride. We gloried in our commercial enterprise. We wanted to astound the world. Culture? This was what we thought about culture: 'It is with a still more sincere regret that the friends of a manly, vigorous, self-supporting, and self-dependent people, fitted for the exercise of political liberty, see that the branches of culture called black-smithing, corn-growing, carpentering, millinery, bread-making, etc., are not included in the course of studies prescribed for the Chicago public schools. Society is vastly more concerned in the induction of its youthful members into these branches of culture than it is in teaching them to bawl harmoniously and beat the hewgag melodiously.' Yes, indeed. Confound their hewgags, and all other relics of an effete civilization! And again: 'This city, and every other American city, is crowded with young persons of both sexes that have been "cultured" by a vicious and false public-school system in music, drawing, and other fanciful and fashionable but practically useless arts, but that are actually incapable, by reason of their gross ignorancce, of earning an honest living. They have acquired, under some well-paid "professor" (who has bamboozled himself into the erroneous belief that he and his profession are necessary to the existence of society), some smattering of "musical culture," pencil sketching, etc., but of the practical arts and sciences of living and getting a living they are more profoundly ignorant than South-African Hottentots.' What would our friends on the north side say to that?

'Bell,' said the lieutenant, as we were driving through this spacious southern park, in the clear light of the afternoon, 'I suppose that we shall be allowed to come up here occasionally from the ranch—what do you say?—for a frolic, and for to spend a little money? I would like to have one of these little traps—it is like the ghost of a trap—*hé!* look at that fellow now!'

We looked at him as well as we could; but he had flashed by before we could quite make out what he was sitting on. In fact, there was nothing visible of the vehicle but two large and phantom wheels, and a shaft like a prolonged spider's leg; while the driver, with his hands stretched forward and his feet shot out before him, and therefore almost bent double, was, according to all appearance, clinging on as if for dear life to the horse's tail.

'It would be very fine to go whizzing through the air like that, and very good exercise for the arms, too—'

'But where should I be?' asked his wife, with some indignation. Certainly a vehicle that seemed to have no inside at all—that appeared to be the mere simulacrum of a vehicle—could not very well contain two.

'Where would you be?' said the lieutenant, innocently. 'It is Chicago. You would be divorced.'

It was this recalling of the divorce business that led us to see the announcement of the failure of Messrs. Balfour & Co. To

tell the truth, we were not much interested in American politics; and while there were plenty of new things to be seen every where around us, we did not spend much time over the papers. But on this evening Queen T——had got hold of one of the daily journals to look at the advertisements about divorce. She read one or two aloud to us.

'There, you see,' she remarked, addressing Bell more particularly, 'you can run up here from the ranch any time you like, and become a free woman. "Residence not material." "Affidavits sufficient proof." "No charge unless successful." And the only ground that needs to be stated is the safe one of incompatibility. So that whenever husband and wife have a quarrel, here is the remedy. It is far more swift than trying to make up the quarrel again.'

'And a good deal more pleasant too,' remarks a humble voice.

Whither this idle talk might have led us need not now be guessed. The little woman's face suddenly grew ghastly pale. Her eye had been carelessly wandering away from that advertising column, and had lit on the telegram announcing the suspension of Balfour's firm. But she uttered no word and made no sign.

Indeed, there is a great courage and firmness in this gentle creature when the occasion demands. In the coolest possible manner she folded up the newspaper. Then she rose with a look of weariness.

'Oh, dear me,' said she, 'I suppose I must go and get all these things out. I wish you would come and open my big box for me,' she adds, addressing her humble slave and attendant.

But all that affectation of calmness had gone by the time she had reached her own room.

'See!' she said, opening the paper with her trembling small white fingers, 'See! Balfour is ruined—he has lost all his money—half a million of debts—oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? Must I tell her? Shall I tell her at once?'

Certainly the news was startling, but there was no need to cry over it.

'Oh, I know,' she said, with the tears starting to her eyes; 'if I were to tell her now, she will start for England to-morrow morning. And I will go back with her,' she adds, wildly—'I will go back with her. You can go on to Colorado by yourself. Oh, the poor child! she will fly to him at once—' And still she stares through her wet eyes at this brief announcement, as if it were some talisman to change the whole course of our lives.

'Come, come, come,' is the patient remonstrance. 'You have got to consider this thing quietly, or you may blunder into an awkward position, and drag her with you.'

'How, then?' she says. 'It must be true, surely.'

'You are taking heaps of things for granted. If you consider that absence and distance and a good deal of covert lecturing have told on the girl's mind—if you think that she would now really be glad to go back to him, with the knowledge that people have got to put up with a good deal in married life, and with the intention of making the best of it—that is all very well; that is first rate. You have effected a better cure than I expected—'

'Don't you see it yourself?' she says, eagerly. 'Don't you see how proudly she talks of "my husband" now? Don't you see that every moment she is thinking of England? *I know.*'

'Very well; very good. But, then, something depends on Balfour. You can't tell what his wishes or intentions may be. If he had wanted her to know, he would have telegraphed to her, or caused her father to telegraph to her. On the other hand, if you take this piece of news to her, she will appeal to you. If she should wish to go back to England at once, you will have to consent. Then you can not let her go back alone—'

'And I will not!' says this brave little woman, in a fury of unselfishness.

'Well, the fact is, as it appears to an unemotional person, there might be, you see, some little awkardness, supposing Balfour was not quite prepared—'

'A man in trouble, and not prepared to receive the sympathy of his wife!' she exclaims.

'Oh, but you must not suppose that Balfour is living in a garret on dry crusts—the second act of an Adelphi drama, and that kind of thing! People who fail for half a million are generally pretty well off afterward—'

'I believe Mr. Balfour will give up every penny he possesses to his creditors!' she

says, vehemently; for her belief in the virtue of the men of whom she makes friends is of the most uncompromising sort.

'No doubt it is a serious blow to an ambitious man like him, and then he has no profession to which he can turn to retrieve himself. But all that is beside the question. What you have got to consider is your guardianship of Lady Sylvia. Now if you were to sit down and write an explanatory letter to Mr. Balfour, telling him you had seen this announcement, giving your reasons for believing that Lady Sylva would at once go to him if she knew, and asking him to telegraph a 'yes' or 'no;' by that time, don't you see, we should be getting towards the end of our journey, and could ourselves take Lady Sylvia back. A week or two is not of much consequence. On the other hand, if you precipitate matters, and allow the girl to go rushing back at once, you may prevent the very reconciliation you desire. That is only a suggestion. It is none of my business. Do as you think best; but the chances are a hundred to one that Lady Sylvia sees or hears something of this telegram within the next day or two.'

A curious happy light had stolen over this woman's face, and the soft dark eyes were as proud as if she were thinking of a fortune suddenly inherited instead of one irretrievably lost.

'I think,' said she, slowly—'I think I could write a letter that would make Mr. Balfour a happy man, supposing he has lost every penny he has in the world.'

Any one could see that the small head was full of busy ideas as she mechanically got out her writing materials and placed them on the table. Then she sat down. It was a long letter, and the contents of it were never known to any human being except the writer of it and the person to whom it was sent. When she had finished it, she rose with a sigh of satisfaction.

'Perhaps,' said she, with a reflective air—'perhaps I should have expressed some regret over this misfortune.'

'No doubt you spoke of it as a very lucky thing.'

'I can't say,' she admitted, frankly, 'that I am profoundly sorry.'

Indeed, she was not at all sorry; and from that moment she began to take quite a new view of Chicago. There could be no doubt that this person of High-Church proclivities, who liked to surrender her mind to all manners of mysteriously exalted moods, had from the very first regarded this huge dollar-getting hive with a certain gentle and unexpressed scorn. What was that she had been hinting about a person being able to carry about with him a sort of moral atmosphere to keep him free from outside influence, and that the mere recollection of the verse of a song would sometimes suffice? Lady Sylvia and she had been talking of some of Gounod's music. Were we to conclude, then, that, as she wandered through this mighty city, with its tramways and harbors and telegraphs and elevators, she exorcised the demon of money getting by humming to herself, 'Ring on, sweet angelus!' As she passed through the Babel of price-quoters in the central hall of the hotel, it was no echo of their talk that got into her brain, but quite a different echo:

'Hark! 'tis the angelus, sweetly ringing
O'er hill and vale;
Hark! how the melody maidens are singing
Floats on the gale!
* * * * *
'Ring on, sweet angelus, though thou art shaking
My soul to tears!
Voices long silent now with thee are waking
From out the years—
From out the years!'

That may have been so; but anyhow, on the morning after she had dispatched her letter to Balfour, she entered into the business of sight-seeing with quite a new spirit. She declared that Chicago, for a great city, must be a delightful place to live in. Away from the neighbourhood of the manufactories the air was singularly pure and clear. Then there were continual cool winds coming in from the lake to temper the summer heat. Had any body ever seen grass more green than that in the vast projected park on the southern side, which would in time become one of the most noble parks in the world? She considered that the park on the northern side was beautifully laid out, and that the glimpses of Lake Michigan which one got through the trees were delightful. She greatly admired the combination of red sandstone and slightly yellowed marble which formed the fronts of the charming villas in those pretty gardens; and as for drives—well, she thought the chief part of the population of Chicago must

live on wheels. It was so rare to find this august lady in so generous and enthusiastic a mood that we all began to admire Chicago; and quite envied our relative the ranch-woman in that she would be able to forsake her savage wilderness from time to time for this centre of the arts and civilization.

We revelled in all the luxuries of a great city, while as yet these were possible to us. We went to theatres, concerts, picture exhibitions. We drove out to the park in the afternoon to hear the band play. We purchased knickknacks for friends at home—just as if we had been a party of tourists.

'Come,' said our German ex-lieutenant on the final day of our stay there, 'this is our last great town, is it not? before we go away to the swamps, and the prairies, and to the bowie-knives. Shall we not dress for dinner? And I propose that the dinner is at eight. And we will drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of this fine town.'

The women would not hear of this proposal in its entirety; for as we had to start by train about eleven at night, they did not relish the notion of pulling out all their finery and putting it back again in a hurry. But we dined at eight all the same; and we did not fail to drink a glass of wine to the prosperity of that fine town. Long before midnight we were all fast asleep in snug berths, the train whirling us on through the darkness toward the country of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XLII.

LIFE ON WHEELS.

WE rub our eyes. Have we wandered into a Brazilian swamp, then, during the long dark night? The yellow light of the early morning is shining down on those dusky pools of sluggish water, on the dense forest, on the matted underwood, and the rank green grass. How the railway track does not sink into this vast mere passes our comprehension; there seems scarcely sufficient mud on these scattered islands to support the partly submerged trees. But, as we are looking out, a new object suddenly confronts the eyes. Instead of that succession of still creeks we come on a broad expanse of coffee-colored water that broadens out as it rolls southward; and we cry, 'The Mississippi!' And over there, on the other side, we see a big and straggling town picturesquely built along the bluffs, and all shining in the early sunlight. But the Mississippi detains us not, nor Burlington either. Our mission is westward, and forever westward—through the perpetual forest, with its recurrent clearances and farms and fields of maize. Surely it is a pleasant enough manner of passing this idle, beautiful day. The recent rains have laid the dust; we sit outside the car and lazily watch the rich colors of the underwood as we pass. Could any thing be deeper in hue than the lake-red of those sumach bushes? Look at that maple—its own foliage is a mass of pale, transparent gold; but up the stem and out the branches runs a creeper, and the creeper is of a pure vermillion that burns in the sun. Westward—and forever westward. We lose consciousness of time. We resign ourselves to the slow passing-by of the trees, and the farms, and the maize. It is like a continuous dream.

And was this, we asked ourselves—was this, after all, America? In the by-gone days, before we ever thought of putting foot on this vast continent, we had our imaginary pictures of it; and surely these were bigger and noble things than this trivial recurrence of maize, maize, maize—an occasional house—endless trees and bushes, and bushes and trees? Who does not remember those famous words that thrilled two nations when they were spoken? 'I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.' But where were the condor's wings to give us this vision, now that we were about midway between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains? We only saw maize. And then we tried to imagine an American's mental picture of England—something composed of Stratford-on-Avon, and Westminster Abbey, and Rydal Mount,

and Milton, and Shakspere, and Cromwell —and his bitter disappointment on sailing up the Mersey and coming into view of the squalor of Liverpool. This was the nonsense that got into our heads on this sleepy and sunny day.

But by-and-by the horizon widened, for we had been slowly ascending all this time; and you may be sure there was a little excitement throughout our party when we began to get our first glimpses of the prairie-land. Not the open prairie just yet; but still such suggestions of it as stirred the mind with a strange and mysterious feeling. And, of course, all our preconceived notions about the prairies were found to be wrong. They were not at all like the sea. They were not at all melancholy and oppressive. On the contrary, they were quite cheerful and bright in the sunshine; though there was still that mysterious feeling about them, and though the unaccustomed eye could not get quite reconciled to the absence from the horizon of some line of hill, and would keep searching for some streak of blue. Surely there was nothing here of the dreary wastes we had imagined? First of all, and near us, was a rich wilderness of flowers, of the most bountiful verdure and variegated colors—masses of yellow sunflowers, and lilac Michaelmas daisies, and what not, with the blood red of the sumach coming in. Further off, the plain rose and fell in gentle undulations covered with variously tinted grass; and here and there were the palisades of a few ranches. Further away still were wider and barer undulations, marked by one or two clusters of the minutest specks, which we took to be cattle. Then beyond that again the open prairie-land—long, level swathes of the very faintest russet, and gray-green, and yellow-gray, going out—out—out until the blue sky of the horizon seemed quite close and near to us compared with that ever and mysteriously receding plain. This vast distance was not awful, like the sea. It was beautiful in its pale colors; it was full of an eager interest—for the eye appealed to the imagination to aid it in its endless search; and if it was an ocean at all it was an ocean that broke at our feet in a brilliant foam of flowers. This similitude was, indeed, so obvious that we unanimously were of opinion that it must have been used by every American poet who has ever written about the prairie-lands.

We had for our nearest travelling companions two commercial gentlemen of a facetious turn, who certainly did their best to amuse our women-folk. It was the lieutenant, of course, who had made their acquaintance. One was a Philadelphian, the other a New Yorker; but both were in the sewing-machine business; and it was their account of their various experiences in travelling that had induced Von Rosen to join their conversation. They were merry gentlemen. They ventured to ask what might be his line of business—white goods, or iron, or Western produce?

'And if it is white goods, what then?' said the ex-soldier, with great *sang-froid*.

'Why, Sir,' said the Philadelphian, gravely taking out a number of cards, 'because money is money, and biz is biz; and you want to know where to buy cheap. That's Philadelphia sure—the American metropolis—the largest city in the world—yes, *Sir!* —eighteen miles by eight—two rivers—going to have the Centennial—the best shad—'

He was regarding the New Yorker all this time.

'Yes—shad!' said his companion, with affected contempt; for we could see that they were bent on being amicably funny. 'If you want shad, go to Philadelphia—and cat-fish, too—cat-fish suppers at the Falls only seventy-five cents a head. And fresh butter, too—go to Philadelphia for fresh butter, and reed-birds, and country board—best country board outside of Jersey —keep their own cows—fresh milk, and all that. But if you WANT TO TRADE, colonel, come to New York! New York ain't no village—no one-horse place—no pigs around our streets. We've got the finest harbor in the world, the highest steeples, the noblest park, the greatest newspapers, the most magnificent buildings—why talk about your Coliseums, and Tuileries, and Whitechapel, and them one-horse shows—come and see our Empire City!'

'Yes; and leave your purse in Philadelphia before you go!' sneered his enemy, who quite entered into the spirit of the thing. 'And ask your friend here to show you the new Court-house, and tell you how much *that* cost! Then let him drive you up the avenues, and have your life insured

before you start, and show you the tar-and-sand, the mush-and-molasses pavements—patent pavements! Then ask him to introduce you to his friend the Boss, and mebbe he'll tell you how much the Boss got away with. And then about the malaria? And the fever and ague? And the small-pox? And people dying off so fast that they've got to run special trains for the corpses? And the Harlem Flats?'

'Now hire a hall, won't you?' said the Knickerbocker. 'Hasn't our cat got a long tail! Why, you could roll up Philadelphia into a bundle and drop it into a hole in the Harlem Flats. But I won't mislead you—no, Sir. If you want water-power, go to Philadelphia—and grass—splendid grass—and mosquitoes. Tell him about the mosquitoes, now! Friend of mine in the sugar line married and went to Philadelphia for his honeymoon. Liked a quiet country life—no racket, except the roosters in the morning—liked the cows, and beauties of nature—and took his bride to a first-class hotel. Fine girl—bin chief engineer on a double-stitch sewing-machine. Well, Sir, the Philadelphia mosquitoes were alive—you bet. In the morning he took her to a hospital—certain she had small-pox—two weeks before the doctors could find it out. The man's life was ruined—yes, Sir—never recovered from the shock; business went to the dickens; and he ran away and jined the Mormons.'

'Jined the Mormons!' cried the Philadelphian. 'Why don't you tell the story straight? Don't fool the man. Jined the Mormons! He threw her into a sugar vat—sweets to the sweet, sez he—and married her mother, and went to New York, and was elected Mayor as the friend of Ireland—eleven hundred thousand Irishmen, all yelling for the Pope, voted for him. No, general, if you want to trade with Americans, with white men, you come to Philadelphia; we live cheap and we sell cheap; and with our new line of steamers, and our foreign trade—'

'Tell him about the canal-boats—why don't you tell him about the three canal-boats?' said the other, scornfully. 'It's a fact, general—when three canal-boats loaded with pop-corn and saeur-kraut got to Philadelphia, the Mayor called out the militia for a parade—yes, *Sir!*—the town was illuminated; the newspapers had leaders on the revival of commerce, and the people all had two inches sewed on to their coat-tails. And mind, general, when you go to Philadelphia, you tell the conductor where to stop—tell him the wood-and-water station opposite Camden—the train stops by signal—'

Whither this conflict might have led us can only be conjectured. It was interrupted by our halting at a small station to have a mid-day dinner. And we did not fail to remark that the shy and handsome girls who waited on the crowd of ravenous people in this humble hostelry had bright complexions and clear eyes that spoke well for the air of this high-lying country. The lieutenant was furious because he could get nothing but water or iced tea to drink. His wife remarked that she hoped he would always be as well off, showing that she had had her speculations about her probable life as a ranch-woman. But another member of the party was anxious to get away as soon as possible from the devouring multitude; and when she was outside again, on the platform, she revealed the cause of that pensiveness that had at times dwelt over her face during the morning.

"Really now, *really*, do you think I was right?' she says, in a low voice. 'I have been thinking over it. It seems so cruel. The poor thing is just breaking her heart over the mistake she has made—in ever leaving him; and now, when she would have this excuse, this opportunity of appealing to him, of going to him without any appeal, it seems dreadful to keep her in ignorance.'

'Tell her, then.'

'But the responsibility is terrible,' she pleads again.

'Certainly. And you absolve yourself by waiting to know what Balfour's wishes are. What more?'

'If—if I had a daughter—of her age,' she says, with the usual quiver of the under lip, 'I do not think I should let her go further and further away from her husband just when there was a chance of reconciling them—'

'Will the chance be less next week, or the week after? However, do as you like. If you tell her, you must appeal to her not to do any thing rash. Say you have written. Or you might suggest, if she is so very pen-

itent, that she should write to her husband —'

'Oh, may I do that?' exclaims this tender-eyed hypocrite, as if she ever demanded permission to do anything she had set her mind on.

You never saw one woman so pet another as she petted Lady Sylvia during the rest of that day. She had never shown so much solicitous attention for the comfort of her own children, as far as any of us had ever noticed. And it was all because, no doubt, she was looking forward to a sentimental scene when we should arrive at Omaha, in which she should play the part of a beneficent fairy, and wise counselor, and earnest friend. Happily it did not occur to her to have a scene in the railway car before a score of people.

This railway car, as the evening fell, was a sore distress to us. Our wish to have that glimpse of the Mississippi had led us to come on from Chicago by one of the slow trains, and from Burlington there was no Pullman car. Ordinarily this is about the pleasantest part of the long trans-continental ride from New York to San Francisco; for on it are dining-cars, which have within their narrow compass pretty nearly every luxury which the fancy of man could desire, and which therefore offer a capital way of passing the time. If one must go on travelling day after day without ceasing, it is surely a pleasant thing to occupy the last two or three hours of the evening by entertaining your friends to a banquet—and if you are alone, the conductor will accept an off-hand invitation—of twelve or fourteen dishes, while the foaming grape of Eastern France, if Catawba will not content you, is hard by in an iced cellar. With these wild delights we should have been disposed to dispense had we obtained the comparative seclusion of a Pullman car; but as the long and dull evening set in we learned something of the happiness of travelling in an ordinary car in America. During the day we had spent most of the time outside; now we had to bear with what composure we could show the stifling odours of this huge and over-crowded compartment, while the society to which we were introduced was not at all fastidious in its language, or in its dress, or in the food which it plentifully ate. The lieutenant said nothing when a drunken woman sat down on his top-coat and refused to allow it to be removed; but he did remonstrate pitifully against the persistent shower of beetles that kept falling on our heads and necks. We could not understand whence these animals came. Their home could not be the roof of the car, for they were clearly incapable of maintaining a footing there. Or were we driving through an Egyptian plague of them; and did they come in through the ventilators? It was a miserable evening. The only escape from the foul odours and the talk and the shreds of food was sleep; and the close atmosphere gave its friendly help; but sleep is apt to disarrange one's head-covering; and then, that guard removed, the sudden sensation of having a beetle going down one's neck banishes sweet dreams. About half-past eight or nine we got to Council Bluffs; and right glad were we to go out for a walk up and down the wet platform—for it had been raining—in the pitch darkness.

Nor shall we forget Council Bluffs soon. We spent three mortal hours there. All that we saw was a series of planks, with puddles of dirty water reflecting the light of one or two gas-lamps. We were now on one bank of the Missouri; and Omaha, our destination, was immediately on the other side, while there intervened an iron bridge. An engine would have taken us across and returned in a very short time. But system must be followed. It was the custom that the passengers by our train should be taken over in company with those arriving by a train due from somewhere else; and as that train had not made its appearance, why should we not continue to pace up and down the muddy platform? It was not the least part of our anxiety that, after an hour or so had passed, ex-Lieutenant Oswald Von Rosen seemed disposed to eat six or seven railway porters, which would have involved us in a serious claim for damages.

He demanded whether we could not be allowed to walk across the bridge and on to Omaha. Certainly not. He wanted to have some clear understanding as to how late this other train was likely to be. Nobody knew.

'Du lieber Himmel!' we heard him muttering to himself, somewhere about eleven o'clock, 'and in this confounded country the very sky is black with telegraph

lines, and they can not tell you if we shall be here all the night! *Is it the beetles that have stopped the train?*' he suddenly demanded of a guard who was sitting on a handbarrow and playfully swinging a lamp.

'I guess not,' was the calm answer.

'We might have been over the river and back half a dozen times—eh?'

'That's so,' said the guard, swinging the lamp.

It was near midnight when the other train arrived, and then the station resounded with the welcome cry of 'All aboard!' But we flatly declined to re-enter one of those hideous compartments full of foul smells and squalor. We crowded together on the little iron balcony between the cars, clinging to the rails; and by-and-by we had a dim impression that we were in mid-air, over the waters of the Missouri, which we could not see. We could only make out the black bars of the iron bridge against the black sky, and that indistinctly. Still, we were glad to be moving; for by this time we were desperately hungry and tired; and the sumptuous hospitality of Omaha was just before us.

Alas! alas! the truth must be told. Omaha received us in the most cruel and hard-hearted fashion. First of all, we imagined we had blindly wandered into a kingdom of the bats There were some lights in the station, it is true; but as soon as we had got into the hotel omnibus and left these gloomy rays it appeared as though we had plunged into outer darkness. We did not know then that the municipal authorities of the place, recognizing the fact that business had not been brilliant, and that taxes lay heavily on themselves and their neighbours, had resolved to do without gas in order to save expense. All we knew was that this old omnibus went plunging frantically through absolute blackness, and that in the most alarming manner. For what were these strange noises outside? At one moment we would go jerking down into a hollow, and the 'swish' of water sounded as if we had plunged into a stream, while we clung to each other to prevent our being flung from one end to the other of the vehicle. And then, two seconds afterward, it really did appear to us that the horses were trying to climb up the side of a house. There was one small lamp that threw its feeble ray both outward and inward; and we saw through a window a wild vision of a pair of spectral horses apparently in mid-air, while inside the omnibus the lieutenant was down at the door, vainly trying to keep his wife from tumbling on the top of him.

'It is my firm conviction,' said Queen T——, panting with her struggles, 'that we are not going along a road at all. We are going up the bed of the Missouri.'

Then there were one or two more violent wrenches, and the vehicle stopped. We scrambled out. We turned an awe-stricken glance in the direction we had come; nothing was visible. It was with great thankfulness that the shipwrecked mariners made their way into the hotel.

But was it hospitable, was it fair, was it Christian of the Grand Central of Omaha to receive us as it did, after our manifold perils by land and water? Had we been saved from drowning only to perish of starvation? In the gloomy and echoing hall loud sounded the remonstrances of the irate lieutenant.

'What do you say?' he demanded of the highly-indifferent clerk, who had just handed us our keys. 'Nothing to eat? Nothing to drink? Nothing at all? And is this a hotel? Hé! It is nonsense what you say. Why do you let your servants go away, and have every thing shut up? It is the business of a hotel to be open. Where is your kitchen—your larder—what do you call it?'

In reply the clerk merely folded up his book of names, and screwed out one of the remaining lights. Happily there were ladies present, or a deed of blood would have dyed that dismal hall.

At this moment we heard the click of billiards.

'Ha!' said the lieutenant.

He darted off in that direction. We had seen something of billiard saloons in America. We knew there were generally bars there. We knew that at the bars there were frequently bread and cheese supplied gratis. Behold! the foraging soldier returns! His face is triumphant. In his hands, under his arms, are bottles of stout; his pockets are filled with biscuits; he has a paper packet of cheese. Joyfully the procession moves to the floor above. With laughter and gladness the banquet is spread out before us; let the world wag on as it may,

there is still, now and again, some brief moment of happiness. And we forgave the waiting at Council Bluffs, and we forgot the beetles, and we drank to the health of Omaha!

But it was too bad of you Omaha, to receive us like that all the same.

(*To be continued.*)

THE THREE GREAT PROBLEMS OF GEOLOGY.*

IT is a truth well established and generally accepted by physicists, that the great changes which have been wrought in the earth's surface during past ages have not been produced by any sudden cataclysms of nature, but by the slow operation of the ordinary agents that we see every day about us; such as rain, rivers, oceans, heat and cold, frost and snow. 'These tools,' says Professor Geikie, of Edinburgh, 'have been at work from the earliest times of which any geological record has been preserved. Indeed, it is out of the accumulated chips and dust which they have made, afterwards hardened into solid rock, and upheaved, that the very framework of our continents has been formed.' By the slow operation of these ordinary agents, the upheaved rocks have been carved into hill and dale, not once or twice, but many times, disintegrating hundreds and thousands of feet below the solid strata.

These agents are the elements which constitute climate. The more varied the climate, the greater will be the work performed by the agents. It is the climate that determines the character of the *flora* or *fauna* of a district. If we know the climate, we can predict the kind of plants and animals that will abound; and, *vice versa*, if we know what species of plants and animals lived at any particular place or period, we can infer the character of its climate.

In judging the geological record, the most ordinary student is struck with the evidences of the many changes of climate that must have occurred in past time. We do not refer to those changes consequent on the alternation of the seasons, but to those extreme changes, in consequence of which a continued arctic winter has taken the place of a temperate summer, and polar ice has given way to a rich and varied vegetation. The indications of these great changes are abundant in almost every period of past time; but, for our present purpose, it will be sufficient to refer to the carboniferous and glacial only, as in these the transitions are most clearly defined.

Coal beds are but the fossilized remains of the luxuriant vegetation of the carboniferous age, and they are so well preserved that it is not difficult for the naturalist to assign them to their various families and genera. 'It was a time of mighty forests of cone-bearing trees, of great reeds, of palms, of tree-ferns, and of gigantic club-mosses.' It is a generally received opinion among botanists and geologists, that the climate best suited to the growth of such plants was not a tropical, and certainly not a cold, but a moist, equable, and temperate one. 'A great preponderance of ferns and lycopodiums,' says Sir Charles Lyell, 'indicates moisture, equability of temperature, and freedom from frost, rather than intense heat.' 'The general opinion of the highest authorities,' says Professor Hull, 'appears to be that the climate did not resemble that of the equatorial regions, but was one in which the temperature, being warm and moist, somewhat resembled that of New Zealand.'

The fact that immense deposits of coal are found in arctic regions proves conclusively, that the climate of the carboniferous period must have been immensely different

* 'Climate and Time.' By James Croll, of H. M. Geological Survey of Scotland. D. Appleton and Co., New York.

from what it is at present. Coal has been found and worked to a considerable extent in Greenland. Sir George Nares informs us that he found an ample supply for his ships near the winter quarters of the *Discovery*, in latitude 81° N. We, therefore, know that coal exists almost, if not quite, at the pole itself; and, consequently, that a mild, equable climate must have prevailed at one time where now we find 'palæocrystic' ice covering even the land surface to the depth of thousands of feet.

In that division of geological time immediately preceding the age of man, known as the Post-tertiary, some remarkable phenomena present themselves. We find vast beds of unstratified mud and clay filled with all kinds of stones and pebbles, which bear no resemblance to the underlying rocks, but belong to strata many miles away, generally in the direction of the poles. These erratics are scratched and furrowed, as if they had been subjected to an immense grinding process. They sometimes present only one furrowed surface, in which case the striæ run parallel with the longer axis. They vary in size from pebbles to blocks containing several thousands of cubic feet. One transported block in the Green Mountains is forty-three feet long, thirty-two in average width, and fully 40,000 cubic feet in bulk. Besides these transported boulders and vast accumulations of mud, we find that the rocky surface across which the *debris* was carried, is polished and grooved, and all elevations are well rounded. These grooved surfaces are to be found all over the high latitudes of both hemispheres, and approach towards the equator to about the fortieth parallel. It is a matter about which there is no dispute, that these phenomena are the results of ice-action, not icebergs but land ice, huge sheets covering the whole land surface. This view is abundantly confirmed by studying ice-action in Greenland and Switzerland. The grooved surfaces are not confined to lowlands, but equally abound in high elevations. They cover the hills of Scotland, 2,000 feet above the sea. In New Hampshire, Mount Washington bears distinct glacial scratches within two or three hundred feet of its top; and all the other hills and mountains of New England, New York, and Lake Superior are evenly grooved over their entire summits. The general direction of the striæ show that these great inequalities of surface were not sufficient to interrupt the onward progress of the great ice-sheet, or even to deflect it from its course. How immense must have been the thickness of these continental glaciers! Professor Agassiz says, 'There are proofs that the glacier which covered the plains of Switzerland between the Alps and the Juras was 6,000 feet thick.' Professor Dana shows that the ice-sheet of New England was a mile and a quarter in thickness, while that of Canada north of the St. Lawrence was two miles and a quarter. Scotland must have been covered to a depth of at least 2,000 feet; while the shallow sea round about must have been blocked with solid ice, and formed into an immense tableland from one to two thousand feet above the present sea level. An intensely cold climate must have prevailed to produce such results—so cold, that the heat of summer was not sufficient to thaw the ice of the previous winter, even so far south as Alabama; but the ice went on increasing in thickness year after year, century after century. What a contrast between such a climate and that which now prevails! But how much greater is our surprise, as we compare it with the temperature of the carboniferous age, when the polar regions enjoyed a perennial spring.

The second great fact that forces itself upon the attention of the casual student of geology, is the frequent change of sea-level. We have evidence which cannot be questioned, that the land surface has, time and again, undergone the process of submergence, and then of emergence. The chalk beds of England are composed of the shells of minute animals, which must have been deposited at the bottom of a deep and still ocean. Limestone is but the fossilized remains of marine life accumulated during submergence. The carboniferous age furnishes evidence of the clearest kind of frequent oscillations of the sea level. The luxuriant vegetation which has formed our coal beds must have grown on broad plains and estuaries during a time of emergence. But, in order that these successive generations of trees and plants should be converted into coal, there must have followed a condition of things favourable to their preservation. These conditions are :

that these plains should be submerged, and then covered over with a deposit of sediment washed down by the rivers of the adjacent land. The time of submergence must have been of long duration, as was also the time during which vegetable matter accumulated; for we find vast beds of sedimentary deposits overlying the coal seams, and we notice the gradual appearance of marine life which ultimately became so abundant as to form layers of limestone of great thickness. For every foot of coal, there are fifty feet or more of accumulated rock. During the second growth of coal plants, the land must have again emerged from the sea. Consequently, for every seam of coal the land must have been once above and once below the sea level. At the Joggins, in Nova Scotia, there are as many as seventy-six consecutive coal seams, indicating as many levels of verdant fields between others when the waters prevailed. 'The coal period,' says Professor Dana, 'was a time of unceasing change—eras of universal verdure alternating with others of widespread and destructive waters.'

There is evidence, also, that a general subsidence followed closely on the appearance of the ice of the glacial epoch. Associated with glacial deposits are stratified beds, containing quantities of marine shells identical with many species now existing. In England these deposits are found up to a height of 1200 feet, proving that the land must have been submerged at least to that extent.

These many oscillations of sea-level and marvellous changes of climate have been the wonder and despair of geologists. For each problem many theories have been proposed, sometimes assigning independent causes, and, again, a cause common to both. Poisson tried to account for changes of climate, by supposing that the earth may have passed successively through colder and hotter parts of space. Others have advanced the theory that our sun is a variable star, during one period giving out a greater, and, again, a less amount of heat. Sir Charles Lyell advanced the theory that these changes of climate are due to differences in the distribution of land and water. He concluded that, if the land were all collected about the poles, while the oceans occupied the equatorial regions, the general temperature would be sufficiently lowered to account for glaciation; and, *vice versa*, were the land principally distributed along the equator a warm climate would ensue. Others assume the displacement of the earth's axis of rotation, consequent upon the upheaval of vast mountain masses. Professor Dana assumes that these changes result from the elevation or depression of the land surface, and, with others, accounts for the oscillation of the land-level by dynamical causes, such as contraction of the earth's crust, volcanic agencies, and tidal action in the interior fluids of the globe. There is no doubt that oscillations have resulted from these causes throughout geological time, and do so still; but it is difficult, and, we think, impossible to accept this as a sufficient explanation of all the many and frequent submergencies and emergencies that have occurred, for example, in the carboniferous age. Even admitting Professor Dana's explanation to be an adequate answer to the second question, we fail to find any evidence whatever to warrant us in accepting it as a sufficient cause of these great changes of climate. It is conceded that, during the glacial epoch, the great ice-sheet covered the whole land surface, say, of the northern hemisphere as far south as the fortieth parallel. The Professor has, therefore, not only to account for the enormous elevation necessary to produce glaciation, but, also, for this great elevation being co-extensive with the land surface covered by the ice. In like manner must he deal with the southern hemisphere.

For many years, the impression has gradually been gaining ground, that we must look for an explanation of the great climatic changes to some cosmical agencies. The only such agencies that could be supposed to affect climate, are the changes in the obliquity of the ecliptic and in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. Laplace, however, showed that the change of obliquity was confined within such narrow limits that it could never have produced any very serious results. It was also shewn by Herschel, and confirmed by Arago and Humboldt, that, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the earth's orbit does change materially, bringing the earth much nearer to the sun in one part of her orbit than in another, yet her nearness to the sun would be exactly compensated by her more rapid mo-

tion, and, therefore, that she would receive exactly the same amount of light and heat while describing the segment of her orbit in aphelion as in perihelion. 'Were it not for this,' says Sir John Herschel, 'the eccentricity of the orbit would materially influence the transition of the seasons. The fluctuation of distance amounts to nearly one-thirtieth of the mean quantity; and, consequently, the fluctuation of the sun's direct heating power to double this, or one-fifteenth of the whole. . . . Were it not for the compensation we have just described, the effect would be to exaggerate the difference of summer and winter in the one hemisphere, and to moderate it in the other; thus producing a more violent alternation of climate in the one, and an approach to perpetual spring in the other. As it is, however, no such inequality subsists; but one equal and impartial distribution of heat and light is accorded to both.' From the conclusions of these high authorities, it was regarded as settled, that the great changes of climate indicated by geological phenomena, could not have resulted from any change in the relation of the earth to the sun.

The third great problem of geology relates to the probable age of the earth. In the early part of the present century, when the testimony of the rocks was first beginning to attract attention, Dr. Chalmers uttered the bold statement, that the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the earth. When the plunge was once made from what was then considered the orthodox belief, much attention was directed by men of science to this interesting question, and many widely different results were obtained. Two methods of calculation have been pursued: the one is based on the estimated thickness of the sedimentary rocks, and the rate at which they are deposited, according to data furnished by observation; the other, or palæontological method, is based on the rate at which, it is said, species change. Sir Charles Lyell estimated that 240 millions of years must have elapsed since the beginning of of the Cambrian period. Beyond this inconceivable time we must allow for the long ages during which the primary rocks were formed; and beyond them, again, for the immense cycles when the earth was cooling down from a molten or gaseous condition. Mr. Darwin assigns to the world even a greater age. 'In all probability,' he says, 'a far longer period than 300 millions of years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period.' Others exceed this estimate, and place the probable age of the earth as great as *thirty thousand millions of years.*

In these calculations there seems to be a large amount of guesswork; and it will be well to enquire whether the premises upon which they are founded are such as to warrant any great degree of credibility in the results obtained. What proportion do the present strata bear to the amount actually formed and worn down by the various climatic agencies? Has the deposition taken place at the mouths of rivers, or near to the land, or at the bottom of a deep and still ocean? What effects have the hydrochloric, sulphurous, and carbonic acids which must have been present in the atmosphere in large quantities at an early day, had in disintegrating the material out of which the strata have been formed? In a word, may not the various agents have operated far more rapidly in past time, because of more favourable conditions? As to the palæontological method we have absolutely no criterion for measuring the rate at which species change; nor has it at all been established, that the various forms of life constitute an unbroken chain of development from the lowest to the highest.

There has been, in some quarters, a revolt against the extreme demands of the geologist on the one hand and the evolutionist on the other. Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait, and others have shown, from dynamical reasons, that the whole history of our globe, since she started on her career of independent existence, must be limited within some such period as one hundred millions of years. This conclusion is arrived at from calculations based on the rate at which the earth is parting with her heat; on the recently discovered gradual decrease in the rate of the earth's rotation on her axis, being equal to twenty-two seconds in a century, and resulting from the retarding influence of the tides, acting as an ordinary brake on a revolving wheel; and, further, on the rate at which the sun is giving off his heat, being equal in each second of time to the combustion of eleven thousand six hundred millions of millions

of tons of coal, or about eight times the whole supply of coal supposed to exist in the earth.

Much light has been thrown on these three great problems of geology, viz., changes of climate, oscillations of sea-level, and the probable age of the earth, by the laborious researches of Mr. James Croll, of H. M. Geological Survey of Scotland, summarized in his carefully-prepared and able work on 'Climate and Time,' noted at the beginning of this paper. His theory of the secular change of climate is at once beautiful, simple, and complete. He does not claim that all submergences and emergences can be traced to those agencies which have produced changes of climate; but he does hold that many can, and, when taken in connection with the other well-understood causes, the subject is rendered far more intelligible. His theory affords, at least, some data for estimating geological time, the results of which entirely agree with those obtained by Sir William Thomson, Professor Tait, and others, by entirely different methods. He concurs in the view expressed by Herschel, that the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit has not been sufficient in itself to materially affect climate; but he shows that, when taken in connection with the precession of the equinoxes, it may have done so *indirectly*, by bringing into operation physical agents amply sufficient to have produced, during one period, a mild, equable climate even in the polar regions, and, at another time, a condition of glaciation extending far into what are now known as the temperate zones.

It is well known that the form of the earth's orbit is elliptical, and that the sun occupies one of the foci; that, while the mean distance of the earth from the sun is constant, the orbit, at times, becomes more elliptical, and again, as at present, more nearly approaches a circle. The superior limit of eccentricity is ·0775, and the inferior limit ·00314. The present limit is ·0168; so that, assuming the earth's mean distance to be 91,400,000 miles (which is now shown to be slightly too little), her distance, when in perihelion, would be 89,864,480, and when in aphelion, 92,934,060, or a difference of 3,069,580. But, when eccentricity would be at its superior limit, the earth would be no less than 14,212,700 miles nearer the sun in the one position than in the other. It is also well known that the line joining the solstices moves around the orbit backwards in about 25,000 years. This is called the precession of the equinoxes. Our winter in the northern hemisphere now occurs when the earth is in perihelion; but, it will be readily seen, in about 12,000 years our winter will occur when the earth is in aphelion, or furthest from the sun. If, at the same time, eccentricity should be at its superior limit, the earth would be 8,641,870 miles further from the sun than she is in winter at present. The heat received from the sun varies inversely as the square of the distance, and would, therefore, be one-fifth less during the six months of winter than now, and in summer, one fifth greater. It is true, winter would be thirty-six days longer than summer, and the less amount of heat received in winter would be exactly compensated by its greater length, as was shown by Herschel; so that the total amount of heat received between the two equinoxes would be the same, whatever might be the eccentricity of the orbit. Eccentricity cannot of itself, therefore, produce any very great changes of climate. But, while this is the case, Mr. Croll clearly shows that great eccentricity brings into operation a number of physical agents which do materially affect climate, and which are amply sufficient to produce a condition of glaciation in the hemisphere whose winter occurs in aphelion, and, at the same time, a perennial spring even in the polar regions of the other hemisphere whose winter occurs in perihelion, and, *vice versa*, during periods of about 12,000 years each, till eccentricity becomes gradually lowered. He thus describes the effect that would be produced on the climate of the cold hemisphere: 'The reduction in the amount of heat received from the sun, owing to its increased distance, would lower the midwinter temperature to an enormous extent. In temperate regions the great portion of the moisture of the air is at present precipitated in the form of rain, and the very small proportion which falls as snow disappears in the course of a few weeks at most. But, in the circumstances under consideration, the mean winter temperature would be lowered so much below the freezing-point that what now falls as rain during that season would then fall as snow. This is not all;

the winters would then not only be colder than now, but they would also be much longer. . . . The lowering of the temperature and the lengthening of the winter would both tend to the same result, viz.: to increase the amount of snow accumulated during winter; for, other things being equal, the larger the snow-accumulating period the greater the accumulation. . . . As regards the absolute amount of heat received, increase of the sun's distance and lengthening of the winter are compensatory, but not so in regard to the amount of snow accumulated. The consequence of this state of things would be, that at the commencement of the short summer the ground would be covered with the winter's accumulation of snow. Again, the presence of so much snow would lower the summer temperature, and prevent, to a great extent, the melting of the snow.' This process would go on year after year, till the snow of winter would not be melted by the heat of the following summer. Exactly opposite effects would be produced in the other hemisphere, so that the general result would be that one hemisphere would be heated while the other would be cooled. This state of things would bring into play agencies which would cause the deflection of the great ocean currents, greatly intensifying the general results.

Mr. Croll discusses at great length the effects of ocean currents on climate. He shows that they are the great distributors of heat over the surface of the globe; that by carrying the heat from the equatorial regions to the polar they reduce the mean temperature of the former from 135° to 80°, and raise that of the latter from 83° below to zero. In other words, were it not for ocean currents the equator would be 55° warmer than at present, and the poles 83° colder, and the globe would be almost entirely uninhabitable. Any very great change, therefore, in the great equatorial ocean currents, so that their heat-distributing waters would be withdrawn from one hemisphere and spread out over the other, must have a wonderful influence on climate.

It is further shown that ocean currents are due to, and take the general direction of, the prevailing winds of the globe, and chiefly of the trades. The trade-winds are caused by the difference between the temperature of the equator and the poles. It follows, therefore, under the circumstances which we have been considering, that the trades from the cold hemisphere would be much stronger than those from the warm. This would have the effect of withdrawing the equatorial ocean currents from the cold hemisphere and turning them into the warm, greatly intensifying the cold of the one and the heat of the other.

The nearness of the sun in perigee would have the effect of greatly increasing the accumulation of snow. This would result as follows: the currents of air from the warm to the cold regions would be greatly increased; and, evaporation being also increased, vast quantities of moisture would be transported to the cold parts, and would there be condensed and fall as snow. The heaviest fall of snow would, therefore, take place in summer; and, notwithstanding the nearness of the sun, he would have little melting power, because of the fogs which would be formed, and which would cut off his rays. These various agents would act on each other in such a way as to increase the general result; and we cannot wonder that the cold hemisphere would become, during long ages, capped with a sheet of ice thousands of feet in thickness, as was the case in the glacial epoch; while the other hemisphere would enjoy a mild, equable climate. As the solstitial points would gradually turn around, the contrary process would commence. The glaciated hemisphere would become warm, and the warm hemisphere cold, till the ice would be all melted from the one, and accumulated on the other.

It follows from this theory that the glacial epoch was not one continued duration of cold and ice, but must have consisted of a long succession of alternate cold and warm periods of about 12,000 years each, the warm periods of the one hemisphere corresponding with the cold periods of the other. There must have been a gradual increase of the two extremes of temperature till the greatest eccentricity was attained, and then a gradual decline till the normal condition of things was again reached. That there was this succession of cold and warm periods in the glacial epoch, there is considerable evidence; though, from the nature of the case, we know there would be, to a great extent, an obliteration of the evidences of former glacial periods,

and the indications of the last would be most clearly marked. We have, here, an explanation of the hitherto perplexing problem of the occurrence in the same beds of the post-tertiary period, of the remains of mollusca and mammalia of a tropical type with those of an extremely arctic character. Particularly in England is this the case. We find the lion, the tiger, the hyena, the elephant, and the rhinoceros associated with the ermine, the reindeer, and the musk-ox. The one class lived during the warm period, and the other, during the closely following cold period.

Such epochs of alternate cold and warm periods must have often occurred during past time; as often as great eccentricity. The only evidences that we could reasonably expect these cold periods to have left us are transported boulders. These, however, are sufficient, as we know of no agency that could produce such a result but ice. Transported boulders are found in almost every age of geological time.

This theory affords a beautiful explanation of the coal formations; for we have, in the warm inter-glacial periods, the very condition of climate best suited to the growth of those kinds of trees and plants of which our coal is composed; as we have, also, in the following cold periods, a condition of things best suited to the preservation of those plants, and their conversion into coal. Wherever we find evidence of glaciation, we also find evidence of submergence of the land along with it. This is a suggestive fact. Let us see what bearing Mr. Croll's theory has on this point. The accumulation of an enormous ice-cap on one hemisphere, while the other would be free of ice, would have the direct effect of shifting the centre of gravity of the earth. If the ice-cap, say of the northern hemisphere, had a thickness equal in weight to 1,000 feet of rock, the centre of gravity would be shifted 500 feet north. The waters of the oceans adjust themselves with direct reference to the centre of gravity. They would, therefore, flow from the southern hemisphere, so that there would be an emergence of the land to the extent of 500 feet; and they would rise on the northern hemisphere to the same extent, wherever there were openings in the ice, and cause a submergence. When the ice-cap would be transferred to the southern hemisphere, the centre of gravity would be shifted 1,000 feet south, or 500 feet south of its mean position, which would cause a total oscillation of sea-level to the extent of about 1,000 feet. Again, the weight of the water thus pulled over from one hemisphere to the other, would tend to increase the general result. But the displacement of the centre of gravity must have been much greater than 500 feet on either side of its main position; for, during glaciation, the ice-cap must have been of enormous thickness. This will be more readily conceded from the following considerations. From calculations based on actual observations, the ice-sheet of the small continent of Greenland is supposed to attain a thickness in the interior of 10,000 feet. The southern hemisphere is known to be much colder at the present time than the northern, and the land surrounding the pole, of vast extent, about 28,000 miles in diameter. From reliable calculations, the antartic ice-cap is estimated to attain a thickness, at or near the pole, of at least six miles. During the glacial epoch, when the whole hemisphere was capped with ice down to at least the fiftieth parallel, the flow of the ice, which has left so many prodigious results, could only have been caused by the pressure of its great thickness, and could only take the general direction of the equator, being the direction of least resistance. How enormous, then, must have been the thickness in high latitudes of this vast continental glacier—so thick, that the White Mountains of New Hampshire were not a sufficient obstacle to impede its progress, or even to deflect it from its course! We have, here, a simple explanation of oscillations of sea-level, which must have occurred as often as glaciation. If coal be an inter-glacial formation, as is contended, we can readily understand how it was that coal periods were always followed by submergence. This explanation, taken in connection with the other well understood causes of submergence, tends greatly to remove the mystery that has hitherto attached to the second great problem of geology.

If the intense cold which gives character to the glacial epoch, has been caused indirectly by great eccentricity of the earth's orbit, we have a means of ascertaining with tolerable accurancy the date of its commencement, and the length of its duration.

This gives at least one time-measure with which to approach the third problem discussed in this paper, viz., the probable age of the earth.

According to formulæ given by M. Leverrier, Mr. Croll has made calculations extending over three millions of years past. He finds that eccentricity attained very high values during three distinct periods of that time: the first, about 2,500,000 years back; the second, 850,000 years ago; and the third, about 200,000 years ago. The first and second periods lasted for about 200,000 years each; and the third, for 160,000, from 240,000 years ago to about 80,000 years ago. For sufficient reasons the glacial epoch is assigned to the last period, and the middle of the Miocene and Eocene ages, to the other two respectively. The glacial epoch, therefore, lasted for about 160,000 years, during which time the climate of each hemisphere was alternately warm and cold for periods of about 12,000 years each. Sir Charles Lyell dated the glacial epoch at 1,000,000 years back. If, then, Mr. Croll's theory be correct, and it is being rapidly accepted by those best able to judge, Lyell's estimate must be reduced by four-fifths of its amount. If we reduce his entire estimate in the same proportion, we have 48,000,000 of years, instead of 240,000,000, as the age of the earliest fossiliferous rocks. Even this reduced amount is, in all probability, vastly too great. Having obtained, however, with tolerable accuracy, the date of the last great geological epoch, and, it may be also, of the Miocene and Eocene periods, we may venture the hope, that science will yet discover, within reasonable limits, the probable age of the earth.

S. H. Janes.

OUR FUTURE.

AFTER an absence of ten years, I returned to Canada early this summer, at Niagara, and have since travelled through it from west to east. I have crossed the broad fertile plains of Ontario, lived among the quaint old-fashioned homesteads of Quebec, roamed the pleasant valleys and skirted the rugged iron-bound shores of Acadia; and during my progress, I have been naturally led to speculate on the future condition of the country and the destiny of its people. I have travelled slowly, making Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, St John, and Halifax, my headquarters at various times. I have taken advantage of my opportunities to visit all the surrounding places of interest, and to mix among and endeavour to gain a thorough knowledge of the social and political condition of the people; and I consider that I have been amply rewarded for my trouble, in noting the immense progress that has been made in wealth and in political unity during the last decade.

These provinces ten years since were disunited, knowing little of each other, and having no sympathies or interests in common. Suffering from the revolution in commerce caused by the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty, many turned their eyes longingly across the border, sighing for annexation, and showing little faith in the success of the scheme of union which was then about to be tested.

How different do we find it to-day? The country united, and proud of its unity; its people showing a confidence in their future, recovered from the blow that American spleen dealt her commerce, and determined in the future not to allow themselves to be made the sport of their cousins across the border. Yes! the scattered provinces of ten years ago, to-day form the nucleus of a mighty nation; their people looking forward to the day, in the not far-distant future, when they will be called upon to take their stand among the nations

of the earth, and proud to be called *Canadians.*

The progress of this spirit must be much more evident to one who has been so long absent from the country, than to those who have remained at home; but it must, I think, have made itself apparent to every thinking man. As I before remarked, I have endeavoured to make myself acquainted with the sympathies and aspirations of the people, by passing my days amongst them, and entering with them into the ordinary intercourse of every-day life; and I have found that, in all the different provinces, especially among the young men (who must rule this country in a few years), there is a widespread feeling in favor of independence. To give you an idea of the people I have met, I cannot do better than relate a little incident that happened in Montreal.

One beautiful day, last August, I had wended my way to the mountain, and taking advantage of the cool shade of the trees, I lay idly smoking a cigar. The city was spread at my feet, the towers of Notre Dame rising like sentinels above it, while the royal St. Lawrence stretched away like a silvery serpent, as far as the eye could reach.

It was on such a day and under such circumstances, when my thoughts were as far from politics as heaven is from hades, that I was disturbed by a young man of perhaps twenty-five or thirty summers, who wandered through the woods, and apparently without seeing me, threw himself down on a little hillock, close beside me, and gazing at the beautiful prospect spread before us, was soon lost in thought. I ventured to disturb him, and after a few remarks on surrounding objects, we insensibly glided into a discussion on the state of the country, and as he seemed to be intelligent and well-read, I asked him to give me his idea of the present state of things, and what he thought of the political future.

'We have,' he answered, 'one of the fairest and most diversified countries in which God ever deigned to lay the foundations of an empire; but we are unfortunately a dependency, and our people lack that spirit of nationality which is the characteristic of the poorest free and independent state. Another great misfortune, and one which must greatly retard our progress towards independence, is the fact that we have too many politicians and too few statesmen.'

I interrupted him to ask him to favor me with his definition of politicians and statesmen.

'A politician,' he replied, 'is one who will take advantage of any differences of creed, sect, and nationality; who will inflame the prejudices of the people, and carry partisan feelings to any extreme, to further his own selfish ends, or to benefit his party. A statesman, on the contrary, is one who will strive to harmonize all differences between the different classes, for the interest of the *state.* The policy of the one is expediency, and he looks for an immediate reward in the shape of the spoils of office; the policy of the other *patriotism,* and he is satisfied with the gratitude of generations yet unborn.'

'But,' I said, 'it must be evident to you that it is a task of infinite magnitude to unite under one nationality, elements so discordant as the French Catholics of Quebec and the English and Scotch Protestants of Ontario, who are not only of different blood, but what is often of more consequence, are each violently prejudiced against the religion of the other.'

'And why is it so?' he exclaimed; 'they are *all* Canadians, and but for the intrigues of petty politicians would be thoroughly united at the present day. The cause which I have at heart,' he continued warmly, 'is one too sacred and too delicate for the vulgar politician; it is one which requires the master hand of a statesman. The cause is ripening, but it needs an apostle; the people are preparing, but we want the *Man.*'

I told him that I thought his ideas were very far advanced, and that while I might merely be inclined to consider him an enthusiast, others would perhaps think him disloyal.

'I am no farther advanced,' he replied, 'than thousands of my fellow-countrymen; and,' he added proudly, 'I think our first loyalty is due to *ourselves.* It is very well to *talk* of loyalty to a country three thousand miles away, to which we are only bound by traditional ties, and towards whom almost one half of our people have no ties, even of blood; but we must consider what is best for our own country, and not be influenced by any sentimental ideas of loyalty towards England. Our task may

be a difficult one, but it will finally succeed. A great majority of our people have no sympathy with either of our present political parties, as the dictum of each is *self;* but the man or the party who first earnestly espouses the cause of independence, will soon attract the support of all those who are now lukewarm, and who take no interest in the welfare of their country.'

I have mentioned this conversation because it represents the ideas of many whom I met in the different provinces ; and knowing that the feeling in favor of independence is not only entertained, but favorably entertained, by so many of the people, I am surprised that it has not attained more prominence as a public question ; and I am convinced that in a very short time it will be the great question to be decided by the Canadian people.

At present the leaders of each party seem to fear to approach the subject, as they think their opponents will make use of the cry of disloyalty to win the temporary support of their constituents ; and I think it is better so ; it is a question which will not bear being approached in a party spirit ; it must be dealt with on the broadest and most liberal basis, and we must wait for the time when the best men of all parties, sinking their petty differences, will unite to give birth to the new nationality.

A question which involves so much could only be superficially treated in the compass of a short article like this, which is only intended to call the attention of the people to the ideas which have been almost insensibly growing and maturing amongst them ; and any discussion of the merits or demerits of the question, or of the form of government which would be most desirable in the event of our becoming independent, can well be left until the question has come more prominently before the people.

ARGUS.

THE POETRY OF ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

EVERY poet, paradoxical as the assertion may at first seem, is essentially and inevitably more or less a philosopher. The higher his verse, the more important is the thought—or, we should rather say, faith—which underlies and inspires it. A skylark may sing out of pure fulness of heart ; no man ever did. And the reason is surely plain enough. The mystery of being, the riddle of this painful earth, can never be wholly overlooked by the human mind, much less by the clear and susceptible soul of the true singer. Chaucer, Spenser, Keats, and several others, are not, as some critics have held, exceptions to this theory, although they may appear so to the careless reader. The 'joyous Paganism' which has been attributed to these sensuous poets, is clouded ever and anon by shadows of grief and doubt, by blank inward questionings, yearning cries that rise up suddenly to fall back again unanswered and unanswerable by the writers. It is—

> 'A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want ;' *

and the very fact that an important section of our modern poets has found it necessary deliberately to 'trundle back their souls some hundred years'—to seek inspiration in classic or mediæval times, ignoring the present age, so pregnant with vast and momentous issues—simply shows us that these writers are making a futile attempt to do away, by artificial means, with the metaphysical and speculative element which has existed in poetry from all time, and which must exist so long as man possesses the faculties of reason and imagination. This granted, it must be evident that the works of any specially original and representative poet are valuable, not only on account of their intrinsic beauty, but as indications of the course of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the Time-spirit. The great poet is the *avant-courier* of the Time-spirit—the

* Shelley.

seer whose clear spiritual vision enables him to lead the van of the great army of thinkers in all ages.

A very important school of poets has risen into prominent notice within the last ten years, commonly spoken of as the pre-Raphaelite group. The appropriateness of such a name to the literary work of the school is not very apparent, nor are we aware that the designation is acknowledged by its leaders. It probably arose from the fact that Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the eldest of the three poets to whom we refer, originated the pre-Raphaelite movement in painting some thirty-five years ago. About 1843, he, in conjunction with his sisters Maria and Christina Rossetti and several others, started a little serial entitled the *Germ*, which had a short but brilliant existence. In it appeared, if we remember rightly, Mr. Rossetti's famous poem, 'The Blessed Damosel'—which is, it must be admitted, a word-painting conceived very much after pre-Raphaelite ideas.

In 1856, Mr. William Morris published a selection of ballads, and somewhere about 1863, Mr. Rossetti came to the front again with a volume of translations from the early Italian poets, 'Dante and his Circle.' Still the school, as a poetical one, had created little stir, although pre-Raphaelite art was quite the rage, more especially in fashionable society. About the same time the poet referred to at the head of our sketch—Algernon Charles Swinburne—made his first appearance before the public. The volume was a modest one, entitled 'The Queen Mother and Rosamond,' and contained two tragedies executed after the Elizabethan model. They were dedicated to Mr. Rossetti, but at that time received little or no attention from the world of letters. To the merits and significance of this work, and those subsequently published, we shall afterwards allude, contenting ourselves meanwhile with an outline of Mr. Swinburne's literary life and labours. In the beginning of 1865 was published the volume entitled 'Poems and Ballads.' Such a contention as then arose amongst the critics is probably almost without parallel in the history of modern letters. The English press raised its powerful voice in almost absolute condemnation, and more than one newspaper scribbler vented his petty venom in scurrilous abuse of the author. Higher class periodicals, however, were divided in their opinions; nearly all, it should be said, conceding—what the penny press generally ignored—the true genius and originality of the poet, even while condemning the immorality of his work. In the United States the book met with hardly less notice, but, as a rule—as was natural in a country less imbued with prejudice—the judgment of the public was more favourable. The reception accorded to the book in some quarters was such as to induce the publishers—Moxon & Co.—to withdraw it from sale. A younger firm espoused the cause of the questionable poet, and issued the 'Poems and Ballads' in exactly similar form; and the result fully justified their enterprise, for in a very short time the volume went through no less than seven editions. The fact that the book had been judged unfit for public perusal, was enough to create public curiosity, and no circulating library could afford to be without two or three copies of a work which had been placed in the *Index Expurgatorius*. Mr. Swinburne's tragedy of 'Chastelard,' though received with the same objections in the same quarters, became nearly as popular. 'Atalanta in Calydon,' another tragedy based on Greek models, evoked quite a different expression of opinion. There were no grounds on which to lay a charge of immorality, although a few immaculate critics objected, somewhat unreasonably one would think, to the spirit of classic paganism with which the poem is imbued. In or about 1868 was published 'A Song of Italy,' dedicated to Mazzini; then came an 'Ode to the French Republic;' and, in 1870, 'Songs before Sunrise,' a volume of republican verse. In 1874 was published 'Bothwell,' a companion tragedy to 'Chastelard;' and a year or so afterwards 'Erectheus,' a Greek play after the model of 'Atalanta.' Since then Swinburne has written no poetry, save several fugitive pieces in periodicals. His prose works are 'William Blake, a Study'; 'Notes on Poems and Ballads,' a reply to the critics of that work; 'Essays and Studies,' a collection of fugitive pieces; 'Under the Microscope,' a satire directed against his critics; an essay upon the Elizabethan dramatist, George Chapman; a pamphlet entitled 'Notes of an English Republican on the Muscovite Crusade,' in effect a reply to Mr.

Carlyle's letter to the *Times* upon the Eastern question; and his latest brochure, 'A Note on Charlotte Brontë.'

In giving our judgment as to the above works, it is not our purpose to do more than allude to the controversy which has lately been raging as to the aim and end of art. Some of Mr. Swinburne's most startling theories are placed beyond the reach of serious examination, if we admit that he writes solely as an artist. But the plea is surely a poor one. Shelley, as we know, was never tired of inculcating the doctrine of 'art for art's sake;' but some of his works are a standing refutation of the theory that true poetry cannot afford to be didactic. We may be ready to admit that art is not to be made a handmaid to religion, or morality, or science. But no art, unless it be purely imitative, *can* exist without conveying some lesson. And here we come back to the point from which we started. Mr. Morris professes the negation of all philosophy; but in such lines as

> Kiss me, love, for who knoweth
> What thing cometh after death?

and in his quaint but beautiful play, 'Love is enough,' he has laid down the lines of a very distinct and intelligible creed. The theory that art is a law unto itself was advanced by the defenders of Swinburne's verse, and is, we believe, the doctrine of the poet himself. But that a man, in the exercise of his art, should bring forward new principles and denounce old ones, and yet be responsible in no rational sense for these, seems to be the height of absurdity.

The least important of this poet's works are his early tragedies—'The Queen Mother' and 'Rosamond.' While displaying some dramatic energy, along with a wonderful glow of generous warmth throughout, they are immature and diffuse. There are, however, several magnificent passages throughout the latter poem—as witness the subdued pathos and mournful music of King Henry's closing speech as he bids farewell to the corpse of Rosamond. In 'Poems and Ballads' we enter, as it were, into a strange and stormy sea;

> But see, while above us
> The waves roar and whirl,
> A ceiling of amber,
> A pavement of pearl. *

* Matthew Arnold.

Repelled perhaps at first by the unfamiliarity of sentiment, and the chaotic melodies of verse, most readers, after a second or third perusal, will be drawn towards these poems with a strange fascination. Few, it is true, will find themselves in sympathy with the tide of fierce and infinite desire that throbs through the cadences of that most musical paraphrase of Sappho—'Anactoria;' nor will they find much pleasure in such passages as this:

> Ah! ah! thy beauty—like a beast it bites,
> Stings like an adder, like a serpent smites.
> . . . . . .
> That I could eat thy body, and could taste,
> The faint flakes from thy bosom to thy waist.

Still, as the poet has himself explained, the poem from which these lines are taken is simply the outcome of his endeavor to render fitly the spirit of the most passionate ode ever sung by the most passionate singer of ancient Greece. In the lingering melody of 'Dolores' we find more of Charles Baudelaire than of Sappho. In apostrophising Dolores, our Lady of Pain—an abstraction, of which it were best, perhaps, not to attempt definition—the poet cries, somewhat hysterically,

> What ailed us, O Gods, to desert you
> For creeds that refuse and restrain?
> Come down and redeem us from virtue,
> Our Lady of Pain!

Yet another phase of sentiment, as morbid as the last:

> From too much love of living,
> From fear of death set free,
> We thank with brief thanksgiving
> Whatever Gods there be,
> That no man lives forever,
> That dead men rise up never,
> That even the weariest river,
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

These lines *may* be simply a dramatic expression of sentiment; but they seem more likely to represent in reality the fluctuations of a poetical and unsatisfied soul—'moods of fantastic sadness, nothing worth.' *

In 'Atalanta in Calydon' the erotic element is almost entirely absent. It is a Sophoclean tragedy, imbued throughout with the thoroughly Greek sentiment of patient submission to an inexorable Fate, save in one chorus, which is a passionate protest against the idea of a personal Deity. He who

* Arnold.

Smites without sword, and scourges without rod,
The supreme evil, God.

That this is not altogether a dramatic expression of feeling, but rather the utterance of the author's own belief, is evident enough, as a Greek chorus could hardly be expected to declaim against the *one* Deity. 'Chastelard,' again, is a poem of quite a different stamp. Its luscious and effeminate verse is well adapted to the theme, and the luckless lover of Mary Queen of Scots might have written the delicate little French *chansons* which are sprinkled through the drama. The poem, however, we are inclined to think, might, of all Mr. Swinburne's works, be best spared. Each of the volumes referred to, nevertheless, is of value as showing the state of the poet's mind at the time of their production. A passionate, intensely poetical soul—for we believe, since the time of Shelley, no man has been born with so boundless an enthusiasm for his art as Swinburne—such a soul, let loose upon the world in this nineteenth century, breathes an uncongenial atmosphere. The Philistines are upon him if he worships other gods than theirs. His mind may find refuge only in idealism of one sort or another. Like Shelley, he may idealise humanity, and worship it in the abstract; or like Keats he may throw his soul out towards nature. Mr. Swinburne, in his youth, seems to have followed the example of the latter. But his spirit had not the divine tranquillity of Keats; the injustice and folly of men around him, real or fancied, broke rudely into this dreamland of his, and roused his excitable temperament to what was almost a temporary frenzy. Doubt, however, is in most men but a transient condition of mind. Mr. Swinburne, like Byron and like Shelley, soon found a theme worthy of his powers, and his muse lighted her torch at the flame on the altar of Liberty—then burning brighter than for many a year. The enthusiasm which spread all over England during that glorious struggle for Italy's independence, of which Garibaldi and Mazzini were the leaders, touched the lips of this poet as with fire, and gave us the clarion-like music of the 'Song of Italy,' dedicated to the great republican writer:

Earth shall grow dim with all her golden things,
Pale people and hoar kings;
Yet, though the thrones and towers of nations fall,
Death hath no part in all,
In heaven, nor in the imperishable sea,
Nor Italy, nor thee.

Mr. Swinburne's greatest and most characteristic work is, to our mind, the 'Songs before Sunrise.' In the prologue to this volume, which may be regarded as allegorical, are these lines—which may, or may not, contain a piece of personal spiritual history:

Then he stood up, and trod to dust,
Fear and desire, mistrust and trust,
And dreams of bitter things and sweet;
And shod, for sandals on his feet,
Patience, and knowledge of what must,
And of what may be, in the heat
And cold of years that rot and rust—

The time is past when such an one can 'sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangle's of Neæra's hair.'* The existence of Humanity, its claims for assistance and pity, have at length dawned upon the dreamer. The next piece to the prologue is an ode, of some length, in which the poet calls upon the nations of Europe to join in the 'Republic, One and Indivisible,' which shall gather together and regenerate man. Then we have 'Messidor,' with its fugue-like movement, and grand burden, 'Put in the sickles and reap.' The influence of Victor Hugo, to whom the book is dedicated, is clearly discernible in the most magnificent piece of all—'Mater Triumphalis'—beginning thus:

Through the long years, the centuries brazen-gated,
Beside the barred inexorable doors,
From the morning till the evening have we waited,
Lest thy foot haply sound on the awful floors.

The floors untrodden of the sun's feet glimmer,
The star-unstricken pavements of the night,
Do the lights burn inside yet? The lights wax dimmer,
On festal faces withering out of sight.

The crowned heads lose the light on them; it may be
Dawn is at hand to strike the loud feast dumb,
To blind the torch-lit centuries till the day be,
The feasting kingdoms till thy kingdon come.

The poet has at length found his ideal, and embraces it with all the passionate energy of his nature—

I have no spirit of skill with equal fingers
At time to sharpen or to slacken strings,

* Milton.

I keep no pace of song with gold-perched singers,
Or chirps of linnets on the wrist of kings.

. . . . . .

I am thy storm-bird in the days that darken,
The petrel in the wind that bears thy bark
To port through night and tempest; if thou hearken
My voice is in thy heavens before the lark.

My song is in the mist that hides thy morning,
My cry is up before the day for thee,
I have heard thee and beheld thee and give warning
Before thy wings divide the sky and sea.

Birds shall rise after, voiced and feathered fairer,
To see in summer what I see in spring,
I have eyes and heart to endure thee, O thunder-bearer,
And they shall be who shall have tongues to sing.

The philosophy of this latter-day poet is still more completely shown forth in a rather long piece entitled 'The Hymn of Man,' written, as he tells us, during the session of the Œcumenical Council at Rome. The poem is a diatribe against the religious—or rather the theistic—idea, and a prophecy that it shall not much longer dominate the mind of Man. To any orthodox reader the sentiment of the 'Hymn of Man,' must be inexpressibly shocking, and for boldness the 'supreme blasphemy' of the closing part is without a parallel in contemporary literature. The orthodox conception of God is to the poet a hateful thing; man, according to Mr. Swinburne, is to shake off the theistic 'superstition:'

For his face is set to the east, his feet on the past and its dead,
The sun re-arisen is his priest, and the light thereof hallows his head.

. . . . . .

Who are ye that would bind him with curses, or blind him with vapour of prayer,
Your night is as night that disperses when light is alive in the air.

And after a torrent of incrimination unequalled in eloquence, even if false in sentiment, the poem closes—

Glory to man in the highest, for man is the master of things!

Those who have studied, even in the slightest degree, the more modern developments of thought in England, will at once perceive that this poem is simply Positivism set to music. This visionary poet has, after all, reached the same conclusions as that school of philosophy, which, based on the writings of Auguste Comte, prides itself above all things on the tangible and practical nature of its teachings. The religion of Humanity, as expounded by Mr. John Morley and his like, is a cult devoid of mystery, and unattractive to idealists. It changes the basis of Faith and Hope as understood by Christians. It sinks the individual in the community and pitilessly regulates all human effort to its one object. It may be an illustration of the law of extremes, that such a faith should find its poet-laureate in one who has hitherto been distinguished by his avowed opposition to all restriction imposed on the individual. At any rate, he is certain to act as interpreter of the new religion to that large order of minds which are more imaginative than critical, and for this reason, if for no other, the works of this latter-day poet possess some interest, and must be regarded as an important contribution to modern literature.

GEORGE H. B. GRAY.

BAY SORREL.

'O WHY do you saddle bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
And why do you saddle bay Sorrel to-day?
There are hacks in the stall, there are nags in the meadow,
The high-withered roan and the flea-bitten grey.'

'I saddle bay Sorrel, that prince of bay horses,
Because past the gate of the castle I go;
If I meet the Black Earl, I would fain be well mounted,
For he is a judge of good horses, you know.'

'Then why do you saddle bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
With pillion so heavy and housings so wide?'
'By the turn of the road I might meet the Earl's daughter,
And what if we met, and she asked for a ride?'

'Then why do you gird on your sword and your sword-belt,
The hilt and the buckle will hurt her fair side?'
'By the ford of the stream I might meet the Earl's riders,
And what if we met, and he asked for my bride?'

He has saddled bay Sorrel, and patted bay Sorrel,
And loosened the blade of his sword in its sheath;
He has decked the wide pillion with gay flowing housings,
And seen to the strappings and girthings beneath.

He has sprung to the saddle: 'Bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
I charge you that bravely you bear us to-day!'
He has passed by the castle, has met the Earl's daughter;
She's up on the crupper; they're off and away!

There's a flicker of steel in the ford by the willows;
A splashing of water, a shout and a cry;
In the tall, trampled grass more than one of the riders
Lies stiffly and grim with his face to the sky.

O, why is his grasp fixed so fast on the bridle?
And why is his sword not returned to its sheath,
Though the sounds of pursuit die away in the distance
And Sorrel is galloping home o'er the heath?

There is blood on the saddle, and blood on the housings,
That drops from the leather and clings to the braid;
She fancied at first 'twas the blood of the foeman
That trickled and fell from the edge of his blade.

'Tis the hand of a stranger, Earl's daughter, Earl's daughter,
Must hold you the stirrup and help you alight;
'Tis the hand of a stranger, bay Sorrel, bay Sorrel,
Must groom you and tend you and feed you to-night.

And never again will you greet him, bay Sorrel;
Your broad back will bear him—ay,—never again,
And only in dreams will you whinny with pleasure
At the touch of his palm on your long silken mane,
Bay Sorrel.

F. R.

ROUND THE TABLE.

THAT the evil of 'tipping' has assumed unpleasant proportions on this continent, any one who travels, more particularly in the United States, must know to his cost. Indeed, on the great lines of travel, 'tipping' is as much in vogue as on the pleasure routes of Europe. And there is this difference, that whereas in England or on the continent of Europe, you can bestow threepence upon a waiter or porter with a satisfying sense of being rather free-handed, in the United States you can not offer less than twenty or twenty-five cents and retain your self-respect. Such at least is my experience, and I dare say the experience of most travellers, though I admit that I labour under a disadvantage which may make some difference. I have the misfortune to *look* a greater capitalist than I am. It is perhaps my appearance that secures for me a superfluous degree of obsequiousness on the part of menials, which people who are greater capitalists than they look often fail to receive. It is true that I take a guilty pleasure in the hallucination of servants in this respect, which would be quite unalloyed if I did not find myself compelled to act up to my part, to some extent, in the matter of 'tips.' These delicate and sympathetic attentions are always followed by unmistakable appeals to my bounty. 'Stewards' in Pullman cars, baggage-men on steamboats, porters at hotels, waiters in restaurants—they all do it. I am so weak as to yield generally to their mute, inglorious appeals; and I doubt if the average traveller is any stronger. Of course the imbecility of yielding is obvious. When you know that a man is already adequately paid for serving you—by his employers, and through them by yourself—it is absurd to pay him over again. I know exactly how I should meet that Ethiopian of the Pullman car, when, whisking some imaginary dust from my person—I having recently removed the actual dust with my own particular whisk—he extends an eloquent palm. I should sit down with an air of abstraction, softly hum a tune, and gaze out of the window. Or, to leave no rankling sense of injury in the claimant's mind, I should force him to admit the illegality of his demand. 'My man, and also my brother,' I should say, 'I shall not affect to misunderstand your actions. You want twenty-five cents. Now I know you would not expect me to give you that sum unless you thought yourself entitled to it. But reflect a moment: you are not entitled to it. In whisking from my person dust which only your microscopic eye could detect, or even in making up my bed last night an hour before I wanted to retire, in pretending to blacken my boots, in misinforming me as to the number of hours the train is behind time—in all these thing you are only doing what for a certain price you have contracted to do. But I did not contract with you. Between you and me there is absolutely no privity of contract. Mr. Pullman is your man. You contract with him; he contracts with me. I pay him; he pays you. If he doesn't pay you enough, tell him so, or get another office, or strike, or do anything that is usual and proper. But don't look to me to adjust the balance between labour and capital. In spite of appearances, I assure you that I do not represent capital; not any more in fact than you, even in the most liberal use of the term, represent labour. Here we are at the station. Bless you! Farewell!' Now I can quite understand that something of this sort would be impressive. I have often told myself that this would be the manly thing to do; but, like many greater men, I have not the courage of my opinions. So I meekly pay, while I inwardly revolt, and I dare say that many people who can't afford to tip do the same. The people who have taught waiters, *et hoc genus omne*, to look for tips, deserve the execration of all travellers who only *look* like capitalists. How those get on who neither are, nor look like, capitalists, I can only imagine. They are doubtless free

from the annoyance of too much politeness; but I fancy they are often subjected to the annoyance of none at all.

The whisk I have referred to incidentally as furnishing a specious pretext for a tip. The whisk, instead of a blessing, threatens to become a nuisance to travellers. For example. You step from the train at some 'getting-off place'—say Albany—where you have to wait five or six hours for a train to somewhere else—say Boston, to be particular. The 'steward' of the drawing-room car has 'dusted' you in a perfunctory way before you left it. This has cost you twenty-five cents. A few steps bring you to a large hotel. A negro meets you at the doorstep, and brandishes a whisk. You enter, and before you have time to protest or explain, you are being 'dusted' again. This annoys you, and you think that you would like to 'dust' that negro, though you don't tell him so. You know that your coat is wearing threadbare with endless and needless dusting, yet you say nothing. But you summon all your force of character, and offer your tormentor no gratuity. As you walk away, quite absent-mindedly, you catch sight of his face. He is despising you. Nevertheless you are strong, and saunter to the barber's shop where you propose to wash your hands. (Query, Why doesn't somebody offer to wash your hands for you. That *would* be a service, after you have been travelling all day.) At the door of the barber's shop a small boy faces you. He flourishes aloft—a whisk. Good! You are desperate. Your spirit, well-nigh broken by incessant whisking, rises at last. 'Ruffian!' you exclaim in an awful voice, 'desist. The man who lays his whisk upon me save in the way of kindness—that is, the man who dares to touch me with a whisk, dies! I have been whisked to that extent that it would ruffle the feathers and the temper of an archangel. Whisked into desperation, at last my blood is up; the lion in me is roused. Be warned in time! I shall be whisked no more!' This has the desired effect. The boy retires in confusion, and the master-barber, brought to an unwonted sense of shame, admits that 'parties has to go through a deal of whisking in *this* hotel.' The above incident actually befell me in the free and glorious Republic—subject to one exception. I did not address the barber's boss exactly in these terms. They are what, on subsequent reflection, I determined that I should have said.

—'Build thee more stately mansions, oh! my soul!' is a command that nowadays might with great aptness be given to an architect or master-builder. Perhaps, 'build thee more appropriate or more congruous mansions, oh, my architect!' would be better. I wonder whether it would have any effect thus to apostrophise him, and whether it would make him see the unfitness of Mansard roofs to houses situated in the country amidst rural delights. In a city they are commanding and even stately, especially when not standing alone, as they have the great advantage of economising space, as for example, in the row of mansions on the Duke of Westminster's property in London and many other specimens nearer home. But for a country spot where one looks (alas! often in vain) for snugness and roominess and homeliness, these cold uncompromising houses are most undesirable and uncomfortable. We hear a great deal of people who 'beautify' their native towns by raising pumps for the poor, building town halls and market-places; but we are not so often told when a town has been 'uglified,' if I may use a word coined by Lewis Carroll. And yet how much more often is this the case, only, of course, no one likes to say so, when some well-meaning philanthropist, out of the kindness of his ignorant old heart, has built some horrid and offensive structure, intended to charm the eye and satisfy the mind. How would it look if an enterprising and artistic reporter, whose soul abhorred the ugly, were to inform his readers that, 'Yesterday, Mr. C——, at a great deal of unnecessary expense, opened the fountain he has been putting up for the inhabitants of the place. This benevolent old noodle has added one more blot to our already hideous town. The fountain in question was evidently designed by a madman and reared by imbeciles. Our best wish towards it is, that it may be speedily carried away in fragments by those unhappy ones who think it a "thing of beauty" and would like bits of it as relics.' Certainly Mr. C— and all the natives of the town would be disgusted and annoyed, and the enterprising reporter would probably get discharged,

and very likely no good would have been done after all. And yet it is a very crying shame that people should build as their own wild imaginations move them to. What right has any one to shut out from his fellow creatures, bits of beauty and sunlight, and plant a huge, ungainly building in their stead? Imagine a poet or an artist who has been accustomed to take his daily 'walks abroad' down a certain road, at one particular spot of which he always stops to fill his senses with delight, for at that point may be seen the curve of a river, with a group of slender silver birches gracefully drooping over it, the foliage on the other side being dense and dark. One day he comes and finds that some one is building there; by-and-bye the birches are cut down, the river is no more seen, and, instead of an Italian house meeting the sight, suggestive of romance and poetry, or a pretty English cottage, bringing thoughts of a comfortable home, of love and kindness, he sees an enormous pile of bricks with meaningless gables and a straight verandah with high-flown decorations. Don't go up that straight path and ring the sharp bell, for the people who live there you may be sure are selfish; they have built selfishly, have never asked themselves, 'Am I trying to make up for shutting out a bit of Mother Nature from all who enjoyed and loved her, by doing my best to make my house a pleasant sight.' No, they have said, 'Does this house please me? Is it bigger than Mrs. R's and Mrs. I's.' If so, they are satisfied, and their aim in constructing the edifice has been attained.

—The writer of an article in the August number of the MONTHLY gives it as his opinion that Miss Mulock (Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik) has carried her works to an elevation of moral purity, in the largest sense of the words, to which no other novelist, male or female, has ever attained. Some of the guests round the Table may share this opinion. Certainly those who have sympathized in the fortunes of 'John Halifax, Gentleman'—and few readers who can appreciate fiction of a high class have not—can hardly help feeling some friendly and grateful interest in the writer of his delightful story. I therefore expect thanks for the brief extract from a private letter which I am going to give them:

'Our family became acquainted with Dinah Mulock just after the publication of her first book, "The Ogilvies," seven-and-twenty years ago. She was then three-and-twenty, and without being regularly pretty, was wonderfully effective looking. She has of late grown extremely stout, but she was a very graceful girl at that time, with large, grey, beautiful eyes; and she sang most exquisitely, having a great talent, almost amounting to genius, for music. We soon came to see a great deal of her, and a year after our intimacy began, we introduced her to the family of her future husband, my cousin George Craik, he being then a mere boy, eleven years younger than herself. It was not till many years afterwards, when he was twenty-five and she thirty-six, that an accident which he met with resulted in their becoming attached to one another. He was travelling one winter day from Glasgow to London, when the train went off the line, and he was injured so severely that he nearly lost his life, one leg having to be cut off almost at the thigh. He was at that time a stranger to London, and Dinah was almost the only person there whom he knew, so when asked for the name of some friend to send to, he gave her address. She came at once, and was with him from that time all through his illness. It ended in their becoming engaged, and two years after they were married. This you see was quite a piece of romance, and another incident almost as romantic has happened to her since her marriage. She has had no children of her own, but eight years ago she found a child. In the dawn of a cold January morning, a little girl nearly a year old was discovered by the roadside near her house, almost dead from exposure. Dinah took the little thing in, cared for it, and adopted it for her own. She and her husband, with their dear little Dorothy, live now in a very pretty house which they have built about ten miles from London. She is the most popular person in all the neighborhood. She is wonderfully energetic and helpful, and people from all quarters bring their joys and sorrows to her. You would scarcely imagine from her looks, perhaps, what a shrewd and practical woman of business she is, rapid and clear and decided in all she does. She makes a few enemies, but she makes many friends, and

she is one of the most unchangeable and faithful of women.'

—I cannot say that the advocacy of the guest at last month's Table has altogether convinced me of the advisability of keeping a diary; and, as the subject is of some importance, I should like to bespeak a little patience while I enlarge upon it somewhat. Never having kept a diary myself, it will be understood that I approach the subject from the standpoint of an outsider, dealing with it mainly, though not altogether, on 'high *priori*' grounds. The admission that silly people will keep silly diaries, and be thereby made sillier, or, at least, confirmed in their silliness, taken in connection with Carlyle's definition of mankind as 'mostly fools,' would lead to an inference as to the keeping of diaries too obvious to need pointing out; and it becomes a serious question for any one who meditates taking up the role of a diarist, to ascertain whether he belongs to Carlyle's majority or not. Assuming him to have settled that question to his own satisfaction, still it seems to me far from certain that keeping a diary would do him more good than harm. Even the wisest man is seldom perfectly free from an overweening sense of his self-importance; and keeping a diary can hardly do other than foster such a feeling. Your true diary must absolutely reek with Self,—with the great *I*, the eternal and irrepressible Ego. It must begin, centre, and end in Self. It can cease to do so only by ceasing to be a diary. Such acquaintance as I have with diary-keepers, whether in the flesh, or in the spirit as embalmed in their diaries, has not furnished me with any serious exception to invalidate the axiom: Show me a diarist, and I will show you an egotist. Even if self-introspection be scrupulously avoided, and the diary be rigidly confined to events and opinions of an objective character, it can hardly help taking the form of '*I* did this,' or '*I* think that,' or 'So-and-so did such-and-such a thing to Me.' Events are set down, not because they are worth setting down, or of the slightest intrinsic importance, but simply because they happened to the writer. A feminine habit of mind is induced. It is axiomatic that 'women care nothing for politics except their personalities.' Most men know how difficult it is to get an average woman really interested in anything outside herself and the narrow circle of her relations and acquaintances. The idea of humanity as a whole, or of posterity, is too wide, too impersonal for her to grasp. Keeping a diary must tend to produce a similar tone of mind. In the ordinary life of a man nowadays, it cannot be possible that something worthy the dignity of preservation in black and white will happen oftener than very rarely, let alone every day. A diary kept in accordance with the usual determination to set something down each day, must then inevitably be a record of the merest wishy-washy commonplace,—a chronicle of the smallest of small beer. A narrow range of vision and a petty habit of mind will be induced. Voltaire, in his Charles XII., makes a remark to the effect that, under the operation of some law of mental perspective, men are apt to imagine that the events of their own time and country, passing as they do under their own immediate observation, are the most important that have befallen the human race since the creation of the world. In the case of the diarist, however, there is danger of the yet more grotesque result, that he will cease to be greatly interested even in the events of his own time and country, or in any save those in which he himself takes part, or in which he occupies a prominent place. An Eastern war, a famine in India, a crisis in France, will be dwarfed into the merest trifles in comparison with events so momentous as a visit to the theatre, a constitutional walk, a flirtation with a pretty girl, or a call from a frivolous acquaintance which results in the terrible record, 'an evening wasted.' Even when the diarist passes his life among public men and in public affairs, one can see from such an example as Greville—a man unquestionably far abler than the ordinary run—how strong a tendency there is in a diary to degenerate partly into a mere chronicle of scandal, back-biting, tittle-tattle, and back-stairs gossip, and partly into a species of court of social justice—or injustice—where the diarist sets himself up on a lofty pedestal of superior wisdom and virtue, and, as self-constituted universal *censor morum*, deals out his petty judgments on his whole circle of friends and acquaintances. It must have been an exquisite solace to a man like Greville, after having been ignominiously

worsted in an after-dinner contest of wit or argument with Macaulay or Brougham, to go home and 'take it out of them' in his diary. The revenge was a cheap one, however. John Stuart Mill has remarked somewhere upon the deterioration of character which results to a man from being habitually the 'king of his company,' as, for instance, an eldest brother who is looked up to by an awe-stricken and reverential circle of brothers and sisters, as a sort of infallible 'Sir Oracle,' who, when he opes his lips, let every dog bite his tongue. But no autocrat runs so monotonously unbroken a career of victory, or lords it over his company so absolutely, as the potentate who reigns in the pages of a diary. *There*, a Pepys can extinguish a Shakspere; as thus: 'September 29, 1662. To the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.' Heaven preserve *me* from the tender mercies of a diarist in search of scalps to hang at his girdle! The taste of blood makes him dangerous, and there is no knowing whom he will bite. Perhaps it will be said that men like Greville or our imaginary autocrat belong to Carlyle's majority. If so, it is to be feared that the wise minority to whom alone it is permitted to keep diaries, is a very slender one indeed. In this age of self-assertion and general priggishness, the need is not to foster the sense of one's own importance, but rather its opposite—what Mill well calls the 'feeling of the miserable smallness of mere self in the face of this great universe.' Nor need there be any undue self-depreciation. The man who is most tender in his regard for the rights and feelings of others, will generally be found equally sensitive to any outrage on his own.

But if the dangers of the 'objective' diary are grave, those of the 'subjective' are graver; and in spite of the assurance of last month's guest to the contrary, I think it is well-nigh impossible to prevent diary-keeping from begetting a self-examinative and self-analytic habit of mind. Diaries of this character are mostly kept by young girls fresh from school. Their lives are passed in inaction. Having nothing to do, the time hangs heavily on their hands, and their minds are thrown in upon themselves, a morbid condition of the brain and nervous system being the inevitable result. A girl in this state has 'feelings like nobody else,' which she is more than half inclined to fancy are revelations from heaven, a condition which occasionally degenerates into that species of morbid religious enthusiasm to which young women have been specially liable in all ages of the world, conspicuous examples of which may be seen in St. Catharine of Siena, Elizabeth of Hungary, St. Teresa, and, to come down to the present day, Louise Lateau, the Belgian stigmatic. The extremely morbid self-feeling and self-deception manifested by these *dévotes*—who may be taken as typical though extreme examples of a numerous class—is precisely the sort of mental habit which the self-analytic diary seems well calculated to foster, especially in women, from the more subjective character of their life; though such instances as Boehm, Swedenborg, William Blake, and John Law show that men are very far from being free from a similar disposition to mistake subjective feelings for objective facts—to transmute dreams into realities. A typical example of the subjective diarist is Eugénie de Guerin, a woman who during a large portion of her life lived in an extremly unhealthy mental condition. Every one has known instances of people afflicted with a monomania on the subject of their health. The first act of one of these victims, on getting out of bed in the morning, is to rush to the looking-glass to examine the state of his tongue. Every passing ache or unusual feeling fills him with alarm. He is everlastingly quacking himself, being especially anxious respecting the latter half of the parting injunction of the old lady to her soldier-boy when embarking for the Crimea: 'Trust in God, and keep your bowels open'. Such people are objects of pity and half-amused contempt, and are nuisances to themselves and every one about them. But is the disposition to be eternally examining and analysing one's mental feelings and condition one whit more respectable than the analogous disposition with regard to one's bodily feelings and condition? Let Dr. Maudsley answer. His words have been already quoted at this Table, but they will bear listening to again: 'As the man whose every organ is in per-

fect health scarcely knows that he has a body, and only is made conscious that he has organs when something morbid is going on, so a healthy mind in the full exercise of its functions, is only awakened to self-consciousness by something morbid in the processes of its activity. To fly for refuge to the contemplation of one's feelings and thoughts is in direct frustration of the purposes of one's being as an element in Nature. . . . *It is only in actions that we truly live,* and by our actions that we can truly know ourselves. How mischievous, then, any encouragement of a morbid self-feeling, religious or otherwise, is likely to be, it is easy to perceive'. Even religion itself is degraded into a mere personal, self-regarding matter—a sort of other-world egotism. That diary-keeping really does tend to encourage self-contemplation, if not the morbid self-feeling spoken of by Dr. Maudsley, is unwittingly shown in the final remark of last month's guest, that 'each volume' of a diary, 'as it is laid away, should "fix" the glowing reflection of mental progress through active and earnest days.' But why photograph this 'glowing reflection,' unless for the purpose of future contemplation? and where is the essential difference between a physical coxcomb contemplating his bodily image—his pretty face, jaunty figure, and gorgeous get-up—in a looking-glass, and an intellectual coxcomb contemplating his mental image in the pages of a diary? Nineteenth-century civilization no doubt finds looking-glasses indispensable; but that diaries are not so is demonstrated by the insignificance of the number of people who keep them. The darkest blot on the character of Goethe is the colossal egotism which strikes a dominant note through his whole life, seeking to make everybody and everything subservient to Self. This profound self-love would of itself suffice to place an immeasurable gulf between him and Shakspere, whose serene unconsciousness of self is something absolutely sublime. But then Shakspere's was probably the sanest mind that ever illuminated this earth. Can one fancy the creator of Macbeth, Othello, and Lear keeping a diary of the trite commonplaces of everyday life. In Hamlet we have precisely the morbid temperament—fertile in self-contemplation but incapable of action—which would take naturally to keeping a diary, and accordingly Shakspere, with his inevitable and consummate truth to nature, represents him as a diarist, or something like one, in the passage:

'My tables:—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villan.'

His innate nobility of soul, however, saved the melancholy Dane from mere egotism.

The list given by last month's guest of the advantages of keeping a diary, is brief and not much to the purpose. It is a curious way of praising a thing to say that it is something else. A good commonplace-book is a good thing, but it is not a diary; and the less it resembles one the better it is likely to be as a commonplace-book. A man who should sit down daily for the purpose of writing out 'an intelligent comment on daily occurrences'—great and small (mostly the latter)—and 'a brief record of his honest opinions as to all he sees and reads'—trivial and important (mostly the former)—whether he possesses materials or knowledge sufficient to enable him to form an opinion, or whether his opinion is worth forming or worth recording, and who, in any case, sets it down, not because it *is* worth recording, but simply because it is *his* opinion, would be in a fair way of becoming a prig of the very first water; and a prig, too, who would get into the habit of dwelling upon trifles as matters of deepest importance. If a man must be forming opinions, let him at least form them on subjects about which it is worth while to form opinions; not about the wretched trivialities which go to make up ordinary life nowadays, and which must constitute the staple of every diary which is really what its name imports. *De niminis non curat sapiens.* A wise man does not bother his head about trifles. Consequently, no wise man will keep a genuine diary, which must, *ex vi termini*, concern itself mainly with trifles. Diaries which live, like those of Evelyn, Pepys, or Eugénie de Guerin, do so, not as diaries, but as literature or history. If one must 'keep' something, let it be a note-book in which will be recorded—not each day, but as occasion demands—only such thoughts, opinions, and events as are really worth preserving, carefully avoiding anything like egotism. A book of this kind will be free from all the evils incident to a diary, and productive of

all its benefits, including practice in writing English. From the general tenour of my remarks it will no doubt be gathered that, in my view, keeping a diary cannot be a mere amusement. Possibly it may be something better, although I cannot think so. Probably it will be something worse. It must be one or the other. It is not in its nature to have no other effect than mere recreation.

Our diarist is now tracked to his last stronghold. A diary, it seems, may 'in after years call up pleasant memories, and speak of "old times" in their own voice.' But how if the memories are unpleasant? Or, supposing them pleasant, how if the 'after years' are the reverse? In that case do not the words of the mighty mediæval Italian, as paraphrased by Tennyson, tell us that 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things?' And if one has been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, so that his lines have fallen in pleasant places through his whole life, why should he indolently luxuriate or dream lotos-like over past or present joys, when in this work-a-day world there is labour in abundance for ready hands and willing hearts. It needs not a diary to keep green the memory of things worth remembering. The trouble is to forget trivialities that ought to be forgotten. The chief events of a man's life are ineffaceably branded into his brain, as with a red hot iron. He cannot forget them if he would. The past cannot be undone or lived again. Shall we then waste our energies in sentimental reminiscence, in vain memories or more vain regrets? No! *Laborare est orare.* In a sense equally true, *Laborare est vivere.* 'It is only in actions that we truly live.' Then —to quote words of which those of Dr. Maudsley are a re-echo,—the words of Longfellow's noblest poem—his one inspiring utterance which will live forever—

> 'Let the dead Past bury its dead!
> Act, act in the living Present,
> Heart within and God o'erhead!

—Room, friends, for the devil's advocate! The sacred college is in full conclave, for another mortal has aspired to sanctity; and all that influence and energy *can* do has been done to ensure his canonization. But before actually letting the candidate through his 'little go,' we will give ear to what Diabolus (by his counsel learned in the law) has to say in the matter. Diabolus, my good fellow, we know you are always sure to vote for the 'pluck', but can't you make an exception, my friend, this once? Diabolus shakes his head. Come now, Diabolus, here is Mr. Alexander McLachlan, a canny Scot, who aspires to the laurels of a canonized poet, surely you will forgive anything to a Scot who has not become a minister? Still truculent? Oh! hang it, man, look at the neophyte's sponsors! here's the Reverend (don't wince) Mr. Begg, who assures us that the aspirant is a gifted and peerless poet, one of those few who add to the world's real capital stock of thought. There can be no mistake about it, for the witness was told as much by two solvent and respectable parties, the *Scottish American Journal* and the Toronto *Globe*, good men and true, and eminent judges of poetry both of them, especially the latter. You see, Diabolus, your function for once is superseded, you can merely appear as part of the pageant, just to take a formal objection and then hold the match while we seal the poet's patent of nobility. But Diabolus protests, and as he is strong of lungs and insists on a hearing, we must fain let him have his way. Quoth the Evil One grimly: Meseemeth that this man is no poet, and I crave the judgment of this court in my favour in that behalf. It is well in all cases of dispute to consider well our 'fundamentals.' Now a Poet in the true old times was called a 'maker', and a 'maker' he has got to be yet, or no real poetry is in him. Consider it well, gentlemen; not a hasher, or a compounder, or a reproducer, or a warmer-up of other folks' ideas; not a purloiner of scraps or an experimentalist on versifications, but a maker or creator. His choice of subjects generally stamps your would-be poet, and too often brands him 'poetaster' on the forehead. For instance (says Diabolus, skimming over the leaves of the Rev. Mr. Begg's brief, and smiling somewhat truculently), if we find a poet indulging in such *slightly* hackneyed self-questioning as 'Why did I leave thee oh, why did I part from thee, lovely Cartha, thou stream of my heart?' we conclude we are on the track of a versifier and nothing more. As a rule the 'bonny Scot' has a sufficient reason for parting; and seldom allows the love of his country, though 'a

languing that nane save the weary can know,' to interfere with his business prospects in a strange land. But this would not look well in numerous verse, so we have the happy (but old) device of the oft-repeated query, 'Oh, why did I leave thee?' . . . and so on *da capo;* but only echo answers, and its answer is 'why?' Furthermore, the true poet strikes a keynote of thought, and the groundlings echo it. Tennyson sings:

> 'My own dim life should teach me this,
> That life shall live for evermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is.
> . . . . . .
> What then were God to such as I?'

and he answers his own expression of sceptical, doubtful, yearning, in the words we know so well:

> 'What hope of answer or redress?
> Behind the veil, behind the veil!'

McLachlan (continues the Devil, who had read the foregoing lines from his own pocket—the pirated American—edition with much expression) can tell us the same tale with a difference. 'Oh! why have we longings infinite, and affections deep and high, and glorious dreams of immortal things, if they are but born to die? Are they will-o'-wisps that gleam where the deadly nightshade grows? Do they end in *dust and ashes* all? And the voice still cried, "Who knows"?' McLachlan also sings,

> 'The dark veil at last is withdrawn,
> Rejoice in the light of the glorious dawn.'

One Wordsworth (continues the advocate, settling down to his work and placing the wisp of his tail on Tennyson to keep the place)—one Wordsworth, whose case, when it came before this honorable court, and my own well intentioned but, I am now willing to confess, mistaken endeavors to throw it out, I well remember, has written some pretty lines upon the daffodils. 'A poor thing, Sir, but my own,' he might well have said, for it was he who first pointed out the humanity—ay, and the divinity, that lay hidden in the flowers of the field. McLachlan sings that, 'There are gleams of Thee and glory in the daffodil,' and we can assure him that we would have taken Wordsworth's word for it, without any necessity for him to shove *his* oar in.

I could do more than all this, and could point out in our well-known poets the very Pierian springs which our friend McLachlan has used as mere taps at which to fill his pint pot. The stoup is his own, and like some wooden buckets, leaves a taste of its own upon the borrowed nectar. But, at the same time, we may safely assert that had Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning never written, Mr. McLachlan would have produced a very different brewage. Is it your pleasure, my Lords, that his handiwork should be placed 'side by side with Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality?' Placet or non-placet? The non-placets have it.

—No doubt, Mr. Host, you and your staff of reviewers have other things to attend to than that of shedding light on the obfuscated intellect of a contemporary who happens to be preternaturally dull of comprehension. Doubtless, then, you will not object to allow a guest at this Table to expose the profound obtuseness or wilful blindness of the *Christian Guardian*, in the matter of your well deserved denunciation of the republication, at this time of day and in this country, of such a work as Gideon Ouseley's 'Old Catholicism.' The point—as to stigmatising Roman Catholics as idolaters—taken in the 'Note' printed in your last number under the head of 'Book Reviews,' was so obvious, that, had I not read the *Guardian's* reply, or what it intended for a reply, in its issue of the 10th Sept., I should have thought that no one of average intellect could have missed it. The point was, in effect, that a person guilty of what another holds to be idolatry, is not necessarily an idolater, and that to stigmatise him as such may be mere vulgar abuse. According to the logic of the *Guardian*, Moses must have been an idolater when he worshipped in front of the burning bush; and the Jewish high-priest was equally one, when, in the holy of holies, he paid adoration to what his senses assured him was a mere cloud. Mohammedans charge the Trinitarian with polytheism, as worshipping three Gods, and the Christian with idolatry, because he worships Christ—a mere man in their eyes. Professor Clifford, too, in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review* which the *Guardian* praised so highly, in one sweeping generalisation, which includes

Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian alike, fastens the same charge of idolatry upon the theist or deist of every age and clime, as being the worshipper of an idol—not made with hands, it is true, but manufactured by the human brain. His words are, that man has 'made all Gods, and shall unmake them.' Prof. Clifford's contention, no doubt, would be that the five senses give no more evidence of a God existing in space, than they do of a God existing in the wafer of the Catholic mass. He would probably say that, in both cases, the superstition or imagination (that is, the *belief*) of the worshipper equally projects God into the object outside his mind, whether that object be the material bread or the material universe. According to the *Guardian*, the 'belief' of Moses, of the Jewish high-priest, of the Trinitarian, the Christian, and the theist or deist, makes no difference in the nature of the act of worship performed by them, and ought not to influence our estimate of them, or the language which we use towards them. In short, to adopt the *Guardian's* own illustration, every man who makes a false statement is a liar, no matter how firmly he may believe in the truth of what he says; and every man whose ideas as to the modes in which the Deity manifests Himself, differ from those of the editor of the *Guardian*, is an idolater. Does argumentation of this character really call for any more formal refutation than merely to strip it of all disguise and shew it in its naked deformity? I think not.

The editor of the *Guardian* is no doubt aware that, during several centuries, *universal* Christendom believed, as an integral and vital part of its religion, that the bread in the mass was God, or that God was present in it. Does he then stigmatise the Christianity of that age as idolatry, and brand as idolaters the whole body of Christians who then lived, including such men as Roger Racon, Duns Scotus, Aquinas, Chaucer, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Copernicus, Savonarola, Sir Thomas More, and St Xavier; including also most of the leading reformers, such as Luther and Melancthon, who maintained, under the name of consubstantiation or impanation, the doctrine that, 'after consecration, the body and blood of Christ are substantially present in the bread and wine;' a belief embodied, with little or no variation, in the Augsburg, Westminster, and other Protestant Confessions, as well as in the thirty-nine Articles, a document accepted with certain limitations by Methodists themselves. Wesley himself believed in the Real Presence, and consequently, by the *Guardian's* shewing, was an idolater in theory, and was kept from becoming one in practice, only by not acting out his professed belief, as he ought to have done. The duty of every Christian is to worship God wherever, in feeling after Him, he finds Him; and if Wesley found Him *really present* in the consecrated bread and wine, he ought to have worshipped Him there. The whole Christian world, then, being given over to 'idolatry' for several centuries preceding the year 1500 or thereabouts (indeed, the doctrines of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation may be traced back to Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and other Christian Fathers of the second century), will the editor of the *Guardian* be kind enough to tell us what, during those centuries, had become of the Christian religion, which we have been in the habit of fancying has descended to us in an unbroken stream from Christ and his Apostles? Perhaps he will say that Christianity continued to exist, though in a corrupt form. But the question is not one of mere corruption. The commandment, 'Thou shalt have none other gods before me,' is an essential part of Christianity, and an idolater, by violating that commandment, *ipso facto* ceases to be a Christian. The argument of the *Guardian*, then, commits it to the position that Christianity had no existence during several centuries prior to the year 1500, and that the three hundred million members of the Roman Catholic, Greek, and Lutheran Churches now living in the world, besides an important section of the Anglican Church, are not our fellow-Christians. And this is Christian charity, as exemplified in one of our leading religious journals in this nineteenth century after Christ!

—Whoever does or reads or writes all he means to do or read or write during a season of leisure? How discontentedly do we often survey the contents of a little library we take with us on a holiday excursion,—the Wordsworth we meant to study, the volumes of Ruskin or Carlyle we meant to dream over, but which have perhaps

been hardly opened. To such the following reflections may give a little comfort. 'But who reads all the books he takes in a journey with him? The imagination makes the preparations for departure; and the current of business, the interruptions that occur, carry off with them the uncut volumes of 'Dante, Newton, and Pascal; but it is already something to have promised to look at them; it is the little seed of the ideal which slumbers, and can slumber a long time without losing its fertilizing power. We preserve the love of letters without having the time to read, and that is the main thing.' We may console ourselves, then, with the idea, that when in the rush and bustle of life we look longingly at the backs of the books in our libraries or even in the book-shops, we are preserving the 'little seed of the ideal—' the 'love of letters' which is the 'main thing.' Perhaps it may be due to this, in part, that it is almost a liberal education in itself to be brought up among books, even when they are but slightly looked into. There is a sort of atmosphere about a library; the books gather around themselves associations vague but real, almost as if the authors were there with living companionship. Few writers do not feel the stimulus of writing among books. It is one of the justifications of collecting a library around one, a thing which, in this so called *practical* age, will doubtless be more and more regarded as an extravagance.

—The last man I should have suspected of giving an opinion on the Dunkin Act was the Lord Protector of England, Oliver Cromwell. After Dunbar fight, and before he was Lord Protector, his army being quartered in Edinburgh, and Dundas still holding out in the castle, Oliver sent a civil message to the Presbyterian ministers who had taken refuge there, bidding them come out and preach to their flocks. At considerable length the ministers demurred, and one of their numerous grounds of refusal was that men of civil employment (godly corporals, to wit) do usurp their sacred calling, at which they take much umbrage. To this Oliver makes incisive answer, exposing their pretensions to a monopoly of preaching with such vigorous arguments as we can well imagine. The only passage I need quote is this: 'Your pretended fear lest Error should step in' (the true papistical reason for keeping the scriptures from the unlearned commonalty) '*is like their's who would keep all the wine out of the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge.*' (Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, by T. Carlyle. Letter cxlviii., vol. 2, p. 211, edition 1857). Ah! Oliver, it seemed to your straightforward mind the very *reductio ad absurdum* to say of any given proposition,—that it resembled a course which now commends itself to so many amongst us! Would that controversialists might adopt your trenchant conclusions, or, at the very least, condense their arguments into three pithy sentences like those I have given!

—May I, a bashful visitor from the country, venture to take one of the chairs round the Table for a few moments' talk with the outspoken conversationalist who discourses so eloquently about 'the consistency of some of our religious journals?' Not that I am going to attempt the defence of those journals. That is their own matter—no easy one either, if one may judge from the samples of style set before us. But I was rather taken aback by the logic of the 'digression on the merits of the Dunkin Act.' It was so kind, certainly, to inform readers that Mr. Allen's argument 'proved to a demonstration' that said Act is 'an outrage on liberty.' Some of those less skilled in dialectics might have failed to see it. Some might even have committed the blunder of pinning their faith to the sleeve of FIDELIS'S able and temperate rejoinder, with its somewhat formidable array of evidence on the workings of the Maine law and other points. But why pile Pelion on Ossa to no purpose, by going on to give 'equally unanswerable proof' that it is also 'unjust in principle'? One is reminded of the suitor, Irish of course, who, when asked by the judge to explain the cause of the non-appearance of a witness, proceeded to assign a number of reasons, the first being that the man was dead.

As if that which is an outrage on liberty were at all *likely* to be otherwise than unjust in principle. But what is the 'unanswerable proof?' 'In seeking to put down

a certain traffic it punishes only one party to it.' It will be news to the promoters of the Act that it punishes anybody. They fondly supposed that its aim was to protect and to save, not to punish. I do not suppose it would be claimed that the Deadly Weapons Act punished the dealers in that particular kind of hardware, though its enforcement will be pretty sure to interfere with a profitable branch of business. Again, if *punishing* is involved, may it not be fairly asked if the loss of his daily drams is not as severe an infliction to the toper, as the loss of his pence to the publican? Once more, I have always thought one of the strongest arguments against prohibition, was the fact that the penalty would fall upon the moderate drinker, as well as upon the seller and the drunkard. But alas for misplaced sympathy! The poor seller is after all, it is now discovered, the tempted one and the victim. In search of a short and easy cut to affluence he invests in whiskey, exposes his glasses, etc., in the most inviting manner. He knows of course that a chief source of his expected gains will be the depraved appetites of poor wretches, whose manhood, if not already gone, is oozing out with every glass, and whose wives and children are often suffering poverty and physical pain, and always the thousandfold worse pangs of mental and moral anguish in consequence. He knows all this, and sets up his sign, fondly hoping, of course, that these poor wretches will not enter to tempt him. He is consistent, no doubt, and prays still more fervently that other young and middle-aged men who are yet respectable may not tempt him to the still worse crime of becoming instrumental in their downfall. But, poor man! They would come in spite of his prayers; they did tempt him, and alas! he fell. And now to punish him by depriving him of his liberty to go on sinning, increasing his stores of anguish, and prolonging the miseries of his temptation!

But 'stop the demand' and the supply will cease. This is to deal with the evil at the fountain. Well, is not that included in the prohibitionist's programme? But how will that help the case of the poor victim of unjust legislation, the seller? His occupation is gone all the same. I fail to see that it matters much after all, whether you take the cart from behind the horse, or the horse from before the cart. Can the Table see it?

The proof that the 'Act legalizes robbery' seems to me another gem of logic. So much property is engaged in the liquor traffic, so many people are dependent upon it. All this property is to be destroyed, all these people to be robbed? How? By legislation? Is this legislation fair and above board? Yes. Is due notice given? Yes. Is it demanded by the majority? Yes, else it cannot be had. Where then is the robbery? Oh, the traffic thus destroyed is '*a perfectly legal one*, be it remembered.' (The italics are mine). Perfectly legal after it has been, by the conditions of the problem, declared illegal, prohibited by the law of the land. This is new light for lawmakers indeed. 'Once legal, always legal,' will henceforth, I suppose, take rank as a maxim in our courts. If the newly-discovered principle can only be extended so as to have an *ex post facto* application, what consolation for the descendants of the much wronged slaveholders, and all others who have ever suffered from fickle legislation, or the fancied progress of society!

But the dry-goods argument! Well, I cannot attack that. I fear there is temptation and preying on human frailty and passion even there. It is quite clear that we cannot correct every evil, cannot remove every form of temptation, by Act of Parliament. The thing is absurd; I see it. *Ergo*, we must not attempt to correct any evil, however great, or to remove any temptation, however deadly, by legislation. Yes, *ergo*, that settles the question. Friends of humanity and progress, it's all up with you. All prohibitory legislation, all attempts to facilitate social progress and to protect the weak by legislation, are wrong and wicked. They are liable to lessen somebody's gains, and so punish the wrong party. *Ergo*, they are unjust in principle. They may interfere with somebody's 'perfectly legal' business. *Ergo*, they tend to legalize 'robbery.' The method cannot be applied to every possible form and grade of social evil and temptation; *ergo*, I don't see what, exactly, but listen at the Table and you shall learn.

'Every grocer in Toronto knows that it is impossible to make a living out of "dry groceries" alone.' This is indeed news to a poor ignoramus from a small country town which, in its slowness, supports seve-

ral 'dry groceries' very well indeed. But please enlighten me. Are there absolutely no 'dry groceries' in Toronto whose proprietors are making a living? And if not, what is the obvious inference? There are, I feel sure, in Toronto, a great many individuals and families who never patronize the *wet* departments of the groceries they patronize. Are all these indebted to the consumers of the fiery liquid for a percentage on all the groceries they buy? And if so, are they unable or unwilling to pay the full value of the groceries they use, a fair percentage to the grocer included? Will 'dry' grocers and consumers of 'dry' groceries please rise and explain?

—The subject of Prohibition and Dunkin Acts has been perhaps sufficiently before the readers of this Magazine. I wish, however, to notice two or three points in the remarks of a guest at the Table last month. One of these was to the effect that because jewellers' shops, &c., were temptations to female extravagance, these might as reasonably be prohibited as the liquor traffic. Now will our friend really maintain that the evils caused by such temptations to extravagance, can for a moment be compared to the evils caused by the liquor traffic, which not merely tempts to the grossest and most impoverishing extravagance, but, in millions of cases, to the mental, moral and physical ruin of the unhappy victims? If any other traffic entailed anything like the disease, and the misery, and the degeneration, mental and physical, which are its direct effects, and the poverty, and brutality, and anguish which are its indirect results, I think there could be little question as to whether or no, for the good of society, it should be suspended. The trade of the jeweller is, on the whole, useful to society, though extravagant and self-indulgent people may exercise their extravagant propensities in this as in other ways. But few who care to look closely into the matter will maintain that the liquor traffic is, on the whole, useful to society, any more than the opium trade of China, which, no doubt, was very lucrative to a good many traders. But will our friend say, that for the sake of the interests of these traders, a commerce so destructive to humanity should have been perpetuated? If men engage in a traffic which they know has the most fatal effects on numbers of their fellow-men, do they indeed deserve to have their own pecuniary interests so jealously and tenderly guarded? Are they solicitous to prevent their customers from ruining themselves, soul and body? Do they grieve when the bread of starving children is sold to them for the poison which sends the unnatural father home to maltreat, if not to murder, those he has solemnly sworn to cherish? And even if there are many liquor-sellers who would not knowingly contribute to such results, (though they cannot clear themselves from the responsibility of helping to bring them about), can they claim the immunity which other trades do not possess, from loss caused by great social changes? No one ever claimed compensation for the silk-weavers of Coventry, who were at least innocent of injury to others. No one thinks of compensating the merchants who are perhaps ruined by great rises and falls in prices, or changes in tariff. The liquor-seller alone is to be protected from all possible loss by the society of which he is—as a rule—the worst enemy. Our friend may not be convinced that the liquor traffic is injurious to society, but were he convinced of this, as are advocates of the Dunkin Act and kindred measures, would he really think that, nevertheless, the injury to society should be perpetuated for the sake of guarding the pecuniary interests of the comparative few, which are in direct antagonism to the interests—mental, moral, and physical—of the whole community? The thing is preposterous. Then, as to another point. Our friend says that grocers cannot make a living without selling spirits. Now there are grocers who conscientiously refuse to sell spirits, and who do make a living notwithstanding, although they have to contend with heavy odds in the competition with other grocers who do sell spirits, and in consequence sell other commodities cheaper. Do such men—who prefer to lose rather than incur the responsibility of injuring their fellow-men—deserve no consideration? As for the selling of liquor in groceries, this is admitted by careful observers to be the most injurious kind of liquor-selling. More wives and mothers are led into intemperance in this way than in any other, for not only does an insidious temptation meet many who would not

otherwise be exposed to it; but it is by no means uncommon for grocers to create and foster the habit of intemperance in their female customers by treating them in order to promote the sale of their goods. Many and many a family owes its utter misery, in the ruin of the mother, to the circumstance of liquor being sold in the grocery or provision shop. But this is of little account, so that the grocer may go on making his large profits. If a little of the sympathy shown to those who *live* by the traffic, could only be extended to those who are *killed* by it!

CURRENT EVENTS

THE retirement of M. Cauchon from the Government. is one of those unspeakable blessings which even his friends of the past four years can enjoy with mute complacency. So far as we have observed, none of the Liberal journals has honoured him with a political obituary. He died and made no sign, and no survivor has decorated his tomb with *immortelles*, pronounced a eulogy, or penned an epitaph in honour of the man. It may be that the grief of the dominant party lies too deep for tears, and many fathoms out of hearing, if it could form itself into words; but it seems far more probable that, having exhaustively analysed his character during his public lifetime, it finds there is nothing left for flattery or censure to utter. It is said in the Scriptures that 'the memory of the wicked shall rot;' M. Cauchon, if we may accept the strictures of his recent allies, was, while yet alive, in a state of moral putrescence—or at least his offences were, or they would not have ascended so rankly to the upper air. Such being the case, it is perhaps wise in them to bury their dead out of their sight in silence and without display. The charitable maxim which bids us 'speak nought but good about the dead', may be applied to the politically, as well as the physically, departed; and, in that case, the only proper thing to say about the future Lieut. Governor of Manitoba, must be, to use a Hibernicism, to say nothing. The ex-minister, whatever his moral weaknesses may be, has proved himself a man of unquestionable energy, and he is the master of a certain forcible and flippant fluency which is none the less effective because it is adorned by a jerky and spluttering utterance. The *Parliamentary Companion* informs us that he is descended from a member of the *Conseil Supérieur*, who came to Canada in 1636; but it does not tell us whether he was any connection of the famous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who betrayed his country and sacrificed poor Joan of Arc, in 1431. Judging from the political course of the Minister, we should think it not improbable that the relationship might be traced. Be that as it may, our ex-minister has been a busy man in the world of Canadian life, social and political. An editor, wielding a vigorous and trenchant pen, a colonel of militia, a mayor over and over again, a railway and steamboat projector, an author in a small way, and a legislator and minister, it cannot be said that M. Cauchon has been an idle or useless member of society. He was a member of the Lower House from 1844 to 1877, with the exception of about four years and a half, during which he was Speaker of the Senate. A member of three or four Administrations, he seemed to have been born to be a placeman, singularly indifferent to the complexion of the Cabinet, anxious only to keep in, or restlessly intriguing till he succeeded in getting in. Resigning the Speakership after the session of 1872, like the war-horse in Job he said 'Ha! ha!' for he smelt 'the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting,' and hied him down to the Commons to be ready to do service on the side of virtue in the matter of the Scandal. In due time the *ci-devant* Conservative found himself in office once more—the leader of the party

he had spent half a lifetime in denouncing, with a tainted reputation, a record besmirched by his new allies, disliked by all and respected by none—a bitter morsel rolling under the Reform tongue. Perhaps we shall some day learn the secret history of that strange appointment. No explanation hitherto given is at all feasible; there may have been some deep purpose in the move, certainly a deeper one than has yet appeared. It can only be blindly conjectured that the Premier was the plaything of some dire necessity when he consented to shoulder this weird and uncanny 'old man of the sea.' M. Cauchon certainly brought no accession of strength to the Government; the members of the Liberal party in Quebec were, without doubt, highly chagrined at the elevation of an old enemy, whose only merit was that, with the other rats, he had left a sinking ship. Even his *penchant* for talking on every conceivable question had disappeared, or was kept in check by the Premier and Mr. Blake. When he spoke on clerical questions he invariably put his foot in it; Ultramontane as before, the Liberal disguise sat uneasily on him, for his views were unchanged—*lupus pilum mutat, non mentem.* We spoke of M. Cauchon's departure to Manitoba as a political decease; but that may turn out to be a mistake. He has been so long an *intriguant* in public life, is so energetic a man of business and of the world, that even a five years' retirement may only whet his appetite for new triumphs in the old arena. Should he again appear in the same rôle, it is to be hoped that his temporary exile may not have been lost upon him. The winter air of Winnipeg 'bites shrewdly,' and in the limpid purity of its sky he may lose his ill savour and return a morally deodorized politician. At any rate, it is not too much to hope than he will then prove at least as zealous for the interests of his country as he has always been for his own.

The new Minister of Inland Revenue, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, is, in every way, a valuable accession to the Cabinet. A young man, not yet thirty-six years of age, he has manifested an amount of ability, coupled with a sobriety of judgment, which marks him out as a leader of party. The address which he delivered last June before *Le Club Canadien* at Quebec, has now acquired new significance; it is no longer the able utterance of a promising legislator, but must serve as the manifesto of the Quebec Liberals—the best expression of their matured opinions. M. Laurier naturally skimmed over the wildnesses of his predecessors, the *Rouges*; and the apologies he offered for the apostles of *L'Avenir* were not without force and justice. It is true that, as Sir F. Hincks showed a week or two ago, he claims more for them than the sober chronicler can allow. Practically they had little weight in the progress of legislation. In the midst of a devout people, they were almost all Voltairian; they were suspected of entertaining Communistic principles, and they were certainly republicans. These and other features in their scheme of reform, supplemented by many ungrounded suspicions and imputations, deprived them of that influence to which their ability and earnestness would seem to have entitled them. The *habitan*, who is naturally conservative, both in politics and religion, could not endure the wild theories of these children of 1848 and grandchildren of 1792. Their utterances were lavishly garnished and peppered and curried, but they wanted substance; there was too little wholesome nourishment in the food they served up—*la sauce valait mieux que le poisson.* Contact with the world of practical politics, however, soon changed the attitude and modified the views of these ardent and high-spirited young men; and the moment they acquired a recognized *status* as a Parliamentary party, the process of political education began. The retirement of Papineau, whom the *Rouges* had looked up to as a master in Israel, was in every way an advantage to them. It enabled Sir Antoine Dorion, whose mild and tolerant disposition made him naturally opposed to extreme views, to attract his party towards reasonable and constitutional views. Whether he would have succeeded in taming his irrepressible brother, *l'enfant terrible*, who was one of M. Laurier's predecessors as M. P. for Drummond and Arthabaska, may be doubted; but both he and M. Papin, a singular contrast physically to the brothers Dorion, were prematurely snatched away. Now, for the second time, though under more favourable auspices, the *Rouges* are again in power. The responsibilities of office appear to

have completed the work begun in Opposition, and they now appeal to their Quebec fellow-citizens, not as sons of the Revolution, flaunting the *bonnet rouge*, but as British Liberals treading in the footsteps of Fox, Grey, Russell, and Macaulay. M. Laurier, in his Quebec address, made light of the charge of inconsistency, and he was right in doing so. It is the parrot cry of those who are too obtuse to learn anything by experience, or too crass and stubborn to profit by it. The Liberal party of Quebec is distinctly National in its principles and aims, and it is, therefore, a great gain to the Administration to have secured the services of its young leader, from whose unquestionable force and vigour of mind, not less than from his oratorical power, Canada, and especially his compatriots of Quebec, have a right to expect great things in the future. The *Globe* congratulates the new Minister on the fact, that he enters upon his official career unpolluted by the breath of scandal. That is certainly something to be grateful for; yet the halcyon time will be but of brief duration. Though he 'be as pure as snow,' he shall not escape calumny in these degenerate times. The Opposition will soon find or invent a 'job,' and had the *Globe* been with the 'outs,' and M. Laurier a Conservative, it would have gone hard with it if his reputation had not been definitely pulled down about his ears more than a twelvemonth ago.

Recent events have again brought into prominence a subject concerning which M. Laurier gives no uncertain sound—the illegal interference of the Quebec clergy with the freedom of election. No greater contrast can be imagined than is manifest between the straightforward and ingenuous declaration of principle in the new Minister's Lecture, and the faltering hesitancy of the *soi disant* Ontario Reformer, whose chief energies are expended in a futile effort to induce the Protestant horse to run cannily, harnessed to the Vatican coach. 'The constitution of this country is based upon the freely expressed will of the elector.' Change an elector's opinion by argument, if you can; 'if, however, notwithstanding all arguments, the opinion of the electors remains the same, but by intimidation or fraud they are forced to vote in a different sense, the opinion they express is not their opinion, and then the constitution is violated.' M. Laurier appears to think that some of the Ultramontane clergy are hardly aware of the tendency of their illegal assumptions—'there are some who say that the clergy have a right to dictate to the people their duties. I reply simply this. We are under the rule of the Queen of England, under the authority of a constitution which was granted to us as an act of justice; and if the exercise of the rights which you claim should have the effect of preventing the proper working of that constitution, and exposing us to all the consequences of that act, the clergy themselves would have none of it.' The Conservative journals understood well M. Laurier's position, and immediately denounced him in unmeasured terms. He was 'placing the authority of parliamentary majorities which make civil laws, good and bad, above the authority of the Church, which proclaims immutable truth;' he was putting himself in antagonism with the Bishops, 'the natural custodians of the docrine, and who have, in a collective letter, unanimously protested against the judgment of the Supreme Court, and especially condemned the assertions of Judge Taschereau'; when he uses 'the terms fear, intimidation, terror, he alludes to the threats of those eternal punishments which are the sanction of the Divine law'; and, finally, he had the temerity to reproach the hierarchy 'with exposing the country, by claiming rights incompatible with our society, to consequences impossible to foretell.' It will be some time before Reformer editors in Ontario 'who have nothing to reform,' will render themselves obnoxious, on that score, to *Le Nouveau Monde*, *La Minerve*, or *Le Courrier* of St. Hyacinthe.

The Congregation of the Propaganda at Rome appears to be wiser in its generation than the Ultramontane clergy of Quebec, and it seems not improbable that it has recently administered a rebuke to the overzealous members of the hierarchy they will not soon forget. Rome has trouble enough upon its hands in Europe. Germany and Italy are open foes, not because they desire to be so, but because the Vatican has forced them to assume the defensive. Austria has something else to think about, and cares as little for Ultramontanism as France, which has just declared against

clericalism by an overwhelmning majority. The turbulent faithful of Belgium and the humane, though infidel, Turk, are the only allies left his Holiness in Europe. In Quebec, on the other hand, there are the makings of an Ultramontane paradise, if a little prudence and ecclesiastical finesse be judiciously employed. Bishop Bourget and his disciples of Rimouski and Three Rivers showed their hands prematurely, and received a sudden check from the Supreme Court. The decision of Judge Casault, in the matter of the Bonaventure petition, again drove them into some outlandish doctrines about the unlawfulness of keeping certain oaths, including the oath of office. Their Lordships down in Quebec appear to regard every Roman Catholic judge as absolutely their own property, mind, soul, and conscience. He is to be a machine for recording the fiats of the church ; his own knowledge of the law, his own experience in administering, his solemn obligations to God and the State to decide according to his honest convictions, all go for nothing. 'The Church has said it, and it must be so,' will be a sufficient quittance ticket for him, if not in this world, at any rate in the next. Does not the Gospel tell men to fear Him 'who can cast both body and soul in hell?' and is not the priest His representative, with delegated powers equally awful? What is conscience? Is not the priest keeper of the conscience? In short, neither the Judge nor the simple elector has any right to pronounce a judgment or cast a vote contrary to the express instructions of the clergy. That was the true meaning of the Pastoral of 1875, of the Programme, of the many political manifestoes of the ex-Bishop of Montreal and the Bishop of Three Rivers, and that is what is meant by Ultramontanism. In the case of Judge Casault, an appeal was made to Rome. It had been proposed to eject the Judge from the Directorate of Laval University, because of his decision on an election petition. The answer was exceedingly curt, and it assigned no reasons for the conclusion arrived at—Judge Casault was to continue a director of Laval. Perhaps if we had access to the secret correspondence between the Propaganda and the Bishops, the full extent of the rebuke would be made apparent. The Apostolic Delegate, like his Irish brethren in the Canadian episcopate, is an Ultramontane in religion only; and he is shrewd enough to see the folly of the Quebec hierarchy. When Dr. Conroy first set foot in Canada, it was whispered that he came here chiefly to set the Quebec house in order. The appearance of a new Pastoral, designed to clear up 'misconceptions,' is a fruit of his mission. The hierarchy does not meddle with men or political parties ; it merely lays down certain principles, to be applied by every man according to his conscience. His Holiness never did such a thing as they were erroneously charged withal ; although only the other day he proclaimed himself the patron of McMahon, and his bishops and clergy in France laboured with their utmost might to overturn the constitution of the country and to cast it once again into the fiery furnace of revolution. The Quebec Bishops, forsooth, only intended to denounce Liberal Catholics and not Catholic Liberals—a miserable bit of paronomasia characteristic of them. They denounced the Supreme Court of this country for deciding according to law ; have they retracted their denunciation? They, through their clergy and notably the Bishop of Three Rivers, asserted the right of priests to threaten with eternal punishment all who did not vote with the Conservatives ; have they ceased to assert that 'liberty of the church'? Not at all, and the palinode Rome has forced from them, in fact retracts nothing. The assertion that they eschew politics is valuable or not according to the meaning of politics as distinguished from religion. If the freedom of election be not a matter with which the State has exclusively to do, it has no province it can call its own. The Bishop's Pastoral, in fact, not only palters with Canadians in a double sense, but is deliberately framed to deceive the Vatican, where peace between State and Church in Canada is, for the present, earnestly desired. The missive of 1875 is reaffirmed, and what did *La Minerve* say of it in the spring of this year? Speaking of its political opponents, that Ultramontane journal observes: 'They approve of the ideas promulgated by Judges Ritchie and Taschereau, and, through them, cast a heavy reproach in the face of the Canadian episcopate for their collective letter of September, 1875. This conduct not only falls within the field of what might be called "Political

Liberalism," but also of that "liberalism" condemned by Pius IX.' So that political Liberalism and Liberal Catholicism are synonymous, and the Bishops gravely assure us that they condemn the latter without presuming to meddle with the former. They consign a man, in short, to eternal perdition for voting for a Liberal Catholic; but they would not, for a moment, censure the voter for supporting the same candidate in his character of Political Liberal. Such are sacerdotal candour and upright dealing. Fortunately, the State is strong enough to vindicate its own authority; and, in spite of episcopal grimace, the so-called 'liberty of the church,' which practically means the enthralment of the people, is not likely soon to come again into conflict with British freedom.

There is little of general interest to record in the ordinary course of Canadian politics. The party demonstrations are over, if the three meetings which Mr. Cartwright proposes to hold in his own constituency be excepted. The Finance Minister has wisely stored up the treasures of eloquence until their dispenser can be the sole possessor of the field—the cynosure of such eyes as the drowsy eloquence of fifty picnics has not closed in weary somnolence. Sir John Macdonald held out to the last, like a well-seasoned veteran as he is. He had out-talked Dr. Tupper on his own side, and the poet of Niagara, the tuneful Plumb; and even the Premier himself succumbed, like them, beneath the burden of popular education in the politically true and pure. It must be said, however, that Sir John's later efforts were decidedly tame. Even at Hamilton, where no effort had been spared to make a 'crowning triumph,' neither the vast concourse, nor even the prospect of a happy release from travel and travail, seems to have elevated him to anything like the true concert-pitch. He appears to have been thoroughly worn out, as indeed the public must also be, after such a surfeit of platitude as both sides have served up to them during the past six months.

It is difficult to see what good purpose these party demonstrations have served. It cannot be alleged that the electorate has received any new light upon a single public question. Everybody is as much in the dark as ever concerning the aims of either of the factions, unless they may be condensed into the single word—office. To the dispassionate onlooker the effect of the party picnics has appeared distinctly and palpably demoralizing. It has impressed upon the people the worst of all convictions, that the trade in politics is essentially and necessarily a base, paltry, and ignoble one; it has familiarized the public ear with scurrilous and intemperate language and with a confirmed tendency to palter with truth; it has diffused a taste for slander in its most reckless and virulent forms; and it has rudely shaken public confidence in the very existence of political virtue, honour, or principle. The elegant extracts which might be made from the speeches of the leaders alone, would, if collected, shock the least sensitive and delicate of minds. Mr. Cartwright, Mr. Rymal, and worst of all, Mr. Mills, have disgraced themselves by their ignoble efforts at satire, and the Premier unfortunately has done himself little credit by some of the words he uttered in passion. The Minister of the Interior, however, is *par excellence* a philosopher, and the bad language he uttered was carefully chosen beforehand and spoken in cold blood. What could be more disgusting than that culminating beastliness of the season, in which he compared some of his fellow legislators to the most loathsome of 'vermin?' Whether Dr. Tupper and Mr. Macdougall deserve such unworthy treatment or not, the public will insist upon it that a Minister of the Crown shall have some regard to the decencies and proprieties of life, and that if he cannot meet his opponents in argument, he shall leave them alone. After all, a foul tongue is tenfold a greater curse to its owner and to all around him, than a 'foul garment.' The abusive language used at these demonstrations is the natural result of the decay and putrescence of parties in the Dominion, and until our public men have something nobler to discourse upon than one another's vileness and corruption, Canadians can expect nothing higher or better.

These picnics have aided in the elucidation of no single political principle. The only one mooted, for it has never been discussed on its merits by a single speaker, Reform or Conservative, is that of reform in our fiscal policy. Take up a speech of Sir John Macdonald's or Dr. Tupper's, on

one side, or one of the Premier's or Mr. Cartwright's on the other, and what sort of light do they throw upon the question which is the main issue of the hour? Have not all their utterances served only to make darkness visible? The *Globe* tells us that Sir John is not in earnest; it may be doubted whether any of our politicians can be called sincere, when they speak of a matter solely from the party point of view, and think they have discharged their whole duty when they have badgered their opponents, and distorted even their own view of the subject. As for Mr. Mills, he holds a brief for Mr. Wells and a few well-conned books, and is as innocent of any attempt to examine dispassionately what is good for his country as the king of Ashantee. He is afflicted, in fact, with a sort of economic colour-blindness, and recites his lesson about the producer and consumer as a parrot would do, by rote, and without knowledge or reflection. The paltry disputes about what Sir Alexander Galt did many years ago, and what Sir John Macdonald said in 1872, are only specimens of the essentially inadequate view our public men take on broad questions of public policy. Then again, there is the constant practice of impugning motives. Mr. Mackenzie has himself been most undeservedly its victim, and that fact certainly may be fairly pleaded in extenuation of his occasional outbursts of passion. Sir John Macdonald is another although a more patient sufferer from the same vile habit. He is charged with insincerity in his advocacy of a National policy, and one of the leading ministerial journals, in comparatively mild language, considering its antecedents, charitably observes, 'we believe Sir John's protection to be all moonshine, his pledges as empty as the air, his intentions as frail as his political rectitude is when he wants money to carry elections, and so on *ad nauseam*. There is certainly an improvement in the style here. It is better to insinuate that a public man is lying, deceiving, and intending to betray them, than to say so in bold, plain Anglo-Saxon. The times are happily gone by when brother Reformers were berated in the language of the fish-market. Sir John is not, like Dr. Rolph, limned as 'weak and deceitful,' or 'despised and laughed at,' or, like Malcolm Cameron, 'deep, dark, designing, cruel, malignant, traitorous;' or again, like 'douce' David Christie, a 'most sickening specimen of toadyism to Popery,' with the courage 'oozing out of his fat carcase' when engaged in 'a conspiracy for the purpose of libelling Mr. Brown, and committing a falsehood as great as ever lay upon the soul of the convicted perjurer.' Sir John may further congratulate himself that he has not yet been pilloried with a learned Judge, as 'a blatant pot-house politician.' Even leading 'organs' are beginning to have some regard to the proprieties and amenities of political controvery.

Still the language of to-day is quite strong enough. It is, however, not so much that, as the *animus* of the assault, which deserves reprobation. It is the meanest of all party tricks to impute base motives and impeach an opponent's good faith, for the obvious reason that such blows cannot be parried either by evidence, argument, or solemn protestation. And, after all, what does it matter whether Sir John be in earnest or not? If the people decide in favour of a national fiscal policy at the polls, the sincerity or insincerity of one leader is of no importance whatever. To make its point, the journalist who searches the ex-Premier's heart, should make it plain that an entire majority, elected to revise our financial system, are all hypocrites, that they will unite with Sir John in deluding the people with false pledges and with the solemn assertion of principles which they do not believe and have no intention of urging upon Parliament. Thus the argument is either trivial or senseless, or else another blow will be struck at public confidence, and all public men must come to be regarded with suspicion and distrust. To that pitiful issue of the party system we are rapidly drifting.

Another most unreasonable piece of political strategy is the constant iteration of innumerable questions about what duties Sir John will impose on this and that manufactured article, whether he will give the iron-workers, or the sugar-refiners, or the woollen mills two and a half or five per cent. Now let it be considered for a moment, what all this badinage amounts to. It presupposes that the right honourable gentleman walks about the country with a tariff ready drawn and stereotyped, in his pocket. It involves the grossly absurd notion that a

public man, not a professed financier, unconversant with trade details, out of office, and denied access to the material for such a purpose in the hands of a Finance Minister, can or ought to state one after another, every item of a tariff to be introduced, if at all, a couple of years hence. And this, too, notwithstanding the fact that by immemorial practice, the secrets of the Minister are carefully guarded up to the last moment, by a seizure of the telegraph lines, and that Mr. Cartwright himself did not finally know what his tariff would be, on at least one occasion, until the very afternoon on which he made his statement. In point of fact the manner in which the charges are rung up and down the gamut of the percentages is much more absurd than the series of questions put to the unhappy Winkle in *Pickwick*: 'Then he was asked whether he had not seen her a hundred times—whether he could not swear that he had seen her more than fifty times—whether he did not know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times—and so on.' Moreover Sir John Macdonald does not affect any detailed knowledge of financial matters; they have never fallen within his province, and he has not yet expressed any intention of being his own Finance Minister Put Mr. Blake in Sir John's place, and then let these captious and unreasonable Reformers confess what they would think of catechising him in a similar fashion. At this moment, without the requisite information at hand, Sir Francis Hincks, Sir Alex. Galt, and Mr. Tilley, even if they put their heads together, could not pretend to fix a scale of duties for 1879. And of that, Mr. Gurney, of Hamilton, and the other gentlemen who are in the habit of posing the ex-Premier, must be fully aware. To do what they require would involve no less a gift than accurate foreknowledge of what the state of trade will then be, and also what commercial attitude the Americans may choose to assume—which is past all human conjecture.

The plain question before the country may be as clearly put as we believe it is clearly understood. It is a question not of details—which must be considered and adjusted when the time comes, and not before—but of principle. What Mr. Cartwright's policy is we know, without having the slightest suspicion of the character of his next budget; what Nationalists believe to be the true Canadian policy, whether they call themselves Reformers, Conservatives, or Independents, we also know, and the issue is between them. There is no need of complicating the matter, or darkening counsel with words without knowledge. Cuttlefish tactics may suit trading politicians, but happily this is not a party question, and the distinction between the principles involved is so broad and palpable, as to render any effort to confuse the subject by irrelevant suggestion, vain and futile. Col. Shaw, the Consul for the United States, at Toronto, has, perhaps without intending it, shed some additional light upon the subject. In a recent report, he informed his government that the markets of Ontario were American markets, and that it was not possible for Canadians now to establish manufactures which could successfully compete with those over the border. The first part of this statement is unhappily 'ower' true, and the second only requires for its verification the continuance for another ten years of the policy definitively adopted by Ministers. If, however, the people, when they have an opportunity of declaring their will at the polls, insist upon a reversal of that policy, there is no reason whatever why our Dominion should not be, not merely a self-satisfying nation in all the manufactured articles produced by the United States, but an exporter profitably to the Union, to Great Britain, to the West Indies, and Australia, and, in the end, to the Continent of Europe. Ontario now rejoices in its agricultural resources, but the time is not far distant when these will avail her no longer, and her power and prestige as the first Province of the Dominion will be irrecoverably past. Without manufactures, in a land where nature has done so much to provide for them a home, Provincial decrepitude and decay can be the only issue. Quebec stands still more in need of manufacturing industry. The emigration of which the clergy and the journals complain, is inevitable so long as the Government refuses to adjust the duties it requires for revenue purposes so as to assist in reviving struggling industries and keeping our capital and labor at home. If the Government did not depend mainly on the Customs for its resources, there might be little to com-

plain of. The arguments of the closet economists about capital and labour, the producer and consumer, and the elements of price might then have some relevancy. But our position is one not contemplated in the books. The Dominion has undertaken vast responsibilities. It has assumed control over the breadth of this great continent, where it is at its widest; it has agreed to construct gigantic public works with comparatively meagre resources; and south of it there is a strong, vigorous, and masterful nation, full of resources, eager to extend its commercial, if not its territorial, domain, and utterly selfish and exclusive in its fiscal system. Such being the case, Canada's duty should be obvious. She had manufactures,and has lost them through the fatuous policy of her rulers. Yet even the doctrinaires admit that they are necessary to round and complete our nationality and ensure our constant and steady progress. Their plan, however, is, to let things take their chance, trusting that Providence will, for once, reverse its solemn decree, and help those who refuse to help themselves. With a 'Chinese wall' and cannon-crowned ramparts in their front, Canadians are to toil and spin, and weave and forge, under fire and at the mercy of an enemy whose life is passed in sally and raid under the cover of a merciless fiscal cannonade. This may be economically sound policy, but it is practically suicidal and pernicious. The announcement by M. Laurier that the Government proposed to re-open negotiations for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, might possibly be cheering, if any good were likely to come of them. The new Minister's party, indeed men of all parties in Quebec, are of necessity Nationalists in fiscal matters. No man could hope to be returned, except in some outlandish constituency, who did not pledge himself to do something for Canadian industry. The promise of Reciprocity is a sop for Cerberus, and, we fear, a delusive one. If Canada again goes to Washington as a suppliant, she will either get nothing by the humiliation, or else she must suffer for it. The Americans, even were they ever so fairly disposed, could not possibly concede the reduction of duties which any admissible system of reciprocity must involve. For many a long year the United States will, of necessity, maintain a high tariff, and although the Detroit, Milwaukee, and Chicago Boards of Trade may clamor for reciprocity, they will prove comparatively powerless against the immense manufacturing interests of New England and the Eastern States. At present there is an eagerness in some quarters to resort to any change which may promise to raise trade from its existing state of depression; but the feeling is vague and ephemeral, and will certainly vanish when the hard and calculating spirit of haggling over terms is once at work. If an equitable reciprocity arrangement could be come to, there can be no doubt about its beneficial effects on both sides of the line; but such a result of any renewed negotiations, especially if the first advance be made from this side, is hardly to be expected. It is much more likely that our Government, in its eagerness to get rid of a popular movement which is assuming unmanageable proportions in Ontario and Quebec, will either fail ignominiously, or enter into a compact which will place the Dominion entirely at the mercy of its neighbours, and deprive Parliament of any power of legislating in favour of Canadian interests, at least for ten or twenty years to come. Moreover, we must consult our duty, as well as our dignity, as a British colony; the possible sources from which we are in the future to meet the heavy burdens which must fall upon us and upon posterity; and the effect of any such treaty upon our independent progress as a nation. The Zollverein arrangement is a favourite one with some Americans; and that would mean annexation without avowed political union. The notion entertained by our neighbours is that by some such compact they could ride rough-shod over the Dominion, and extend their 'Chinese wall' so at to shut out England from the trade of one of her own possessions. If it be said that we must treat England as we treat the United States, the question again crops up—How is our revenue then to be raised? The Government may go, if they choose, to Washington, and knock timorously at the door as suppliants; but, as sure as they do they will either be outwitted or sent empty away.

In Mr. Blake's Teeswater address, he again referred to Imperial Federation. The leading Government journal of Ontario

has not, up to this moment, favoured the public with the full text of that address, but it may be presumed that the reporter's notes are carefully stored up, and that it will appear, with a critical and exegetical commentary, before many days. It is now some years since Mr. Brown declared that the relations between England and Canada were anomalous, and must, before long, be readjusted upon a sounder and more enduring basis. His journal, to judge from some recent articles, is disposed on the whole to favour the plan of Federation, if only workable machinery can be devised for its practical operation. It is quite certain that if a *plebiscite*, though we by no means desire it, could be taken, a vast majority of Canadians, and we believe of Australian, South African, and West Indian colonists would record their votes promptly in favour of a closer union with the mother-country. It is all very well to sneer at Canadian loyalty as something merely sentimental—a phrase always on the lips of those who have no emotions, and are innocently unconscious of their potency in determining the future of nations as well as individuals. But the allegation is simply untrue. Sentiment may do much, but the loyalty of Canadians rests on a deep-seated conviction that their material progress, and all that makes for their advancement as a nation, are bound up in British connection, and that these would receive an incalculable impetus from a closer relationship with England. Our position to the north of the great American Republic gives the subject peculiar interest to all who look forward and endeavour to forecast the future. Three eventual destinies lie before us, and in the ultimate analysis only two. Independence, with our geographical contiguity with the United States, could only mean final absorption into the Union; and annexation is perhaps more distasteful to the people of Canada than any prospect the speculative politician could possibly hold out to them. Perhaps those in England whose insular pride and prejudices lead them to make light of the Colonies, and to talk gaily as well as glibly about the coming separation, would pause if they could peer far enough into the future to see the American Union stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and perhaps to the shores of Guiana, its alliances courted by England's enemies in Europe, and itself, in all but the name, a European power, ambitious as Russia, fickle and restless as France, and warily self-seeking like Germany.

With such a power, under its existing form of government, and with its unpalatable code of commercial and social morality, and its ways and manners altogether, Canada desires no closer alliance than that of friendly intercourse in trade, and in the ordinary, pleasant way of good neigbouring. She has a cordial liking for her cousin Jonathan, and even relishes his amusing swagger and grandiloquence; but amity, not matrimony must be the end of all. In the October number of *The Nineteenth Century*, Lord Blachford publishes a criticism on Sir Julius Vogel's article which was reprinted in the September issue of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. Lord Blachford, better known as Sir Frederic Rogers, Mr. Gladstone's Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, is an able writer, and, from his former official position, fully conversant with Britain's possessions over the sea. Unfortunately, however, that position has not been wholly an advantage to one who proposes to treat of 'The Integrity of the British Empire.' He invariably takes the Downing-street view of matters—the parish or vestry view, as it has been called—and still more unfortunately, he adheres religiously to the traditions of a political school whose maxims England has almost completely discarded. His Lordship fully admits Sir Julius Vogel's alternative. 'As the colonies develop,' he says (p. 369), 'they must either become separate nations or they must have a share—eventually the greater share—in the government of the British Confederacy.' There can be no mistake, therefore, about Canada's destiny: for, as she could not maintain her independence any longer than the forbearance of her neighbours permitted it to continue, the alternative with us is, Federation or Annexation. The words in parenthesis, 'eventually the greater share,' furnish the key to Lord Blachford's hostility to any plan of federal union; he is afraid that England would be 'swamped,' as Sir Julius says, in her own Parliament. Supposing representation to be based simply on population, this would, no doubt, eventually occur; but when and where did England ever so construct a representative system? Lon-

don is entitled, on such a theory, to a larger representation than all Scotland, and bids fair, in half a century, to be entitled, in a similar way, to as many members as all Ireland. Moreover, a federative league of autonomous colonies could not possibly claim in the Federal body a representation by heads. England will always continue the wealthiest member of the Empire; she is in the van, and must bear the brunt of European collisions, and therefore would continue to possess, of right and of necessity, a largely preponderating influence in the councils of the Federated Empire. Indeed, it is singular that, in commenting upon the plan proposed by Sir Julius Vogel, Lord Blachford overlooked the paragraph in which that objection is met. 'To resume,' said Sir Julius, 'the control or representative power should correspond with the contribution.' And, again, speaking of the dread of swamping the House of Commons with colonial votes, he observed: 'If their fears were to be justified, there would be small hope of federation,' &c. To the ordinary insular prejudices of Englishmen, Lord Blachford superadds a narrowness of view peculiar to the official mind, which is the offspring of tradition and routine. If his Lordship anywhere grows speculative, it is to fancy the seat of Imperial rule transferred to Melbourne or Ottawa, and England reduced to the position of thrall to her own children. If Federation conferred no other benefit upon the Empire, the breadth and keenness of vision it might impart to the British mind at home would be its sufficient justification. In summing up the benefits a closer connection with the Colonies might be expected to bestow, Sir Julius Vogel referred to the vast field which would be opened for the investment of British capital. Becoming better acquainted with their possessions beyond the sea, they would learn more of the ample character of the security they could command and the sterling probity of the colonial character. English money would cease to flow into the bottomless pit of Russian, Turkish, and Egyptian investments, and would at once remunerate the capitalist and aid in building up and consolidating the Empire. So gross is English ignorance about this country's geography, social and commercial status, and financial position, that we habitually suffer vicariously for the sins of neighbours over the frontier. No Southern or Western State repudiates its debt without inflicting an injury on Canadian credit; every movement in favour of greenbacks and against the resumption of specie payment excites a reflex influence for harm upon us. Now, when Lord Blachford refers to this branch of the argument, all he can find to say is, that it 'suggests a passing apprehension lest, among other things, of the phrase "confederation" may be begotten the substance "guarantee"' (p. 365). Supposing that were the case, what of it? England has guaranteed two great loans for Canada, for the Intercolonial and Pacific railways—both of which were demanded by the Imperial Government mainly for Imperial purposes—and how much has the mother-country been out of pocket by them? It is this constant spirit of sneering and grudging and grumbling about cost and risk, characteristic of the political school to which Lord Blachford belongs, that is the gravest cause of complaint in the Colonies. Federation, in fact, so far from introducing or necessitating a frequent application for Imperial guarantees, would, in the long run, cause them to be unknown even as matters of history. Why are such Imperial assurances now required and conceded? Simply because of the ignorance which prevails in the United Kingdom, and the fact that the Government is better acquainted with the solid value of the security than the capitalists or brokers are. Guarantees, where, as in the case of the Dominion, they are mere matters of form, are, in fact, a confession of ignorance on the very face of them. They virtually admit that the British creditor knows so little of the credit, the resources, and the *bona fides* of his fellow-subjects within a week's sailing of the United Kingdom, that he is afraid to take a financial leap in the dark without being well assured by Imperial endorsation.

More than that, it is within the bounds of possibility that Federation would not only serve as an instructor of the mother-country in material things, but that she might find something valuable to learn in the educational and municipal institutions of Canada and Australia. The Dominion is, and has long been, a training school for the men, women, and children who flock to it from the United Kingdom; its people

have had to dispel their ignorance, direct their energies, and fit them for self-government; and, therefore, now that England has resolved to discharge her duty to the masses, even the self-complacent conceit of some of her public men might learn some lessons from the sturdy stripling who has sprung up to manhood to the north of the St. Lawrence and the lakes. The insular position of the United Kingdom, and its historical triumphs, have not been without countervailing disadvantages. It is not so long since Englishmen looked upon the continental nations much as they regard the colonies now; to be a foreigner was much the same as being a barbarian in the old Greek sense. The advantages of a closer relationship between Great Britain and her colonies would be reciprocal, and a healthy interchange of ideas, sympathies, and aspirations would infuse new blood into the Empire, and, by quickening its circulation, impart renewed life and vigor to the whole.

Lord Blachford tells us that in the constitutionally governed colonies, the very name of Empire is an empty form (p. 361). No doubt this is the case: but here he heals the skin, without probing the sore. The subject of colonial complaint is the very fact to which his lordship alludes; but in presenting his alternative between separation and federation, he prefers the former, whilst Canadians and Australasians desire the latter. It is not necessary to consider here what position Britain would occupy amongst the nations if she were shorn of her colonies; but it is a notieeable fact that although the slightest whisper of danger to her supremacy in India stirs the English nation to its depths, public men can talk as lightly about flinging away the colonies, peopled mainly by their own fellow-countrymen, as the French philosopher did about Louis XV.'s 'arpents of snow' on the St. Lawrence. There seems to be a want of foresight and prescience in high places at home, at which we can only marvel in hopeless and helpless silence. Within twenty-four hours of the panic which was followed by the Franco-German war, Mr. (now Lord) Hammond, Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, remarked to his new chief, Earl Granville, that 'in all his experience he had never known so great a lull in foreign affairs.' It now appears that the Colonial office is also purblind—the slave of routine and precedent—without a thought or an idea about the morrows that are yet to be. His Lordship asks what interest we have in the command of the Mediterranean, the road to India, or the balance of power?' &c., (p. 363), and even goes so far as to deny Canadians any concern in the Trent affair, with all its possible risks and dangers. It may be replied to all this that we take an interest, and—what is more than can be said of the mass of Englishmen—an intelligent interest, in all that affects the Empire to which we belong, and to the great family of nations growing ever closer and closer together as the years roll by. Australia is as materially concerned in the Eastern question as England, and Canada, with a Russian fleet in her Atlantic or Pacific waters, would hardly be a merely curious spectator We have a neighbour at our doors, who looks upon the Czar as his natural ally, and may some day be found an effective one. A European war deprived England of the thirteen colonies; another gave the Americans an opportunity of assailing Britain and invading Canada; and similar events, on a larger and more terrible scale, may await England and her North American Dominion in the future. The red-tapist remedy is the cowardly one of sending a loyal colony adrift to be the easy prey of the buccaneers to the south of it; honour and patriotism demand a more intimate bond between parent and child, a solidarity of interests, an intimate union in all that concerns the common welfare of the Imperial household. The one would leave its offspring as a foundling on the door-step of a neighbour; the other would rear and cherish it beneath the good old family roof-tree. On another occasion, the machinery required under the Federal system may command our attention. This branch of the subject appears to be the great stumbling-block in its way. Lord Blachford does not deal with it so fully as might have been expected. Notwithstanding his great experience, the native vigour of his mind, and the unquestionable power with which he wields his pen, the ex-Under-Secretary's paper is eminently disappointing. The vista opened up by anticipations of the future, too soon approaches the vanishing-point where all that is not confused becomes infinitesimally minute. The principles and practice of the hour are

familiar to the active man of to-day, and he talks about them as if their aspect and importance would never seem belittled by the lapse of time. There is a shrinking from the thought and trouble involved in the slightest constitutional change. Time-honoured institutions must be modified and old historic landmarks removed; let us leave well alone, for 'to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundantly.' If ever the crisis should arise when the Federative problem must be faced, the worshipper of traditional precedent fancies that he will be found equal to it; but the time has not yet arrived. The ship of Imperial state floats smoothly and swimmingly down the current; when about to 'shoot Niagara,' the captain *s' avisera.* In short, the first and chief commandment of the political decalogue enjoins the statesman never to do to-day what he can put off till to-morrow. On the other hand, Lord Beaconsfield, with Semitic inspiration, has fastened upon the Federal idea as if it were the idle pageant of a dream. His Federal Empire would be an oriental fancy, as unpractical as it would be anachronistic. Let the question be once decided, however, that Federation is a necessity, and it will go hard with Anglo-Saxon intelligence and ingenuity but a practicable scheme will be speedily forthcoming. The plea of distance between Britain and her Colonies is a palpable absurdity. Is Canada farther away now, in these days of cable telegraphs, ocean steamboats,and railways, than Kerry was in 1798, or Inverness not so many years ago? Is it farther off even now than California, Oregon, or New Mexico are from Washington? All difficulties of this sort are merely flies on the wheel of progress; what must be done to consolidate the British Empire will be done, as certainly as that to-morrow's sun will pass under review, with the successive hours, the vast domain Britain can call her own. For the present a Representative Council would be a fitting inauguration of the new *régime.* India has its Advisory Council, and notwithstanding Lord Blachford's objection, its views do not fetter either Lord Salisbury or Lord Lytton. Why should not the Colonies take some part in matters which concern the Empire as a whole? For our part, we believe that a revival and reconstruction of the Privy Council on its old basis, and with enlarged powers, would afford the means ready at hand to set the Imperial machinery to work. Every reader of constitutional history knows what that venerable body once was, and how the Cabinet, originally a mere committee unknown to the Constitution, gradually usurped all its functions. There is now a splendid opportunity for rehabilitating the time-honoured Privy Council of England, and making it the Representative Council of a Federated Empire. By a plan of that sort, any jealousy caused by tampering with the House of Lords, or any trepidation amongst the heroes of red tape, might be obviated. As we before remarked, however, the all-important need of the hour is a clear expression of opinion against separation, against annexation, and firmly and definitively for Federation; the *modus operandi* will soon disclose itself.

The complete scheme of University examinations for women has at length been laid before the public. Unfortunately, lack of space will prevent any full discussion of the plan in this number; but it is a subject which may be conveniently reserved for a more favourable opportunity. Let us here briefly sketch the 'Statutory Provisions' adopted by the Senate. The examinations are to be held in Toronto, or at such other places as comply with the conditions. There must be a local committee guaranteeing the attendance of at least six candidates, and also the expenses incurred. The local committee itself must be approved of by the Senate, as well its its regulations. Board and lodging are to be provided at reasonable rates by the committee, and two of its members must superintend the examination. The subjects are mainly the same as those stated in these pages a couple of months since. This part of the scheme we do not propose to analyze at present, merely adding that the examinations are to be held in June, simultaneously with the ordinary June examinations for matriculation. Now it need hardly be said that to those who desire a complete and thorough scheme for higher female education, the Senate provisions must appear sadly inadequate. The burden of securing a local examination in any of our centres of population is left to voluntary effort. A young woman, not

over well provided with this world's goods, must either set about stirring up five ladies to take some interest in her aspirations, and they must be willing to advertise for five more candidates, guarantee their fees; and provide them with boarding-houses, or she must resign all hope of being recognized by the Senate. Now why should all these obstacles be thrown in the way of those women who desire to be educated and thoroughly cultured? Why should not the University, or at any rate the Government, do as much for them as it does for young men? It may be said that the University being only an examining body should not be required to enlarge the scope of its operations outside Toronto; but now that they have undertaken to do so, why not do it liberally and in a practical way? If the University Senate is not prepared to incur additional expense, why does not the Minister of Education come to their aid? It is our firm conviction that it would have been less burdensome upon the ladies of the outside cities and towns, and decidedly more convenient, if the Senate had named a certain number of places and stated that examinations would be held there next June, provided six names were given in, say six weeks before the examination, and the fees paid in advance. Suppose then that five had prepared themselves for examination, their labours would not be made futile, because they could be transferred in ample time from, say, a proposed Guelph or Woodstock list to a Hamilton or London one. There would be a certain stability about the scheme in that case which is entirely wanting in that just promulgated. Why should the culture of our young women be dependent upon the fashion, the caprice, the enterprise or want of enterprise, and the interest or lack of interest prevailing amongst the influential and well-to-do matrons of any locality. If female education be worth securing at all, it ought to be secured by firmly established arrangements, not made the sport of whim, or subjected in any way to vicissitude or chance. Moreover, the vital point—the teaching required by the female aspirant—is left altogether to haphazard. Mr. Thomas Hughes recently admitted that there was a danger of the local University examinations giving rise to the notion that cramming to pass or for honours was the sole object of study. This is a danger which must arise wherever the machinery of examination is afforded without the machinery for thorough instruction. Why should not University College be thrown open to female students, as M. Pernet bravely suggested at the Commencement last month. Young men, it is said, are trained there with a view to entering professions; women are not. But that argument lost all its force when Parliament decided that no instruction should be imparted in the College, specifically professional. It was the avowed purpose of the University Act to make it an academical institution for general culture of a higher character; and that being the case, we contend that its advantages should be accessible to all, irrespective of sex. The State having taken upon itself the task of training young men, and affording them a liberal education, is bound, on every principle of fairness, to do the same for our young women; and if any antiquated prejudice closes the doors of University College against them, the Government is in duty bound to provide like advantages for them elsewhere. Every one is ready to approve of a movement to secure some show of affording superior education for women. No one denies their intellectual capacity, their power of application, their eager desire to learn and be well-trained in language, science, art, and philosophy, or their aptitude and success in passing examinations whenever they have had the opportunity. With what justice, then, or on what principle, does the Government provide the means of training youths of the one sex, whilst it utterly neglects those of the other? It is true that the University endowment will not admit of any lavish expenditure, and we are far from blaming the Senate because they have made so meagre a beginning. But the opening of University College to female students would, instead of involving an additional outlay, absolutely increase the revenue by an increase in fees. It is our contention, in fine, that if it be the the duty of the State to provide and superintend superior education for one sex, it is equally their duty to provide it for both sexes. It ought not to be 'left,' as a contemporary journal says, 'to the women themselves,' for that is surely reversing the order of nature and society, which usually requires self-help

from man and man's help for woman. Nor can we agree with those who propose to stake the future of female culture upon this University 'experiment'; because we have a lurking suspicion that it is foredoomed to failure, from its unstable and essentially incomplete character. Any plan, to carry with it the elements of permanent success, must be '*totus, teres, atque rotundus*'—not fragmentary and unsubstantial. The Minister of Education could not better signalize his tenure of office than by framing a measure which would place the interests of higher female education on a sound, equitable, and permanent basis.

A Southern journal has shrewdly observed that President Hayes adopted his Southern policy with the view of dividing the Democrats, and that by it he has only succeeded in dividing his own party, the Republican. Congress has met, and has not proved quite so refractory as was expected. The Democrats have a majority in the House, and Mr. Randall was elected Speaker, but their party, notwithstanding some temporary chagrin at the success of the frauds by which Tilden was deprived of the Presidency, are favourably disposed to Hayes, on account of his Southern policy, and with the Administration Republicans can easily control the House. It was in the Senate, however, that the most serious trouble was anticipated. The Upper House in the United States is a most important body, confirming or rejecting all Executive appointments, accepting or refusing to accept all treaties, and, in addition, discharging the ordinary duties of a co-ordinate branch of the legislature. The Republican majority there is small, and it was feared that the Democrats, aided by the recalcitrant Republicans under Conkling, Blaine, and others, would embarrass the President and bring business to a deadlock as in Andrew Johnson's time. That danger, however, has been tided over by the adhesion of a few carpet-baggers and one negro from Mississippi, who, in plain language, have been bribed by select places on favourite committees. Ohio, at its recent elections, was gained by the Democrats, and yet, singularly enough, the result was a triumph to the President; whereas in Iowa, where the Republicans were successful, he was distinctly censured by a large majority of the people; so completely are the old parties disintegrated. Mr. Hayes has announced in advance his intention not to seek a second term, so that he is practically independent of popular clamour. Yet he has virtually abandoned 'Civil Service Reform,' and under Secretary Sherman's management will probably play fast and loose with the specie question. Gen. Terry's abortive mission to Fort Walsh, as described by a correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald*, is of singular interest, even though it resulted in failure. The *hauteur* of Sitting Bull and his brother chiefs, their odd appearance and strange speeches, their appeals to the 'White Mother,' whose subjects they claim to be, and the appearance of a squaw as an orator—the crowning insult to the American Commission—read like a chapter in Drake or Parkman. 'You have told us lies, and we have been deceived too often. Go back to the other side where you belong; we belong here and intend to stay here. Go back and take it easy in going,' *i.e.* be so long in going that you will never come back. These were, in brief, the replies of Sitting Bull and his friends, accompanied by much hand-shaking of the British officers, and a series of studied insults to the Americans. The journals on the other side are profuse in their acknowledgments of Canadian courtesy and international good faith; but what is better, they are seriously contrasting our Indian policy with the iniquitous system which has too long been upheld by the cupidity of ministers and agents.

As we anticipated, France, by the decisive majority of one hundred and eighteen, has pronounced in favour of the Republic and against the usurpation of the 16th May. Notwithstanding the vile means to secure a triumph for the motley coalition of Monarchists and Imperialists, the Opposition has triumphed without violence and with a singular abstinence from abusive or turbulent language. The President's personal appeals, Fourtou's prefectorial and police machinery, episcopal, sacerdotal, and even Papal influence, partial judges, tyrannical edicts, the gagging of the press, the prison and the fine, have all been in vain. The question is—What next? And here all is rumour and uncertainty. According to some, the Ministry, or at least De Broglie

and Gen. Berthaut, the Minister at War, are anxious to resign. According to others, McMahon's self-conceit has not yet received a mortal blow, and he is meditating another dissolution, and a new election to take place 'under a state of siege.' This seems exceedingly improbable, because the Marshal, however impervious his obstinate spirit may be to popular opinion, cannot fail to see the fearful risk he would incur of casting France once more into the throes of revolution. Next May, the Paris Exposition is to be opened, and it is likely that he will make considerable sacrifices of personal feeling and prejudice, rather than reduce France to the verge of insurrection so short a time before it. He could easily make concessions sufficiently broad to conciliate a large section of the Left, without in any way compromising his dignity; and for that reason we believe that he will attempt to form a *quasi* Liberal Cabinet by means of Dufaure.

In the East the tables are suddenly turned. Russia has won a brilliant victory in Armenia, where it was least expected. Moukhtar's Pasha's army has been practically broken up, Kars is invested, and an army is on the road to Erzeroum. On the Lom, Suleiman Pasha, who succeeded the Fabian Mehemet Ali, and from whom some dashing and rapid exploit was expected, has abandoned his old line and taken refuge at Rasgrad, whither the Czarevitch has followed him, after leaving a sufficient force to mask Rustchuk. In the west, Osman Pasha still holds the powerful post of Plevna, and has hitherto defied the engineering genius of Todleben and the reckless bravery of the Russo-Roumanian army. A diversion by Servia would no doubt cut off Osman's connections, and it is obvious that Plevna cannot be taken until he and his 130,000 are cooped up within their lines of circumvallation. Servia, however, holds back, and Russia is making assurance doubly sure by connecting Plevna by railway with the Danube. It is quite manifest that Turkey has reached the end of her tether; she has fought with desperate valour, but the sanguinary contest is clearly approaching its close. It will then be seen what Europe will do to place the suffering Slavs in a secure position for the future.

October 25th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

COUNT FRONTENAC, AND NEW FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV. By Francis Parkman. Boston; Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1877.

Mr. Parkman's latest contribution to Canadian history, if possible, surpasses in interest the previous volumes of the series. The bold, clear-cut figure of Frontenac stands out in Franco-Canadian history in all its imposing dignity. During nearly twenty-seven years, with an interval of seven about midway in his career, the grand, haughty, brave, petulant, and chivalrous old man occupied a foremost place in Canadian story, during a turbulent period of intestine strife, battle with the Iroquois, and national intrigue and rivalry. These most thrilling chapters from the heroic and romantic period of our own early history, are full of intense interest, and must have exerted at once a fascinating and inspiring influence upon the mind of our author. Before entering upon an account of this volume, it may not be amiss to point out some chronological points which may be of service to students, and especially to the younger of them. Four names occupy the most prominent positions under the French *régime*, Jacques Cartier, the voyager, Samuel de Champlain, the founder of the French system, François de Laval, the sturdy champion of the Church, and Louis de Buade, Count Frontenac, the foe of England. Now Cartier arrived off Quebec, then Stadacona, in 1535; Champlain died in 1635, ex-

actly a century afterwards, during the greater part of which, from the departure of Roberval, the Viceroy, with Cartier, till the founding of Quebec (1543-1608), the country was almost entirely abandoned by the French. Champlain's term of office as first Governor under the nominal viceroyalty of Louis de Bourbon, began in 1612, two hundred years before the war with the United States. Laval arrived in Canada in 1659, a century before the capture of Quebec by Wolfe (1759), and he died in 1708, exactly the same period of time after Champlain's founding of Quebec. Champlain's rule, beginning in 1612, dates exactly sixty years before Frontenac's arrival, 1672; and Frontenac's death, towards the close of 1698 (Nov. 28), was as nearly as possible sixty years before the English victory on the plains of Abraham. This volume, therefore, includes the period between 1672 and 1698, both inclusive, and it may be divided thus :— From 1672 to 1682, exactly a decade, Frontenac's first term; seven years of disaster under the Sieur de la Barre and Denonville, 1682 to 1689; Frontenac's second term, almost a decade also, from 1689 to his death.

Mr. Parkman opens his volume with one of those graphic chapters in which we are afforded a glimpse of Versailles under Louis Quatorze. Presumably to comply with the courteous maxim, *place aux dames*, the reader is first presented to Frontenac's lively and high-spirited wife, the favourite friend of Mdlle. de Montpensier, Henry of Navarre's granddaughter, until, like all violently attached friends, especially of the fair sex, they fell out for ever. The episode at Orleans, which the Princess and her three Countesses, de Bréauté, de Fiesque, and de Frontenac, attempted to hold for Condé at the breaking out of the war of the Froude, makes of the wife of Canada's future ruler, a graceful and interesting figure. Frontenac himself was of Basque origin, and in addition to pride of race, he could claim the highest rank among the French *noblesse*. His grandfather, one of Henry the Fourth's grandees, had been sent to the Medici of Florence on a matrimonial mission; his father was *mâitre d' hôtel* in the household of Louis XIII., who was godfather to our count, and gave him his Christian name. His wife, Anne de la Grange-Trianon, was the daughter of a fickle and weak-minded neighbour, the Sieur de Neuville, who first consented to the marriage and then repented. Frontenac and his love made a runaway match one fine day in 1648, and were married at St. Pierre des Bœufs, a church at which the consent of the parents was dispensed with. The couple did not live long together. He was imperious and exacting; she proud, self-willed, and fond of pleasure. She bore him one son, which she did not take the trouble to rear herself, and they lived apart, she surviving him some years.

Frontenac had meanwhile seen considerable service in the French army, fighting in the Low Countries and in Italy. Some bits of scandal were, of course, told about his appointment in Canada. It was said that Frontenac was a favourite of Mdlle. de Mortemart, afterwards Mad. de Montespan, and that the king desired to get him out of the way; another story was that his Sacred Majesty 'was attracted by the charms of Mad. de Frontenac.' The first may be true, but the latter could have had no solid foundation, as no aspersion has been cast on the fair fame of Mad. de Frontenac. She was her husband's friend and spy in Paris during his entire career, and although their tempers were too nearly alike for conjugal felicity under the same roof-tree, they were fast friends when the Atlantic rolled between them. Frontenac left her all his property, and directed that his heart should be sent to her in a case of lead or silver. A spiteful story was told by his enemies, that she refused the latter bequest, with the remark, 'that she had never had it (his heart) when he was living, and did not want it when he was dead.'

The Comte de Frontenac was fifty-two years old when he disembarked at Quebec. The almost youthful delight with which he describes the splendid panorama which unfolded itself there, as he glided up the St. Lawrence and cast anchor in the midst of that grandest of Canadian scenes, seems to have been chilled by no forebodings of the anxieties, the vexations, the toils and victories and disappointments which ended only when he sank to sleep twenty-seven years after. Bishop Laval and the able Talon, the Intendant, were there before him. Let us therefore endeavour to take stock of the man, before proceeding to sketch briefly the memorable career in which his strongly marked character unfolded itself. Mr. Parkman does not spare piquant and even harsh epithets, when limning his hero. He was a man in whom pride of race and pride of patrician dignity were united in proportions which appear excessive even in those times of aristocratic *hauteur* and arrogance. He was doggedly self-willed and pertinacious; he could brook no rival, nor endure the slightest opposition. 'When his temper was roused, he would fight with haughty and impracticable obstinacy for any position which he had once assumed, however trivial or however mistaken' (pp. 45, 46). He was intolerant and unmanageable in the extreme when thwarted, and his enemies used to say that in his paroxysms of rage he would foam at the mouth. On the other hand, he was a man of great sagacity and unsurpassed bravery, sometimes verging upon reckless audacity. 'Few white men ever excelled or approached him in the art of dealing with the Indians' (p. 69). His natural haughtiness

stood him in good stead, for it extorted their instinctive respect. They were his children, and, in their eyes, he was the greatest of all the 'Onontios.' 'There was a sympathetic relation between him and them. He conformed to their ways, borrowed their rhetoric, flattered them on occasion with tenderness,' or berated them roundly when they had offended him. 'They admired the proud and fiery soldier who played with their children and gave beads and trinkets to their wives; who read their secret thoughts and never feared them, but smiled on them when their hearts were true, or frowned and threatened them when they did amiss' (p.70). And see a curious account of Frontenac unbending so far as to brandish a hatchet in the air, sing the war-song, and lead the war dance (p. 254). Moreover, notwithstanding his violent temper, 'there were intervals when he displayed a surprising moderation and patience. By fits he could be magnanimous' (p. 71). Here, as elsewhere, it appears to us that Mr. Parkman unwittingly does an injustice to Frontenac. He was naturally disposed to be good-tempered and conciliatory; and so long as he was not thwarted by clerical or mercantile 'rings,' he never failed to show the better side of his proud nature. There was much to sour even a less arbitrary and self-asserting disposition than his. It might be added that he was a man of fallen fortunes, and expected to repair them in Canada. In St. Simon's Memoirs we read: 'He was a man of excellent parts, living much in society, and completely ruined. He found it hard to bear the imperious temper of his wife; and he was given the government of Canada to deliver him from her, and afford him some means of living.' To sum up in our author's words :—'Frontenac has been called a mere soldier. He was an excellent soldier and more besides. He was a man of vigorous and cultivated mind, penetrating observation, and ample travel and experience. His zeal for the colony, however, was often counteracted by the violence of his prejudices, and by two other influences. First, he was a ruined man, who meant to mend his fortunes; and his wish that Canada should prosper was joined with a determination to reap a goodly part of her prosperity for himself. Again, he could not endure a rival; opposition maddened him, and, when crossed or thwarted, he forgot everything but his passion. Signs of storm quickly showed themselves between him and the Intendant Talon; but the danger was averted by the departure of that official for France' (p. 21).

Frontenac's first term, so far as its incidents are recorded in history, was a series of quarrels between the Governor on the one side and the Bishop, the Jesuits, and some of the traders, on the other. The quarrel with the Church was of old standing. Some time before Laval's arrival, the State and the Jesuits had been at dagger's point. Three successive Governors, predecessors of Frontenac, namely, Argenson, D'Avangour, and Mézy, as well as Dumesnil, who was not only Intendant, but also chief agent of the Company of 'One Hundred Associates,'—were all successively involved in conflicts with the Bishop (See Parkman's *French Régime*, ch. v.-ix, inclusive). The Bishop of Petræa *in partibus* was in fact a thorough Ultramontane, as well as an unflinching soldier of the Church militant. He was determined to have no Gallicanism in New France, and all his schemes had but one purpose—the thorough subordination of the State to the Church. When Frontenac arrived, these two inflexible spirits, as a matter of course, came into conflict. The causes, and even the agents, in these quarrels, were exceedingly various to all appearance; but at bottom, the hostility of the Church was the sole cause of all. As our author remarks, 'The key to nearly all these disputes lies in the relations between Frontenac and the Church. The fundamental quarrel was generally covered by superficial issues, and it was rarely that the Governer fell out with anybody who was not in league with the Bishop and the Jesuits' (p. 68). Now this is true, so far as it goes; but it appears to us extremely unjust to Frontenac. Had he been the first Viceroy who had complained of the overbearing attitude of Laval or the evil machinations of the Jesuits and their mercantile protégés, the case would assume a different aspect. But it was far otherwise. As Mr. Parkman himself remarks elsewhere (*French Régime*, p. 107), 'Argenson was Governor when the crozier and the sword began to clash, which is merely another way of saying that he was Governor when Laval arrived.' Hitherto the Jesuits had been busy enough as *intriguants*, but they wanted an astute, bold, and determined leader, and they found one in the new Bishop, whose life was spent in ceaseless efforts to overshadow the State with the ghostly power of the Church. Frontenac, in resisting assumption and intrigue, was merely obeying the orders and instructions repeated a hundred times to divers Governors and Intendants, by Louis himself, and by Colbert. The standing direction to the Colonial rulers was to show all due respect to the Bishop and Clergy, but not to permit them to make the slightest encroachment upon the civil domain; and when Frontenac resisted the Bishop and the Jesuits, and allied himself with the Récollets, a Franciscan fraternity, he was only following his instructions. Duchesneau and Champigny were mere creatures of the clergy, and aided them in thwarting the Governor by every means in their power, and those means were ample. Moreover, Frontenac had been expressly ordered to stop the wild courses of the *coureurs*

de bois or bushrangers, many of whom were young men of dash, and well-connected, but who, from a love of adventure, had almost sunk to the level of the savages. Hence the quarrel with Perrot, Governor of Montreal, and the Abbé Fénélon. a relation of the sainted Archbishop of Cambrai. They were backed by the Jesuits, as usual; so that instead of Frontenac being, as Mr. Parkman seems to convey, disposed to fall 'out with any body in league with the Jesuits,' it was the Jesuits who always sided with those who transgressed the royal orders, or had placed themselves in hostility to Frontenac. On the question of the sale of brandy to the Indians, the clergy were certainly right; but it must not be forgotten that the rivalry between the French and the English and Dutch for the furs of the North-west, was a struggle for existence—a matter of life or death for one party or the other. It was French brandy against New England and New York rum; and certainly we who belong to an Empire which has persisted in carrying on a deadly and nefarious trade in opium with the Chinese by force of arms, have no right to cast a stone at the French rulers of the seventeenth century. The anomalous position of the Intendant was also a constant cause of trouble upon which we cannot dilate here. Suffice it to say that, after many attempts to heal the breach between the parties, Frontenac was recalled in 1682, the year in which Bossuet proposed and secured the adoption of the famous four articles that formed the basis of Gallicanism.

To Frontenac succeeded the Sieur de la Barre and the beginning of the struggle with New York and the Iroquois. He was a sort of 'Johnnie Cope,' always boasting before he met the enemy, and always shrinking when he came to close quarters. Denonville, who followed, was a man of greater capacity and more courageous spirit, but his treachery in sending to the French galleys the Indian chiefs he had invited to a parley at Fort Frontenac, was not only dastardly in itself, but brought upon the Colony fearful retribution in the Lachine massacre of 1689. During this interregnum, as we may call it, two Indian chiefs came into prominence at the conferences—Big Mouth, an Iroquois, a shrewd old politician, with great oratorial powers, and Kondiaronk or the Rat, a man of eminent ability, craft, and power, a Huron chief of Michilimackinac. Those who are apt to regard Machiavellianism in diplomacy as a peculiar adjunct to civilization, will find themselves undeceived by a study of the career of these two red-skins. Frontenac returned to Canada in his seventieth year, with a faithful assistant as Governor of Montreal. The greatest and bravest part of his life-work was done during the nine years that were yet to be granted him. His wars with the Iroquois, his diplomatic fencing with Dongan, the Governor of New York, and above all, his triumph over Sir William Phips, the Massachusetts invader of Quebec, are perhaps sufficiently well known to the reader. It was during these eventful years that the star of Frontenac shone most brightly. Notwithstanding petty annoyances at headquarters, and neglect at home, the brave and indomitable old hero struggled on until he passed quietly away, just as the goal was reached. Let us think what we may of the hero's imperious and fiery temper, he makes a grand figure in our history. With all his faults, he alone had the brain and the mettle for that perilous crisis, and his name and memory deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. Two heroines, whose story we had intended to detail, must pass with a bare mention: the one was French, Madelaine, a seignior's daughter, fourteen years of age, the little Maid of Verchères, who in the absence of father and mother successfully defended their home against the Iroquois (p. 302 *et seq.*); and Hannah Dunstan of Haverhill, a New England Jael, who avenged her slaughtered kin with the Indian tomahawk. Mr. Parkman's book is so deeply interesting that we have overpassed our allotted space, and with the mere announcement of the concluding volume yet to come, on 'Montcalm and the Fall of New France,' this cursory and imperfect notice must be brought to a close.

SPIRITE: A FANTASY. By Théophile Gautier. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

No better examples of the peculiar characteristics of French literature could well be desired than are to be found in this work and in the pages of 'S. Brohl & Co.,' one of its predecessors in this series. In the latter tale, the author was in his own element. The scene was laid partly in Paris, and partly in the country; but even when amongst the Alpine valleys, the characters and events all pointed to Paris as their natural centre of attraction. Villainy did not, in the hands of M. Cherbuliez, suggest that heavy villainy which drags deep remorse in its tracks; Samuel Brohl was sufficiently punished by the loss of an alliance with an eligible fortune, and, above all, by an exile from those charming *salons* where elegant ladies and gentlemen chatted lightly and wittily upon the most appropriate subjects. Virtue was rewarded by that Paradise still remaining open to it, and Virtue, well satisfied, looked for no higher well-being. It was a novel of society, and did not hint at the deeper problems of our nature, and in this class of literature the French genius excels.

In '*Spirite*,' M. Gautier has chosen a sub-

ject for which the writers of his race have shown but slight aptitude. The supernatural must not be trifled with, and woe to those who think they may do so with impunity! If the machinery by which it is introduced jars ever such a little upon the senses, if the apparition falls short of our expectations and does not justify the sacrifice of probabilities by some redeeming qualities, it would have been far better never to have attempted to present before us the unpresentable. An author who brings a disembodied spirit upon his canvas must attend to several things; and first of all, and before he can expect his readers to believe in and love his creature, belief and love must have attended its creation. We are carried away by our feelings when we hear 'quaint, delicate Ariel' picture the delights of his promised liberty; it is the outcome of the sympathy that Shakspere felt when he limned that fleeting portrait. Then, too, the scene of the apparition must suit its ghostly visitant.

The 'still-vex'd Bermoothes' are an appropriate stage for a spirit; so are the woods round Athens, beneath the sheen of a midsummer moon. Even a crowded city may not seem amiss, if we approach it in the spirit of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and remember that 'all these mirrors and upholstery cannot conceal from us the fact that this or any drawing-room is simply a section of definite space, where so many God-created souls do, for the time being, meet together.' Unfortunately, however, French authors have never shown any great capacity for representing the supernatural, and have systematically violated these fundamental rules. De Quincey has drawn our attention to the fact that French literature is too intensely steeped in French manners to admit of any influences from without, and it is evidently, therefore, unable to represent the future condition of disembodied souls apart from those manners and sentiments. Accordingly, we find Spirite, the pure and innocent soul of a young maiden who has died for the lack of the love of the hero, Guy de Malivert, employing the exceptional facilities afforded her by Providence of conversing with her lover after death (facilities, too, obtained by a fervent prayer she uttered when donning the 'funeral-veil' of the professed nun), in recounting to him her *toilettes*, and the way she did her hair.

The draught of *nepenthe* must have sadly lost its strength in these days. Perhaps some ardent prohibitionist has juggled the keepers of the gates of Hades into passing an act against the use of that cup of deep forgetfulness which was supposed to wipe out from the tablets of the soul all the pettinesses of its earthly sojourn. Or it may be that a Parisian *dévotée* adheres so passionately to the memory of her former *confections*, that 'nor Jordan's flood nor Death's cold stream' can make her forget her 'dress of tarlatan over white silk, trimmed with strings of pearls and blue velvet,' and 'her hair tied with bands of velvet of the same colour, twisted with pearls,' and so on.

How tantalizing, our fair readers will exclaim, how infinitely provoking to have one's mind dwell for untold centuries upon dresses which one's own good taste must apprise one cannot *always* remain in fashion, and that, too, in a world where (presumedly) no dresses are needed by the spirit that is 'disentangled from the heavy day, lately so burdensome.' My dear friends, you are too hasty. Spirits appear (or, at least, Spirite does) in a 'white drapery, which seemed made of moonlight.' A 'chignon,' too, is not out of the way among these celestial denizens of the upper spheres. 'Ideal muslin' is very ordinary wear up there, which strikes us, from our knowledge of the real article, and to use a current vulgarism, rather *too* thin, and apt to require a special dispensation to provide against attacks of 'ideal rheumatism.' These costumes, however, are cheap, and we are kindly allowed to peep behind the scenes and see how they are made. Angels, it seems, are their own Worths—provided, we suppose, they have a natural talent in that direction. Spirite, 'with a little tinted vapor, reproduces her former dresses, and places the same ribbons and flowers in her hair which she used to wear.' This vapor, too (can it be in any manner allied to the Keely-motor vapor?), affords the departed soul, when tired of the music of the spheres and a close inspection of the Milky Way, with the means of taking a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. Fashioned into an iron-gray trotter, drawing a superb sleigh, and driven by a Russian coachman in green caftan, the useful gas whirls Spirite along the snow-covered drives, invisible to any but the hero and Madame d'Ymbercourt, a young widow who is in love with him, and of whom the dear departed was jealous while on earth, and whom she is determined to spite by taking an unfair advantage of her own demise. The drive having effected its purpose, 'horse, coachman, and vehicle drive directly through a large landau that was crossing their path, like a mist,' and Malivert and his horse are left trembling in company.

The other accomplishments of Spirite are equally marvellous. Her first manifestation to Guy is accompanied by a sigh, 'low, sweet, and aerial;' so much so, in fact, that Guy puts it down to 'the cat moaning in her sleep.' She plays the piano divinely; 'her hands no longer pretended to touch the keys, but the melodies came forth from the piano in visible waves of colour' (perhaps this is the spiritual word for chromatic scales). But it is only when they are well acquainted, that Guy has such manifestations as these allowed to him.

At first a sigh, a whisper, an invisible power that compels him to write down Spirite's confession with his own pen, is all he is permitted to experience. Then a delicate hand, the 'supple, patrician wrist disappearing in a mist of laces,' signals and beckons him, and at last she is made visible to him both in her natural shape and in the all-effulgent glory of the traditional budding wings and glorious robes of light. She describes to him her home in the spirit-world. 'The atmosphere was a shimmering light, shining like a dust of diamonds. I soon perceived that each grain of this dazzling dust was a soul. . . I rushed in a second through millions of miles across the flashings of auroras, rainbow reflections, irradiations of gold and silver, diamond phosphorescence, starry dartings.' This is the heaven of a Parisian scene-painter, and its inhabitants are still steeped to the core, as we have seen, with Parisian sentiment. How different from the way in which true genius depicts the disembodied spirit, freed of all touch or taint of race, dropping the conventional exterior of its mind at the same moment that it loses the encumbrance of its body! Listen to Richter's 'Dream of the Universe' —Richter, who was called by Taine a Jack Pudding: 'Two thoughts are the wings with which I fly: the thought of *here* and the thought of *there*. . . . I looked, and in a moment came a twilight,—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy,—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of the stars. . . . Then mine eyes were opened, and I saw that darkness had become light and light darkness; for the deserts and wastes of creation were filled with the sea of light; and in this sea the suns floated like ash-grey blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds.'

It is enough; the poet has spoken, and his conception embraces the whole universe. This picture is a *whole;* the French *literateur* gives you instead a jumble of white, blue, and green stars, mixed up with a network of pyrotechnics.

The mundane part of the tale is sufficiently interesting. The writer evidently respects the privileges of rank, as we see by his description of the Duchess, who looked very grand, although 'painted with entire disregard of all illusion.' The remark that 'no one passing the Duke in the street could have doubted his rank for an instant,' is worthy of Lothair; but we think no Duke would care to have his figure likened to the 'lengthened lines of a greyhound of high pedigree.' Neither do we think the Parisian youth would care to vouch for the correctness of Spirite's delineation of their ways and their manners. Some melancholy youths, it seems, cast passionate and crushing looks at her by stealth. Others, again, 'heaved deep sighs.' Yet another set, 'more bold, ventured a few moral and poetic phrases on the felicity of a well-assorted union!' Bold! We should think so! The gay young dogs! If this is the ardent way young Parisians lay siege to ladies' hearts, no wonder mothers and fathers find it necessary to exercise so much surveillance over their daughters. There is no knowing what a young man might not do with a few 'well-assorted moral and poetic phrases' of this nature.

The translation is apparently well done, as far, at least, as we can judge without having the original before us. 'Singing as falsely as possible the airs which they cannot make out to remember,' is the only glaring fault we have noticed.

NICHOLAS MINTURN: A STUDY IN A STORY. Author of 'Seven Oaks,' 'Arthur Bonnicastle,' etc. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1877.

Dr. Holland is an interesting and suggestive writer on public topics; but 'Nicholas Minturn' is hardly a book that will advance his reputation as a novelist. As a story, it is decidedly less interesting than 'Seven Oaks,' and the characters to whom we are introduced are hardly of a higher type. Nicholas the hero,—'tall, strongly built, with fine blue eyes and light hair, a generous whisker, and altogether an English look,'—is a young man so inane in the beginning of the book, that not even the prospect of an European tour can rouse him into anything like animation. Fortunately, however, a catastrophe at sea and falling in love with a beautiful invalid whose life he saves, make a man of him, and he suddenly blossoms out into a generous and judicious philanthropist, able to see the defects of all existing charities, and to suggest the necessary reforms, to which, however, he meets with but a cold response. His own private schemes, conceived and worked out with surprising wisdom for so young a reformer, turn out as successful as they deserve to be, and the book ends with a little ovation from his pauper *protégés*. As a contrast to the simple, genuine character of Nicholas, we have Mr. Benson, a type very similar to that of Mr. Belcher in 'Seven Oaks,' except that the present specimen is not quite such an unnatural and unmitigated villain. He is introduced as the 'model man,' and we follow his inward history to see a calculating selfishness and greed of gain sapping the springs of rectitude and deadening the voice of conscience, till in the close he proves faithless to all his trusts, and barely escapes the ignominy of a criminal trial, by a suicide which passes as murder, affording at least a wholesome warning in this mammon-worshipping age, of th

depths to which a man may fall before he is aware, who has given himself up to the race for wealth. Still Mr. Benson strikes us as, at least, a somewhat exaggerated portrait, suffering very much by contrast with a character in some respects similar, Mr. Bulstrode, in 'Middlemarch.' Minturn's friend, Glezen, has more life and individuality than the hero, —though his facetiousness, too, seems a little overdrawn, even for an American. The principal female characters are less happily drawn, —indeed even the heroine gives us hardly any impression of individuality beyond the facts of her invalidism and general amiability. Miss Coates is a little better, but preternaturally analytic and philosophical; while her vulgar, well-meaning mother is decidedly the most real woman in the book, though we see and hear a little too much of her. Altogether, the story does not introduce us to very interesting people, and even the humour is rather heavy. Occasionally, too, the tone has a decidedly false ring, as for instance, in the 'rehearsal of the attitudes' for the wedding, and in such passages as the following :—

'To have a home once more was a blessing which she felt was too great to be measured. To enter a *princely* home, as its mistress, with the man she loved—to rise to so sweet a destiny out of the very embrace of death—was a joy so great that no hour, no day, no year could hold it.

'Nicholas,' said the bride, with tears in her eyes, 'you have earned that.'

'Then I have earned something better than money,' he responded.

'*And you have earned me*, too,' she added, clasping his arm and looking up into his eyes.'

The best thing in the book is its treatment of the problem of pauperism, and its exposure of the false philanthrophy of many of the present attempts at mitigating the evil. Such passages as the following deserve careful consideration among ourselves :

'There was no lack of benevolence—that was manifest on every hand; but there was not only a lack of concert, but an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the case, and to see anything to be done but alleviation. He saw a great weight to be lifted, and no harmony of action with regard to it. Every remedial agent was "patchy." There were hospitals for old men and hospitals for old women. There were "helping hands" for this, that, or the other. There were asylums for orphans and half-orphans. There were out-door relief and in-door relief. There were general societies that were not only competing with each other for the privilege of distributing the funds of the benevolent, but invading each other's field.

'How to get the most out of these benevolent organizations, was the great question among the pauperized and perjured masses. They were besieged on every hand by deceit, by ingenious and persistent lying, by all base means to secure what they had to give.

'"Why Grace," he went on, give me the authority and the money, and I will take the contract to cure three-quarters of the pauperism of the city in three years. The poor we have always with us, and, whenever we will, we may do them good, by helping them to help themselves. The physically helpless we have always with us. The sick we have always with us. You may call these a quarter of the pauper population, if you will; but the remaining three-quarters only exist by a crime —a crime of their own, and a crime of society that tolerates them for a day. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. I cannot bear to see an evil grow in this new country until it becomes a hopeless institution—a great ulcer upon the social and political body, eating toward its vitals year by year, with never an attempt at radical treatment—with nothing applied but emollients and sedatives.'

All that Dr. Holland says and suggests about the treatment of the pauper classes is valuable, and the plans he makes Nicholas pursue might advantageously be tried by those who are desirous of elevating the masses. In this respect the book, it may be hoped, will have a wide and beneficial influence.

EVERGREEN LEAVES: BEING NOTES FROM MY TRAVEL BOOK. By Toofie. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1877.

This is a book of the useful information kind—a well intended attempt to impart a good deal of knowledge about things not generally known, under the very thin guise of a very slight story. It is evidently meant to prepare the minds of youthful tourists for profiting to the utmost by prospective travels in England and Scotland, and for this purpose it may serve to some extent as a handbook to be used upon the spot, since to remember a tithe of the historical and archæological information with which the volume is stored, would be as serious a tax on the memory as 'Mangnall's Questions.' The characters in the slight thread of story which acts as the sugar-coating of the more instructive portion of the book, are of the type usual in works which convey information by the asking and answering of questions; their individuality is not more striking than that of lay-figures in general, unless we except 'Artist Annie,' who is usually to be found sketching ruins or doing something in character with the soubriquet by which she is invariably designated. The perpetual recurrence of French and German phrases, which is some-

what irritating to the ordinary reader, is doubtless intended as a little useful practice in these languages, otherwise they might possibly suggest a little affectation in the users of them. It is always to be remembered, however, that the book is intended to be profitable rather than entertaining, although it is by no means destitute of the latter quality, a fact for which we can vouch from experience and observation. Perhaps we can best illustrate its general character by the following extract, premising that archæology is evidently the author's strong point. Elise the '*chroniclerin*' *loquitur:*

'These fair domains,' said Elise, 'of which Naworth is the baronial seat, have been in the possession of four Border families, and have descended three times by female inheritance. Henry II. bestowed the Gilsland barony upon Hubert de Vallibus or de Vaux, of Tryermain. Maud de Vaux, heiress of her family, married Thomas de Multon, of Askerton, thus uniting the estates of the two families. Maud de Multon brought the estates to the Dacres, whose seat was Dacre Castle, now used as a farm-house.

'This once powerful family had their name from exploits of an ancestor at the siege of Acre, during the Crusades in the time of Cœur de Lion; the name was originally written D'Acre. The last Lord Dacre was killed when a boy, leaving three sisters joint heiresses, and the estates and titles again descended by female inheritance. The second sister died; Anne, the eldest, married Philip, Earl of Arundel, and Elizabeth, his brother, Lord William Howard, "Belted Will,' the sons of that Duke of Norfolk who was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth for the attempt to release and marry Mary Stuart. The estates were for many years forfeited to the crown; after long delay they were restored—the baronies of Burgh and of Greystock were given to Arundel, and the barony of Gilsland to Lord William Howard; but even after this judgment was given in favour of the heiresses, possession was withheld for several years, and poor Arundel never enjoyed his position; he was imprisoned eight years, and finally died by poison.'

From this specimen it will be seen how richly the book is stored with information calculated to give a warmer interest in visiting the places described, although the enthusiastic young reader must be warned that travelling companions so high-toned, accomplished, and universally informed at Mr. Hopetoun, Elise, Fred, and 'Artist Annie,' are by no means to be met with every day. Perhaps it is as well, as their superior culture is occasionally just a little oppressive. The following little scrap of conversation, also from the encyclopædic Elise, might change places with the passage from Goldsmith quoted by the mouse or the griffin, we forget which, in 'Alice in Wonderland':—

'They are descended from Gospatrie, Earl of Northumberland,' said Elise, 'who was related through his mother with Gospatrie the Great, and a daughter of his house married one of the Christian family so prominent in the Isle of Man. Gospatrie the Great was a descendant of King Ethelred through his mother Elgiva, daughter of that King; the family was connected with the Nevilles, and Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, was the common ancestor of three Queens, Catharine Parr, Mary Stuart, and Elizabeth Tudor.'

After this specimen of the erudition of Canadian young ladies, who will venture to assert that 'higher education' is neglected among us?

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PERSONAL REPRESENTATION AND THE REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

II.

HAVING endeavored to explain the principles, and practice incident to the Representation of Minorities and to Personal Representation, the next point is to examine the relative merits of these systems of election as compared with each other and with our present system of election by majorities. For efficiency in securing a full and complete representation of the community, there can be no comparison between Mr. Hare's system and either the restricted or the cumulative vote. The former would secure the representation of all classes, interests, and opinions, according to their numbers, and either of the latter could, at best, only secure a fair representation of different political parties. But it is contended by many that Mr. Hare's system is utterly impracticable, by reason of its complexity; and some go so far as to allege that, even were this difficulty overcome, it would be, for various reasons, inexpedient. No satisfactory decision on the expediency of adopting it can be reached until the correctness of these views has been examined. This, I believe, can best be done by allowing its opponents to speak for themselves; and then subjecting their arguments to a fair criticism. Of all the opponents of Personal Representation, the ablest appears to be the late Mr. Bagehot, who, in his well-known work, '*The English Constitution*,' has assailed it most keenly. This gentleman admits that 'if Mr. Hare's plan would accomplish what its friends say, or half what they say, it would be worth working for, if it was not adopted till the year 1966'; that for *mis*-representation it would substitute correct representation; that it gets rid of all difficulties as to the size of constituencies; that under it 'the admirers of a great man could make a worthy constituency for him;' and that he 'could reckon other advantages.' But having done this he goes on to oppose it on the ground that 'the voluntary composition of constituencies appears to him inconsistent with the necessary pre-requisites of Parliamentary Government,' and supports this theory in the following language:—

'Under the voluntary system the crisis of politics is not the election of the member, but the making the constituency. President-making is already a trade in America; and constituency-making would, under the voluntary plan, be a trade here. Each party would have a numerical problem to solve. The leader would say: "We have 350,000 votes, we must take care to have 350 members;" and the only way to obtain them is to organize. A man who wanted to compose part of a liberal constituency must not himself hunt for 1000 other liberals; if he did, after writing

10,000 letters he would probably find he was making part of a constituency of 100, all whose votes would be thrown away, the constituency being too small to be reckoned. Such a liberal must write to the great Liberal Association in Parliament street; he must communicate with its able managers and they would soon use his vote for him. They would say, "Sir, you are late; Mr. Gladstone, Sir, is full. He got his 1000 last year. Most of the gentlemen you read of in the papers are full. As soon as a gentleman makes a nice little speech we get a heap of letters to say, '"Make us into that gentleman's constituency.'" But we cannot do that. Here is our list. If you do not want to throw your vote away you must be guided by us: here are three very satisfactory gentlemen (and one is an Honorable): you may vote for either of these, and we will write your name down; but if you go voting wildly you will be thrown out altogether."

'The evident result of this organization would be the return of party men mainly. The member-makers would look, not for independence, but for subservience—and they could hardly be blamed for so doing. They are agents for the Liberal party; and, as such, they should be guided by what they take to be the interests of their principal. The mass of the Liberal party wishes measure A, measure B, measure C. The managers of the Registration—the skilled manipulators—are busy men. They would say, "Sir, here is our card; if you want to get into Parliament on our side, you must go for that card; it was drawn up by Mr. Lloyd; he used to be engaged on railways, but since they passed this new voting plan, we get him to attend to us; it is a sound card; stick to that and you will be right." Upon this (in theory) voluntary plan you would get together a set of members bound hard and fast with party bands and fetters, infinitely tighter than any member now.

'Whoever hopes anything from desultory popular action if matched against systematised popular action, should consider the way in which the American President is chosen. The plan was that the citizens at large should vote for the statesman they liked best. But no one does anything of the sort. They vote for the ticket made by 'the caucus,' and the caucus is a sort of representative meeting which sits voting and voting till they have cut out all the known men against whom much is to be said, and agreed on some unknown man against whom there is nothing known and therefore nothing to be alleged. Caucuses, or their equivalent, would be far worse here in constituency-making than there in President-making, because on great occasions the American nation can fix on some one great man whom it knows, but the English nation could not fix on 658 great men and choose them. It does not know so many, and if it did, would go wrong in the difficulties of manipulation.

'But though a common voter could only be ranged in an effectual constituency, and a common candidate only reach a constituency, by obeying the orders of the political election contrivers on his side, certain voters and certain members would be quite independent of both. There are organizations in the country which would soon make a set of constituencies for themselves. Every chapel would be an office for vote-transferring before the plan had been known three months. The church would be much slower in learning it, and much less handy in using it; but would learn. At present the Dissenters are a most energetic and valuable component of the Liberal party; but under the voluntary plan they would not be a component,—they would be a separate, independent element. We now propose to group boroughs; but then they would combine chapels. There would be a member for the Baptist congregation of Tavistock, *cum* Totnes, *cum* &c., &c.

'The full force of this cannot be appreciated except by referring to the former proof that the mass of a Parliament ought to be men of moderate sentiments, or they will elect an immoderate Ministry and enact immoderate laws. But upon the plan suggested, the House would be made up of party politicians selected by a party committee, chained to that committee and pledged to party violence, and of characteristic and therefore of immoderate representatives, for every 'ism' in England. Instead of a deliberative assembly of moderate and judicious men, we should have a various compound of all sorts of violence.

'I may seem to be drawing a caricature, but I have not reached the worst. Bad as these members would be if left to themselves—if, in a free Parliament they were

confronted with the perils of government, close responsibility might improve them and make them tolerable. But they would not be left to themselves. A voluntary constituency will nearly always be a depotic constituency. Even in the best case, where a set of earnest men choose a member to expound their earnestness, they will look after him to see that he does expound it. The members will be like the ministers of a dissenting congregation. The congregation is collected by unity of sentiment in doctrine A, and the preacher is to preach doctrine A; if he does not he is dismissed. At present the member is free because the constituency is not in earnest; no constituency has an acute, accurate, doctrinal creed in politics. The law made the constituencies by geographical divisions; and they are not bound together by close unity of belief. They have vague preferences for particular doctrines and that is all. But a voluntary constituency would be a church with tenets; it would make its representative the messenger of its mandates and the delegate of its determinations. As in the case of a dissenting congregation one great minister sometimes rules it, while ninety-nine ministers in the hundred are ruled by it; so here one noted man would rule his electors, but the electors would rule all the others.'

In examining Mr. Bagehot's criticisms, it must be borne in mind that they were written prior to the passage of the second Reform Bill; and consequently that he was comparing personal representation with a political system very different from that existing on this continent. In England at that time, the franchise was confined to an intelligent minority of the whole people; the House, owing to this fact and the social circumstances of the country, consisted almost entirely of well-educated and refined men, and partyism was almost always kept subordinate to patriotism. Had he been comparing it with an American polity where the franchise is practically almost universal in all cases, and where party violence controls almost all political action, both in the House and outside of it, he would, I think, have arrived at very different conclusions. But, however this may be, it is easy to show that most of his conclusions are inconsistent and untenable; and that even supposing all of them to be correct, the evils which he dreads could easily be avoided by a slight modification of the system which, for various reasons, I think would be advantageous. Before explaining the modification, I shall strive to indicate what I believe to have been Mr. Bagehot's errors.

1. Mr. Bagehot alleges that the system would necessitate party organisation, and that the result of it would be the return of party men mainly, bound to a certain card or 'platform'; and he then goes on to allege that certain voters and certain members would be quite independent of it, as other organisations would soon make a set of constituencies for themselves. Are not these inconsistent positions? How can it be true that the same system would simultaneously increase party ascendancy, and yet enable 'other organisations'—including, of course, any who might be dissatisfied with the platform—to 'make a set of constituencies for themselves?' Does not the very life of party ascendancy lie in the fact, that the system of elections by majorities forces dissatisfied electors either to follow their own party, or one whose views they dislike still more; and would not a system which, it is admitted, would relieve them from the necessity, tend to weaken such ascendancy instead of strengthening it? Mr. Bagehot's mistake arises from a failure to bear in mind the essence of Mr. Hare's system. He says that this wide party organisation would be necessary in order to prevent votes being 'thrown away,' whereas Mr. Hare's central idea is to prevent any vote being wasted. The elector would name the candidates whom he would wish to have returned in the order of his preference; and as he might make the list as long as he chose, it is next door to impossible that *all* those named would either fail to obtain a quota, or be elected before his vote came to be counted—in which cases only could any vote be wasted.

2. Mr. Bagehot alleges that, with personal representation, 'instead of a deliberate assembly of moderate and judicious men we should have a various compound of all sorts of violence.' Granting it to be true that in the United Kingdom the present system does result in the return of a House consisting of 'moderate and judicious men,' the election of such men can be due only to the fact of such men being

preferred by the immense mass of the electors of *both* political parties. Under the new system, as under the old, the mass of the electorate would return the mass of the House; and the change from one system to the other could do nothing to modify the actual opinions of electors: consequently the character of the mass of the House might be expected to remain unchanged. Mr. Bagehot admits that the electors would seek first of all to return the famous men of their party—which return is by no means sure on this continent. But he forgets that, this being assured, the influence of local celebrities would come into play; and that the next desire of the mass, not ardently devoted to some one measure, would be to return a local man, with whom they were acquainted, as the representative of their own town or county—which class may be regarded as furnishing the mass of the House.

3. Mr. Bagehot seems to imagine that party tickets would be formed under the same circumstances as those of the American Presidental ticket, under which the candidate wanted is some unknown man against whom nothing can be alleged. I am surprised that anybody should suppose the circumstances to be analogous. Is it not plain that the need of having obscure candidates arises from the fact that, under election by majorities one party can return its candidate only by defeating his opponent; and that none can hope to defeat a man against whom nothing can be alleged by opposing to him a prominent man who must necessarily be open to criticism? And is it not equally plain that this influence in favor of obscurity would not exist were a party able to elect a batch of members irrespective of the approval or disapproval of other parties? Nay, is it not plain that its interest should lead it to choose such men as would be best fitted to sway the House and wield the rod of office?

4. Mr. Bagehot tells us that voluntary constituencies would be despotic, and the members for them hopelessly enslaved. As to their probable disposition I will say nothing; but ability to enslave their members they certainly would not possess. Election by local majorities renders re-election almost hopeless unless the support of the same men can be secured at each contest; consequently, for a member to offend only so many of his supporters as constitute his majority, is to lose his seat, no matter how generally his conduct may be approved outside his own constituency. But under personal representation this would not be the case. All being free to vote for whom they please, the member could appeal to new men; and if he could show any fair argument in favor of his action, or had gained any fair standing in the House, there can be little doubt that he would be sent back to it by parties uninterested in the quarrel and so fitted to judge fairly of its merits. This facility of appeal to new men would alone suffice to render enslavement impossible.

Such are the points on which I believe Mr. Bagehot's conclusions to have been incorrect. But having quoted the views of the ablest opponent of personal representation, it may be well, or at all events it is only fair, to quote the reply made either to this or to similar attacks by its ablest supporter. Mr. J. S. Mill's reply is too long to be quoted in full, but a few extracts from it will probably prove sufficient. Replying to the charge that the system would confer undue power on cliques, and that it would lead to the formation of party tickets for the whole country, Mr. Mill says:—

'The answer to this appears to be conclusive. No one pretends that under Mr. Hare's, or any other plan, organisation would cease to be an advantage. Scattered elements are always at a disadvantage compared with organised bodies. As Mr. Hare's plan cannot alter the nature of things, we must expect that all parties or sections, great or small, which possess organisation would avail themselves of it to the utmost to strengthen their influence. But under the existing system these influences are everything. The scattered elements are absolutely nothing. The voters who are neither bound to the great political, nor to any of the little sectarian divisions, have no means of making their votes available. Mr. Hare's plan gives them the means. They might be more, or less, dexterous in using it. They might obtain their share of influence or much less than their share. But whatever they did acquire would be clear gain. And when it is assumed that every petty interest, or combination for a petty object, would give itself an organisation,

why should we suppose that the great interest of national intellect and character would alone remain unorganised! If there would be Temperance tickets, and Ragged School tickets, and the like, would not one public-spirited person in a constituency be suficient to put forth a "personal merit" ticket and circulate it through a whole neighbourhood? And might not a few such persons meeting in London, select from the list of candidates the most distinguished names without regard to technical divisions of opinion, and publish them at a trifling expense through all the constituencies? It must be remembered that the influence of the two great parties under the present system is unlimited: in Mr. Hare's scheme it would be great, but confined within bounds. Neither they, nor any of the smaller knots, would be able to elect more members than in proportion to the relative number of their adherents. The ticket system in America operates under conditions the reverse of this. In America electors vote for the party ticket because the election goes by a mere majority, and a vote for any one who is certain not to obtain the majority is thrown away. It might be hoped, therefore, that every Liberal or Conservative who was anything besides a Liberal or a Conservative—who had any preferences of his own in addition to those of his party—would scratch through the names of the more obscure and insignificant party candidates, and inscribe in their stead some of the men who are an honor to the nation. And the probability of this fact would operate as a strong inducement with those who drew up the party lists, not to confine themselves to pledged party men, but to include along with these in their respective tickets, such of the national notabilities as were more in sympathy with their side than with the opposite.

'The minor groups would have precisely the amount of power which they ought to have. The influence which they could exercise would be exactly that which their number of voters entitled them to; not a particle more; while, to ensure even that, they would have a motive to put up, as representatives of their special objects, candidates whose other recommendations would enable them to obtain the suffrages of voters not of the sect or clique. It is curious to observe how the popular line of argument in defence of existing systems veers round according to the nature of the attack made on them. Not many years ago it was the favorite argument in support of the then existing system of representation that under it all "interests" or "classes" were represented. And certainly all interests or classes of any importance ought to be represented, that is, ought to have spokesmen, or advocates, in Parliament. But from thence it was argued that a system ought to be supported, which gave to the partial interests, not advocates merely, but the tribunal itself. Now behold the change. Mr. Hare's system makes it impossible for partial interests to have the command of the tribunal, but it ensures them advocates, and for doing even this it is reproached. Because it unites the good points of class representation and the good points of numerical representation, it is attacked on both sides at once.'

Mr. Mill's arguments seem to me to be generally correct; and, for the reasons urged by him, as well as those previously stated, I feel no doubt that Mr. Hare's scheme in its original form, could not fail to prove an immense improvement on our present system of election by local majorities. But although strongly of this opinion, I do not presume to say that the arguments used against it should be regarded as futile. On the contrary, I feel sure that very many persons would be found to echo the words of the man whom Mr. Bagehot heard saying that 'he never could remember it two days running'; and I think also that the danger of violent cliques becoming represented by violent men is a reality. Now, whatever might be the case in England, it is certain that on this continent no system of election which was not clearly understood by the great mass of the electors could ever prove permanent. It has been well said by 'A Japanese Traveller,' that 'the foundation of American politics is, *not* to honor politicians; *always* to speak evil of dignities, if they are on the other side in politics; always to bear false witness, if elections can be carried that way; to think a great deal of evil of everybody, and, politically, to do always to the other side exactly what you would not at all like them to do to you.'* We have, happily, not advanced

* North American Review, July August, 1877, pp. 83-4.

quite to this point in Canada; but we are 'progressing' towards it, and have already advanced so far on the way that any system of election under which the correctness of the election returns could remain in doubt, would produce such a cry of 'corruption' as would bring it to an end on the first trial. And although I believe the danger of the election of violent men to be much less than is supposed, and the counteracting tendencies to be altogether overlooked, its possibility follows inevitably on the simple fact that there are in every country minorities of fools as well as minorities of sages—the great mass of mankind being mediocre. These I believe to be substantial and well-grounded objections to the scheme. All others I consider fallacious and ill-grounded; but must still admit them to be possibilities, and, therefore, cannot overlook them. But I also feel perfectly satisfied that all the apprehended evils of personal representation could be avoided, all its substantial advantages retained, and the system of election made clear to the dullest intellect fitted to exercise the franchise, by a few modifications which I shall now strive to explain.

It is almost self-evident that all the apprehended dangers and complexities of personal representation arise from the proposal to abolish local constituencies and to allow any elector to vote for any candidate in the whole country whom he may prefer. The danger of the election of fanatics or impracticables, arises from the facts that under Mr. Hare's scheme any 658th part of the electorate of the United Kingdom could return a member, and that the numbers of these parties are so small as to be powerless unless all in the Kingdom could be allowed to unite their strength. But were the Kingdom divided into, say, 65 electoral districts, each returning ten members, no party could return a representative unless it were as strong in one constituency as, under Mr. Hare's scheme, it would require to be in the whole country. Thus, supposing the quota to consist of 1000 votes, a party possessing 999 votes in each district would be out-voted in all and remain unrepresented, while under Mr. Hare's scheme it would return 64 members. The change, of course, would render the House a less faithful representative of the various opinions and interests of the community than one elected under Mr. Hare's system pure and simple; but it would effect an enormous improvement on the present system, as it would render possible the representation of as many different shades of opinion and interest as there were members returnable by each district, while it would unquestionably put an end to any danger of impracticable cliques being able to elect impracticable members. Then the possibility of the ascendancy of a party committee at head-quarters to whose orders all party electors would be forced to submit, and whose 'ticket' they would be forced to accept, is also due to the proposal to make the whole country, practically, one electoral district, and would be obviated by a partial retention of separate constituencies. Were a country divided into several electoral districts, each returning any given number of representatives, it would be impossible to form one party ticket for all of it, as no elector could vote for a candidate outside his own district. And as the chance of local interests being left unrepresented arises from the fact that under Mr. Hare's system, the electors of one neighborhood might not act together, it is clear that this possibility would be destroyed by a system which would force them, to a great extent, to do so. Besides which, it may be remarked that the maintenance of separate constituencies, however large they might be, would tend to preserve to local celebrities some of the advantages which they now enjoy as candidates over outsiders, and to maintain the numerical ascendancy in the House of the class which Mr. Bagehot syles 'moderate and judicious men.' Should it be alleged that the change would destroy the life of personal representation, the answer is that it is impossible to gain inconsistent advantages. The benefits promised, and the evils predicted, as the results of personal representation, are both based on the wide range of choice which it would afford to electors. As this is narrowed the alleged dangers of the system are lessened; and as it is widened its admitted advantages are increased. It follows that the highest balance of advantages is to be found in applying the system to local constituencies which shall afford the widest field of choice consistent with an avoidance of the evils said to be consequent on making it as wide as the whole list of candidates through-

out the country. Where that point is to be found is the problem to be solved. The solution would vary according to the social circumstances of different countries; but in Canada I should say that it would be found in constituencies returning from nine to eleven members. It could vary, however, in different provinces, and would probably require to do so from the fact that the boundary-line of an electoral district could not be carried over that of a province. And I should incline to the smaller number because it would facilitate such a simplification of the mode of election as would enable each elector to understand at the time of voting to what candidate his vote would be applied—without which simplification I see no hope of the scheme finding favor in the eyes of either legislators or electors.

It may be remarked, however, that it might be wise to commence with small constituencies and to enlarge them as the system became familiar to the people; and that even constituencies returning only five members, in which the votes of one-fifth of the electorate would constitute a quota, entitling a candidate to be returned, would be a great improvement on our present system.

As to the simplicity of the mode of election, it is evident that the mere substitution of small constituencies would alone do much to simplify Mr. Hare's system, as it would lessen the number of transfers of votes to be made. With a small list it would be perfectly possible for the electors to mark the whole of it, assigning their votes to each candidate in the order of their preference; or saying in effect: I assign my vote to A; but if he has already obtained a quota without my vote, or cannot obtain one with it, let my vote go to B; if he should be in the same position as A, let it go to C, and so on through the entire list. Were this done we should have all the members for each district returned by an exactly equal number of votes. But this, I fear, could not be done. The Canadian elector would probably reject any system under which his vote could be transferred by any public officer, despite any security which could be offered that the transfer would be in accordance with his own orders, or any facilities, however many, for detecting anything approaching to corrupt practises which might be afforded: he would want to know from the first, as clearly as he does under the present system, to whom his vote was assigned. If the manner of election could be altered so as to enable all to understand this point, all the complexity incidental to election by quotas would disappear, and the position of each candidate would be as clear to each elector at the close of the polls as it is to-day under the system of election by majorities. This, I think, could be done by the substitution of successive polling, either in different parts of the electoral district, or for different candidates for Mr. Hare's system of contingent voting. The former of these systems can probably be most clearly explained by way of illustration.

Taking then the case of Ontario, I would propose that the province should be divided into ten electoral districts, nine of which should return nine, and the tenth, seven members; that for each district there should be appointed at each election a Registrar, or head Returning-officer, whose duties should be analogous to those assigned in Mr. Hare's scheme to the Registrar; that any person desirous of offering himself as a candidate should be required duly to notify the Registrar, within one week of the issue of the writs, of his intention to do so, such notification being accompanied by the payment of $200 towards meeting the expenses of election; that at the end of the period fixed for receiving candidates, the Registrar should publish a list of the parties so offering themselves; an announcement of the days on which the polls should be successively opened in different parts of the district; a statement of the total number of electors in the district, and of the quotient obtainable by dividing such total by that of the number of members to be returned, and declaring that any candidate for whom any number of votes not less than the abovementioned quotient should, on such days, be polled, should be declared elected to serve in Parliament as a member for the said district.

It will be seen that in the above scheme there is a variation from Mr. Hare's system, in the fact that while he would make the quota consist of a ninth part of the votes polled, I propose to make it consist of a ninth part of the whole electorate. The reason of the difference lies in the fact that a knowledge of the quota at the outset of the election, so as to be able to declare

any candidate elected so soon as he had completed it, would be essential to the working of the system whereby I hope to be able to get rid of contingent voting, and to make the whole process of election plain to all fitted to be electors.

To make this process plain, let it be supposed that the city of Toronto, and the counties of York, Ontario, and Peel, constitute one electoral district returning nine members; that the total electorate consists of 9,000 electors; and, consequently, that 1000 votes polled for any candidate would form the quota entitling him to be declared elected.* The difficulty here, as before, would be to prevent the more popular candidates engrossing all the votes, and leaving an insufficient number to form quotas for all. To meet this difficulty, I would propose that the polls should be opened on the first day of election in Toronto only, but with the electors free to vote for any candidate on the list; that the mode of voting should be by the old style of entering the voter's name in a polling-book; or—if it should be desired to retain that mischievous system, the ballot—by delivering to each elector a voting-paper with his name and address written thereon, and allowing him to vote by retiring to a private booth and making a × opposite the name of the candidate for whom he should desire to vote; that at the close of the booths the voting-papers—or polling-books—should be taken to the Registrar's office, and the votes for each candidate there counted in the presence either of the candidate himself or of an agent appointed by him; that if from such counting it should appear that there had been polled for any one, or more, of the candidates, a number of votes not less than the quota of 1000, the Registrar should instantly issue a proclamation declaring such candidate duly elected by votes polled for him, or them, in certain specified ridings, wards, and polling-places within the limits of the three city ridings, declaring the votes polled for him, or them, at all other polling-places, cancelled, and the electors free to vote again, and stating that no further votes would be received for these cannidates, which proclamation he should forward to all the postmasters in the district, to be by them posted in their offices for the information of the electors; that on the second day after the issue of this proclamation, the polls should be opened in East York and South Ontario, for the receipt of votes for any candidates remaining unelected; that at the close of the day's polling the votes should be taken to the Registrar's office—which should now be temporarily established at the most central polling-place in these two ridings—and there assorted in the same manner as before; that to the votes polled on this day should be added those previously polled for the different candidates in Toronto, and that if the total should amount to a quota for one or more of them, he or they should be declared elected by votes polled for him or them, in specified ridings, wards, and polling-places, within the limits of the *five* ridings; that on the second day thereafter, the polls should be opened in West York and Peel, and a similar process pursued there, any candidate being declared elected who had polled a quota within the *seven* ridings; and that on the second day thereafter, again, the polls should be opened in North York and North Ontario, and the same process pursued there, any candidate being declared elected who had polled a quota within the *nine* ridings. At the close of this day the polls would have been opened in all parts of the district; but all the members to be returned by it could not have obtained a quota, since this could have been done only by all the electors having voted, and having voted in the shape of nine equal bodies, each constituting a ninth part of the whole electorate, which is morally impossible. It follows that at this time the electorate would be divisible into those electors who had not voted at all, those who had voted for unsuccessful candidates, and those who had voted for elected members, the latter class including the surplus votes over and above the quota polled for such members, but not appropriated to them, and declared to be cancelled, and the electors free to vote again. At this point of the election they should have an opportunity of so doing. The Registrar should now transmit, by post, to each of these electors, a paper stating that, as the quota of the candidate for whom he had

* I am aware that in strict equity much less than this number would form a quota, from the fact that the entire electorate never votes; but I propose this number in order to ask no more for minorities than all must admit to be their right.

voted had been completed before his vote came to be counted, it had been cancelled; that he was free to vote for any of the candidates still unelected; that he could do so by marking an enclosed voting-paper in a specified manner, and returning it within three days; and if it should be desired to impose a new check on the Registrar, the voter might also be furnished with a slip stating for whom he had voted, to be sent to the candidate himself. This done, these votes should be added to those previously polled for the different candidates; and if the result should be to complete the quota of any one of them, he, also, should be declared elected. It is probable that such completion would ensue in one or two cases; but it is impossible that the quota of all the members could yet be completed. It is probable, however, that at this time some five or six members would have been returned; as there can be no doubt that the purely Ministerial and Opposition parties would each have been able to find quotas for two members at the polling-booths, and that one or two more, probably independent men or candidates of some special class or interest, would have gained quotas at the distribution of the surplus votes. There would still remain some three or four members yet to be returned. At this point it would be evident that the electors could 'agree to differ' no longer, no one candidate being able to complete his quota; and such being the case, it follows that the election of the yet unelected members would have to be contested. I would, therefore, have the Registrar now issue a proclamation declaring all the votes polled for the unelected candidates cancelled, and the electors who had thus voted, free to vote again at a second election to be held on a specified day all through the district, on which occasion the election should be by a cumulative vote, each elector possessing as many votes as there were members to be elected, and being free to distribute them amongst the candidates as he should choose. Of course on this occasion none of those electors whose votes had been appropriated to elected candidates should be allowed to vote again; and to hinder any attempt at repetition on their part, each deputy returning-officer should be furnished with a copy of the Registrar's list of votes appropriated, and with the voting-papers of these electors in his district. At this election the return of the members remaining unelected would be completed. Their election would, to some extent, be contested; but the majority would be unable, even here, to monopolise the representation, as the cumulative vote would secure to each party a share of it proportionate to its strength in the electorate; and as there could scarcely be more than three or four members to be returned, the objections to that form of voting would cease to exist, as they apply only to cases in which a large number of members are returnable. The election being thus completed, the Registrar should endorse on each voting-paper the name of the member to whom it had been appropriated; and cause to be printed, in book form, separate statements of the names and addresses of the electors whose votes had been appropriated to each member. The constituency of each member should consist of the electors whose votes had been thus appropriated; and, in case of the death or removal of any of them, of those qualifying on the same property. This done, any elector who had voted for a defeated candidate should, on application to the Registrar, in a prescribed form to be furnished by postmasters, have his name entered on the constituency of any of the last elected members whom he might desire, and in default of such application should be entered on the constituency of the candidate declared member for the riding in which the elector was rated. And in case of the death of any member, his successor should be elected by the electors forming the constituency of the deceased, the election being conducted by sending voting-papers to the electors to be marked and returned by them, and the rule of the election being that the candidate obtaining the largest number of votes should be declared elected.

In case this scheme should not be favourably received I would suggest another which is, perhaps, rather more simple, though I do not think it would be more advantageous — that of successive voting for different candidates. In this system I would have exactly the same process as that explained above pursued down to the time of nomination. But here a change would be necessary. If the polls were to be successively opened for different candi-

dates, some rule settling for which candidates they should be first opened would be indispensable. The rule which I would propose is that one polling-day should first be appointed for those candidates who seemed to have a reasonable chance of obtaining a quota, and another for those who had not—in other words by dividing them into what we might call contested and uncontested elections. And to ascertain the relative chances of the different candidates, I would propose that nominations should be made by the formal presentation to the Registrar of nomination-papers in much the same manner as requisitions are now made to candidates; that any electors who should desire to bring forward any candidate should be empowered to do so by the presentation to the Registrar of a requisition inviting the party to stand; that to be effective, such requisition, or nomination-paper, should be accepted by the nominee, and signed by at least fifty electors; that to prevent fraud in requisitions, each signature should be required to be attested by the witness of some one of the clergy of the district, that the Registrar should ascertain the number of signatures on each requisition—or verify the number alleged by the presentor to be upon it—and having done so should issue a proclamation appointing a polling-day on which votes should be received for all candidates nominated by not less than three-fourths of a quota, but for none others; that at the close of the polling-day each returning-officer should forward all the votes polled in his division to the Registrar; that on receipt of them the Registrar should have them counted and set aside to the candidates for whom they had severally been polled; that in case any candidate should have received a number of votes in excess of the quota, the Registrar should appropriate to him, in the first instance, all the votes polled for him in that county or riding wherein the greatest number of votes had been polled for him; and next, those of the adjoining counties or ridings in the order of their topographical proximity to it, and of the number of votes polled in each, until a sufficient number had been appropriated to form a quota; that the votes so appropriated should be entered in polling-books by the Registrar, and that the electors whose votes had been so appropriated should form the constituency of the member elected; that this done, the Registrar should issue a proclamation declaring all candidates for whom not less than the quota had been polled duly elected, specifying the ridings, and, in the case of the riding wherein the appropriation ceased, the townships and wards wherein the votes constituting the quota had been polled, and declaring all votes polled for this candidate in any other part of the electoral district, cancelled, and the electors who had so voted free to vote again; that this being done he should transmit by post to each of the electors whose votes had been thus cancelled, a voting-paper stating that as the quota of the candidate for whom his vote had been recorded had been completed before his vote came to be counted, he was free to vote again, and could do so by making his mark opposite the name of any one in the accompanying list of candidates, whose quotas had not been completed, and returning the paper on or before a specified date; that on receipt of these voting-papers the Registrar should assign the votes as desired, and, in case the result should be to complete the quota of any of the yet unelected candidates, that he should issue another proclamation declaring such candidates duly elected. After this point no other candidate could complete the quota, and the election of the remainder of them would have to be contested. The Registrar should, therefore, now issue a second proclamation appointing a polling-day at which votes should be received for the yet unelected candidates, but stating that on this occasion the election should be by a cumulative vote, each elector possessing as many votes as there remained representatives unelected, those highest on the poll being returned, and everything subsequent being conducted in the same manner as that described of the like elections under the system of successive voting in different constituencies.

I cannot help thinking that either of these systems of election would be understood by almost any elector. The principle of election would simply be that with nine members to be returned, each ninth part of the electorate—the details of the franchise being settled—should be entitled to return one of them; and the rule of elec-

tion would simply be that all candidates who could obtain the support of this proportion should be returned, and when no more could gain it, then those who should poll the largest number of votes. In the process of election by voting successively for different candidates, the supporters of each class would vote on different days, and the only repetition of voting would be on the part of those electors whose votes should remain unappropriated at the first poll. These parties could not fail to understand their position when informed that for A there had been polled 1800 votes; that the quota being 1000 there had been appropriated to him 500 votes in centre Toronto; 300 in East Toronto; 150 in West Toronto; and 50 in certain wards in York township, and that all votes for him elsewhere were cancelled, and the electors free to vote on the second polling-day. Or under the system of successive voting in different constituencies, the surplus votes for any candidate would be reduced to a *minimum*, as voting would be stopped almost as soon as the quota was completed; and as the more popular candidates would be elected on the earlier polling-days, their surplus supporters in the late polling parts of the district would be free to give their support to those candidates standing second or third in their estimation. Under either system it seems almost certain that five or six members would be chosen by quotas, and as the former number would require the approbation of 55, and the letter of 66 per cent. of the total electorate, there would remain to vote at the second polling-day, under the most unfavourable circumstances, only from 34 to 45 per cent of it. That these could be made to understand their position is almost self-evident, and that the slight inconvenience on their part of going a second time to the poll would be richly repaid by the very many evils incidental to our present system which would be lessened or abolished, and the many new advantages which would be gained by the change will appear conclusively in my next paper, in which an attempt will be made to set them forth.

JEHU MATHEWS.

(*To be concluded in the next paper.*)

SOME RAMBLING NOTES OF AN IDLE EXCURSION.*

III.

SO the Reverend and I had at last arrived at Hamilton, the principal town in the Bermuda Islands. A wonderfully white town; white as snow itself. White as marble; white as flour. Yet looking like none of these, exactly. Never mind, we said; we shall hit upon a figure by and by that will describe this peculiar white.

It was a town that was compacted together upon the sides and tops of a cluster of small hills. Its outlying borders fringed off and thinned away among the cedar forests, and there was no woody distance of curving coast, or leafy islet sleeping upon the dimpled, painted sea, but was flecked with shining white points,—half-concealed houses peeping out of the foliage.

The architecture of the town was mainly Spanish, inherited from the colonists of two hundred and fifty years ago. Some ragged-topped cocoa-palms, glimpsed here and there, gave the land a tropical aspect.

There was an ample pier of heavy masonry; upon this, under shelter, were some thousands of barrels containing that product which has carried the fame of Bermuda to many lands,—the potato. With here and there an onion. That last sentence is facetious; for they grow at least two onions in Bermuda to one potato. The

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onion is the pride and joy of Bermuda. It is her jewel, her gem of gems. In her conversation, her pulpit, her literature, it is her most frequent and eloquent figure. In Bermudian metaphor it stands for perfection,—perfection absolute.

The Bermudian weeping over the departed exhausts praise when he says, 'He was an onion!' The Bermudian extolling the living hero bankrupts applause when he says, 'He is an onion!' The Bermudian setting his son upon the stage of life to dare and do for himself climaxes all counsel, supplication, admonition, comprehends all ambition, when he says, 'Be an onion!'

When parallel with the pier, and ten or fifteen steps outside it, we anchored. It was Sunday, bright and sunny. The groups upon the pier, men, youths, and boys, were whites and blacks in about equal proportion. All were well and neatly dressed, many of them nattily, a few of them very stylishly. One would have to travel far before he would find another town of twelve thousand inhabitants that could represent itself so respectably, in the matter of clothes, on a freight-pier, without premeditation or effort. The women and young girls, black and white, who occasionally passed by, were nicely clad, and many were elegantly and fashionably so. The men did not affect summer clothing much, but the girls and women did, and their white garments were good to look at, after so many months of familiarity with sombre colors.

Around one isolated potato barrel stood four young gentlemen, two black, two white, becomingly dressed, each with the head of a slender cane pressed against his teeth, and each with a foot propped up on the barrel. Another young gentleman came up, looked longingly at the barrel, but saw no rest for his foot there, and turned pensively away to seek another barrel. He wandered here and there, but without result. Nobody sat upon a barrel, as is the custom of the idle in other lands, yet all the isolated barrels were humanly occupied. Whosoever had a foot to spare put it on a barrel, if all the places on it were not already taken. The habits of all peoples are determined by their circumstances. The Bermudians lean upon barrels because of the scarcity of lamp-posts.

Many citizens came on board and spoke eagerly to the officers,—inquiring about the Turco-Russian war news, I supposed. However, by listening judiciously I found that this was not so. They said, 'What is the price of onions?' or, 'How's onions?' Naturally enough this was their first interest; but they dropped into the war the moment it was satisfied.

We went ashore and found a novelty of a pleasant nature: there were no hackmen, hacks, or omnibuses on the pier or about it anywhere, and nobody offered his services to us, or molested us in any way. I said it was like being in heaven. The Reverend rebukingly and rather pointedly advised me to make the most of it, then. We knew of a boarding-house, and what we needed now was somebody to pilot us to it. Presently a little barefooted colored boy came along, whose raggedness was conspicuously un-Bermudian. His rear was so marvelously bepatched with colored squares and triangles that one was half persuaded he had got it out of an atlas. When the sun struck him right, he was as good to follow as a lightning-bug. We hired him and dropped into his wake. He piloted us through one picturesque street after another, and in due course deposited us where we belonged. He charged nothing for his map, and but a trifle for his services; so the Reverend doubled it. The little chap received the money with a beaming applause in his eye which plainly said, 'This man's an onion!'

We had brought no letters of introduction; our names had been misspelt in the passenger list; nobody knew whether we were honest folk or otherwise. So we were expecting to have a good private time in case there was nothing in our general aspect to close boarding-house doors against us. We had no trouble. Bermuda has had but little experience of rascals, and is not suspicious. We got large, cool, well-lighted rooms on a second floor, overlooking a bloomy display of flowers and flowering shrubs,—calla and annunciation lilies, pinks, double geraniums, oleanders, pomegranates, blue morning-glories of a great size, and many plants that were unknown to me.

We took a long afternoon walk, and soon found out that that exceedingly white town was built of blocks of white coral. Bermu-

da is a coral island, with a six-inch crust of soil on top of it, and every man has a quarry on his own premises. Everywhere you go you see square recesses cut into the hill-sides, with perpendicular walls unmarred by crack or crevice, and perhaps you fancy that a house grew out of the ground there, and has been removed in a single piece from the mold. If you do, you err. But the material for a house has been quarried there. They cut right down through the coral, to any depth that is convenient,—ten or twenty feet,—and take it out in great square blocks. This cutting is done with a chisel that has a handle twelve or fifteen feet long, and is used as one uses a crowbar when he is drilling a hole, or a dasher when he is churning. Thus soft is the stone. Then with a common handsaw they saw the great blocks into handsome, huge bricks that are two feet long, a foot wide, and about six inches thick. These stand loosely piled during a month to harden; then the work of building begins. The house is built of these blocks; it is roofed with broad coral slabs an inch thick, whose edges lap upon each other, so that the roof looks like a succession of shallow steps or terraces; the chimneys are built of the coral blocks and sawed into graceful and picturesque patterns; the ground-floor verandah is paved with coral blocks; also the walk to the gate; the fence is built of coral blocks,—built in massive panels, with broad cap-stones and heavy gate-posts, and the whole trimmed into easy lines and comely shape with the saw. Then they put a hard coat of whitewash, as thick as your thumb nail, on the fence and all over the house, roof, chimneys, and all; the sun comes out and shines on this spectacle, and it is time for you to shut your unaccustomed eyes, lest they be put out. It is the whitest white you can conceive of, and the blindingest. A Bermuda house does not look like marble; it is a much intenser white than that; and besides, there is a dainty, indefinable something else about its look that is not marble-like. We put in a great deal of solid talk and reflection over this matter of trying to find a figure that would describe the unique white of a Bermuda house, and we contrived to hit upon it at last. It is exactly the white of the icing of a cake, and has the same unemphasized and scarcely perceptible polish. The white of marble is modest and retiring compared with it.

After the house is cased in its hard scale of whitewash, not a crack, or sign of a seam, or joining of the blocks, is detectable, from base-stone to chimney-top; the building looks as if it had been carved from a single block of stone, and the doors and windows sawed out afterwards. A white marble house has a cold, tomb-like, unsociable look, and takes the conversation out of a body and depresses him. Not so with a Bermuda house. There is something exhilarating, even hilarious, about its vivid whiteness when the sun plays upon it. If it be of picturesque shape and graceful contour,—and many of the Bermudian dwellings are,—it will so fascinate you that you will keep your eyes upon it until they ache. One of those clean-cut, fanciful chimneys,—too pure and white for this world,—with one side glowing in the sun and the other touched with a soft shadow, is an object that will charm one's gaze by the hour. I know of no other country that has chimneys worthy to be gazed at and gloated over. One of those snowy houses half-concealed and half-glimpsed through green foliage is a pretty thing to see; and if it takes one by surprise and suddenly, as he turns a sharp corner of a country road, it will wring an exclamation from him, sure.

Wherever you go, in town or country, you find those snowy houses, and always with masses of bright-colored flowers about them, but with no vines climbing their walls; vines cannot take hold of the smooth, hard whitewash. Wherever you go, in the town or along the country roads, among little potato farms and patches or expensive country-seats, these stainless white dwellings, gleaming out from flowers and foliage, meet you at every turn. The least little bit of a cottage is as white and blemishless as the stateliest mansion. Nowhere is there dirt or stench, puddle or hog-wallows, neglect, disorder, or lack of trimness and neatness. The roads, the streets, the dwellings, the people, the clothes, this neatness extends to everything that falls under the eye. It is the tidiest country in the world.

Considering these things, the question came up, Where do the poor live? No answer was arrived at. Therefore, we agreed to leave this conundrum for future statesmen to wrangle over.

What a bright and startling spectacle one of those blazing white country palaces, with its brown-tinted window caps and ledges, and green shutters, and its wealth of caressing flowers and foliage, would be in black London! And what a gleaming surprise it would be in nearly any American city one could mention, too!

Bermuda roads are made by cutting down a few inches into the solid white coral,—or a good many feet, where a hill intrudes itself,—and smoothing off the surface of the road-bed. It is a simple and easy process. The grain of the coral is coarse and porous; the road-bed has the look of being made of coarse white sugar. Its excessive cleanness and whiteness are a trouble in one way: the sun is reflected into your eyes with such energy as you walk along that you want to sneeze all the time. Old Captain Tom Bowling found another difficulty. He joined us in our walk, but kept wandering unrestfully to the road-side. Finally he explained. Said he, 'Well, I chew, you know, and the road's so plaguy clean.'

We walked several miles that afternoon in the bewildering glare of the sun, the white roads, and the white buildings. Our eyes got to paining us a good deal. By and by a soothing, blessed twilight spread its cool balm around. We looked up in pleased surprise and saw that it proceeded from an intensely black negro who was going by. We answered his military salute in the grateful gloom of his near presence, and then passed on into the pitiless white glare again.

The colored women whom we met usually bowed and spoke; so did the children. The colored men commonly gave the military salute. They borrow this fashion from the soldiers, no doubt; England has kept a garrison here for generations. The younger men's custom of carrying small canes is also borrowed from the soldiers, I suppose, who always carry a cane, in Bermuda as everywhere else in Britain's broad dominions.

The country roads curve and wind hither and thither in the delightfulest way, unfolding pretty surprises at every turn: billowy masses of oleander that seem to float out from behind distant projections like the pink cloud-banks of sunset; sudden plunges among cottages and gardens, life and activity, followed by as sudden plunges into the sombre twilight and stillness of the woods; flitting visions of white fortresses and beacon towers pictured against the sky on remote hill-tops; glimpses of shining green sea caught for a moment through opening headlands, then lost again; more woods and solitude; and by and by another turn lay bare, without warning, the full sweep of the inland ocean, enriched with its bars of soft color, and graced with its wandering sails.

Take any road you please, you may depend upon it you will not stay in it half a mile. Your road is everything that a road ought to be: it is bordered with trees, and with strange plants and flowers; it is shady and pleasant, or sunny and still pleasant; it carries you by the prettiest and peacefullest and most home-like of homes, and through stretches of forest that lie in a deep hush sometimes, and sometimes are alive with the music of birds; it curves always, which is a continual promise, whereas straight roads reveal everything at a glance and kill interest. Your road is all this, and yet you will not stay in it half a mile, for the reason that little, seductive, mysterious roads are always branching out from it on either hand, and as these curve sharply also and hide what is beyond, you cannot resist the temptation to desert your own chosen road and explore them. You are usually paid for your trouble; consequently, your walk inland always turn out to be one of the most crooked, involved, purposeless, and interesting experiences a body can imagine. There is enough of variety. Sometimes you are in the level open, with marshes thick grown with flag-lances that are ten feet high on the one hand, and potato and onion orchards on the other; next, you are on a hill-top, with the ocean and the islands spread around you; presently, the road winds through a deep cut shut in by perpendicular walls, thirty or forty feet high, marked with the oddest and abruptest stratum lines, suggestive of sudden and eccentric old upheavals, and garnished with here and there a clinging adventurous flower, and here and there a dangling vine; and by and by your way is along the sea edge, and you may look down a fathom or two through the transparent water and watch the diamond-like flash and play of the light upon the rocks and sands

on the bottom until you are tired of it,—if you are so constituted as to be able to get tired of it.

You may march the country roads in maiden meditation, fancy free, by field and farm, for no dog will plunge out at you from unsuspected gate, with breath-taking surprise of ferocious bark, notwithstanding it is a Christian land and a civilized. We saw upwards of a million cats in Bermuda, but the people are very abstemious in the matter of dogs. Two or three nights we prowled the country far and wide, and never once were accosted by a dog. It is a great privilege to visit such a land. The cats were no offence when properly distributed, but when piled they obstructed travel.

As we entered the edge of the town that Sunday afternoon, we stopped at a cottage to get a drink of water. The proprietor, a middle-aged man with a good face, asked us to sit down and rest. His dame brought chairs, and we grouped ourselves in the shade of trees by the door. Mr. Smith—that was not his name, but it will answer—questioned us about ourselves and our country, and we answered him truthfully, as a general thing, and questioned him in return. It was all very simple and pleasant and sociable. Rural, too; for there was a pig and a small donkey and a hen anchored out, close at hand, by cords to their legs, on a spot that purported to be grassy. Presently, a woman passed along, and although she coldly said nothing she changed the drift of our talk. Said Smith:—

'She didn't look this way, you noticed? Well, she is our next neighbour on one side, and there's another family that's our next neighbours on the other side; but there's a general coolness all around now, and we don't speak. Yet these three families, one generation and another, have lived here side by side and been as friendly as weavers for a hundred and fifty years, till about a year ago.'

'Why, what calamity could have been powerful enough to break up so old a friendship?'

"Well, it was too bad, but it couldn't be helped. It happened like this: About a year or more ago, the rats got to pestering my place a good deal, and I set up a steel-trap in the back yard. Both of these neighbours run considerable to cats, and so I warned them about the trap, because their cats were pretty sociable around here nights, and they might get into trouble without my intending. Well, they shut up their cats for a while, but you know how it is with people; they got careless, and sure enough one night the trap took Mrs. Jones's principal tomcat into camp, and finished him up. In the morning Mrs. Jones comes here with the corpse in her arms, and cries and takes on the same as if it was a child. It was a cat by the name of Yelverton,—Hector G. Yelverton,—a troublesome old rip, with no more principle than an Injun, though you couldn't make *her* believe it. I said all a man could to comfort her, but no, nothing must do but I must pay for him. Finally, I said I warn't investing in cats now as much as I was, and with that she walked off in a huff, carrying the remains with her. That closed our intercourse with the Joneses. Mrs. Jones joined another church and took her tribe with her. She said she would not hold fellowship with assassins. Well, by and by comes Mrs. Brown's turn,—she that went by here a minute ago. She had a disgraceful old yellow cat that she thought as much of as if he was twins, and one night he tried that trap on his neck, and it fitted him so, and so sort of satisfactory, that he laid down and curled up and stayed with it. Such was the end of Sir John Baldwin.'

'Was that the name of the cat?'

'The same. There's cats around here with names that would surprise you. Maria,'—to his wife,—'what was that cat's name that eat a keg of ratsbane by mistake over at Hooper's, and started home and got struck by lightning and took the blind staggers and fell in the well and was most drowned before they could fish him out?'

'That was that colored Deacon Jackson's cat. I only remember the last end of its name, which was To-Be-Or-Not-To-Be-That-Is-The-Question Johnson.'

'Sho! that ain't the one. That's the one that eat up an entire box of Seidlitz powders, and then hadn't any more judgment than to go and take a drink. He was considered to be a great loss, but I never could see it. Well, no matter about the names. Mrs. Brown wanted to be reasonable, but Mrs. Jones wouldn't let her. She put her up to going to law for damages. So to law she went, and had the face to

claim seven shillings and sixpence. It made a great stir. All the neighbors went to court; everybody took sides. It got hotter and hotter, and broke up all the friendships for three hundred yards around —friendships that had lasted for generations and generations.

'Well, I proved by eleven witnesses that the cat was of a low character and very ornery, and warn't worth a cancelled postage-stamp, any way, taking the average of cats here; but I lost the case. What could I expect? The system is all wrong here, and is bound to make revolution and bloodshed some day. You see, they give the magistrate a poor little starvation salary, and then turn him loose on the public to gouge for fees and costs to live on. What is the natural result? Why he never looks into the justice of a case,—never once. All he looks at is which client has got the money. So this one piled the fees and costs and everything on to me. I could pay specie, don't you see? and he knew mighty well that if he put the verdict on to Mrs. Brown, where it belonged, he'd have to take his swag in currency.'

'Currency? Why, has Bermuda a currency?'

'Yes,—onions. And they were forty per cent. discount, too, then, because the season had been over as much as three months. So I lost my case. I had to pay for that cat. But the general trouble the case made was the worst thing about it. Broke up so much good feeling. The neighbors don't speak to each other now. Mrs. Brown had named a child after me. So she changed its name right away. She is a Baptist. Well, in the course of baptizing it over again, it got drowned. I was hoping we might get to be friendly again some time or other, but of course this drowning the child knocked that all out of the question. It would have saved a world of heart-break and ill blood if she had named it dry.'

I knew by the sigh that this was honest. All this trouble and all this destruction of confidence in the purity of the bench on account of a seven-shilling lawsuit about a cat! Somehow, it seemed to 'size' the country.

At this point we observed that an English flag had just been placed at half-mast on a building a hundred yards away. I and my friend were busy in an instant trying to imagine whose death, among the island dignitaries, could command such a mark of respect as this. Then a shudder shook them and me at the same moment, and I knew that we had jumped to one and the same conclusion: 'The governor has gone to England; it is for the British admiral!'

At this moment Mr. Smith noticed the flag. He said with emotion:—

'That's on a boarding-house. I judge there's a boarder dead.'

A dozen other flags within view went to half-mast.

'It's a boarder, sure,' said Smith.

'But would they half-mast the flags here for a boarder, Mr. Smith?'

'Why, certainly they would, if he was *dead*.'

That seemed to size the country again.

MARK TWAIN.

SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

'Soul-soothing art! which morning, noontide, even
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry!
Thou, with ambition modest, yet sublime,
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given
To one brief moment, caught from fleeting time,
The appropriate calm of blest eternity.'

It is within the last century and a half that landscape painting proper has had its existence. Formerly landscapes were employed only as backgrounds, and were looked upon as merely accessories to the art. The background waited upon the figures, and was in shadow or sunshine, summer or winter, just as it was wanted to bring out in strong relief or to soften the principal subject of the composition.

In England, before the middle of the eighteenth century, no one thought of studying Nature for the amount of landscape required in a picture, and the grouping of trees and foliage in a picturesque manner was effected by first smearing wet colours on a palette to form some suggestion of a landscape, and then copying the arrangement on the canvas. Blotting paper was also moistened for the same purpose. Claude may be said to have made landscapes popular in England: indeed he was always much more appreciated than the painters of the English school, who were much neglected in consequence.

To Turner belongs the glory of being the first 'to venture to place twenty miles of landscape within the four walls of a frame,' and of being almost the first who directly studied from Nature. Richard Wilson and John Constable also did their part in raising this branch of the art, and making it understood and felt.

Richard Wilson, the first of the two mentioned, was a native of Wales, and was born at Pinegas, Montgomeryshire, in 1714. His father was a clergyman, but poor, and does not seem to have done anything to further his son's artistic education, although Richard showed his taste for drawing as soon as he could speak. Fortunately for him a distant relative was not so blind to his talent, and being well-to-do, took the boy under his protection, bringing him to London, where he placed him under a portrait painter of the name of Wright. Until the age of thirty-five Wilson attempted nothing but portraits, which he executed in a very indifferent manner, so that the world has not lost much by the fact that not a single specimen has been preserved.

During this period of his life but little is known of him, except that he had an intense longing to visit Italy, which he was at last able to do by much economising and by the help of friends. He remained in Italy six years, and seemed as if he never wished to leave it. The character of the country left such an impress on his mind that all his pictures are stamped with it; whatever scenes he painted, English or Welsh, the blue skies, the marble ruins, the whole spirit of Italian landscape pervaded the picture. His landscapes were always given warm tones of atmosphere, and he would paint a scene in Wales without a single Welsh characteristic. He retained too, all through his life, some degree of mannerism; his shades are always very dark, to bring out the lights, and he was very sparing of half-tints. For some time after he went to Italy, he still remained faithful to portrait painting, not knowing in fact that he was capable of anything else, till one day strolling into the studio of Zuccharelli, and finding that artist out, he amused himself by copying a picture while waiting. Zuccharelli, on entering, at once exclaimed on seeing his work, and persuaded him that he was a veritable landscape painter. Wilson now gave himself up enthusiastically to his art; he soon became imbued with the love of it and looked at everything with a painter's eye. Nature to him was a huge landscape executed by a Master Hand. At the sight of a cascade, 'how capitally that water is done,' he would exclaim; or on coming across a lovely bit of country life he would say, 'how well those figures stand out; what a splendid composition!' His demonstrative nature

met with many a rebuff on his return to England. When he arrived there, portrait painting was the only popular style, and he was consequently disregarded and his works despised. The taste of the English people at this time was formed by a few dilettanti who, having made the grand tour, set themselves up as judges and patrons of art. Such men were not likely to appreciate any English painter; whatever was foreign pleased them best, and Wilson, poor, without friends, with nothing but intrinsic merit to speak for him, was left entirely in the shade.

Just at first, on his immediate return from Italy, he met with some success. The Duke of Cumberland and the Marquis of Tavistock became purchasers of his pictures, and he was made a Royal Academican; but he soon faded away into obscurity, and lived wretchedly. Picture dealers could not understand him, artists and connoisseurs would not. Still he struggled and painted on, with here and there a faint beam of hope to cheer him. Once, his only friend, Sir William Beechy, succeeded in bringing him under the notice of the king, who employed him to paint Kew Gardens, to which his majesty was particularly attached; but Wilson offended him by his inability to forget Italy, and embellished and beautified the gardens in such a way on his canvas, that the king was angry and refused to think of him again. No one now bought his pictures, unless some broker took pity on him, and even these wearied of paying the most contemptible price for his works. 'I would willingly oblige you,' said a Jew to him one day, 'but look at the other end of my shop and you will see every picture you have sold me during three years.' At last things came to such a pitch that he was actually dying of starvation, and one day he gave one of his finest works for a pint of stout and a morsel of cheese. Formerly good-natured and lovable, he now became morose, passionate, and, worse still, addicted to drinking. His sight began to fail him, his hand to tremble, and his paintings of course deteriorated. 'You look at my landscapes too closely,' he said once to Sir William Beechy; 'you should examine a picture with your eyes, not with your nose.' Just when he had reached this unhappy stage, a brother of his died, and left him a small property in Wales, whither he at once went, and where he died at the age of sixty-one. His best known picture is the 'Death of Niobe's Children.' In this, and also in his 'Ruins of the Villa of Mæcenas,' we see Wilson in all his grandeur and charm. These subjects he could treat in his own peculiar manner, and he was consequently more successful with them than with English scenery. A 'View in Italy,' is a beautiful little landscape, and a genuine bit of Nature. Wilson foresaw that a time would come when his memory would be honoured and his works sought after, and he was right. To-day picture collectors and artists value his pictures as they deserve, and recognize his claim to be a great landscape painter.

JOHN CONSTABLE was born in 1776, at East Bergholt, in Suffolk. His father was a miller, possessing considerable property in the county, and was too matter of fact and business-like to appreciate his son's budding talent, or to wish him to be anything better than a miller like himself. The youth, in consequence, met with great discouragement from his family, was compelled to fall in with their wishes, and a mill at Bergholt was put under his care and management.

Here, amidst his duties, which it is but just to say he did not neglect, his thoughts were often on his art, and he became penetrated with a passionate love for country sights, cloud effects, and all the beauties of Nature that were so easily within his grasp in his out-of-door life. His chief study was that of clouds; he kept his sketch-book always near him, and never neglected an opportunity of filling it. At last some friends came to his rescue; they pointed out to his father wherein his talent lay, but at first with no success; ultimately, however, he was persuaded to allow his son to go to London. When Constable first arrived there he seemed likely to gain some popularity, and he was in great hopes that his parents would sympathise with him, but his dreams were speedily dispelled, for the encouragement he met with was only transient, and he was plunged into despair. At that time landscape painters were too full of conventionalities and imitations, for a real expounder of Nature to be appreciated. Constable was criticized, laughed at, and entirely misunderstood. In vain he tried to teach other ideas by his paintings and his words. 'A painter who imi-

tates another painter is no longer a child of Nature; he is only the grandchild,' he would quote. He would say it was his aim to forget he had ever seen a picture, so much was he desirous to learn nothing save from Nature.

Discouraged by the censure he every where met with, he returned to Suffolk, where he gave himself up to study and solitude. A few years later he was again induced to visit London to try his fate, but with no better success. He now attempted portraits, and historical and even religious compositions; but his *forte* did not lie in this direction, and he therefore pleased neither himself nor the public, so he returned to his landscapes once more. His style was peculiar, and differed very much from that of the period in which he lived. Mill scenes and rivers he delighted most in, and never tired of introducing the ash, his favorite tree, into his pictures. He aimed at a correct representation of chiaroscuro; in fact he made it too principal an object to himself, and so it became forced and unnatural. 'Though my pictures should have nothing else,' he said, 'they shall have chiaroscuro.' Ruskin cruelly remarks that 'the sacrifice was accepted by the Fates, but the prayer denied. His pictures *had* nothing else; but they had *not* chiaroscuro.' Relative masses of light and shade are beautiful when subordinate to the more important features of a composition, but when an artist strives to make lesser things take the place and prominence of essentials, his works can never rise to the highest degree of excellence. Constable was middle-aged before his pictures began to have any hold on the public, and then it was France which set the example of praising him. At the exhibition in Paris, in 1825, many of his pictures were accepted, and were so much thought of that his works considerably influenced French painters in inducing them to leave the conventionalities then in vogue, and to try like Constable to paint faithfully. From this time his pictures began to sell well, and English admirers of art commenced to appreciate him. He only enjoyed a few years of popularity and success, for in 1837 he died suddenly in London, a few nights after the Royal Academy school at Somerset House was closed, at which he was the last visitor. His life was a continual struggle against public opinion and family dislike to his art. His wife was almost the only person who never ceased to encourage and aid him, so that amid all his difficulties he never entirely lost hope or energy. Some idea may be given of what artists had to contend against, when it is mentioned that patrons of art considered that brown was the correct colour to be used for trees, grass, &c., in landscape paintings; and Constable was severely dealt with on account of his obstinate persistence in painting the grass green, and the foliage as he saw it around him. 'See here,' said Sir George Beaumont to him one day, pointing to an old violin, 'this is the colour that predominates in Nature.' Constable's reply was to place the violin upon the grass plot near them. One of his finest works is 'Salisbury Cathedral.' It was painted for the bishop of the diocese, but his lordship, finding fault with a certain cloud in the picture, refused it when it was finished. The 'Farm in the Valley' is another of his best pieces: the clouds are slightly heavy, but the forest of oaks is grand; the foreground is occupied by some cattle drinking in the stream.

Amongst many others is 'Hadleigh Castle,' now in a private collection, and which was exhibited in 1829. The castle, which is in ruins, is situated in Suffolk, where most of his scenes are laid; a stream parts its two decayed towers. The whole picture is wild and stormy looking. While Constable was touching up this picture at the Academy, Chantrey came to him and objected to the foreground as being too cold, and thereupon seizing the palette, altered it to his liking, but not to Constable's, who could not avoid exclaiming, 'There goes all my dew!' The last picture he ever painted was one of 'Arundel Mill and Castle.' It belongs to his children, and it has been praised as possessing 'that silvery brightness of effect, which was a chief aim with him in the latter years of his life.' It is a winter scene, the trees bare of foliage: in the centre is the picturesque old-fashioned Mill; to the left is the grand old Castle, situated so beautifully above the river Arun. In his lectures Constable recommended students to pay great attention to winter scenery. 'It is the time,' said he, 'when a painter learns the structure and anatomy of trees. A tree

bared of its leaves is to the landscape painter what the nude and the skeleton are to the painter of figures.'

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, London, April 23rd, 1775. He was baptized at the parish church of St. Paul's, where the register records the fact. His father was a barber, and kept a small shop, in whose windows Turner's first essays in art were exhibited. They were done in water-colours and were little sketches of scenes round about his beloved river Thames, 'his youth's study, and one of the last sights which sank before his dying eyes.' Many a morning before sunrise did Turner and his friend Tom Girtin, leaving the city behind them, walk to Battersea or Chelsea, and roam along the side of the river. The sun rising in a misty fog, the black and silent barges, the bridges, all had an exquisite poetry for the two youthful enthusiasts. Here they sketched, or perhaps contented themselves with filling their souls with deep insight and clear knowlege, to bear such ripe fruit in Turner's after life, and to show the bud of promise during Girtin's short career. The boys were both poor, and for some time their only education was the natural study that they acquired for themselves. Their sketches, however, attracted much notice; artists and men of taste were seen to congregate round the barber's shop ready to point out to each other every recent addition to the collection. By the interest of a customer of the father's, who doubtless had instilled into him, during the process of shaving, accounts of the wonderful talents of the boy, Turner was sent to study under Thomas Malton, who is chiefly known by a treatise he wrote on perspective. Here fortune followed him, and again he was enabled to further his studies by the aid of a friend who opened to him his galleries and his purse.

Turner chiefly worked in water colours during this early period of his life, and was employed by gentlemen to paint their country residences; and he assisted architects in their designs, which helped to lay the foundation of his correct drawing. Turner and Girtin made a perfect revolution in the art of water-colour painting; rejecting the old style of preparing a drawing by an uniform tint and putting in colour afterwards, they first practised the washing down of broken tints to obtain variety, and showed many other methods to secure wonderful effects of bright and half lights. In 1789 Turner became a student of the Royal Academy; ten years after he was made an associate, and in 1802 was elected an academician. One of the earliest works he exhibited was 'Dover Castle,' and though it and another of 'Rochester' met with great praise at the time, Ruskin, who has truly been called the apostle of Turner, does not consider he did anything worthy of notice before the year 1800. He divides Turner's artistic life into four periods—the first from 1800 to 1820, when he was simply a student and an imitator, though even in his imitations he was different to any other beginner, for 'instead of copying a Vandevelde, he went to the sea, and painted *that*, in Vandevelde's way. Instead of copying a Poussin, he went to the mountains, and painted *them*, in Poussin's way. And from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Vandevelde nor Poussin could have told him.' In his second period, 1820 to 1835, he began to idealize, and to show a delicate handling and brilliant colouring. In his third period, 1835 to 1845, he gave himself up to the calm following of truth, and soared above all the prevalent theories of art. From 1845 to his death in 1851, his health began to give way, his strength to decline, and his pictures to bear strong evidence of this decay. It would be impossible here even to enumerate all the pictures of the four periods so different in style and treatment.

> 'All various, each a perfect whole
> From living nature, fit for every mood
> And change of the still soul.'

I shall therefore describe only one example of each period, mentioning incidentally the most celebrated of his works belonging to the division.

Perhaps the most well known of the pictures of the first period is 'The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides.' This picture was painted after Turner had first visited Switzerland, and he introduced into it the knowledge he had gained of mountain scenery. The styles of Wilson and Morland may be traced in this composition, and he fell into their faults of being too heavy and sombre. The gardens are

broken and rocky, and behind the dragon rushes an enormous torrent. The dragon is the noblest and truest part of the picture: it is simply terrible, and leads the mind on to fancy it in all its immensity and horror. In another picture, 'Jason,' painted about this time, there is also a wonderful dragon just displaying one huge coil. In 1807 Turner commenced his Liber Studiorum, a number of sketches embracing six distinct subjects—history, elegant pastoral, pastoral, marine, mountain, and architectural. The sketches themselves are at the National Gallery, but they were never meant for exhibition, being merely executed and intended as hints to the engraver. The engravings are what ought to be studied; they are simply superb. Turner superintended them all, and etched and engraved many of them himself. He took the idea from Claude, who did a work of the same kind which met with great success. Turner's came out at intervals in the shape of a book, but was not very warmly received on account of the inequality of the engravings, some being of the first proof, and some of a very inferior quality, in the same number. The best of the whole series are 'Grande Chartreuse,' 'Source of Averon,' 'Rizpah,' 'Dumblane,' 'Raglan,' 'Hindhead,' and 'Little Devil's Bridge.' There were seventy-one plates in all.

The chief pictures in Turner's second style, from 1820 to 1835, are the 'Bay of Baiæ,' 'Polyphemus,' 'Carthage—Dido directing the equipment of the Fleet,' 'Landing of William of Orange,' 'Lake Avernus, the Fates, and the Golden Bough,' and 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.' This last picture was once the loveliest of the works of the second period, but it has been ruined by neglect or some other cause. 'Polyphemus' is a good specimen of his execution at this time. It represents the Greeks under Ulysses sailing away from the cave of the Cyclops. The time is early morning, and a magnificient sunrise perfectly glorifies the picture. The whole painting is a fine piece of idealism. The sky in this picture is the finest in all Turner's oil paintings. Next to it comes that of the 'Slave Ship,' recently exhibited and sold in New York, and which has been sadly unappreciated. The sun effect in the 'Slave Ship' can never be understood by the general public, on account, as Ruskin points out, 'of it being impossible to paint sunshine colour of the pitch of light which has true relation to its shadows,' hence 'magnificent effects of sunshine colour will always be unintelligible to the ordinary observer.' The drawings of the 'Rivers of France and England,' and the vignettes of Rogers's 'Italy,' were commenced about this time and are wholly perfect. Both the series of 'Rivers of France' and 'Rivers of England' were unfortunately stopped for want of encouragement.

In the third period Turner painted, amongst about thirty others, 'Apollo and Daphne,' 'Ancient Italy,' 'Modern Italy,' 'The old Téméraire being towed to her last moorings,' and 'Phryne going to the Bath.' 'The old Téméraire,' one of Nelson's ships, was painted in 1839. It was well received, and is one of the last pictures that exhibits all Turner's strength. It is painted with all the love he ever bore to seamen and ships. It is a splendid composition, and the sky painting, in which is represented a sunset, ranks after the 'Slave Ship' in truth and beauty. After 1845, Turner's strength began to give way, and though about seventeen paintings may be counted that were done up to his death, they bear sorrowful evidence of his declining years and health.

Turner's pictures need careful study to enable the spectator to enter into his conceptions and to rise to his level. Ruskin is of opinion that as surely as we trust Nature in her laws, so may we find in Turner's works the like phenonoma. Not only did he imitate her outwardly, but he understood her wondrous workings and her inner speech. In his works we may see:

> 'the soul of truth in every part;
> A faith, a trust, that could not be betrayed.'

It is painful to know how little he was appreciated in his own time, one of the finest of his works being offered to the public for a hundred and fifty guineas and remaining unsold. But when we remember that men like Sir George Beaumont were at the head of public taste we must cease to wonder. This nobleman, though refusing to acknowledge Turner's genius, pretended such a passion for art, that he carried a work of Claude's constantly about with him in his carriage, for fear of it meeting with any injury during his absence from home. In Italy, when some of Turner's pictures

were exhibited they said of them (*à propos* of some mustard mills that an enterprising Englishman had recently erected) that they had two new English importations, and that in coming over the mustard must have got mixed up with the pictures. It is only fair to add, that many of the contemporary members of the Academy honoured Turner and his paintings as they deserved.

Turner's personal character is generally not very flatteringly drawn; he is considered a miser and a misanthrope. As for the first charge, we know he left all his possessions to the British nation; and as for the next, the great disappointment which he experienced in early life in reference to the woman he loved and who loved him, was such that it followed him all his life, and tinged it with melancholy.

Turner died at Chelsea, December 19th, 1851, and was buried close by Sir Joshua Reynolds in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Thornbury aptly says of him: 'If I was, in as few words as possible, to try to describe the special characteristics of Turner's genius, I should not select the versatility that led him from poor English hedges and ditches to Jason on the war-trail and Ulysses triumphing at sunrise, nor to the industry that produced twenty thousand sketches, but the wide sympathies that made him take as great an interest in a plain Scottish peat-bog as in the most gorgeous visions of modern Italy, or the wildest depths of the Alps, the aerial perspective in which he revels in the 'Modern Italy,' the 'Bay of Baiæ', and the 'Crossing of the Brook,' and the extraordinary 'multitude' and quantity which we see in his 'Grenoble,' in the Liber Studiorum. Turner was the first to give us storm and sunshine, and widen on all sides the hitherto narrow domain of landscape painting.'

AMY RYE.

THE CHILD AND THE SUNBEAM.

'TWAS beauteous eve, a sunset beam
Descended on a mother's grave,
And like a mourner, it would seem,
A weeping willow there did wave;
And culling simple flow'rs quite wild,
Which sprang from tears that fell around—
There sat a little orphan child.

And oft at summer-day's repose,
When o'er the earth was Nature's hush,
When dew was trembling in each rose,
And mellow light half hid it's blush,
Among the simple flow'rs quite wild,
Which sprang up there from tears that fell—
Were seen the sunbeam and the child.

The autumn came, and summer's bloom
Passed like a friendly smile away,
The willow leaves fell o'er the tomb,
The transient sunbeams scarce would stay;
And then the simple flowers quite wild,
Which grew from tears shed round the grave,
Seemed fading like the orphan child.

'Twas eve again; a stormy cloud
Hung darkly o'er that lonely place,
The wintry blast was long and loud,
No eye a sunbeam there could trace,
But 'neath the withered flow'rs so wild,
Which once had risen there from tears—
Lay sleeping too the orphan child.

W. MCDONNELL.

STRANGE EXPERIENCES.

A STORY OF BOHEMIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day, after a long and sound sleep, for I had retired early, I rose in such unusual spirits, with such a sense of bodily comfort and mental serenity, that I scarce recognized myself. Was the Bohemian régime beginning to act, I wondered? I dressed, and went down to breakfast and did full justice to its excellent coffee and traditional *hôrnchen*, a sort of breakfast roll in the shape of a crescent, white and crisp, and speckled with anise-seed, and listened good-humoredly to the various household anecdotes Peppy was trying to entertain me with. The rare fellow watched my movements with studied interest, and seemed to count the *hôrnchen* as I dispatched them, one after the other, no doubt cogitating in his mind the physiological problem of the possibility of an Englishman's heart being secreted somewhere in his stomach, and revealing itself through his appetite. Meanwhile, a few questions I put to him relative to the engagement between Christopher and Miss Prochazka caused the thermometer of his suspicions to rise ten degrees at once, as I judged, for he vouchsafed the comforting assurance that my lordship was a far more suitable match for the baron's daughter than the humble musician, whatever his genius might be.

Towards noon, after paying a visit to the dogs, and inspecting the various guns kept for sporting purposes, I determined to carry out my programme, and see the forester about a day's sport. This time I took good care to heed Peppy's road direction, and set out with somewhat clearer ideas of the Herrnstein locality than I had the day before. The afternoon was hazy, but of that suggestive haziness that hints at suppressed splendors. The sun, behind transparent clouds, shed over all the sombre and dreary landscape a golden mist that betrayed untold glories. Still the air was dry, and it is one of the peculiar features of this healthful climate that its veiled lights are never due to dampness in the atmosphere, but to the playful shifting of the clouds. I paced along slowly, in secret admiration of the effective variety of hues that tinted the woods and hills, and let myself go into all sorts of speculative reveries regarding the country and the people I had come to visit. I recalled to mind the early history of Bohemia; how, midst all the vicissitudes of its political fortunes, it remained true to its principles of right and honor. How free from cabinet intrigues and the spirit of self-aggrandizement that tormented its neighbors. How favorably even its early paganism compared, in its noble aspirations, with the more than questionable Christianity of its false friends, the White Mantles of the Teutonic order, whitened sepulchres, wolves in sheep's clothing, who, in their rapacious duplicity, and under cover of proselytism, had pressed so hard upon its territorial rights. How splendid, in this retrospective view, stood out then the noble figure of Queen Hedwige. True consort of that most chivalrous of husbands, how bravely did she keep at bay, and for so many years, the covetousness of her greedy neighbors, and save the kingdom from their encroachments, —tact, patience, piety, her only artifices.

Then I drifted into comparisons of people and country. How much there is of the ancient Gaul in the brave Slavonic race! How French the Poles were! How Charlemagne and Napoleon in their vast schemes might have had some such thoughts! How, thinking of Brittany, the whole landscape before me looked familiar. The same grey tones; the same dark evergreens; the same low sky; and the wind moaning through the Boehmerwald sounding like the distant roar of the sea that borders that relic of old France.

I had, meanwhile, reached the broad plateau on which Lhudoslau's comfortable dwelling-house was seated, and tying my horse to the post before the door, I entered. A large, blazing fire illuminated the sitting-room, where the family was usually assembled. The children, two rosy, chubby boys, sat on the floor playing marbles. Frau Lhudoslau was busy setting the table for the afternoon lunch, the third meal of the day, and corresponding, I fancy, for its quaintness with the old English four o'clock tea. Before the fire, in the large family arm-chair, sat the tall, well-knit forester, smoking a pipe and engaged in conversation with a little figure I could scarcely make out, who was seated on a low stool at the corner of the hearth, and busy knitting.*

'*Ach, Herr Je!*' cried the buxom *Forsterin*, as I closed the door behind me; 'and here is Herr Osborn! Nepomuk, Nepomuk,' calling her husband, 'here comes Herr Osborn.'

The forester turned round, and with the same demonstrative hospitality with which his wife always greeted me, came towards me with glad welcoming and those cordial and well meant attentions which establish so readily a courteous familiarity between the higher and lower classes of the rural districts.

'I am cold and hungry, friend Lhudoslau,' I said, taking the chair of honor that was placed for me on the other side of the hearth, 'and you must invite me to that tempting lunch I see Frau Kathrina is getting ready. Nothing like a good bumper of foaming beer and a bit of Schweitzer and brown bread, after a hard ride.'

'*Ja! Ja!* that's it! and gentle folks know it as well as we,' replied the good man, rubbing his hands with evident satisfaction. 'How often haven't I seen Count Rudolph smack his lips, after emptying one of our big jugs, and say, "One more, one more, old fellow!" '

'And Mistress Amelia! how she enjoys our *knödels* and *blutwürste* at hog-killing times!' fell in Frau Kathrina with exultation. 'Ho, Sepperl!' calling her oldest boy, who was standing by looking at me with that air of bashful curiosity illustrated by a finger in the mouth, 'here, run into the store-room, and get me the semmel-box, whilst I go for the beer.'

'No, Frau Kathrina,' I cried, 'no *semmeln* for me; I like your good brown bread full as well, and better.'

She smiled, but the aristocratic *semmeln*, together with ham and cold snipes, were added to the usual lunch, despite my remonstrances. When the substantial fare was disposed of, and we had returned to our seats near the fire, Lhudoslau produced a couple of pipes, and we fell to talking game and sport. The growing dusk meanwhile had gathered in the room, and enveloped all things in gloom. The little figure of the stranger, whom the forester called Milic, was only visible at intervals, by the flicker of the fire, but it kept up an active knitting, as I could see by the rapid play of the needles gleaming in the dark. Now and then, heedless of our presence, he would mutter a few, to me, unintelligible words, and give a start. I asked Lhudoslau what it meant?

'Oh, nothing, sir; one of those poor innocents, you know, that bring good luck He used to keep the sheep for the Prochazkas when he was younger, but he is scarcely good for anything now, and lives on a little pension the baron allows him, and the bounty of the neighbors. Don't mind him, sir, he is only strange.'

We resumed the former subject of our talk, and I began to state my errand, that I had come, namely, to see about getting up for the next day a sporting match between him and me, and I asked how we should proceed to carry it out? Whilst I was speaking, I fancied I could feel through the dark the eyes of my queer *vis à vis* riveted on me, and an unaccountable sensation of awe crept over me. Presently, and as I was listening to the forester's answer, the little figure dropped the knitting, and fell a shivering as if seized by a fit of ague. Frau Kathrina just then bringing a light, I could see more plainly the truly remarkable countenance of this extraordinary specimen of Bohemian innocence. He was quite short, and his thin legs just reached the ground from the low stool on which he sat; he was clad in the poor shepherd attire of the peasantry. A scanty head of black hair hung Indian

* It is no uncommon thing to meet peasants in Bohemia, men and boys, engaged in this feminine occupation, whilst driving their flocks.

fashion down each side of his pale face, which, in shape and features, might have been called handsome, but for its total want of expression. The eyes alone appeared alive, and seemed to send out, at intervals, flashes of light.

The forester and his wife nodded to each other with a motion of the head that had reference to their weird guest, and looked at him with a sort of reverential interest.

'The spell is on him now,' whispered Lhudoslau to me; 'just wait a moment, sir, it will be over in a minute; we must not interrupt him.'

I smiled, but let them have their way. His eyes gradually turned up, so that we could see only the white of them, and his lips quivered and muttered a few sentences, which Lhudoslau translated to me as follows:

'Poor, poor lady! so beautiful, so sad! Jesu, Maria, all is well!'

'Poor, benighted creature,' thought I.

'Do these words convey any meaning to you, sir?' asked Lhudoslau, with a sort of anxious interest.

'Not the least. This poor man, I suppose, is demented.'

'Oh no, sir! no, no. We all know that Milic is in his right mind. These spells come on him, now and then, and his words generally mean something.'

'He sees, you know,' remarked Kathrina, in a tone of conviction. 'He sees what no one else can see.'

I felt no inclination to combat the simple faith of these good people, and fixing with the forester upon the hour of our next day's meeting, I bade them all good night, and returned home.

On arriving, Peppy informed me that Count Rudolph had come all unexpectedly, and was awaiting my return in the library. I hastened to meet him.

Count Rudolph S—— was a man of about thirty years old; tall, of a commanding appearance, and quite handsome. In manner he differed entirely from the chevalier, whose bearing was so gentle that it almost seemed timid. There was a brusque frankness in his gestures that indicated determination, rapid action, and the habit of command.

'I have come all of a sudden, Mr. Osborn, as I very often do—have to do—' said he, wheeling an arm-chair towards me, after we had shaken hands. 'I left my brother at Pilsen, transacting some business for me, and shall await his return here. I trust you will not lose by the exchange,' continued he, with a smile; 'I am not quite the poet Frederic is, and break sometimes roughly into the charmed circle of this little colony of dreamers, but I mean it all well—brother knows.'

I assured him that I felt fully persuaded of that, and expressed my pleasure at having such a pleasant end put to my solitude. I then acquainted him with my adventures during the chevalier's absence, and the sport I had engaged for with Lhudoslau for the following day, into which scheme he entered heartily. We inaugurated this, our first acquaintance, with a smoke, and fell a talking upon various subjects. I expressed to him my surprise at the primitive character of the people, and that such a little *Thebaïde* as his estate seemed to be, could exist in the whirlwind of the progressive thought of the age. He replied: 'This is a curious country, as you will find; very curious. I, who make my home in Vienna, in the midst of all the excitement and rush of the world, and should therefore not complain of a dearth of sensation,—I never come over here without surprise at the entirely different aspect of things, and if I but stay a week or so, begin to entertain a secret feeling of the emptiness of the one and the fullness of the other. Solitude is an unnatural state, however, and breeds chimeras. We spend most of our summers here; my wife and children recuperate from the fatigues of the capital, and get ready for new fatigues, and that indeed is all that this little new Palestine is good for.'

'There is,' I remarked, 'quite a considerable manufacture of woollen goods in Neugedein.'

'Yes,' he said, 'there are all over the country quite a number of industrial and very successful efforts made. Look at their vast porcelain manufactures, glass furnaces, iron foundries; but it is not German—never will be. I stepped into a book-store in Prague, the other day, and asked for About's "Roman Question," to while away the time in the diligence, and I was more than ever before struck with the fact that there is no despatch in the Bohemians. They seem to have an eternity before them to do

their work in. Gentlemen, all of them; indeed, my dear sir,' laying his hand on my arm, and with a peculiar gravity, 'noblemen! the very boors! You will find in the peasantry of this country a refinement of manner and sentiment which exists no where else. The Russian peasant is ignorant and degraded; the Pole, dirty; the Bohemian—oh! but, there I remember—I am running into illusions, too!—there lurks in my memory, and it is of a very recent date, too, the recollection of a hotel at Budweis you had better avoid if you can help it. The cuisine, passable; but the beds, oh Lord! I am a tremendous sleeper, and don't mind faint little ticklings, and never should have suspected any thing wrong about the Golden Eagle at Budweis, but for the exclamation of horror of my wife, when, in opening my valise, in hope of finding there a little trinket I had promised her, she happened to examine my comb and hair brush and underclothes: "Oh, Rudolph! where for heaven's sake did you sleep last night!" and she rang the bell and told Gretel to have a warm bath prepared at once, and: "Quick, Rudolph, quick, undress, and get under water!" and such a rubbing and cleaning and scouring as I got that day from that divine lady's hands, I have not had since I was a boy.'

'Ha! ha! ha!'

'But otherwise, I assure you, they are a superior people; not so much intellectually, perhaps, although they are very quick of apprehension; but—what shall I call it to be up with these intelligent terms—æsthetically?—perhaps; and that isn't it either—'

'They are thoroughly penetrated with the religion of life, as I take it,' said I, trying to help the count out of his rhetorical difficulty.

'That's it. They are profoundly religious without the least touch of bigotry or pharisaism. Our Herr Dechant is a capital companion at table, and though he is too fat to dance himself, enjoys a ball immensely; he is moreover the tenderest man at the poor's bed-side.'

Supper meanwhile being announced, the subject was broken off, and, as after the evening's meal each of us retired to his room, our first interview ended there.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning brought us together over the breakfast table, and I had an opportunity to study more minutely my friend's brother. There was something so breezy about him that his very presence had an exhilarating effect; nor was there in his joyous epicureanism anything vulgarly sensual. He confessed candidly that the aim of life with him was to enjoy all that the world had to give. Frederic's asceticism, said he jocosely, atoned for all his self-indulgence. In reply to my own confession of satiety of men and things, his opinion was that like good Queen Catharine Parr, I was troubled by too much thought. Give up that wretched habit of thinking, said he, and all will be well. Life, he maintained, could be made a festival or a funeral, and the healthiest and happiest way to look at it was with the natural eye, and not through a microscope. Hold on to its realities, its prose, and make of its poetry an after-dinner nap only.

'And yet,' I said, as we were leaving the dining-room to take a little smoke in the library, previous to making ready to join Lhudoslau on the hunting-ground,—'and yet, these people *à illusions* seem infinitely happy.'

'Oh, yes!' he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'and so are children with soap-bubbles. There is no happier man than Prochazka over his cabbalistic signs and Egyptian hieroglyphics; but what an unpractical use of his faculties and energies! What good can ever come of it? Marie, now, is a sensible girl, and though her head is a good deal in the clouds, she keeps diligently digging the lower earth with her little toe-nails. The estate was never more flourishing than since she assumed the administration of it. She would make a capital wife to some man of genius or other, who needed a woman's sympathy, and had to be cared for and looked after. But heaven forbid I should wish the dear girl such a lot in life! This platonic love of hers for Christopher—I suppose Frederic has told you about it—is most provokingly absurd. I might otherwise have had no trouble in finding her a suitable husband.'

'And what prevents her marrying Christopher?' I asked. 'Considerations of *mésalliance*?'

'I can hardly tell. Christopher is a clever and honest fellow, and they are not afraid of *mésalliances* in that family; but —indeed the situation is perfectly enigmatical.'

Peppy meanwhile came in to announce that the dogs had been fed and that all was in readiness for our starting; and we started.

There is perhaps no keener enjoyment in life than that of the amateur hunter, provided he has some sort of poetic fibre in him. In that season of the year when the bright hues of summer are gone, and the loud tones of autumn hushed, when the grey predominates, and sky and landscape seem to have both gone to sleep to dream of glories past and glories to come, there is a sentiment afloat that stirs the inner and outer man, and makes him seek a relief against the melancholy of nature. In no other season of the year, and at no other occupation, perhaps, does he feel himself more the lord of his surroundings. Spring and summer may intimidate him with their splendors; but with her proud attire laid aside, and in her modest grays, nature shows herself less imposing, and he brushes through wood and fields, over her fallen branches and dead leaves, listening to his own self, and hearing himself the better during her silence. He is filled with a sense of power, scarcely feels the load of gun and powder-box and pouch, and walks all day without fatigue. Then comes in at intervals the excitement of the aim, the hit or the miss, all of which exhilarates and rouses him to renewed efforts.

The day was particularly in our favor—the air clear and bracing, and the ground firm under the foot. When we had reached the wood that stretches northward on the other side of the Herrnstein, the count called my attention towards its historic phase, and how it had been a battle-ground for Hussite skirmishes.

'On this very spot,' stamping on the ground, 'a little band of Hussites held in check a considerable detachment of imperial troops, and made a terrible havoc among them.'

'Yes, but the Imperialists got the better of them, your lordship,' fell in Lhudoslau, 'and hung many a brave fellow on those trees yonder.'

'Then came Ziska with reinforcements,' continued the count—.

'A little too late, your honour, to save the brave little band. But, oh, how he retaliated! Ah, Ziska, Ziska!'

This last exclamation was made with such a fervor of enthusiasm that I jokingly remarked that Lhudoslau's patriotism as an Austrian subject was of a rather doubtful character, and contained seeds of rebellion against the rightful emperor and the holy Mother Church. They laughed.

'You must not press this question too closely, my dear sir,' again observed the Count. 'Our Bohemians are somewhat like the Poles, drawing continually upon the ideal glory of their forefathers as upon an inexhaustible fund. I am afraid, despite their attachment to the tiara, they will always entertain a secret love for the semi-heretical doctrines of old Huss and his compeer Hieronymus.

'No, no, your lordship,' interposed the forester, good-naturedly, 'you know the old adage, "No real Bohemian can ever be a a heretic."'

'Well,' said I, 'I rather like this sub-current of nationality and sense of religious liberty. There is no telling what Bohemia and Poland may not yet become, midst this grand tempest of revolutionary ideas which sweeps over the world just now.'

'Hush, hush,' interposed Count Rudolph, with a half-serious, half-comic air. 'I am pledged, you know, to Austrian politics, and may not countenance such seditious opinions. But,' putting his gun in readiness, 'we have come to the game grounds, and now for native Bohemian huntsmanship and English skill.'

And each of us busying himself forthwith with what might prove the chances of the chase, took his stand and watched his opportunities.

It were useless to describe the many successful and unsuccessful shots that echoed through the still air. Suffice it to say that the evening found us with pouches well filled and hunters' appetites, and that we did full justice to the substantial provisions Frau Kathrina had, according to agreement, set out for us, the forester's house having been chosen for the general place of rendezvous. The sun had set when we turned homeward, and Count Rudolph, to save time and pains, proposed we should cut across the fields, despite bogs and marshy grounds, and get as quickly as possible upon

the Kauther road. We had been walking a mile or more in silence, breaking through underbrush, climbing over fences, and leaping over ditches, and so intent upon reaching the highway, that we had not noticed that we were pursued. A little man was running after us, whose laboured breathing showed that he had had some trouble in coming up. I was the first to notice him.

'Why, Milic!' I cried, recognising the little figure I had first met at Lhudoslau's.

The count, who was in advance of me, turned round: 'Hallo, old fellow!'

But the little man made such vehement gestures, and talked with such volubility, that Count Rudolph turned back; and the subsequent conversation between them, which was translated to me, was to the effect that a few steps further would have led us into one of those bottomless swamps from which there is no extricating oneself. We stood still a moment to consult. In the far-off distance to our right lay a cluster of houses, one of which Milic signalled as the Stickna cottage, the virtuoso's home, and he proposed we should turn back the way we came, and he would show us a path that would take us past their door, and where if we were very tired we could rest. The proposition was accepted and we followed our little guide. On the way Count Rodolph questioned him as to how he came to know of our danger and discover our whereabouts? He pulled out a handkerchief and handed it to him, saying that, in coming through the woods, he had found it hanging on some underbrush, no doubt the count having lost it in his haste, and that as soon as he had picked it up, he saw—saw gradually where we were, and the danger we were running. The count and I looked at each other, half in amazement, half smiling at the improbability of the story.

'Well,' said Count Rudolph, after a pause, 'whatever this poor fellow's delusion may be, one thing is sure, he has found us, and saved us from the mischief of an ugly swamp. To-morrow I shall have the place examined and find out what danger we really ran. If it is as bad as Milic says, there ought to be some posts put there as warnings.'

We soon reached the path we were going towards, and being put in the road by the queer little man, thanked him, and bade him good night. I meant to reward him with a few silver coins, but Count Rudolph held me back, saying that he never took any money, and that it would only hurt his feelings. We pushed on again; the night had meanwhile set in, and the stars shone bright and clear.

'How do you feel about turning into Stickna's?' asked my companion, as we were nearing the cottage.

'Just as you say,' I replied; 'I am good yet for an hour's walk at least.'

'Oh! for English walking power!' said he, laughing. 'I am well-nigh spent, I confess, but if we turn into Christopher's I shall be bored to death, and between the two evils, the walking on is the least—Hark!'

Just at that moment there rose from the little house in sight sounds of a violin. The *coup d'archet*, as it is called, struck me at once as being that of an experienced hand. It was the prelude to an old ballad, which both my companion and I were familiar with. We stopped a moment to listen, and followed the well-known theme under the idealisations of the virtuoso, with increasing rapture.

'This is genius, real genius,' exclaimed the Count, as the last notes died away, and we resumed our tramp. 'His composition is of the Schubert order, not so scientific, perhaps, but of a higher conception. What a pity that these very extraordinary people are so absolutely good-for-nothing in real life.'

'It is probably that very thing that makes them extraordinary,' I remarked.

'True enough,' and to beguile the rest of the road, the Count entered into the details of Christopher's family and his relations to Marie.

'He is,' said he, 'the son of a very respectable family, whose limited means alone had caused them to drop the legitimate *Von* before the family name. The father was an officer in the army, and left his widow and son quite a comfortable little income; but Frau Stickna encroached upon the capital to give Christopher a superior education. He graduated with us boys, at Pilsen, and, indeed, our summer vacations were always spent together. It was, in fact, during these childish sports that his intimacy with Marie sprung up. Marie, with

her maternal instincts, took him always under her wing. He was very delicate, and extremely timid. When he graduated, he had the choice between a good university position and a little clerkship on my estates; he preferred the latter, for no other reason than to remain near his divinity. He cultivated music; he played, she sang, and so they lost themselves in those far-off realms where no sensible person can follow them.'

'And has Marie never had a more substantial lover?' I asked.

'Frederic, you know—or has he not told you?—was at one time badly hit, and set about adoring her; but I put a timely end to that, I assure you. A younger son, you understand, a Knight of Malta' (with a smile), 'and a virtue like Marie's; such a passion would only have proved disastrous in the extreme. I took him with me to Paris, where you made his acquaintance, and had him healed before the malady had reached any vital point. No place like Paris to cure one of sick fancies and impossible ideas!'

'It kills as often as it cures.'

'Oh yes, no doubt.'

'Kills often all hopes and spirits!'

The Count looked at me somewhat searchingly, but I evaded the look and continued in a bantering tone:

'Cracked hearts may perhaps get mended there, but I doubt whether it ever forms healthy ones.'

'Ah, well, my good friend,' he replied lightly, 'all great capitals are alike. It is the same in Vienna. Life has a thousand sides. We must not look too curiously into its dark corners. Get married, Mr. Osborn, and surround yourself with half a dozen little ones, and all its gloomy aspects will disappear. Nothing like a family, my dear sir!'

'I believe you; but the deuce is, in this wild sea of life, to cast anchor in the right place.'

'Pshaw! who risks nothing, gets nothing! Risk it, *mon cher*, risk it!'

Meanwhile we had reached home, and found ourselves in warm and comfortable quarters, with all the means at hand to wipe away every trace of fatigue—a plentiful supper and a soft bed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE days meanwhile had passed gently, noiselessly, like so many setting suns, and I wondered at the satisfaction their delicious monotony left behind. Was it the pernicious contentment of the lotus-eaters, I asked myself with some alarm. No, for there were the French and German papers that kept us informed of the great struggles of the world, and we listened to its tumult like mariners in a quiet haven to the distant roar of the sea.

Count Rudolph had left, and I had insensibly fallen into Frederic's quiet ways, and taken part in the few interests that engaged his out-door attention—now a pond to be cleaned and replenished with fish, now a felling of timber, now some new cottages to be built for new settlers,—and I began seriously to consider the project of buying land at a good distance from any capital and turning *gentilhomme campagnard* myself. For, in the meantime, I had become quite intimate at the Schlosslein, had been introduced by the baron into some of the secrets of his sombre studies, had made Christopher's acquaintance and heard him play to Marie's fine voice, had tasted Herr Dechant's preserved plums, had played chess with the Kapellan, had flirted a little with the Miss Reichhardts, two pretty young girls of Neugedein,—in short I began to feel so completely at home in this new experiment of life, that there is no telling to what indefinite period my visit to Bohemia might not have been protracted, but for an eventful evening, the astounding revelations of which took me unexpectedly back to Paris.

It was on one of those perfect days when everything is in tune—air, sky, spirits—that we gathered after dinner in the baron's vast study, and, midst mocha and nargilehs, talked of all sorts of things deep into the twilight. The conversation at first ran upon trifles. I praised Barbara's fine *civet de lievre*, which I pronounced equal to any of Chevet's; and told Marie I should want her recipe for Kolatschen and Krapfen by the time I returned home.

'Yes, yes,' fell in Prochazka playfully; 'be sure of that. Kolatschen and Krapfen are the test of the light or heavy hand of our housewives. Beware of a heavy Krapfen; the same hand can box your ears in a manner

you will never forget. Let it be the trial you subject your future spouse to.'

'But I should scarcely dare to invite any of my sceptical friends to a dessert of poppy-seeds,' I said; 'they would think I intended some practical joke or other, and the druggist where I should have to get them, might suspect me to be the father of an unpardonably large family.'

Marie laughed. 'Opium, you know,' said she, 'does not always put to sleep, but keeps awake also. Frederic,' speaking to the chevalier, who was watching the moon coming up nearly full on the horizon, 'do you remember our poppy sports?'

'I should think I did,' he replied, 'and they were anything but soporific in their effects.'

'Poppy sports?' I asked.

'Yes,' said the baron. 'I had a number of poppy-beds—we raise the plant for the seed, you know, for cooking purposes—and these youngsters knew exactly the time when the seeds were ripe. I had a terrible time to protect my beds against their marauding propensities.'

'Are they good raw?'

'Oh, delicious!'

'Well,' said I tauntingly, 'if English ale and French wines are somewhat responsible for the robustness or lightness of the respective temperaments of these two people, I do not see why your taste for poppy-seeds, if it is largely indulged in, may not have something to do with the dreaming character of your population. Milic, I suppose, has fed on poppies all his lifetime.'

Marie looked serious.

'And his visions—'

'Milic is no visionary,' fell in the baron.

'Surely,' I said, 'you do not consider him in a normal condition?'

'It may not be what is vulgarly called a normal condition,' observed Frederic, 'and yet, nevertheless, a profoundly interesting one as far as hidden truths are concerned—normal, perhaps, in a far more advanced sense of the word than we give it now. Your late experience with that handkerchief of Rudolph's, and the fact, as has been ascertained since, that the swamp would have become quagmire without the poor fellow's timely intervention, are surely not illusions.'

'I confess, the occurrence, with its inexplicable mystery, is perplexing in the extreme; but the fact that Robert Houdin does the same inexplicable things, and with unfailing certainty, ought to satisfy any reasonable mind as to supernatural intervention. Robert Houdin—'

'Frederic,' said the baron, interrupting me, 'tell Mr. Osborn what this magician of magicians confessed to the Baron de Mirville, in regard to clairvoyance.'

'De Mirville,' began Frederic,' is well known in the religous and literary world of Paris as a sincere inquirer into the mooted questions of the day, and a staunch pillar of the church. Wishing to ascertain what this king of jugglers might have to say on the subject of second-sight, so constantly misapprehended by the scientific world, he went to see him. He found that he treated the matter as a joke, insisted that it was all more or less clever charlatanry. De Mirville offered to take him to Alexis, a clairvoyant, then of considerable repute, to test the matter. Houdin consented, and the result was that this subtlest of *prestidigitateurs*, after having exhausted all the resources of his art to nonplus the magnetic lucidity of the seer, confessed to De Mirville, in two letters which were subsequently published, that he had satisfied himself that it was perfectly impossible for either chance or skill to produce the wonderful effects he had witnessed.'

I was silent. It was evident that my friends had a strong leaning towards the supernatural, and as the constitution of my mind was wholly adverse to such theories, I did what I always do under such circumstances, namely, when thrown with minds antagonistic to mine, I follow them in their arguments to see what they end in. All error, to exist at all, must have some basis of truth; and truth, however deep buried, is worth getting at. So that, drawing my chair nearer the baron's, I said:

'If truth had preserved her ancient costume the fable speaks of, instead of rigging herself with all the follies of the day, we should not so constantly mistake her; but she comes to us in such questionable shapes that we have to be necessarily on our guard, and to believe all the —'

'My dear sir, truth has always been rigged, as you call it; the human mind could not apprehend it otherwise. From the earliest days down to ours, it has ever worn a mask. Every thinking man is an

Œdipus called upon to guess the riddle of the Sphinx or die; to know the substance by the shadow; to read the spirit through the letter. Our present age is no less symbolic than what we call the dark ages; and future generations, to understand us rightly, will have to read our spirit through our masks. The great question, after all, is not so much the truth of things, for all that is, is; but the good of things; to exercise the spiritual eye to such a degree that it distinguishes readily the good of things, which is their life, from the bad, which is their death; to gain wisdom in choosing the right, and not run after the reflection in the water and let the reality go. The world at large is not wise, it confounds the two, the substance and shadow, and has ever to learn afresh through dire experiences.'

'All this is perfectly true,' I said, 'and the very thing I am contending for—not to run after the false; not to accept all the multitude of theories and hypotheses the human mind in its constant travail is ever bringing forth, but to pause before the incomprehensible and allow reason fair play.'

The baron smiled.

'The point lies here,' continued he. 'In order to ascertain what the good and evil, the true and false, of a subject-matter is, we must examine it; look into it, lose much time perhaps and find nothing; but nevertheless investigate. It won't do to stand aloof, and pronounce upon it on the strength of its appearance, and because our reason condemns it. There is, perhaps, something higher than mere reason to guide us in our researches—our intuitions. After all, everything depends upon a just equilibrium. A mind well balanced will not rush into things and accept or reject at random; it will not be led away by the allurements of phantasms, nor stand obstinately aside before dubious questions. Reverent obedience and freedom from prejudice I take to be the fundamental principles by which a searcher after truth should be governed.'

We had unconsciously drifted upon grave subjects, and the conversation which had begun with Krapfen and Kolatschen threatened to run into the unpalatable subject of controversy.

I rose and walked to the window; the moon shone bright.

'Does Milic live far from here?' I asked Frederic.

'No,' and stepping up to me he pointed in the direction of the church; 'about twenty minutes walk in the rear of the churchyard'

'Miss Marie,' said I, half in fun, half in earnest, 'how would you like to take a moonlight walk to the wizard's?'

She looked up from her work—Miss Prochazka always found means to pick up some piece of work or other to fill out the gaps of conversation.

'Oh! not to night!' said she, startled at my proposition.

'Why not? It is beautiful out!'

'But to what purpose? What do you want with Milic?'

'Oh nothing! an idea I have; a mere notion.'

Marie looked at her father, who did not seem to object to the proposition. 'Will you come along, Frederic?' she asked, turning to tbe chevalier.

'No, I shall keep your father company. You may, however,' added he, looking at me, 'not find him in the mood, you know; there is nothing so uncertain as seership.'

'Ah well!' I replied lightly, 'you shall have us then the sooner back, unless,' with a bit of raillery, 'Miss Prochazka consents to run away with me.'

Marie smiled, and went out to get ready.

On the way the conversation ran chiefly upon the peculiar gifts I was about to inquire into. She related a number of instances where they had proved of extreme utility; she referred again to the scene in the miner's hut, and attributed my sudden appearance to the fervour of her prayers, insisting that prayer, coupled with a spirit of obedience, was sure to bring help in times of great need; in short she brought to bear upon my incredulity all the fire of her conviction. Still, as I frankly confessed, I lacked the needful receptivity, and was a poor subject for spiritual influences. Meanwhile we had reached the hut. We paused a moment before entering. Milic was singing in an undertone an old hymn—a soft, mild voice, full of secret contentment, I thought. She raised the latch, and we stepped in. He was sitting near the window, knitting, the bright light of the moon illumining the modest poverty around him,

and touching his brow as with a glory. He jumped up, as he saw us, and with many ejaculations, which I understood, for once, as they were so many names of the Saints in Paradise, he welcomed us, and busied himself forthwith with lighting a candle, and brushing the snow from our feet, and finding us seats—an old rickety chair and a low stool; he seating himself meanwhile on a big box, which from its cover I judged to be his cupboard and safe. It seemed to me I had never before been more impressed with the kindliness and thorough simplicity of his countenance. His little eyes travelling from Marie to me expressed both gladness and wonder at this unexpected visit, and I guessed from Marie's gentle tones and his answers that she was gradually introducing the object of it. But though we waited a long time, and both kept up a lively talk, there came no signs of inner sight.

'Milic,' said Marie to me, somewhat discouraged, 'is disposed to gossip and talks too much; I am afraid we have come to no purpose,' and she rose.

I was going to follow her example, when she beckoned me to sit still and wait a little while longer; I saw she wished to break up his garrulousness by withdrawing. She stepped into the next room and busied herself straightening matters; hanging up a garment here, folding a cloth there. My own mind meanwhile began wandering over other subjects, and for a few moments there was perfect silence. Presently, and before I was aware of it, Marie had drawn nearer, and was watching Milic, who was quivering all over with the same curious ague fit I had witnessed once before. She made me a sign that he was going into the desired state; but, instead of speech, and to our utter astonishment, his face underwent a most remarkable change. Gradually, and before our very gaze, his countenance assumed an expression that harrowed my whole soul, for it was that of one I had known in life, and hated, hated even after death. His little stature seemed to grow in size, and he struck an attitude, as foreign as possible to what his conceptions of high life could be; for it was that of an *habitué de salon*, full of manly grace, holding to his eyes what gave the idea of an opera-glass, and apparently intent upon some spectacular show. Suddenly, and without visible cause, the same countenance turned to me, and from an expression of surprise changed to one of anger. He raised his arm, as if in defence, and seemed dealing out blows as well as receiving some. Finally he thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, and, pulling out what was actually nothing but a leathern tobacco-pouch, threw it violently into my face, whilst his lips moved, and he pronounced what to my crazed and scattered senses sounded like '*Boulogne*!'

Marie told me afterwards that whilst this weird and unearthly scene was being enacted, my face was as pale as death, and that I kept recoiling to the farthest end of the room, with outstretched hands as if to ward off the seeming apparition.

Milic however had sat down again, and we thought all was over, when, on a sudden, the fit returned; again he rose; the features of the stranger which had begun to relax their hold and yield to Milic's, again reassumed themselves, and we beheld for the second time the stranger's tall form enact as it were a second scene, and this time, with set lips and determined eye, go through a sword exercise.

This proved too much for me; I staggered. Marie caught hold of me and whispered: 'Be brave; see it through; this means something.' I tried to rally courage. The figure, after a few passes, reeled and fell, and putting its hand to its side as if heavily wounded, muttered a few words, which Marie, for I had lost all control over myself and had sunk upon a chair, alone caught. When I recovered my senses, I found myself lying on the floor, Milic rubbing my limbs with a muttering of sweet tones, as if talking to a child, and Marie bathing my temples with cold water. 'A nightmare,' I thought, 'a horrid nightmare,' and I tried to throw off the oppressive recollection. Thinking that a brisk walk in the cold air would best help me to drive off its maddening effects, I pressed Marie to return home. We soook hands with Milic and left. On the way I tried to reason myself out of it; laid the whole thing on an over-excited brain, on a haunting recollection of past events, on the projection of my own embittered feelings and thoughts; but whenever I questioned Marie as to the reality of what we had seen, her own observations, so accurate and minute, chimed so perfectly with mine, that all attempts to

attribute the circumstance to a phantasm of my own brain, proved vain and fruitless, and I could not but give in to a most mysterious and insoluble problem.

Marie's solemn manner and my disturbed countenance could not fail to reveal to the friends we had left at home that something extraordinary had happened. I requested her to relate the circumstance as it occurred, adding that I would give the key to it when she had done. But I was far from suspecting the new trial that awaited me. I was still ignorant of the last words of him whom Milic had impersonated as a dying man, and though I listened with apparent composure to the rehearsing of the dreadful scene, I was not proof against the crushing revelation these final words contained for me.

'Tell my sister Juliette, that I die repentant!'

'What! what!' cried I, springing up towards Marie, scarcely knowing what I was about, and taking hold of both her hands, which I shook violently—'what is it he said?'

She repeated and repeated it again. But it seemed as if my mind refused absolutely to recognize the truth of the declaration. I walked the room up and down in an agitation I endeavoured in vain to conquer.

'Frederic, we must go home! I must be off to-morrow! Can I get away to-night? I must away—immediately!' I cried.

The baron meanwhile had risen, and taking me quietly by the arm, he led me to a seat. I scarcely felt the pressure of his hand, and yet, midst all this turmoil of passionate feelings, I felt an inexplicable power laying the tempest. It seemed like a soothing potion calming the irritation of the nerves, and re-establishing their balance.

'Mr. Osborn,' said he, after a moment's silence, during which we had all sat perfectly still, 'you need rest, before all other things. Believe me, whatever the duties that call you away may be, you can only accomplish them satisfactorily when your mind and body shall have recovered their equipoise. Besides, it would be very difficult to find means of conveyance to-night. Let a twenty-four's rest come between you and the journey.'

'I will then acquaint you,' said I, after a pause.

'That might not be wise just now; let it rest till—'

'No, no,' I replied. 'I feel much calmer; it may even help to relieve me entirely; once all told you will be able to judge better of the character of the revelation and the occasion of it.'

They all drew closer around me and I began:

'Six years ago, I became acquainted with a Madame de Sancerre, a widow, whom I met in the Pyrenees, where in the first year of her bereavement she had gone to seek health and rest. I will not enter into any details of her personal attractions; suffice it to say that her beauty, her grace, the quality of her mind, all united to captivate me. I sought her society again the following winter, when she gradually returned to the circles she had frequented before. She lived with her father, her mother having died some years previously, and seemed to devote herself wholly to his comfort. Monsieur d'Herblay was a retired banker, a man of the world, but exceedingly severe in his opinions, and of stern and unapproachable manners. However, he seemed to favour my visits to the house, and took even pleasure sometimes in discussing with me the various topics of the day, but always condescendingly, and as an old man would with one much younger in years and experience. In short, our intimacy grew to thoughts of marriage, and when I declared my feelings to that effect, my proposal was met with kindness and pleasure by both father and daughter. In France, you know, a marriage proposal is always followed hard upon by the ceremony itself. There are, as a general thing, no long engagements. I wished myself to make it as short as possible, and pressed Madame de Sancerre to fix upon an early period. I felt convinced of the sincerity of her attachment to me; I had learned to appreciate her domestic virtues, and was therefore considerably surprised to find her so unwilling to fix a time, and to put me off month after month with vague promises. I appealed to the father, of whose principles of honour I had not the slightest doubt, and felt sure that, whatever the obstacle might be, it would not be of an intriguing character; but he also would

lightly answer: "Woman-caprices; let her be awhile, she will come round by-and-by." But this "by-and-by" was getting to be unbearable. One morning I plucked up courage, and determined to bring her to a decision. I presented myself at the house —it was an unusually early hour—and not finding the accustomed attendance in the hall to announce my visit, and feeling at liberty about the premises, I walked into the drawing-room, and—I need go no further — the mystery was revealed! Her private boudoir opened into the drawing-room; the door was half open, and there I saw two persons standing—my Juliette, with her hands on the shoulders of that same form impersonated by Milic, with her head buried in his breast, and convulsed with sobs; and on the young man's countenance, reflected by the mirror before him, an expression of the profoundest grief, nay, despair, so pale and distorted were his features. I withdrew hastily. I flew rather than walked down-stairs; flew through the streets; returned home I scarce know how, and for a moment, indeed, hesitated between life and death. An implacable reason read off to me with cruel distinctness the whole story as from a printed page. A previous secret attachment! An attachment she dares not confess to her father! I have served to cover it only! The situation has become untenable for them through my impatience, and they lament together their misfortune! What was I to do? It was the cruelty of the duplicity that most incensed me! That she loved another I could have borne, had she trusted to my honor, frankly confessed it, and only asked of me to keep the secret. But for both to make me the shield, as it were, of their selfish love, and use the highest and most sacred of all sentiments as a blind to conceal their attachment, seemed to me the most unpardonable insult that could be offered to any man of heart, and I determined upon having some satisfaction at least. Revenge upon her was out of the question; not from love, but her sex protected her. I resolved, however, that he should be punished. A few lines, as concise as my profound contempt for her could make them, informed her of my withdrawal. Then I watched my opportunity with him. It was not till some weeks after the event that I saw him at the Theatre Francais—I had lain in wait in most of the best places of amusement all this time without success. Now was the moment. During one of the *entre-actes*, I followed him into the *foyer*, and there, before a number of persons, gave him a thorough thrashing. Milic represented faithfully the scene in all its particulars: the interest in the play as manifested by the opera-glass — the surprise and anger at my unexpected assault—the challenge to meet him at the Bois de Boulogne—there, the duel with swords, his fall and death. So faithful and minute has been his representation, that I can scarcely doubt the truth of the last words. Oh, could it be possible!' I cried, rising with a return of agitation and walking up and down the room again.

'Mr. Osborn, calm yourself,' said the baron, 'and try to understand the whole circumstances. Had you never heard of that brother?'

'Never! When M. d'Herblay went with me over the financial preliminaries that always precede a marriage-contract, he said, "Juliette's dowry is in her lawyer's hands, and must be nearly doubled by the interest, considering that her personal expenses are very few and she lives with me. She is my only child and will inherit all my property."'

'Very strange!'

I resumed my seat. Frederic meanwhile had risen and in his turn was nervously pacing to and fro.

'I think,' he said, 'it might be. You know it is always when the mystery is inscrutable that hypothesis comes in and often proves a solution. There is a skeleton in every family—a secret kept from the world and diligently guarded. Suppose an unworthy son, an unworthy brother, whom neither father nor daughter could avoid; disinherited, banished from the family—'

We all silently assented to his idea, for the same thought had simultaneously come to us all as we became gradually more familiarized with the event.

'I start to-morrow,' I said; and holding out one hand to the baron and the other to Marie: 'Whatever may happen, whatever discoveries I may yet make, be sure that I carry away with me the tenderest gratitude for your friendly hospitality and for the conviction that I have become in your midst a wiser and better man.'

We parted. The next morning saw me off; and six weeks later Frederic received from me the following letter:

'My Dear Friend,—All proves true, and your supposition is correct. Juliette had a younger brother whose father's sternness and rigidity drove into all sorts of dissipation. He gambled, drank, and finally forged his father's name to a very considerable amount; he was given over by him into the hands of justice under a false name and put into prison. The sister, meanwhile, did all she could to reclaim the prodigal, and, with the sweet illusion to bring about his conversion, prevailed upon M. d'Herblay to work out his release. The father yielded, but with the understanding that he should retain the assumed name of his disgrace. The young reprobate, however, did not hold out long in his protestations of reform, and was soon again swallowed up in debts of all kinds. Juliette spent all she had of her own to cover his follies, and exhausted herself in threats and remonstrances to no purpose. At last, one more loss at the gaming table, more formidable than the others, proved the last drop too much in the cup of his transgressions. I was destined, it seems, to put an end to her troubles; for it was on that memorable morning, when I came upon them accidentally, that they were deploring the fatal issue of his persistent misconduct, and that I made the terrible mistake you are acquainted with. Juliette's procrastination in regard to our marriage is thus explained: her means were forfeited; she dared not disclose how, and hoped to gain time. You know the rest. But, oh, Frederic! there comes to your poor friend, after these sad misunderstandings, sound of marriage-bells! Rejoice with me, all of you. Tell Milic—ah, well, tell him what you please! I know his good honest soul can but rejoice at the turn my fortunes have taken through him! Bless the incomprehensible little man!

'Ever Yours,

'Paul Osborn.'

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

'Try to become little with the Little one, that you may increase in stature with Him.'—St. Bonaventure.

Little Star, so pure and bright,
Shining through the startled night,
Whither dost thou lead the way
Shining to the perfect day?
'Christ is little, learn to be
Meek and pure and bright as He,
Thus His secret ye shall know
In His Father's grace to grow.'

Little lamb, so fairly white,
Where the watchers of thy night?
Fear'st thou not the beasts of prey
Now thy shepherds are away?
'They are gone, but Christ is nigh,
Christ, as young and pure as I,
While they kneel around His bed
He is watching at my head!'

Little flower, thy day is done,
Thou art withered in the sun,
Could'st not live another day?
Christ with thee would gladly play.
'That were joy, but shorter days
Bring a richer meed of praise,
Now I breathe my life away
In His manger with the hay!'

Little thought, so vain and weak,
Dar'st thou of thy Lord to speak?
Wouldst thou bring Him of thine own,
Lay thyself before His throne?
'Yes, for He is little too,
And can tell what small things do,
To His stable I will go,
Hoping soon with Him to grow.'

F. R.

A FLYING VISIT TO PARIS.

'NEVER been to Paris? Bless me! And in a fortnight you start for Canada!'

My interlocutor had a vague idea that this was synonymous with its being 'all up' with me,—notwithstanding that he prided himself on freedom from insular narrowness, and could 'survey mankind from China to Peru' with cosmopolitan impartiality,—his standpoint being London, and his 'extensive view' being taken through the medium of English books of travel and English magazine-articles. The gaze of pitying wonder with which he had accompanied the first part of his exclamation did not much disconcert me; for I was aware that the pinnacle from which he looked down on my shortcomings,—or shortgoings,—was not lofty, having for its base one visit on his part to Paris for a very few days, a very long while before this. It was evident, however, that from this moment I was to be patronized, some half-dozen insignificant voyages across the Atlantic fading into absolute nothingness in his eyes—as he did not know what they implied—beside one trip from Dover to Calais, the importance of which he certainly appreciated to the full. He had looked me up on this memorable evening to say good-bye to me before I said good-bye to civilization; explaining that he would not have another chance of doing so, as he was to start the next morning on a summer-trip to France and Switzerland, with an uncle of mine, to whom he anticipated acting as 'guide, philosopher, and friend.' He had been drawing a fancy contrast between the Elysian Fields, actual and metaphorical, before them, and the slightly modified log-hut he supposed to be before me. Without following him in his extremes of contrast, I was wondering how it had come about that during a long residence in England I had never crossed the channel,—just as I had never climbed the Monument; and I had already begun to calculate the time remaining before my voyage to rectify these and other omissions, when he upset his tumbler in his sudden enthusiasm over this proposal:

'By George! Why not come with us? Eh? Your uncle would be delighted,—so should I;—it's only ten o'clock now; we start from Charing Cross at 6:15 in the morning. Where's your portmanteau? We'll pack it at once; then you—'

'But my arrangements for—'

'Oh! Let them stand over; you will be back in a week,—for I suppose you cannot go beyond Paris with us, as you have only a fortnight altogether before leaving for Nova Zembla—Scotia, I mean. There, now, don't lecture,—a mere *lapsus linguæ;* I *do* know the difference,—and which is which, too. You may examine me on board the boat; you will not look so fierce *then*. But, now I come to think of it, I want to see H—— before I start; so I must leave you to pack alone; pop in a few collars, you know, and—oh! by the way, yes! Don't forget a bit of soap; it is so rare in France that they let it out by the bubble! *Au revoir*. 6:15, to the minute, remember!'

He dived into his Hansom and was clattering down the street before I could make any remonstrance for myself, or protest against his audacious libel on French cleanliness. But Sefton (such is the name he shall take 'for the purposes hereinafter recited') was not round the corner before I had made up my mind to seize this opportunity, which offered pleasant companionship and chimed in well with my other plans, while it would probably be a good many years before another as favorable would occur. So, without more ado, I packed my portmanteau and went to bed. What is more, I stayed in bed until the boy who had instructions not to let the sun rise until I was up, found it advisable, not being a Joshua, to transfer the responsibility of waking me from his aching knuckles to his brass-toed boots. I then started up, with a confused apprehension of earthquake,

and a vague intention of escaping to Paris in a portmanteau. Why, when one is in a hurry, buttons are faithless to their trust—why keys that have always fitted, change their constitution and will not fit—why memory serves one by intermittent starts that send one up and down stairs twenty times instead of twice—why knives become blunt, and coffee hotly refuses to cool,—these are problems which I propounded that morning tersely enough, but in language which I will call symbolical. *Solvitur ambulando;* and I found myself in due time with a very red face and very bad temper in the underground train for Charing Cross; sitting on an obstinate portmanteau in desperate endeavor to reduce it to being locked. Serenity returned when it was conquered; and I kept myself awake through the tunnels by a severe study of the advertisements in the compartment; placing my chief reliance on the copious distribution of exclamation-points.

At Charing Cross I found Sefton and my uncle at the book-stall, loaded with comic papers, and discussing the comparative merits of several French and English 'Conversation Manuals' with the boy; in which proceeding Sefton told me, aside, that he was taking part entirely to humour my uncle; thereby implying that to supplement *him* by a Manual or Dictionary was absurdly superfluous. The boy, quite unabashed by the fact that he had just been recommending a Spanish and Italian manual as French, was giving a running criticism to the effect, as far as I could judge, that each book in turn was incomparably the best; while Sefton demonstrated that each was the worst. He was rewarded before leaving Paris by my uncle's cordial agreement with him on that point. 'The book must be utterly incorrect,' said my uncle indignantly; 'I might as well read Greek to the waiters as read from it. They never understand a word of it any more than I do myself!'

Rumbling over the bridge and getting peeps through it at the Thames, bowling merrily along over London house-tops and dashing through Kent at a breathless rate,—too fast, as it looked very beautiful this bright June morning,—we were soon at Dover, and stepping on board the packet with dire forebodings; for those neat little steamers have a world-wide reputation as theatres of undignified suffering. But when, after much whistling, much bustling, thumping, shouting, and snorting, we left the pier and made a bee-line for Calais, we were agreeably disappointed to find the notoriously ill-behaved channel wearing a very smooth and smiling face. We plucked up courage immediately, and had our scornful laugh at the ladies who, having made elaborate arrangements for sea-sickness, were not to be put off by any unreasonable caprice on the part of the weather, but insisted on being sea-sick, as was their right and due. Then we made some strikingly original remarks about the white cliffs of Albion, and put ourselves into a very good humour by our cleverness, so that we must needs look about for a Frenchman to sharpen our French upon. We found one; but as we woke him up from a sound sleep which he had come on board to woo an hour before we started, as a safeguard from *mal de mer*, and had won just as misery was marking him for her own, he did not appreciate our communicativeness; but made some very earnest remarks in very bad French—we could not understand it at all—and then tried to get asleep again. He failed; and the result was unpleasant for him. Consequently we had quite enough of that Frenchman before we landed; he was not exactly sociable, but he said a great deal.

When we reached the Calais pier, and I had gained the gangway plank after suffocating in the crush beside the boiler, and with six distinct and obdurate corners of portmanteaus pressed against my will into my body, I disentangled myself from a few umbrella ribs and marched into France. At the head of the plank a *gendarme* touched me on the shoulder and asked my name. I felt this to be a supreme moment; that in which an elegant accomplishment was to rise to the rank of a useful acquirement; and I answered, modestly, but firmly, '*Je m'appelle Lelan.*' It was the further duty of that *gendarme* to ask my nationality; but he passed me on with the remark, 'English,—of course!' This struck me as a careless and ill-warranted assumption on on his part. We had at the Calais station a meal which I regarded as breakfast, Sefton as luncheon, and my uncle as dinner. My view was founded upon the time of day; but they discussed it upon its merits,—until they found that it had none. What

disgusted us especially was that when we addressed the waiters in good French, they invariably replied in bad English ; and thus my uncle's struggles with the Manual were a work of supererogation. We had here also our first experience of a singular monomania by which French waiters seemed possessed, one and all—the idea that our only capacity, our only earthly desire, was for 'rosbif' or 'bifteck.' It was of little use expostulating with them, and expressing a wish for This *à la* That ; they would bow, seize on one's plate, vanish amid a flourish of napkins, and return with little round pieces of compressed 'rosbif.' While speaking of the waiters, I may as well confess that they astonished us a little by their mode of dealing out the bread supply. In most cases the bread was made to suggest, very literally, the staff of life,—being in rolls as long as walking-sticks. A *garçon* thrusts one of these over your shoulder, and by a quick slash with his knife decapitates it into your plate.

Our journey from Calais to Paris, and many other things that a trustworthy and painstaking chronicler would carefully describe to you, gentle reader, I, claiming neither of these characteristics, shall not. I have opened, very much at hazard, a very desultory diary of a flying visit to Paris ; and, as my aim in making the visit was pleasure, and is now simply to go over the ground again with you, if you care to come, in a hop, skip, and jump fashion, you must not expect any particular sequence, anything at all instructive,—anything, in fact, but random notes and jottings. There are plenty of good guide-books to Paris. Place your trust in them, not in me. That will prove, I think, a superfluous admonition.

The fact is, I did not see anything very much worth describing from the window of our compartment. The country was pretty enough, but flat and uninteresting. Now and then a way-side crucifix reminded me that I was not in England ; and here and there a bloused peasant, or a woman at work in a field, excited a momentary glance. But it was a long journey, and the carriage in which we rode was cushioned and padded so luxuriously, that I must own to having soon fallen fast asleep. At Amiens I woke up and had a capital view—of the refreshment-buffet. Nearing Paris, and passing through St. Denis, we noticed many of the houses bearing marks of the late war. Patchings and repairs were everwhere visible, and here and there might be seen the ruins of an edifice not yet rebuilt, or not worth rebuilding. We were soon at the *gare*, or terminus, of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, and I was in Paris. My view of the city was for some time very limited, as I was obliged to wait in the *Salle d'attente* during the examination of my friend's luggage. At last I saw three men groaning under the weight of two trunks which one English porter had tackled unassisted, and we followed them to the Grand Hôtel omnibus. After a second Babel had been enacted by some half-dozen irrepressible *gamins* and the three bloused porters, there seemed some likelihood of our making a start. Before that desirable event, however, two *gendarmes*, whose expressions denoted deep bitterness of soul (probably on account of their stunted growth), glared at us suspiciously through the door, and then, plainly persuaded of our revolutionary intentions, copied the number of our vehicle in two formidable note books, and reluctantly growled '*Va-t-en, donc*,' to our Jehu. That worthy, seemingly anxious to escape the stern presence of the law, as represented in the three-cornered hats of the *gendarmes*, cracked his whip about his horses' ears. Then, not relying on that to convey to them his wishes, he rose to his feet and shrieked out a volley of what may have been oaths or endearments, but which had the desired effect. The animals feebly attempted a distant imitation of a trot, and he relapsed into comparative calmness, appealing to Heaven for aid only twice every minute, on a rough average.

The drive to the Grand Hôtel occupied about a quarter of an hour, during which I took the edge off my curiosity by industriously staring at every house, shop, vehicle, and passer-by. The first remark was mine. I said : 'This is wonderfully like New York !' Sefton smiled with the air of host and proprietor, and told my uncle that this observation was very hackneyed, and, he thought, rather fanciful. Dickens gave him a very different idea of New York. Whereupon I was in a minority ; Sefton and my uncle had never seen New York, but they had read Dickens. So that I ventured no further comparisons ; but I could not restrain some expressions of ad-

miration as we turned into the Boulevard des Italiens, and drove along to the Boulevard des Capucines and our destination. When we drew up at last in the spacious, glass-roofed court-yard of the 'Grand,' I left to Sefton the business of engaging rooms, and took a glimpse up and down the boulevard, until he called me, when one of those useful and ornamental props to French society, who flourish under the evergreen title of *garçons*, shot us up in the lift *au quatrième*. My room had a small balcony looking out on the boulevard, and I enjoyed a few minutes in leaning over it and watching the novel and lively scene below. The Parisian *boulevards*, for beauty, convenience, and quiet, are far and away ahead of the ordinary street. To a Londoner, the climate of whose native city forbids any attempt at such luxury, they seem especially delightful. The trees which line their sides, the breadth of pathway and amount of elbow-room they afford, and their continual life and traffic, devoid to a great extent of the usual disagreeable accompaniment of noise, owing to the long stretches of asphalte pavement, make up an *ensemble* of which a stranger at first fancies he can never tire. But there is such unvarying similarity in these boulevards, that, in time, the very regularity which constitutes half their beauty, degenerates into a wearisome sameness. Not only every boulevard, but almost every house, every shop, in each, seems to be the counterpart of another, and instead of the pleasure-grounds they appeared at first, they finally become merely convenient thoroughfares, —and that is a great deal. When we had started for our first stroll, with the intention of finding a noted restaurant, the first thing that struck me was that no one of the many hundreds on the boulevard seemed to have anything more urgent to attend to than his own enjoyment. Subsequent evenings shewed nothing to the contrary, and even during the day affairs wore a holiday aspect to me, fresh as I was from the restless, impatient, anxious-looking crowds of the London streets. After some five minutes' walk, we turned into the *Grand Café de la Paix*, outside of which, at the little round tables which already seemed familiar to us, sat some score of excited Parisians imbibing large quantities of weak *vin ordinaire* and cigarette smoke. Sefton insisted on assuming the whole management of our repast; but he was ignominiously driven to the despised Manual,—and did not escape 'rosbif.'

Twilight was thickening into darkness when we left the café and strolled down the boulevard toward the Place de la Concorde. Darkness, I said inadvertently, for when is there darkness in Paris? Light was streaming from countless lamps, windows and *cafés*. Carriages, *remises*, and omnibusses rolled smoothly along in continuous succession, with many coloured lamps, sufficient in themselves to illuminate the street. At every few yards stood a newspaper *Kiosque* shedding a broad and mellow gleam on the pavement before it, and looking fantastically gay with its large coloured cartoons and *affiches*. Crowds of chatting and gesticulating loungers passed incessantly to and fro. Crowds sat at the round tables of every *café*, deep in politics, flirtations, or dominos, over each of which they displayed equal vehemence and excitement. An incessant hum of conversation, with ever and anon a shrill '*Mon di..u!*' or, as frequently, '*Diable!*' the cracking of a whip, followed by maledictions on the slowness of some horse; the loudly shouted orders of a *garçon*, or the tapping of a cane on a table to call his attention;—such were few of the Babel of sounds that assailed our ears. Where were the poor? Where was want, or misery? It seemed almost that they did not exist, that all was light-heartedness, gaiety, and enjoyment. Yet not far from the lights and life of the boulevards was a gloomy refuge for many a cold and ghastly witness to the contrary. From laughter to suicide is a short step in Parisian philosophy.

My uncle was inclined to moralize; in fact, I believe he did moralize; and I have no doubt we should soon have had quotations from Hervey's *Meditations* and Juvenal, if Sefton had not aided me in changing the topic of conversation every few minutes, and incessantly pointed out things worth noticing and not worth noticing. So ingeniously did we manœuvre my uncle's fine old prejudices that we inveigled him into a *Café Chantant* on the Champs Elysées. Considering that my respected relative had never entered even a Theatre, and, indeed, regarded such a place of amusement as the *descensus Averni*, I think the difficulty of

our feat may be duly appreciated. A cup of very good *café noir* quieted the scruples of his conscience for a time; and, as he could not understand the songs or fathom the jokes, he applauded whenever Sefton did so. Sefton applauded very often, and always looked at me very knowingly, seeing jokes in the most unexpected places—all through a sentimental ballad, for instance—which annoyed a small and excitable gentleman behind me excessively. But Sefton was so thoroughly at home, you see; he had quite the air of an *habitué;* and showed us how to burn sugar and brandy in our spoons, balanced on the sides of our cups, and upset them into our coffee; without which he declared the coffee to be quite undrinkable. Unhappily the performance took a turn which caused my uncle to start up, regardless of the frenzied remonstrances of the little fat gentleman behind, and, growling like a true British lion, to make his way amid tables and chairs to the exit. Then he moralized until he had arranged the Parisian's future in a manner highly satisfactory to his sense of justice, but uncomfortable for the Parisian.

Leaving behind us the three *Cafés Chantants*, and the swings and the roundabout which were affording regular evening amusement to hundreds of grown-up children, we walked towards the *Arc de Triomphe*, turning back before reaching it, as we were tired after our day's journey. We retraced our steps to the Hotel; passing once more throught the carnival-scene of lights and gaiety, which gave no signs of terminating for many an hour. Before retiring for the night, we seated ourselves at a round table in the luxurious court-yard of the 'Grand,' to lay our plans for the morrow, and to take part a little in the drinking which, like the brook, despite arrivals and departures, 'goes on for ever' in those pleasant precincts.

On Wednesday morning, after breakfast at the 'Grand,' we turned into the Place de l' Opéra, to have a glance at the exterior of the New Opera, then not completed, and having scaffolding still before it. The war had interrupted its construction, but since the Old Opera House in the Rue Le Pelétier had been burnt (in October of the previous year) the work had advanced rapidly. The guide-books tell us that it is the largest theatre in the world; but guide-books are fallible. Although I believe it covers nearly three acres of ground, it does not seat as many as La Scala at Milan, or San Carlo at Naples. We could not effect an entrance, unfortunately; and the *façades* were quite spoilt for us by the scaffolding. I have said that the war retarded its completion; it very nearly also completed its destruction; the Communists used it as a powder magazine in May, 1871; and in those fiery days a powder magazine was an awkward thing for a poor young building to be. Returning to the boulevard we walked leisurely down to the Madeleine, a church which had in its day a less peaceful babyhood even than the Opera has had. Before it had grown much higher than its foundations the first Revolution put a stop to it; and subsequently Napoleon wanted to make of it a temple of glory and dedicate it to *la grande armée.* Louis XVIII had different ideas on the subject, and it was again fairly on the way of becoming a full-grown church when the Revolution of July, 1830, brought it to a standstill. Altogether it took from 1764 till 1842 to get it finished; and it has seen terrible sights since then. In the May of 1871, three hundred insurgents were driven back into it from their barricades across the Rue Royale, and slaughtered under its roof by the troops. Standing on the broad steps before its massive, calm Corinthian columns on this bright summer's day, and looking down on the busy street and towards the Place de la Concorde, it was difficult to conceive of the scene we should have beheld there a little more than three years back—difficult and saddening.

We hailed one of those most comfortable of the *genus* cab, a *voiture de remise,* and had a drive down the Rue de Rivoli to the Louvre and back; passing a recently erected bronze statue of Joan of Arc that did not greatly excite our admiration, and peeping into the arcade that runs along one side of the street, before shops that offered a temptation to get out and walk, to have a closer inspection of their windows; then over the Pont de la Concorde, along the Boulevard St. Martin, and through some old-fashioned narrow streets to the Luxembourg; stopping on the way at the church of St. Sulpice. Here a black and white canopy, suspended at the entrance, announced that a funeral had lately taken place, and the

coffin was lying within, in all the 'trappings and the suits of woe.' There were some Englishmen in the church, talking very audibly and pointing here and there as if they were in a picture-gallery. They reminded me of a cartoon in one of the comic papers, representing 'the tables turned' by a party of Frenchmen standing in the aisle of an English church during service, and criticising it aloud. It was a fair 'hit' in all respects but one: Frenchmen could not in their nature be so impolite as to teach our tourists a lesson they are so much in need of. During this drive Sefton's attention happened to be attracted by some conspicuous building, and he applied to the driver for information upon it. That mercurial charioteer was at the moment calling down curses upon his dilatory steed, and did not hear the enquiry addressed to him. Sefton, whom you have seen to be of an excitable temperament, became frantic in his attempts to call the coachman's attention. 'Mussiou, Mussiou,' he cried, 'je dayseer savey—' and, finally abandoning politeness together with his balance, he fell forward and dug at him in the back with his umbrella, screaming, 'Cochong, cochong, arraytey-moi too sweet, je dayseer—cochong, cochong!' Happily the 'cochong' was so startled by the vigorous blow he had received that he did not catch the unintentionally opprobrious epithet applied to him. He answered Sefton's enquiries somewhat curtly, and rubbed the injured part with a muttered reflection on 'ces Anglais,' which was probably not altogether complimentary. When I suggested to Sefton that *cocher* and *cochon* were not necessarily synonymous, he developed a sudden interest in the street through which we were passing, and the antiquated style of its houses. I noticed that when we descended from the *remise*, he disappeared with wonderful celerity into the Luxembourg Gardens, having paid the porcine driver about treble his fare.

I fear we did but scant justice to the Musée du Luxembourg, spending there little more than twenty minutes. For my part, knowing that we could not see them thoroughly in the short time we had before us, I wanted to finish off the galleries, museums, and churches rather summarily. It was tantalizing and unprofitable to rush through places requiring long and frequent visits to enjoy properly, glancing at noteworthy objects merely to feel a conventional satisfaction at having 'seen' them. This being the case, I was impatient to ramble at will through the streets, where I should have ample opportunity of seeing one, and that a most characteristic aspect of Paris, —its out-of-doors life. I had vague intentions of roaming through the *Quartier Latin*, and poking into a hundred and one odd corners that had been made familiar to mind's eye by Victor Hugo, Sue, and Paul de Kock; an ill-assorted trio, I fear, but Parisians to the core, all three.

We walked through the Gardens of the Luxembourg, stopping now and again to inspect a statue or admire the sculptures on a fountain. I was struck by the remarkable neatness of these gardens; a neatness characterizing, indeed, all the parks and enclosures I saw in Paris. Although there were many children playing in them, and people of every condition roaming about at will, every flower-bed was untrampled, every grass-border sharply defined. Under like circumstances a London park would have been littered with scraps of paper, orange-peel, and nut-shells, the beds flat and trodden hard, and the grass a ghastly myth. A few steps brought us in sight of the Panthéon, or more properly now, the church of Ste. Geneviève, for although the inscription placed on it at the Revolution remains—'*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante*—' it has long ceased to be a temple in honor of men. Yet the old pagan name clings to it, and ousts the Christian one pretty well altogether; while it seems the one more fitted to its Græco-Roman architecture. On entering it a custodian expressed for us and at us all due admiration for its interior;—it is very convenient to pay a few *centimes* and be supplied bountifully with appropriate epithets, in this way. Then he led us down a pair of back stairs to the *caveaux*, (which Sefton irreverently translated *cellars*), and, in a very dim light, showed us the tombs of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Voltaire, empty both, however, despite the declaration of the inscription on that of Rousseau: '*Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité.*' Soufflot, the architect of the Panthéon, the mathematician Lagrange, and others are really interred here. The price of admission generously coupled with the right of contemplating the silent tombs, that of hearing

a wonderful echo kept on the premises. Our attendant in these lower regions gave us our money's worth by a sudden yell, followed by a series of unearthly reverberations that startled my uncle out of a comparative estimate of the great men of France and of England, in which the French were coming out decidedly second best. The echoes were marvellous; but my uncle insisted upon it that our guide had understood him and yelled with ulterior motives. When we returned from gloom to daylight, another official bade us 'follow him.' We did. This time it was up -up up; until my uncle sat down and mopped his head;—up, until Sefton did the same, shouting to me that he had 'been up before, and it really wasn't worth the trouble;'—up, until I gave in and asked the man whether there was much more treadmill to mortify our flesh withal. We were to stop soon, he said, to see the interior of the dome. I called down to my followers, '*sic itur ad astra!*' and Sefton responded with the energy of despair, '*Excelsior!*' and sat still. We fully appreciated the paintings in the dome, by Gros,—after those 328 steps; I am not sure that our enjoyment of Clovis and Ste. Geneviève and St. Louis and Charlemagne *and the rest* was purely æsthetic; but it was genuine. I hope my little joke is not buried quite out of sight. After this we returned to the stairs, and after 94 more of them, found ourselves on the gallery outside the dome, and looking down on Paris, far, far below. Then, indeed, we were more than rewarded for our laborious ascent. It was a clear, sunny day, and we could see distinctly for miles around. The city lay spread beneath us as on a monster map. Houses we had thought wondrously high now seemed dwarfed to the ground. Streets we had admired for their breadth were scarcely distinguishable amid the mass of buildings they intersected. In the background of the picture, as we turned from side to side, lay, now Mt. Valérien, now St. Cloud, and now St. Denis. Running through all, the Seine, like a silver thread, wound in and out among the buildings. Not far from us stood the towers of Notre Dame; even they looking stunted, from our standpoint. There was the Arc de Triomphe heading the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, looking for all the world like a child's structure of three blocks, and two rows of make-believe trees. Stretching beyond it lay the Bois de Boulogne, cut by a thin, shimmering line of water from a denser wood—St. Cloud. A brown space near the outskirts of the city, in the same direction, was the Champ de Mars, and not far from it stood a speck we were told was the Hôtel des Invalides, where lay the remains of the first Napoleon. We got our attendant on the subject of the siege; and it was not easy to get him off again. He rattled away, pointing now here, now there, shrugging his shoulders depreciatingly when he was bragging about some exploit of his own, shaking his fist at enemies in imagination and at my uncle in reality, who, not understanding the drift of the conversation, and feeling it to be hopelessly out of the scope of his Manual, retired cautiously down a few steps and asked Sefton if the man thought we had not paid him enough. The only facts I learned were, I fear, a very meagre boiling down of the whole discourse; being that the Communists had occupied the Panthéon and put barrels of gunpowder in the vaults with Guy Fawkesical intent; but had been dislodged before doing any damage. Sefton appeared to drink in every syllable, and at last was prompted by the frequent repetition of the word, to ask the man, with beautiful innocence, *whether he was a Communist.* The result was that he found it prudent to join my uncle and make for mother earth. When I had managed to put it to the man in the light of a joke he was a little pacified; but our friendly relations with him were hopelessly nipped in the bud.

After indulging in some *vin ordinaire* at an adjoining *café*, and looking up at our recent exalted standpoint, we decided on seeing Notre Dame next, and soon found our way to it. We stood a long while outside, and as I looked on the time-worn towers of which I had read so much, I became lost in pleasant reverie. I thought of Quasimodo, the Hunchback, writhing in and out among the beautiful intricacies of ornament; I thought seriously—of knocking down a miserable little intruder who emerged from a book-stall near at hand, and rushed up to us shrieking: 'Ces messieurs vill buy from me zee guide-book zeese shentleman vill buy from me "Parees before and aftaire zee Siége!"' It was really too bad—with irritating self-compla-

cency he dwelt upon the merits of *his* book, impressing upon us that *he* was the author; the worst thing he could have done by way of advertisement. We entered the cathedral; he followed us. We stood beside a coffin surrounded by long candles and draped with black; he chattered to us about his coach that would take 'zeese shentlemen' round the Forts outside Paris 'for zee fife franc.' We looked reverently around the dim, grand interior, and mused on the monarchs who had been crowned there; while this villainous little persecutor pestered us about his coach, his book, his views, until we were fairly driven away. All our awe, admiration, and appropriate frame of mind were turned into indignation against this soulless little rascal. We had seen Notre Dame, but this human gnat had poisoned all our memories of it.

A little way from the cathedral was the Morgue. Should we enter that, and make the poor victims of misery or crime objects of curiosity, and a holiday spectacle? With that silly sophistry which is used abroad to excuse visits to places we should never think of visiting at home, we argued that 'every one goes; it is one of the sights, and it will never do to have been here and not to have seen it.' So bad taste is perpetuated as a precedent and tradition, binding on each generation of tourists. With no very pleasurable anticipations we entered the small white building at the fork of the Seine. Passing through a dismal, whitewashed ante-room, we came in view of the row of marble slabs—behind a railing and glass partition—on which the bodies of the drowned or other unfortunates are placed for recognition. There were men and women passing in and out, and bestowing indifferent glances on the one body there; some shewed a curiosity we should have called revolting if we had had a better platform from which to condemn it. I thought I detected a few anxious glances, but for the most part the whole thing seemed to be taken quite as a matter of course, if not relished as an exhibition. I had a talk with one of the attendants: he told me the body there now had just been brought in; that he had seen the suicide committed by a jump from the bridge just below; rescue had been attempted, but the head had struck the stone pier before the water was reached. The statistics he gave me, in the rough, were terrible. The annual average of bodies, he said, was about 300, mostly those of suicides, fifty of them being those of women. These figures do not represent as many cases of tragic misery, destitution, or terrible mental agony. The infidelity of a mistress, large losses at gambling, even utter *ennui* are not unfrequently sufficient cause, in the Parisian mind, for suicide. The moral courage and moral health to aid in sustaining great trials are not common qualities; and the French, especially the Parisians, pass rapidly from the extreme of vivacity to the extreme of dejection. Of these hundreds who take their own lives every year, few have a story more sad, a lot more unendurable, than many and many an Englishman and woman could reveal, who bear their miseries without a thought of the insane attempt at emancipation from them that a Parisian nurses and familiarizes himself with from the first.

It speaks well for the strength of our nerves that after turning away from the Morgue, our first thought was of dinner. Before we felt that we had earned that, however, one or two sights more remained to be seen. During a sudden shower we took refuge in the Palais de Justice, where we listened to the voluble gentlemen in black caps and gowns eloquently abusing each other and every one else but their clients, with the vigour of lawyers added to the excitability of Frenchmen. When the rain had ceased, we crossed over to La Sainte Chapelle; the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in all Paris; it dates from the earlier half of the 13th century, and its stained glass windows surpass in their rich beauty anything of the sort of more modern production that we had seen. A conspicuous feature of the chapel from the outside is its tall, slight gilded spire, which, however, underwent restoration some twenty years ago. The Palais de Justice, Sainte Chapelle, and *Conciergerie*—a very old and sombre-looking building used as a prison during the first Revolution for those condemned to the guillotine, and now for persons awaiting trial—and the Préfecture de Police, form a close cluster of buildings which have the effect of shutting off La Sainte Chapelle from view, until one pene-

trates to a courtyard of the Palais de Justice. They are all—as are also Notre Dame and the Morgue—situated on the island in the centre of modern Paris which comprises its most ancient part, and is known as the *Cité*; and here, of old, was the town of Lutetia.

We thought that we would try a regular Parisian institution for our dinner—a '*bouillon*'; in other words, one of a number of cheap restaurants all owning one founder—a M. Duval—all under one plan, reputed a good one, and all of one colour, externally, a sort of chocolate-brown. What the dish to which these establishments are ostensibly dedicated may be, I will not undertake to say. I inspected it, ocularly, and was satisfied without venturing on further investigation; although I was told that one had not 'done' Paris until one had tasted it. The young lady who waited on us saw that we did not like *bouillon*, and the alternative which at once presented itself to her mind was—'rosbif.' I will not say that the horse had died from any of the ills that flesh is heir to; that might be unjust to the memory of M. Duval; but I will say that death must have been welcomed by the venerable quadruped. The young lady indignantly protested that it, the steel-proof substance on our plates, was *not* a horse, nor a part thereof; whereupon we were constrained to rebuke her and stride sadly away. After a long search we found the Palais Royal, and Sefton undertook to give us a dinner at the celebrated Trois Frères. He knew perfectly well where it was—had dined there before—trotted us round about and in and out until we felt in no fraternal frame of mind ourselves; finally made some enquiries, and then told us he could not keep his promise. My uncle at once proposed to 'stand' the dinner; but Sefton explained that the Trois Frères itself had ceased to stand—was *non est*. We heard this resignedly, and tried the Café d'Orléans. There we threw ourselves recklessly on the mercy of the *garçon*, and told him to deal with us even as he would that we should hereafter deal with him, and to bring anything and everything but 'rosbif.' The result of our appeal was a thoroughly and peculiarly French dinner for which Sefton expressed great relish, which my uncle called 'odds and ends of rubbish,' and which I honestly say I enjoyed thoroughly.

As they seemed disposed to waste time at the table, I left them, to continue my explorations on my own account. For a long while I could not resist the fascinations of the shops under the arcades of the Palais Royal, and spent more than an hour in enjoyment of them. But evening was drawing on, and I wished to visit one of the theatres. After some indecision among the various attractions, I determined to hear 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' then the latest novelty, and drove to the Folies Dramatiques—a greater distance than I had expected; but along the chief boulevards, which were swarming with evening pleasure-seekers, carriages taking the *élite* to the various theatres, omnibusses, and all the life of the previous evening—of every evening in Paris. At the doors of the theatre was an irregular line of people, whom I guessed at once to be candidates for the pit, *faisant queue;* holding, in the order of their arrival, a rope leading to the ticket office, and so taking precedence of one another for places. For one to push in front of the lucky man before him would be a gross violation of the Parisian theatre-goers' traditions, and would bring speedy and condign punishment upon him, perhaps in the shape of 'bonnetting,' certainly in being relegated to the last place in the *queue*.

Our first task the next morning was the Louvre with its Galleries. Those who have visited it know what a hopeless undertaking it is to do one's duty to it in a day—two days—anything under weeks. Determined as we were to march through without being tempted into any close examination of the bewildering treasures of art—to favor Rubens, Titian, Rembrandt, *et cetera omnia*, only with a glance or two—we did not get away until our morning had gone, and a great slice of our afternoon as well. With a crowded programme for the day, which it was now impossible to carry out, we lamented that

'Art is long, and Time is fleeting,'

and walked hastily to the river side, and along the Quai des Tuileries to the road giving access to the Place du Carrousel, the great quadrangle between the Louvre and the Tuileries. The latter palace showed terrible vestiges of fire. The North Wing, which had been completely de-

stroyed was now being restored; the South Wing was considerably damaged; while of the West Wing, facing the gardens of the Tuileries, there remained only blackened ruins. The pity of it! we said. Over the great Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel the inscription painted in the days of the Commune still remained, an inscription which we saw on the ruins of the Tuileries themselves when we viewed them from the gardens, and one we had seen on almost every public building—'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!' Sefton pointed to it, called it a 'grim satire,' and proceeded to open out on the Communists with the usual epithets of 'fiends,' 'madmen,' and so on, *ad nauseam*. It was the fashion then, and it has not died out yet. Even now we cannot be satisfied to condemn Communism, without heaping injustice on the men who fought bravely and fairly (much as that has been denied) for the principles they held true, if we hold them false, in the face of death at the hands of their fellow-countrymen and slander from every side. The workmen of Paris are *not* fiends, nor did they act as fiends in those terrible days of 1871. Horrible accusations have been thrown upon them with a persistence that has gained its purpose. The Communists stand condemned upon hearsay and worse than hearsay. To enter on a subject so grave and so embittered is far out of the scope of these light notes; but even here, and thus late in the day, I would appeal to the fairness of those who have accepted the 'fiend' story, and ask them to make sure of their facts before they indulge in their epithets.*

Enlisting the services of a 'cochon' we had a long drive out to the Place du Trocadéro, an elevated space from which we obtained a capital view of a large part of the city on the other side of the Seine. From our position a long flight of very broad stone steps led down to the Pont d'Iéna, immediately opposite the Champ de Mars; a great, brown, desolate-looking space used chiefly for military reviews. It was the site of the Exposition of 1867, and will be that of next year's. On our return drive, we stopped at the Ecole Militaire, and at the Hôtel des Invalides. On the broad esplanade in front of the latter, I saw with interest several disabled veterans, who smoked their pipes with a peaceful but stern dignity that convinced me of their having been in their day on good terms with their *petit Caporal*. One old fellow hobbled gravely up to us on his two wooden legs as if they were the only means of locomotion he had ever known, as upright in his bearing as many a young fellow of twenty. Even his battered wooden stumps bore witness to his unfathomable antiquity, and his eyes seemed to be gazing back into the middle of the last century; he stared *through* us into the dim vista of bellicose history until we felt more awed than flattered. Subsequently we ascertained that he was deaf, and almost blind. He conducted us through the library, dormitories, dining-halls, and kitchens, in which last we saw kitchen-utensils that spoke well for the appetites of these tumble-down heroes. There were capacious pans capable of holding and cooking half a ton of meat each! I did not take our old friend's word for it, but find it to be true. The guide books say so; and it is wicked to doubt guide books.

Passing through to the church, we approached the Tomb of Napoleon I, facing as we entered a magnificent altar behind it, which, with the subdued and tinted light falling upon its massive pillars and varied stones, was indescribably impressive. The tomb, immediately under the dome, is a large, circular pit, walled with polished granite, and paved in mosaic to represent a wreath of laurels. In the centre stands the large block of reddish-brown Finland sandstone, of enormous weight and value, which forms the sarcophagus.

My uncle moralized; Sefton read appropriate history and statistics from a guide-book. I did not listen to either of them, dear reader, so do not fear platitudes and figures. But this I will say in the face of much mockery of the 'vulgar tourist', in which very superior persons who could not be vulgar and have not been tourists, are fond of indulging; there are no platitudes of feeling, and to his emotions, however hackneyed, if they be honest, the 'vulgar tourist' has as good a right as have those very superior persons to their contempt for him—although that is pretty well as much hackneyed and by no means so likely to be honest.

* Let me refer them, for instance, to an article entitled 'The Fall of the Commune,' by Frederic Harrison, in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1871.

A drive in the Bois du Boulogne to the Lakes and back, at the fashionable hour, but with most of the 'fashionables' out of town, brought our afternoon to an end. In the evening I did as all do—as even, I regret to say, many English and American ladies do when they visit Paris for the first time, on the ground that it is a 'typical sight'—which is lamentable for Paris—and 'must be seen,' which is lamentable for them; in fine, I went to the Jardin Mabille. I am not going to give any descriptions of that or of anything further. Certainly, I stayed in Paris for three days longer; had my rambles into odd corners, drove out to St. Cloud, and saw altogether a great deal more. But Sefton and my uncle left for Geneva the next day, and as the party is breaking up, I will release you.

LESTER LELAN.

NATIONALISM AND REACTION.

ON Halloween last, Sir John Macdonald made a speech to the Caledonian Society of Montreal. The chief topic of Sir John's remarks was the sentiment of attachment to one's native land, which is deemed a special characteristic of Scotchmen. He quoted those stirring lines of Sir Walter Scott's in which that sentiment is appealed to, and which never fail to move one like a grand strain of music, and asserted his hearty concurrence—who would not?—in the spirit of the verse. 'He believed in the formation and maintenance in every possible way and the development of these national societies. He had no sympathy with the cry that in Canada we should forget the old country; that we should be Canadians only; that we should not be Englishmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen, but we should allow ourselves to be absorbed into one nationality as Canadians; he did not believe in that doctrine.' And Sir John said 'he had a suspicion that the people who talked that way, sneered at the national societies, and said Canada should be only occupied by Canadians, were not very friendly in their sentiments towards the mother country;' and this view of things the Caledonians seem to have relished greatly, for we are told that it was received with applause.

Now there are many things in Sir John's speech which must appeal to the feelings of every one not quite devoid of enthusiasm. One likes to hear this duty of loyalty to one's native land earnestly insisted on. But what necessity was there for such language as that we have quoted? How strange it is to hear a *Canadian* statesman using such language. Is it not intended to give rise to the impression that there is something discordant between this idea of a Canadian nationality, with which we are beginning to get familiar, and British interests? There is no one in Canada so silly as to ask any man to 'forget the old country,' to sneer at the British 'national societies,' or to assert that Canada should only be occupied by Canadians, if that is meant to exclude Englishmen or Scotchmen or anybody else. No one has ever had the hardihood to advance such an opinion as this, if it were possible to conceive any body entertaining it.

But Sir John evidently means to discredit *some* views which exist and are promulgated in Canada. It is clear to everyone, indeed, that what he is denouncing are the opinions of those who make the idea of a 'Canadian nationality' a prominent one in their politics. There are such people; they are found in both political parties. They hold that this idea of a distinctive nationality of this Dominion, of which we are the founders and originators, which it is for us to weld together—to allow ourselves to be absorbed into in fact, is an entirely necessary one; that it should be kept constantly in view as a principle of action; that it should be in every way

countenanced, encouraged, and fostered. In other words, they say that a Canadian national spirit should be cultivated.

Sir John makes it perfectly plain that these are the people whom he 'suspects,' and against whose 'doctrines' he utters a warning. Their views have been attacked, an attempt has been made to discredit them, and every one who holds them is put on his defence.

Sir John dwelt much upon the 'importance' of the British national societies. He has never recommended the formation of Canadian national societies in the different provinces, to inculcate the idea that we have all of us now interests in common as a *new* branch of the British stock. It is to be presumed he does not think they would be 'important.' But one effect of the former, according to Sir John, is to check any tendency amongst their members towards being 'absorbed into one nationality as Canadians.' Are we to infer then that it is 'important' that this tendency should be held out against? If it is important for the fathers, it must also be important for the children. And if this principle is correct in Quebec and Ontario, it is correct in Nova Scotia or Manitoba. So good-bye to a world of generous hopes and ambitions! Good-bye to the 'new nationality'!

But the fact is that any one who undertakes to advocate the maintenance of distinctive old-world national sentiments in Canada, falls into logical difficulties if at the same time he seeks to discredit the idea of a distinctive new-world national sentiment. There are native Canadians as well as native Caledonians. Are they to accept Sir John's view of duty in this matter of feeling, that 'the love of their native land should dwell first in their bosoms?' This, of course, is an element in the national spirit. But perhaps the rule applies only to Caledonians. Or perhaps, as the native Canadians are only eighty-three per cent. of the population, the view they take is not 'important.'

It has been taught heretofore and believed, that this Canadian national sentiment was important, something not only commendable, but essential, and the more vivid and active in its influence the better.

In the year 1865 and thereabouts, there was a good deal said about a Canadian national sentiment. It was then generally said that we must cultivate such a feeling; that it was a necessary instrument to effect a real and solid union between our provinces. The confederation of Canada would be only ideal, unless this sense of belonging to a new nationality, of being absorbed into one Canadian nationality, were invoked and developed to make the union compact and real. The federal parliament was only to be the symbol of Canadian union; the union itself was the national union. And we were to do all we could to encourage and cultivate this idea.

Sir John seems to have been of that way of thinking in those days, though he now denounces those who stand by the national sentiment still. 'The colonies are now in a transition state. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed, and it will become each year less a case of dependence on our part and of overruling protection on the part of the mother-country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance. Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation—a subordinate but still powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace or in war.' 'We are trying to form a great nation and a strong government'; 'to form—*using the expression which was sneered at the other evening—a great nationality*, commanding the respect of the world.' These are extracts from Sir John's most interesting and instructive speech on Confederation, in February, 1865. So we are to have the nation and the nationality, without being 'absorbed' into it! The nation is not to have a national spirit. We are not to be too conscious that we are a nation.

The whole tenor of the Confederation debates is the same. This new national sentiment must be put in operation, encouraged, cultivated by every means, or the union would be nothing but a hollow show. Words of Lord Durham, written thirty years before, were cited with approval. Our object should be, in those words, to 'raise up to the North American colonist *a nationality of his own*, by elevating these small and unimportant countries into a society having some objects of national importance, to give these inhabitants *a country* which they will be *unwilling to see absorbed into that of their powerful neighbours*.' And Lord Monck, the Governor-

General, spoke publicly of 'the new nationality.' And now there seems to be but one public man of eminence who lifts his voice to remind us that the great work commenced in 1867 is not yet consummated; that the spirit which was to give the union vitality and energy and individuality, is yet to be built up; that those who are sensible themselves of that spirit as a guiding principle must try and make others feel it; that we must assert it, by example, by precept, over and over again, and so get it understood and accepted, till the whole country knows it and feels its quickening influence; that in a word, the national spirit must be cultivated. The press and the politicians have fallen away from their trust. The 'new nationality' is the shadow of a name—*Stat nominis umbra*. We are not to allow ourselves to be absorbed into one Canadian nationality; we don't 'believe in that doctrine'; we have changed our views.

Is this part of the Conservative Reaction?

It has been discovered that there is something 'not friendly to the mother-country' in this sentiment. Then Lord Durham was unfriendly to the mother-country. And so was Lord Monck; and so also is Lord Dufferin, who said at a public gathering in Ottawa, that 'every movement tending towards Canadian development and a Canadian national sentiment had his warmest sympathies.' A warm-hearted Irishmen could not speak otherwise.

But if in this national spirit, which *is* yet living, and must in the end prevail, there is any hostility to England, Sir John is the guilty man. It is claimed that history must attribute to him the honour of founding this Dominion. With him then the spirit originated. Without confederation it was impossible; of confederation it is the natural outcome. Sir John is the Frankenstein who has called the evil thing into existence.

Not friendly in their sentiments to the mother-country! The charge is ridiculous. If the English, Irish, and Scotch national sentiments can exist harmoniously together in all their marked individuality, can not our national sentiment exist without hostility to England? Scotchmen talk of Bannockburn, and Englishmen of Flodden, and they hate each other when they get heated on these subjects; yet does anybody dream that the two countries will ever fall out? The three kingdoms are united on grounds of mutual interest, nay mutual necessity, and nobody supposes that a disintegration is possible. And are we not united to Britain on grounds of mutual interest and mutual necessity? Are not these the only grounds which will ever make union possible. We cannot conceive of a time when it will be to our advantage to part from England. As then it is so clear as to be the merest axiom, that alliance with England in some shape or other means national existence, and anything else means national extinction, and as we all know this as we know other perfectly simple and obvious things, it is folly to say that in this Canadian national sentiment there is anything unfriendly to England. And it is wrong to discourage a good movement by any such pretences.

Not friendly to England! Why, in this idea of a new Canadian nationality, founded on the plain fact that we *do* belong to this land and no other, that this is the land which destiny has given us to manage for humanity, whether well or ill depending on ourselves, there is a certain element of enthusiasm. And what Canadian with the slightest capacity for enthusiasm can help feeling that England is an entirely noble and lovable country. Not so much for her knighthoods and orders; nor for 'her army and navy, *and above all, her money*'—these are the basis of some people's affection, as we shall see—but for her grand ideas, her humanity, her love of liberty, her loftiness and independence of spirit (in which let us hope her colonies are not altogether wanting); for her history and traditions, from which nothing can ever separate us, whether Englishmen wish it or Canadians wish it, for the best part of these belong to us just as much as to them. We do not cease to be Britons because our fathers came out into the wilderness and slaved away their lives to add their quota to British glory; nor because we are here to-day doing our best to carry on the work in our humble way.

The national sentiment not friendly to England! If it is honorable and true in itself, can anything make it dishonorable? It would be a most deplorable thing if any duty we owe to England

should require us to abnegate a natural and generous feeling. But certainly no such duty and no such necessity exists. If it can be proved otherwise, we shall have to say that, though we are friendly to England, we must also be friendly to ourselves. *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.* It is most unfortunate that anybody should be found in Canada to tell our young Canadians that a sentiment which is commendable in its nature, which they really inherit, and which would be universally entertained if all sorts of means were not used to suppress it, can be anything but a proper feeling. Inspire them rather with the spirit of these noble lines:

> 'This above all;—to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

If the Canadian is allowed to be true to himself in this matter of nationality, no one need have any fear of it leading him into danger; no, nor to the first glimmerings of unfriendliness to England.

It is asserted then that in this principle, that the national spirit must be cultivated, there is no touch of bitterness, jealousy, dislike, or any unworthy feeling towards Britain. It is advocated under the pressure of no grievance; apart from any sense of Downing street neglect. There is something admirable in the way British statesmen deal with colonial questions nowadays,—in their large and liberal spirit, their considerateness, their desire to meet our views, their anxiety to make us feel that they deem us of importance; while in their press and amongst the people other views are candidly uttered. We appreciate this, and reciprocate their wish to see us stand as much as possible on our own feet,—to be as little 'dependent' as possible. There is no fear of Canada being anxious to cut adrift from the alliance. The attempt to establish this national sentiment is simply the attempt to carry out the ideas of Confederation. If there is anything to keep us out of the United States, it must be this feeling held in common. If we are all Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen, why should we dislike annexation? We have nothing much to lose. As we are not at 'home,' we might as well be living in the United States as any where else. We have thousands of our countrymen there: they have their St. George's and St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's Societies. We should prefer having our fields and shops under British laws of course, but whatever happens we shall always be Englishmen, or Irishmen, or Scotchmen. But your Canadian has something more to lose. His country is something more than a place to 'eat and sleep and trade in.' He loses a nationality.

It is sometimes said that the national spirit does exist in quite sufficient intensity, and, if not, that it must be a natural growth, that you cannot force it or 'cultivate' it.

There is no doubt that all of us take a strong interest in our homes and ourselves. But have we the feeling which should unite us all from Halifax to Victoria, of having interests in common as one nation? Have we the feeling of which D'Arcy McGee spoke when he looked forward to a day when our young men should 'say as proudly, *our* country, or *our* federation, or *our* empire, as the young men of other lands do in speaking of theirs.' We have been taught to refer so much to the Old Country for our national character, that we do not confidently appeal to our own essential claims to respect. We forget that after all it is what Canada is and does, what we are and do ourselves, which must entitle us to that respect on account of his country which every man desires, apart from what he may be individually.

Of course it is true that we cannot manufacture this feeling which we want. It must more or less grow with our common necessities and aspirations, our common fortunes and misfortunes. But then we need not try to stop its growth by ridicule and aspersion; and moreover, before a principle will grow it requires to be asserted, and by constantly asserting and reasserting the principle, both in words and deeds, you do advance its growth immensely. The latter is the way in which the national spirit has already made progress in this country, and has become a ruling principle, real and influential, to many; the former is the way in which its growth has been partially arrested.

A common trial consolidated the American nationality. There is not the slightest danger that a trial will come to us from a

similar quarter. But the Americans may claim that they were not 'dandled and rocked and swaddled' into a nation. *Nitor in adversum* was the motto which made them, and perhaps their struggles with adversity were all the better for them.

But a common aspiration may unite us, and that must be the aspiration for autonomy. Let no one be alarmed ; autonomy does not mean separation.

The aspiration must be that which Sir John Macdonald laid down in the debates on Confederation. 'The colonies are now in a state of transition. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed, and it will become every year less a case of dependence on our part, and of overruling protection on the part of the mother-country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance. *Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation*—a subordinate, but still powerful people—to stand by her in North America.' We shall make her glad to have our *alliance*, said Sir John.

But here is the Conservative Reaction again. Mr. Blake, in furtherance of these ideas of Sir John's in 1865, asserts that we should, as a matter of convenience, common-sense, and dignity, dispose of our own litigation in our own Supreme Court. Sir John inveighs against this : it will deprive us of an opportunity of getting near 'the foot of the throne.' A 'great nation' may 'offer its alliance,' but it should not aspire to settle its own law-suits ; and a 'little bird' whispered that Imperial authorities would undo our legislation. Foolish little bird, to sing so out of tune with all the strains which for the last thirty years have been ringing through the empire. Imperial authorities were doubtless very glad to get rid of a little of the labour with which they are overcrowded. The Act was assented to, and we still remain a part of the British Empire.

But Reaction has made a more violent effort to drag us back than this. Listen to what a politician at the Conservative demonstration in Hamilton said the other day. Referring to the 'so-called National school' in Canadian politics, whom he characterizes as 'disaffected' and 'disloyal,' the speaker says :—

'They propose to change the present happy relations of this Dominion with the mother-country. For my part I am entirely opposed to that school and all its apostles and disciples. I believe, as I have had occasion to say in Parliament, and on many public occasions since 1867, that there is no country on the face of the globe to-day, which occupies so favorable a position as this Dominion of Canada. There is no people more happily situated ; there is no people among whom life and property are more secure ; *there is no people to-day enjoying better protection from outside enemies at so little cost.* We are under this glorious flag' (pointing to the Union Jack over his head), 'and it is at once our glory and our strength. As long as England permits it to wave over us we have in time of peace the moral support of the British Empire, and we know that the army and navy, *and more than that—the money* of England, are at our backs to defend us in time of war. Therefore I say, as a Canadian, and as a Reformer—for I will never give up that name, though adventurers who do not know the elementary principles of true reform may usurp it—that so long as England permits us to remain in connection with her, and to enjoy the advantages of her power and wealth under our present constitution, we are in the most happy condition in which it is possible for any people of the earth to be. *And, that being so, I want no "Federation of the Empire." I do not believe it is required to render permanent our connection with the mother-land.*'

To what particular 'school' Mr. Macdougall belongs it would perhaps be difficult to say. But as he spoke at Hamilton by the side of the Conservative leader, and under Conservative auspices, it may be assumed, for present purposes, that he speaks the sentiments of the Conservative 'school.'

We now know the Conservative view of loyalty. It is something with which 'the army and navy, *and more than that, the money*' of England have a good deal to do. Well, no one means to despise these things ; they seem to be effective stimulants to enthusiasm ; they are undoubtedly what make British connection exceedingly valuable to us. Only it is well to see things in their proper light, and if these are the main inducements to British connection, let us say so. But do not let us call our ardour to retain these benefits 'loyalty,' and claim credit for it as a virtue. And is this the Conservative view of 'glory?' To have the use of the army and navy, *and more than that—the money*, of another country at absolutely no expense. This is an advantage which no one can afford to despise, but is it exactly what ought to be called 'glory?' Again, is it the Conservative view, that amid all these warning voices with which the air is thick, we are to

sit down in the calm confidence that our present relations with England are to be eternal? Why, it is not alone liberal statesmen and publicists all over the empire who prophecy that a dissolution of the present colonial ties must be looked for. Some of those highest of high Tories, the colonial Knights Commanders, are beginning to wake up to a realization of this fact. The other day we had an article from Sir Julius Vogel, once Prime Minister of New Zealand, who was forced to admit it. He argued that it was very wrong and very lamentable; that 'property was property,' and thatit was highly immoral for colonists to think complacently of depriving Britain of her property. He pointed to Spain in her treatment of Cuba as an instructive lesson for British statesmen, but withal he had to admit that there was imminent danger of a crisis. And after all Sir Julius Vogel evolved some very practical hints on Federation, the only means in his opinion of keeping the Empire together.

But in Mr. Macdougall's remarks there is Reaction again. What has the Conservative leader said? 'We are in a state of transition; our relations are not permanent. We must expect to undergo a change.'

Happily we can find a manlier, and what we think will seem to most unprejudiced Canadians, a wiser tone in politics than the Conservative tone at Hamilton. About the same time that Mr. Macdougall was winning plaudits that reached the skies from the guileless people of Hamilton, for his lofty expositions of loyalty and glory, Mr. Blake was also being cheered by an equally enthusiastic assembly at Teeswater. And this is what Mr. Blake said, speaking of his conduct in the matter of the Superior Court, the Governor-General's Commission, and the Extradition Treaty:

'These views, as you will have observed, were all in the direction of securing to us that fuller measure of self-government which becomes our station amongst the peoples of the world. And here I must seize the opportunity of saying a word or two with reference to our relations with the Empire, which were necessarily to some extent, however slightly and incidentally, involved in that discussion. You know that I have expressed the opinion which, I believe, is shared by most thinking men, that these relations are anomalous, and that the present form of connection is not destined to be perpetual. My opinion is that the day must come when we shall cease to be dependents, as I hope, by exchanging dependence for association; by rising from the pree sent position of colonists to that of partners in the freedom, the fortunes, and the responsibilities of the Empire. The subject has received a considerable impetus since its discussion three years ago. On- of the foremost statesmen of the English Liberal party, Mr. Forster, in the fall of 1875, delivered a long address, in which he fully recognized—what some people here do not appear disposed to recognize—the anomalous character of the present relations of England with her colonies, and said that the choice was between separation and federation; between partnership and dissociation. He gave his powerful voice for partnership; and he invited his fellow-countrymen—as I in my humble way invite mine—to look at the subject calmly from that point of view; and--the present tie obviously lacking the elements of permanence—to prepare their minds for the assumption of that full measure of freedom and responsibility which belongs to us as fellow-subjects of those Britons who inhabit the United Kingdom.'

This it appears is 'disloyalty.' How instructive and edifying a 'History of Loyalty' would be! If we were to trace the fortunes of Loyalty through English history,we should unfortunately find that Loyalty has very often been opposed to Patriotism. Indeed,from the time of Magna Charta downwards,they seem to have been ranging themselves in opposite and hostile ranks, and Patriotism always triumphed in the end. Then, in America, the very same story over again. We admit, as we look backwards, that Patriotism had the better cause there, and no one is sorry that Loyalty lost the day. We sympathize with Loyalty—our own progenitor; not for its political views, but for its unselfishness and its heroism. But on Canadian soil the fight still went on between Loyalty and Patriotism. Patriotism prevailed, though Loyalty held out bravely. Responsible Government was what Patriotism gained for us, and probably very few people indeed are found now to sigh over the defeat of Loyalty. According to Mr. Macdougall and Sir John, a contest is still going on. They represent Loyalty. Well, there is no help for it: their opponents will have to be content with Patriotism.

Whether Mr. Blake belongs to the 'so-called National school,' or any other 'school,' we do not know. He is a Reform minister in a Reform cabinet, but his views are such as arouse the sympathy of Nationalists—everything must have a name; that name will do as well as any other—throughout the Dominion. The spectacle of a public man

laying down this principle—that it is the duty of Canadians, always keeping in mind that their true interests lie with the British Empire, to aspire to self-government—and shaping his policy upon that principle, has created a profound enthusiasm throughout this Dominion, which only wants the means of expression to make its voice heard. It is useless for the Conservative leading journal to devote two columns and a half to prove that whatever Mr. Blake says is really of no importance. It is useless to refer to him with a sneer as 'the *Canadian* statesman.' Who are these writers on the *Mail* that they dare to take such a tone in Canada? Could Mr. Blake have a stronger recommendation to the allegiance of Canadians than that he is, in every essential of the term, a Canadian statesman? But it is useless for them to hope that they can stem the tide. Mr. Blake's ideas are better and higher and more earnest than Mr. Macdougall's ideas. They are, most indubitably, the ideas of the future. Not of a distant future, either, but of a future only separated from us by the short period necessary to settle and lay by a few personal issues, and to effect the reconstruction of parties, which is inevitable, and to get a press, also, not wedded to old ideas—not led by one or two organs which are often distinctly anti-Canadian in tone. They do not deliberately disregard Canadian interests; no one would pretend that But they have not the enthusiasm of the new nationality. They are *in* Canada, and therefore wish her well; but they are not thoroughly *of* Canada. They think it 'important' that we should not 'allow ourselves to be absorbed into one Canadian nationality.'

Here then we have the issue of the future. It is the choice between Nationalism and Reaction. Reaction says, I will have none of this national sentiment. It is 'unfriendly' to England; it is 'disloyal' and dangerous; it will lead us out of the British Empire and into ruin. Nationalism says, *You* are leading us somewhere into the dim past, behind Confederation, behind Lord Durham's report. Let us go where our own true instincts lead us, feeling at the same time that the stronger we make Canada in all the ambitions which should inspire a nation as well as in material power and wealth, the stronger we make England. Reaction says, We have made great strides lately; let us go back, behind the point from which we last set out, and rest. It is true I used language about an alliance between two nations, and all that sort of thing. But this idea of Federation, this idea of disposing of our own domestic quarrels, frightens me. It looks 'disloyal.' I think we had better remain just as we are; don't disturb our present 'happy relations.' See the 'glory' of it all—and no cost whatever. It will always last.

To which Nationalism makes answer, What then did you mean by speaking of some thing more 'cordial and healthy' than these existing relations, and by a 'state of transition.' Are we to give up that aim you held before us in 1867? Is self-government not to be our destiny. Are we to have no word about these treaties which affect us, and the laws which are passed to bind us without the presence of representatives of ours. Don't be afraid that England will think us 'disloyal' or 'unfriendly,' if we seek to improve our own position. This England you are so sensitive about means the Englishman of to-day. It means, not our parent, but our elder brother. He has a richer heritage than we. No one feels jealous of him on that account. Beside his own land, ours may seem but a desert; but what of that?—it is the best we have. We revere his character; we think it will be indeed a proud destiny to stand by him as he leads the world in the march of enlightenment; not as strong or powerful as he, but still, as Sir John used to say, 'a nation.' He has no desire to keep us in a state of kindly subjection, like the captive King of France whom the English Prince made to sit at his own board. He was a king, this guest; he was royally entertained; but still—he was not free. England will like us none the less for offering to take some share of the expense of protecting ourselves. Let us go on and fulfil our destiny.

So then we are to seek to unite this Dominion in a common aspiration,—the aspiration taught us in 1867. We are not to believe Sir Francis Hincks, much as we respect him, when he tells us that all schemes of a Pan-Britannic Federation are visionary in the extreme, and that perpetual dependency is the prospect for us. We are not to believe

Mr. Goldwin Smith, though we know his worth too, when he tells us that annexation is our fate. We shall invoke the spirit of Nationalism, which will make our fortunes something higher and better than either. Moving slowly and surely, step by step, we shall advance confidently towards our goal, an equal alliance between equal states, believing that all which is required to effect our end, is the unanimous desire of a nation.

Reaction now holds its sway; but its day cannot last forever. It is true that at the present time, there is only one man who speaks with influence to say to us, Go on with this great work, which with so much loftiness of purpose you began ten years ago; be true to the trust you laid upon yourselves. But he is not alone. The hopes and wishes of thousands of Canadians are with him. They hear in his words the spirit which leads onwards and upwards, and where that spirit leads they will follow.

G. A. Mackenzie.

REGINALD HARLAND.

INCIDENTS IN A GOLD HUNTER'S LIFE.

I.

SCATTERED throughout this prosaic Province, more numerously than one would imagine, are men whose bygone histories, if they could be related, are furnished with a wealth of romantic incident and adventure which would greatly surprise those who know them only in the commonplace of their present everyday life.

Men that are now engaged in peaceful pursuits, passing a quiet, though monotonous existence amid the comforts of home, have, perchance, spent their early days in fighting the nation's battles on the bloody fields of Europe or India; or have been honoured servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, and have for many a weary month hunted and trapped on the plains and barren regions of the Great Lone Land; or have been the first among our early pioneers, and entering the country when great black forests covered the length and breadth of the land have commenced civilization by chopping down a tree, experiencing trials and hardships innumerable, ere the forests were converted into fruitful fields, ere the primitive log cabin of the woodsman was replaced by the handsome, civilized looking homestead of the present day. All these and a thousand others, we have in our midst, yet we seem not sufficiently aware of the fact, for seldom do we hear related the story of their lives.

Had they but the opportunities and encouragement, however, there are very many who could unfold tales of stirring deeds by field and flood, bold enterprise, perilous exploit, and patient endurance, enacted in almost every region of the globe. But who hears of them? The little family group around the fireside sometimes, perhaps; though oftener, no one. With excessive modesty they are locked away out of sight, and are seldom heard of more, until the troubled, bustling years pilfer them from the memory altogether.

Not the least unfruitful field for adventure and hazardous achievement, which many Canadians availed themselves of, many of whom still live to recount their exploits, was presented by the unknown country of California, anterior to 1852.

When the great news of the discovery of gold in fabulous quantities came in 1848, and spread far and wide over the continent, it found daring, eager hearts here, desirous to take their chances in the wild land

where it was discovered. The great distance they had to go, the unknown dangers they were sure to incur, the chances of leaving their bones to whiten in some golden valley, had little restraining influence, and in their eagerness to be gone, were doubtless as little considered. We purpose in the following pages to give an account of a few incidents in the life of one of these gold-hunters, who left his home with a nobler purpose, perhaps, than many; but who, when he returned, failed to realize that happiness which he undoubtedly expected would await his success. His adventures savour sufficiently of the romantic for us to deem them worth giving to the public.

The autumn of 184— witnessed the arrival at one of the hotels in the western town of Brantford, of an Englishman of about thirty-five years of age, noticeable for his fine form, his manly bearing, and the air of frankness and good-nature which he habitually wore. Having letters of introduction, he soon ingratiated himself among the prominent families of the town, and much delight was evinced by his expressing freely his determination to locate himself permanently among them. Opportunities were placed in his way, and it was not very long ere he became possessor of a flourishing business, and deserving the esteem of all who knew him.

This young Englishman's name was Reginald Harland, and he was the last of his family, so far as he was at that time aware, which had been an honourable and much respected one in Bristol, whence he had come.

Finding himself at the full flush of manhood, with only a modest patrimony, unencumbered with relatives, and with nothing particular to withhold him from making a venture in his own behalf in new fields, he disposed of what property he happened to possess, and with the proceeds in cash, sailed for Canada, resolved to succeed in life. After making this fortunate start, Reginald Harland went on prospering from year to year, until he had amassed considerable wealth, and finally became the envy of less fortunate rivals, and the hope of many a scheming matron who had marriageable daughters, and desired them well mated.

But this Englishman was not easily suited, and instead of selecting, when he desired to marry, a wife from the many simpering, overdressed, and artificial nonentities of the 'town aristocracy,' his taste led him to make choice of a lovely, gentle girl, the daughter of an elderly and respectable widow of limited means, who lived in a manner befitting her humble circumstances—poorly enough to be wholly out of the reach and beneath the notice of her more factitious sisterhood.

Reginald made ample provision for the old lady, whom he was depriving of a most loving and dutiful daughter, and bringing his wife to his beautiful home they spent some happy blissful months. His wife, as he expected, proved everything that he could desire. She was devoted to her husband, she pleased his friends, she adorned his home; and he was well satisfied. But the smiles of fortune which had thus far attended him, visibly changed, and there succeeded a series of reverses following swiftly one after another, which reduced his worldly condition to one little short of desperation. Some unlucky speculations, followed by a season of depression in business, then a fire—and Reginald Harland was a bankrupt.

This sudden and unlooked-for reversal of his bright prospects in life was a heavy blow to Reginald, and a great surprise to his friends and fellow-townsmen; for his usual sound judgment and acumen had brought him such a reputation for luck that he was generally considered invulnerable in matters of business. In the evening following the day of his failure, Reginald Harland and his wife were seated in the fine drawing-room of their handsome residence. Their surroundings were all costly and beautiful; the apartment was adorned with every thing that cultivated taste and ample means could procure, in those early days, to render it comfortable and elegant; yet their beautiful room occupied no share of their thoughts now.

Mr. Harland sat gloomily in front of the cheerful fire which was burning in the grate, looking all the worse for the contrast. His wife sat at a little work-table, a few paces distant, pretending to be busily employed on some embroidery she held in her hands, though she was in reality preoccupied in earnestly watching her husband. He had sat in that self-same position already for more than an hour, without speaking or

looking up, and that very unusual proceeding, united with the marked absence of the usual caresses he was wont to bestow upon her when he came home in the evening, seriously alarmed her. She knew what had happened, for he had told her in a few words at the tea-table, and she was filled with pity—mingled with not an atom of selfish feeling on her own account—to see him so dejected and cast down. She was chiefly sorry, at the loss he had undergone, for the effect it would have upon him, not that she herself regretted the sudden change which had befallen them; for that alone, no matter how crushing, would little affect her own happiness. But as she sat and watched the nervous twitching of his hands, his pale despondent face, his disheartened, gloomy, silent attitude, the sight called forth all the yearning love in her nature, and tears sprung quickly to her eyes. She dropped her work and wheeling her chair to his side, nestled with a quick impulsive movement as closely to him as possible, leaning her head over on his shoulder, not daring to trust herself to speak.

Although loving his wife dearly, Reginald felt at that moment in no humour for caresses. Looming up darkly before his mind's eye was the dread meeting of his creditors on the morrow, and he had vainly been endeavouring to decide on some plan of action. What was he to tell them? How was he to explain to men who had long before tacitly acknowledged him their peer in all things pertaining to business, the history of his failures, the part and parcel of his blunders which had brought him low? How plead with *them* to spare a little, for his family's sake?

He shrunk from that meeting, as a strong man shrinks from the throes of death; yet like death it must be faced.

It will be seen from this that Reginald Harland, proud, honourable, and generous as he undoubtedly showed himself, displayed pre-eminently the chief flaw in his character—a deficiency of moral courage. In physical courage, however, he was not lacking, as will be seen presently. The only way out of the difficulty, and the way Reginald would have adopted had he been less honourable, was compromise; but the haven for meaner men was not for him; he could never bring himself to accept terms in order to escape the consequences of his misjudgments,—of twenty-five or of fifty cents, when he unquestionably owed a dollar.

In this sore conflict of mind his wife was little able to render him assistance; she could mutely look on and fret sorely her gentle heart at his trouble and perplexity, but she could do no more. In all situations where womanliness was demanded, her qualities would render her conspicuous, but she was wholly unable to cope with this truly masculine difficulty. He was therefore constrained to rely solely upon himself, and he did it with a grace which men usually exhibit on such occasions—a grace made up of taciturnity, hopelessness, and misery.

Notwithstanding all, however, this loving action of hers was very potent, and stirred him, when mere words would have had no influence.

He turned to her and pressed a kiss upon her cheek as he said brokenly:

'It is not so much for myself that I am troubled, my darling; but I cannot pay them even if I give up everything I have in the world, which I hesitate to do for your sake. I think I might manage a compromise—'

'Then give them everything, Reginald, except me; but do not disquiet yourself further; I cannot bear to see you so miserable,' his wife hastily broke in, looking up with a radiant smile beaming from her tear-swollen eyes.

'You don't know what you say, Eleanor,' he answered stiffly. 'You would miss the bright things which are now around you far more than you dream of. Yet I am afraid it must be so. I don't like the idea of compromise, and I think I could get sufficient money to buy a home for you just as beautiful as this one is.'

'Yes, Reginald,' she said, 'don't mind me. You will soon build another home again, if you try; and even if it be not quite so handsome—what matter? I'm sure I shall be just as happy as I have been here, wherever you may take me.'

'I will right things again, never fear; but to do it I must go a journey, and we must be separated for many months,' he could not bring himself to say years.

She looked into his eyes again, but this time all the light was gone from her face, and she answered slowly and sadly as if

she had but imperfectly understood what he had said, though conscious of a degree of pain which even the little she gleaned gave her:

'Long journey—separated—many months—why what do you mean, Reginald? Are you tired of your wife so soon?'

'No, Eleanor,' he answered, rather amazed, 'you know I love you, and therefore could never grow tired of you. You have made me very happy indeed. Our life has been very pleasant together. But I shudder to think of the change there will be hereafter. You know the adage: "When poverty comes in at the door—." I will not run the risk of such consequences; besides, after the assets are given up, there will still remain a large amount of debt unpaid. There is only one way, Eleanor, that appears to me, and as my noble, loving wife, I ask you to assist me to embrace it.'

He spoke these words in a low grave voice, as if the very solemnity of his tone would bring to her he loved a consciousness of the vital importance of the request he was making of her.

'Do you mean to go away, Reginald?' she said in a mournful, hopeless tone, as if her husband were already drifting as upon some unseen current, far away, very far away from her side, probably forever.

'I mean to go away, Eleanor—for a time. I have work before me, and the sooner it is done the better. When I return all will be happy again, and I will never leave you more. I saw in one of the journals to-day that a gulch had been found in California, of almost illimitable wealth—riches enough for every man on the continent. I think I can soonest repair this sad business there. And you, my darling, must try and bear this necessary and transient separation, for both our sakes.'

Mrs. Harland bore the shock of this revelation far better than he expected, but he little knew the effort it had cost her, or the pain he had given her.

To her his presence was comfort, happiness, life; his absence, misery; and she was as little capable of existing apart from her love as the creeper is capable of holding itself upright after its support has fallen. Yet she could be brave at times, and she did not flinch now, though her quick thoughts flew to the long, vacant, lonely days which were to come. An indefinable dread seized her, too, of coming sorrow and suffering. She strove hard to look forward hopefully and cheerfully, for did he not say that he would never leave her more after this one parting? But the haunting fear, nearly always present with susceptible natures at such times, refused to be exorcised.

A few days more—days of many trials and inward recoilings—and Reginald's affairs are at length settled, and he is preparing for the journey to California.

He has given up his beautiful home—his everything almost, and still he is a large sum behind. His integrity, though, prepossessed his creditors in his favour, and they offered to reinstate him in business again, and moreover to free him from all further obligation. But he has respectfully declined their overtures, thinking there would be little honour in accepting them; and disliking to commence again in a humble way, with an imagination bubbling over with visions of the rich gold placers of that distant country on the Pacific. He is looking forward to his early departure with a confidence in himself which augurs well for his peace of mind at any rate, and doubtless, too, for his ultimate success. When the talk with the creditors was over and the sacrifice had been made, his usual good spirits returned, and he even caused his fretting wife to lose her despondency for a time. But with her the gleam of sunshine was short-lived, and as the day fixed for Reginald's departure approached, her smiles ceased, her bright look vanished. Her imperfect comprehension of the necessity of the step about to be taken; her yearning to have him always by her side; the thousand and one indefinable fears for his safety in the far-off wild land to which he was going—all conspired to render the parting scene a very mournful one.

The day—a bright, beautiful one in early spring—had come. There was the usual bustle of preparation; the leave-taking with acquaintances; the far more impressive leave-taking with his wife, whose quivering lip and tear-stained cheek showed her inward agony; and he was gone.

After her husband's departure, Mrs. Harland, who was again settled with her mother, endeavoured to reconcile herself to the change which had fallen upon her life, by striving to bridge the short but happy

past with dreams of a still happier future, when Reginald should return never to wander more. If she partially succeeded at first, it did not last very long, for as the hours wore on and lengthened into days, and the days into weeks, weeks into a month, she missed him very sadly. No visionary indulgence could recompense her for her present need—a need growing greater day by day. At length, one happy morning, about five weeks after his departure, there came a letter from him.

With what eagerness she tore open the envelope, and hurried away by herself to enjoy the contents all alone, we need not tell.

It was dated at Independence, Mo., more than two weeks before. Reginald stated that he was in good health and eager to start across the plains, but unfortunately he had to wait on a company of emigrants whom he had joined, along with a young doctor from New York, who were afraid to venture out upon the broad ocean of the prairies until the grass should be sufficiently high to support their cattle. He then gave a short account of the journey thus far, and ended with many expressions of loving remembrance and hopes of an early return. After this precious letter, Mrs. Harland received no further word. Month after month rolled slowly away, until a year, two years, two years and a half had gone, and still there came no further sign of his existence.

Five months after he had left, a little child was born to the lonely wife, and this charge helped to distract her thoughts for awhile, and gave her occupation for her spare time. It passed through all the stages of babyhood, until it ran prattling—a beautiful little girl—by her side, when on her lonely walks around the familiar haunts of past times; but still no papa came to reward his little one's half-wondering question—'When is papa coming? I wish he would come quick, mamma.'

Three years, three years and a half, and still there came no token from the far western land, after all her waiting and watching and eager expectation, to gladden her drooping heart. This dreary season of alternate hopes and fears proved too much for the delicate and sorrowing wife, and she settled slowly into a decline. Hers was not the fibre to resist long the wear and tear of a disturbed and yearning mind—doubtless, too, disease had lurked in it from her birth, only waiting opportunity to make its encroachments—and Reginald's absence alone would have been almost sufficient to incite these. But when the pain of separation united to fear and uncertainty regarding his safety—as in those days very extravagant notions were prevalent regarding California—and year after year passed away without news from him, no wonder the woman's courage failed her.

She gradually ceased her walks, her strength proving insufficient for open-air exercise; and was obliged to remain indoors. Here she was waited on by the careful hands of her aged mother, who with zealous and loving attentions sought to lessen every pain, and win her back to life. But all were unavailing; she grew weaker day by day.

The October wind was beginning to blow cold and chilly over the country, scattering the sear and withered leaves of autumn in crowds before it, when Mrs. Harland moved across her room for the last time. The moments of her short span of existence were now fast ebbing away. She never more rose from the couch she soon after sought, but was lifted by the arms of death to that unknown world beyond the grave, where perchance, in the immortality of love, her spirit watched over and smoothed the paths of the darlings she had left behind.

Up to the last she had never ceased her inquiries for her missing husband; he was the constant theme of her thoughts until the mists of death gathered in her eyes; but still he did not come. Her last words lovingly linked his name with that of her child, as became a faithful wife, but he was not there to respond.

She had passed away but a few moments when a rough-looking, sun-browned stranger presented himself at the house of death, and enquired for Mrs. Harland. He was told Mrs. Harland was just dead.

The girl who gave the information was filled with consternation to observe the man suddenly grow deathly pale, stagger a little, and at length fall prone upon his face across the threshold of the door, with a heavy groan. Reginald Harland had returned, but alas! too late for that happy meeting, which, in anticipation, had lightened the labour of many a hard

day's toil among the golden sands on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada.

II.

MIDWINTER in Canada. The day cold and stormy. The snow deep over fields and meadows and ice-bound rivers; deeper in the cold, dark forests; and still coming, for the atmosphere is filled with the powdery particles, driven hither and thither by wild gusts, only to settle down at last to increase the fast deepening drifts.

Standing high on the right bank of the Grand River, and presenting a bold point to the nor'-east storm, is a commodious, handsome residence, the home of one evidently well-to-do in the world. It is evening, and lights gleam out into the storm here and there from the casements, making the gloom of the night deeper by the contrast.

With the familiarity of acquaintances we will discard all ceremony and enter that large well-lighted apartment in the left wing, where three persons are seated before a huge open grate, in which a cheerful fire is blazing. Two of the persons are young, and are evidently husband and wife. The third has long passed the meridian of life, and seems feeble and almost done with its cares and troubles. These, it is likely he has had his full share of, for the well known lines, which age is impotent of itself to bring, trace their way over his pale, thin face. His features seem familiar, but still it would be very difficult to associate the unsuccessful Brantford merchant and the returned California gold-hunter with the attenuated, infirm old man huddled in his easy-chair before us. Notwithstanding, it is Reginald Harland. The two young persons are his children—one by marriage and the other by right, for she was the child which had been born to him when he was far away in California.

They are both very kind and dutiful to him in his declining years, and he is as comfortable as circumstances will admit. Mrs. Kirby, for that is now his daughter's name, has her mother's face and gentle disposition, and doubtless Reginald Harland keeps alive in memory the image of his lost wife, by having it constantly by his side in the person of her daughter.

Rising softly from her seat, the young wife moves across the apartment to one of the windows, and drawing aside the heavy crimson curtains, gazes out for a few moments at the whirling snow, and listens to the moaning of the storm through the leafless trees.

'It is a very wild night,' she said at length, 'and there seems to be no sign of its clearing up. Poor Joseph will have hard work to get home from town through the deep drifts.'

'O, its likely he'll stop all night there. Catch Joseph trusting his old bones to such a keen wind as is abroad to-night,' answered her husband, throwing a fresh log on the fire, and settling himself again more comfortably in his cosy corner.

'How irreverent you are, Arthur,' said Mrs. Kirby, drawing the curtains back again to their place, and retracing her steps to her seat. 'You well know Joseph will be here sometime to-night if the trains are not delayed. I never knew the worst weather to keep him from home a single night. The telegram said they would reach here to-day, did it not, papa?'

'Thank God, it did, Eleanor; but it is frightful weather to travel, and I hope the trains will get through all right. They have a long distance to come, though, and may possibly have miscalculated by a day or so. It is not too late, however, yet, and Joseph may soon be here.'

'While we are waiting for Joseph, it will be a good time to relate your adventures in California, papa; you promised a long time ago to tell us how you found uncle Henry, and the strange way in which you were both rescued from a perilous position by unknown hands before you became separated from him; and as we expect him to-night, it will be just the thing to hear before he comes.'

'Well, Eleanor, I am agreed. But where shall I begin?' answered the old gentleman, looking up with a loving eye.

'Begin, papa, at that long-named town in Missouri, from whence the caravans started, to go their long journey across the plains.'

After a few moments silence, as if to collect his thoughts, the old gentleman commenced and related the following narrative:

The year of grace, 1849, witnessed a strange scene in the history of the Western Continent—a scene probably without a parallel in the annals of the world.

The discovery of the gold region of California, almost immediately after the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, by which the country was ceded to the United States, turned thitherward the eyes of the civilized world. Immediately after began that exodus of eager humanity, pouring thousands of adventurers from Mexico, the South American Republics, New South Wales; thousands more from the Eastern States, Canada, and even Europe, into the quietude of the long undisturbed and peaceful valleys under the pine-clad Sierras.

The far shining light of a wonderful Eldorado was what had attracted thitherward this motley assemblage, and in the eager, all-absorbing search for wealth, friends, home, everything was forgotten. Rough scenes were witnessed during the early days, and deeds enacted which for horror of detail have seldom been surpassed; yet from out that chaos of lawless passions, from out those scenes of tumult and crime, has been enacted as fair and order-loving a State as there is in the Union.

This, within twenty years, and in a country without any effective system of law or government, whose population was of such a diversified and mixed order, may reasonably be placed among the marvellous occurrences of this century.

Early in the year 1850, when the first great rush to the mines was nearly over, incited by a disaster, the particulars of which I need not just now enter into, and the glowing accounts in the journals of the wondrous wealth to be easily obtained by those adventurous enough to brave the dangers of the wild country, I started for California by the overland route. Reaching Independence, the great starting-place on this route, I found a caravan encamped just outside the town, expecting to start in a couple of weeks.

Deeming myself exceedingly fortunate in my opportune arrival, I made what purchases were necessary and joined it, not knowing that before two months were over, company after company would have taken the same road, until the Emigrant Trail from Fort Leavenworth to the foot of the Rocky Mountains would be one long line of mule trains and waggons; yet so it proved.

While sauntering about the town a day or two before the start I made the acquaintance of a young man—a doctor he said he was—who was bound on the same journey as myself. Prepossessed by his appearance, and desiring some companionship, we soon became intimate, which eventually led to our linking our fortunes together.

We started before day-dawn on the 18th of April, and soon left the frontiers of civilization behind, entering on an almost illimitable plain covered with grass.

Our caravan was made up of a most heterogeneous concourse; nearly every country was represented, and every grade of society, from the Irish labourer to the English dandy; the waggons and beasts of burden partaking of the same motley character as their owners.

There was one thing, however, we all had in common—that was an eager desire to reach the gold-diggings as speedily as possible. Our company was headed by an old trapper, a man who had spent nearly his whole life in the wilderness that stretched away from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and we felt no uneasy anticipations under his leadership. He told us the Indians would scarcely venture to attack so large a party; and we were very sanguine of reaching California safely and speedily under the guidance of a man who knew every foot of the distance. The sequel shewed that he was worthy of the trust we reposed in him; and had the people of the caravan followed his instructions he would have led them all safely to the haven of their hopes—the Sacramento valley. But when we were passing through the rugged defiles of the mountains, a great many, finding the supplies they had brought with them cumbersome and heavy, contrary to the advice of the trapper, threw them away. For this wastefulness they bitterly repented when traversing the Great Salt Desert.

For the first two or three months we travelled gaily along the rich meadow lands of the Platte River until we reached Fort Laramie and the elevated mountain region. The life was fresh, and the newly awakened sense of perfect freedom from all the trammels of civilization was very exhilarating for a time.

The Doctor and myself generally spent

our evenings in the trapper's company, around his camp by fire, and many an hour he beguiled for us, relating the wild experiences of his adventurous life.

After leaving Fort Laramie the real hardships of our journey began. Up and down the mountains that hem in the Sweet Water Valley—over the spurs of the Wind River mountains—through the Devil's Gate, we toiled slowly up the South Pass, and descended to the tributaries of the Colorado River and entered the rugged defiles of the Timpanozu chain.

We arrived at the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake about the middle of August, pretty well tired out. We stopped, however, barely long enough to rest the animals and procure some fresh supplies of which we stood in need. and then struck off into the vast desert of the great Basin, whose alternate sandy wastes, vast fields of salt, and rugged mountain chains, stretched before us for five hundred miles.

Here there was no grass for our animals, no water that was not salt or brackish for either them or ourselves, and those in the train who had disburdened themselves of their provisions at the South Pass, and had neglected again to renew their supply at Salt Lake City, now came to absolute want; and as few could spare anything for them, they were eventually reduced to make use of their horses and mules for food.

After leaving Salt Lake we passed over an immense salt plain, one of the most arid regions on the face of the globe. In places the salt lay in a solid state, and sustained the weight of our caravan without giving way. Other portions of the great plain were in a state of deliquescence, and so soft that our cattle sank through into the mud beneath at every step. But the greater part consisted of dried mud, over which were thickly scattered small crystals of salt. We, very naturally, made but slow progress at this stage of our journey. Endless plains lay before us, radiating an intense heat and glare in the pitiless sun. Not a speck of green or the ghost of a shadow relieved the monotonous 'wind-swept floors of white'; to the horizon, the whole aspect of nature was grim with the all-prevailing desolation and silence of death.

Parched with extreme thirst, our eyes and nostrils choked from the effects of the saline exhalations rising on all sides from the desert over which we were passing, our cattle sinking down and dying at almost every step, we presented a very pitiful spectacle.

In a few days, notwithstanding the trapper's utmost efforts, our train became disorganised. Some parties who were badly equipped we were obliged to leave behind; some, of themselves, turned back to Salt Lake City, resolved to accept the hospitality of the Mormons rather than venture further in such a region; others—well mounted—started desperately on ahead, and soon missing the trail, wandered around in the arid desert until, doubtless, they perished miserably of thirst and hunger. More than half of the caravan, however, still kept together, and moved forward day after day, slowly but steadily.

We reached the scanty meadows about the sink of Humboldt's River in due time, stopped a short space to recruit the wearied and suffering animals, and then took the old Mormon trail across the sixty or seventy miles of desert remaining, to the streams which are fed from the Sierra Nevada, where we found plenty of grass and good water once more. The rest of the journey we performed with greater ease, though the passes through which we entered California were terribly rugged and precipitous.

We reached Sacramento city very early in the season, considering the immense distance we had come, and at once set about serious preparations for the work which had brought us there. Our spirits, of course, were at boiling point. The land of gold was reached; all we had to do was to set to work and dig and get rich. In an incredibly short time our comrades over the plains vanished, we knew not whither, and, after bidding good-bye to the trapper, who went on to San Francisco, the Doctor and myself were left alone, as far as our late companions were concerned. Sacramento presented a novel appearance in those days. The original forest trees grew thickly in the streets and gave the city a picturesque look. Houses, shanties, and tents spread over an area of probably a square mile—not very close together, however—the streets running at right angles.

The city contained about ten thousand inhabitants, composed of natives, Spaniards, Mexicans, South Americans, convicts from New South Wales, intermingled with

criminals, idlers, and broken merchants from the east. In such a miscellaneous assemblage there were many notorious scoundrels, and crimes and deeds of blood were not uncommon at this time, though a great change took place a year or so later. Before we had been in the city two hours we were treated to an exhibition which showed far better than mere words could tell, the lawless state of the country then.

We were passing a small canvas saloon when a strong, lithe miner sprang out, shrieking 'murder,' and cleared down the street at full speed. He was immediately followed from within by another with a drawn revolver in his hand, which he calmly and leisurely levelled in the direction of the retreating victim, took deliberate aim and fired; the sharp ping was followed by the fall of the man, who was shot dead. 'Sarved the d——d cuss right, he'll be more keerful another time,' exclaimed the perpetrator of this foul deed; and he blew the smoke from the discharged pistol.

We afterwards ascertained that the murdered man's offence was of the most trivial character, and by no means warranted the fearful revenge which was taken. This episode brought into our minds with startling force the consciousness that we were not treading the quiet, orderly streets of a civilized city; it showed us the perils to which we had exposed ourselves in the mad race for wealth; it brought a yearning home-sickness difficult to allay.

On the third morning after our arrival, we laid aside our civilized attire, stuck sheath-knives in our belts and pistols in our pockets, mounted our mules, leading a third laden with all the paraphernalia of a miner's necessaries, and set off for the Grizzly Bear mines, which were high up in the mountains on a small stream emptying into the South Fork of the American River. These mines, we were told, produced well, and if we were at all fortunate, we should soon make our 'pile.'

The first day we pushed along with the utmost impatience, conjuring up the most brilliant visions of our probable success in the new life which was opening out before us.

The Doctor was now in the best spirits, and his pleasant, cheerful conversation whiled the time very agreeably. The country we were passing through consisted of a succession of hills and valleys, diversified here and there by groves of tall oak trees. It was, we thought, a beautiful and picturesque country. The second day, the country became more hilly and broken, while to the east, separated from us by deep forests, stretched, white and cold against the sky, the lofty range of the Sierra Nevada.

Towards evening on the third day, after a long ride through the roughest district I ever saw, we approached our destination. During the afternoon we had passed several gulches where miners were at work, but we concluded not to stop until the diggings of which we had been told in Sacramento, were reached.

The sun was low in the western horizon ere we came to a halt on the verge of a high bluff, overlooking a deep valley. Far below our feet wandered a tiny stream through the windings of the vale, until lost to view to the left in the evening mists. On the right it emerged from a deep, dark canon, seemingly cleft through the heart of a mountain, which the eye could follow for a long distance until the vista closed in deep gloom. Just at the entrance of this canon were the Grizzly Bear Mines.

On the declivities at both sides of the little stream stood a number of rude log huts and canvas tents, intermingled with dwarf pines and large masses of dark rock which had fallen from the heights above. Down at the water's edge, among boulders and pine logs, working steadily and silently, were a heterogeneous crowd of uncouth men, bare armed and bare legged, delving with eager hands in the auriferous sands of the rivulet's bed. Overlooking all, silent and majestic, their summits of eternal snow glowing in the evening sun, deepening gradually from gold to rose, from rose to crimson, and finally fading into dull, misty outlines, rose the Sierra Nevada range. It was a wild, lonely scene. We sat silent on our mules a few minutes, taking in the details before descending into the gathering gloom of the valley.

Soon, however, the gold-fever dispelled 'all thoughts melancholic' which the lonely grandeur of the surroundings had inspired, and we made haste down, possessed with an 'itching palm' to handle the bright golden flakes and nuggets which we were to carry back to our far away homes in the east.

When we reached the bottom we were

greeted by a numerous company (as the men had just left off work), who good-naturedly helped us with a small tent we had brought from Sacramento. Some of the miners showed us their wealth, and one particularly rough, uncouth customer opened a leathern bag of gold-dust which he said weighed three hundred ounces. We were in a perfect flutter of excitement to see so much of the yellow metal, and had there been light enough, we should have, perhaps, fixed upon a location at once, and gone to digging without rest. We spent the night very feverishly, and early next morning, after purchasing a rude cradle from a miner who was going elsewhere, for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, we set to, but being tyros at the work, with only indifferent success.

It would be monotonous to describe minutely the eight months which we spent at the Grizzly Bear Mines. Suffice it to say, that we laboured hard, digging and washing, earning on the average from three quarters to one ounce—from twelve to sixteen dollars—per diem, until the rainy season set in; then we could only work at intervals until spring. When the floods subsided we began again, and dug and cradled and washed, but, with all our efforts, we were only tolerably successful. The yield of gold was small compared with the tales brought us incessantly of other districts.

To these stories, for some time, the Doctor and I paid little attention, believing many of them to be fictions; but we soon saw they were having an effect on the other miners, who departed in twos and threes, until in a few weeks our numbers had dwindled down to four persons besides ourselves. Still we worked on, with vigour and perseverance, for two weeks more.

At length, after an unusually bad day's washing, we determined to change our location too. We concluded, however, to work where we were for another day.

The following morning we were not a little surprised to find the four miners who were left, also gone; a surprise which soon turned into indignation when we found they had taken our mules with them. They must have been daring fellows as well as rascals, for the well-known punishment for such thefts in that country was a pistol bullet. However, gone they were, and we had no means to transport our camp utensils, and being nearly out of provisions, we were reduced to a great extremity.

The Doctor took these reverses coolly, even cheerfully. He was one of those happy-go-lucky men whom nothing seems to disturb; in fair weather or foul he was always the same—always had a kind word, a cheerful smile, and a buoyant heart to support them.

The eight months we had been in the mines had not made him a rich man, though few were more assiduous than himself. He had limited his time in California to eighteen months, so he said, and at the expiration of that time he would return whether he went rich or not. This was about the extent of his communications to me since I made his acquaintance in Independence. I did not even know his name, nor he mine. Although frank enough in everything else, I could not help remarking that he was singularly reserved respecting his relatives, his home, and his past life. There was something about the man I could not understand from the very first. I mean little traits of character that seemed somehow strangely familiar to me, yet I had no distinct recollection of ever meeting the Doctor any where before. His face sometimes affected me in the same manner.

During our mining life at the Grizzly Bear, when we were in the closest intimacy —living and sleeping together—gleams of partial recognition would flit through my mind when he would look me full in the face in his frank manner, as he generally did when in conversation; yet the mystery which hung about him refused to be unravelled, and although constantly on the very brink of discovering his identity with some one I had met earlier in life, I as constantly remained there, without stumbling upon the truth.

Whether I affected him in the same manner or not, I could not then tell; though once in a while I caught his gaze bent upon me, when he thought I was not noticing, in a sort of wondering, puzzled fashion, as if he were endeavouring as well to solve some mystery of association. However, he said nothing regarding it, and neither did I.

R. W. Douglas.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

SONNETS.

I.

THE tolling bells proclaim the Sabbath morn,
My skimming skiff, by south winds wafted on,
Seems like the gulls on moveless pinion borne
That round me wheel their lazy flight. Upon
The distant spires the summer's sun shines bright,
And o'er the town does solemn silence reign,
While far beyond, the Scarboro heights loom white
Against th' ethereal blue ; nor doth remain
A cloud to hide the mantled dome that now
(As God, they say, joins hands with us on earth)
Is intermingled with the sea below.
And life, to-day, indeed seems even worth
The trouble living—seems to taste of joy—
That *quiet* joy most freed from joy's alloy.

II.

On Scarboro's beetling cliffs I lay me down ;
The shelving beach below by waves is lapped ;
Behind, the forest lies, where, red and brown,
The maple trees, by ruthless frost enwrapped,
Bespeak his chill embrace in blushes fair.
A distant tinkling tells of browsing kine,
While close beside, from its sequestered lair,
In human haste, in beauty more divine,
The Spring-brook, leaping o'er it's ferny bounds,
In one great desperate dive it's prattling ends,
And now in imitation thunder sounds,
Then with the mighty lake its cupful blends.
To dive is sweet, oh Brook ! 'tis grand to-day,
But Brook, bright Brook ! thy morrow's cast away.

III.

How changed we seem when by the desert shore !
To calmer thought the breaking waves can still
The troubled mind by each succeeding roar.
Then often cast-off conscience comes to drill
And marshal from the scattered rank and file
Of life's past deeds what sickly gleams of good
Will stand inspection : though we feel the while
How few are even these. And if we should,
For such communion, take more purposed heart,
Because the sermon was not heard in church,
Chide not, but know 'tis Nature's greatest part
To preach to men, and with them inly search.
In all her moods, profoundly dark or bright,
Sweet, speaking Nature sets our souls aright.

T. S. JARVIS.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH AN AMERICAN WRITER.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN ENGLAND.

'I AM not frightened, but stunned—completely stunned,' said Balfour, his hands on his knees, his head bent down. The ever-faithful Jewsbury had at once gone to him on hearing the news; and now the small man with the blue spectacles stood confronting him, all the joyousness gone out of his resonant voice. 'I feel there must be a clean sweep. I will go down to The Lilacs, and send over one or two things belonging to—to my wife—to her father's; then everything must go. At present I feel that I have no right to spend a shilling on a telegram—'

'Oh,' said Mr. Jewsbury, 'when the heavens rain mountains, you needn't be afraid of stones.' What he exactly meant by this speech he himself probably scarcely knew. He was nervous, and very anxious to appear the reverse. 'Nobody will expect you to do any thing *outré*. You won't bring down the debts of the firm by giving up the postage-stamps in your pocket-book; and of course there will be an arrangement; and—and there are plenty of poor men in the House—'

I have just sent a message down to Englebury,' he said, showing but little concern. 'I have resigned.'

'But why this frantic haste?' remonstrated his friend, in a firmer voice. 'What will you do next? Do you imagine you are the only man who has come tumbling down and has had to get up again—slowly enough, perhaps?'

'Oh no; not at all,' said Balfour, frankly. 'I am in no despairing mood. I only want to get the decks clear for action. I have got to earn a living somehow, and I should only be hampered by a seat in Parliament.'

'Why, there are a hundred things you could do, and still retain your seat!' his friend cried. 'Go to some of your friends in the late government, get a private secretaryship, write political articles for the papers—why, bless you, there are a hundred ways—'

'No, no, no, Balfour said, with a laugh, 'I don't propose to become a bugbear to the people I used to know—a man to be avoided when you catch sight of him at the end of the street, a button-holer, a perpetual claimant. I am off from London, and from England too. I dare say I shall find some old friend of my father's ready to give me a start—in China or Australia—and as I have got to begin life anew, it is lucky the blow fell before my hair was gray. Come, Jewsbury, will you be my partner? We will make our fortune together in a half dozen years. Let us go for an expedition into the Bush. Or shall we have a try at Peru? I was always certain that the treasures of the Incas could be discovered.'

'But, seriously, Balfour, do you mean to leave England?' the clergyman asked.

'Certainly.'

'Lady Sylvia?'

The brief glimpse of gayety left his face instantly.

'Of course she will go to her father's when she returns from America,' said he, coldly.

'No, she will not,' replied his friend, with some little warmth. 'I take it from what you have told me of her, that she is too

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true a woman for that. It is only now you will discover what a good wife can be to a man. Send for her. Take her advice. And see what she will say if you propose that she should abandon you in your trouble and go back to her father. See what she will say to that!'

Jewsbury spoke with some vehemence, and he did not notice that his companion had become strangely moved. It was not often that Balfour gave way to emotion.

'Why,' said he; and then he suddenly rose and took a turn up and down the room, for he could not speak for a moment. 'Jewsbury, she left me! She left me!'

'She left you?' the other vaguely repeated, looking at the young man, who stood there with clinched hands.

'Do you think,' Balfour continued, rapidly, with just a break here and there in his voice, 'that I should be so completely broken down over the loss of that money? I never cared for money much. That would not hurt me, I think. But it is hard, when you are badly hit, to find—'

He made a desperate effort to regain his composure, and succeeded. He was too proud to complain. Nay, if the story had to be told now, he would take all the blame of the separation on himself, and try to show that his wife had fair grounds for declaring their married life unendurable. Mr. Jewsbury was a little bit bewildered, but he listened.

'You have done wrong in telling me all that,' said he at last. 'I need never have known, for I see how this will end. But how fortunate you were to have that friend to [illegible] happy expedient. No one but a married woman could have thought of it. If you had formally separated—if she had gone back to her father's—that would have been for life.'

'How do you know this is not?'

'Because I believe every word of what that lady friend of hers said to you. And if I don't mistake', he added, slowly, 'I don't think you will find this loss of money a great misfortune. I think if you were at this moment to appeal to her [illegible] a reconciliation—you would see with what gladness she would accept it.'

'No,' said the other, with some return to his ordinary reserve and pride of manner. 'She left me of her own free will. If she had come back of her own free-will, well and good. But I cannot ask her to come now. I don't choose to make an *ad misericordiam* appeal to any one. And if she found that my Parliamentary duties interfered with her notion of what our married life should be, what would she think of the much harder work I must attack somewhere or other if I am to earn a living? She would not accompany me from Surrey to Piccadilly: do you think she would go to Shanghai or Melbourne?'

'Yes,' said his friend.

'I, at least, will not ask her,' he said. 'Indeed, I should be quite content if I knew that her father could provide her with a quiet and comfortable home; but I fear he won't be able to hold on much longer to the Hall. She was happy there,' he added, with his eyes grown thoughtful. 'She should never have left it. The interest she tried to take in public affairs—in any thing outside her own park—was only a dream, a fancy; she got to hate everything connected with the actual business of the world almost directly after she was married—'

'Why?' cried his friend, who had as much shrewdness as most people. 'The cause is clear—simple—obvious. Public life was taking away her husband from her a trifle too much. And if that husband is rather a reserved person, and rather inclined to let people take their own way, instead of humoring them and reasoning with them—'

'Well, now, I think you are right there,' said Balfour, with some eagerness. 'I should have tried harder to persuade her. I should have had more consideration. I should not have believed in her refusals. But there,' he added, rising, 'it is all over now. Will you go out for a stroll, Jewsbury? I sha'n't bore you with another such story when you take a run out to see me at Melbourne.'

Now it happened that when they got out into Piccadilly the Kew omnibus was going by, and the same project struck both friends at the one moment—for the wilder part of the Gardens had at one time been a favorite haunt of theirs. A second or two afterward they were both on top of the omnibus, driving through the still, warm air, greatly contented, and not at all afraid of being seen in that conspicuous position. The

brisk motion introduced some cheerfulness into their talk.

'After all, Balfour,' said Mr. Jewsbury, with philosophic resignation, 'there are compensations in life, and you may probably live more happily outside politics altogether. There was always the chance—I may say so now—of your becoming somebody; and then you would have gone on to commit the one unforgivable sin—the sin that the English people never condone. You might have done signal service to your country. You might have given up your days and nights, you might have ruined your health, you might have sacrificed all your personal interests and feelings, in working for the good of your fellow-countrymen; and then you know what your reward would have been. That is the one thing the English people can not forgive. You would have been jeered at and ridiculed in the clubs; abused in the papers; taunted in Parliament; treated everywhere as if you were at once a self-seeking adventurer, a lunatic, and a fiend bent on the destruction of the State. If you had spent all your fortune on yourself, given up all your time to your own pleasures, paid not the slightest attention to anybody around you except in so far as they ministered to your comfort, then you would have been regarded as an exemplary person, a good man, an honest Englishman. But if you had given up your whole life to trying to benefit other people through wise legislation, then your reward would be the pillory, for every coward and sneak to have his fling at you.'

'My dear Jewsbury,' Balfour said, with a rueful smile, 'it is very kind of you to insist that the grapes are sour.'

'Another advantage is that you will have added a new experience to your life,' continued the philosopher, who was bent on cheering his friend up a bit, 'and will be in so much the completer man. The complete man is he who has gone through all human experiences. Time and the law are against any single person doing it; but you can always be travelling in that direction.'

'One ought, for example, to pick a pocket and get sent to prison?'

'Certainly.'

'And run away with one's neighbor's wife?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'And commit a murder?'

'No,' replied this clerical person, 'for that might disturb the experiment—might bring it to an end, in fact. But there can be no doubt that Shakspere committed several diabolical murders, and was guilty of the basest ingratitude, and was devoured with the most fiendish hatred—in imagination. In turns he was a monster of cupidity, of revenge, of blood-thirstiness, of cowardice. Other men, who have not the power to project themselves in this fashion, can only learn through action. It therefore follows that the sooner you get yourself sent to the tread-mill, the better.'

'And indeed I suppose I am nearer it now than I was a week ago,' Balfour admitted. 'And perhaps I shall soon begin to envy and imitate my esteemed father-in-law in the little tricks by which he earns a few sovereigns now and again. I used to be very severe on the old gentleman, but I may have to take to sham companies myself.'

With this and similar discourse the two sages passed the time until they arrived at Kew. It will be observed that as yet it was only a theoretical sort of poverty that had befallen Balfour. It was a sort of poverty that did not prevent the two friends from having a fairly comfortable luncheon at a hotel down there, or from giving up the day to idle sauntering through the wilder and uncultivated portion of the Gardens, or from indulging in useless guesses as to what might have been had Balfour been able to remain in Parliament.

'But in any case you will come back,' continued Mr. Jewsbury, who was trying to espy a squirrel he had seen run up the trunk of an elm; 'and you will be burdened with wealth and rich in knowledge. Then, when you get into parliament, shall I tell you what you must do? Shall I give you a project that will make your name famous in the political history of your country?'

'It won't be of much use to me,' was the answer; 'but I know one or two gentlemen down at Westminster who would be glad to hear of it.'

'Take my proposal with you now. Brood over it. Collect facts wherever you go. Depend on it—'

'But what is it?'

'The total abolition of that most pernicious superstition—trial by jury. Why,

man, I could give you the heads of a speech that would ring through the land, The incorruptibility of the English bench—the vast learning, the patience, the knowledge of the world, the probity, of our judges. Then you draw a picture of one of these judges laboriously setting out the facts of a case before a jury, and of his astonishment at their returning a verdict directly in the teeth of the evidence. Think of the store of anecdotes you could amass to get the House into good humor. Then a burst of pathetic indignation. Whose reputation, whose future, is safe if either depends on the verdict of twelve crass idiots? A bit of flash oratory on the part of a paid pleader may cost a man a couple of thousand pounds in the face of common-sense and justice. Balfour,' said Mr. Jewsbury, solemnly, 'the day on which the verdict in the Tichborne case was announced was a sad day for me.'

'Indeed,' said the other. 'I have got an uncle-in-law who believes in Tich yet. I will give you a note of introduction to him, and you might mingle your tears.'

'I was not thinking of Tich,' continued Mr. Jewsbury, carefully plaiting some long grass together; 'I was thinking of this great political project which I am willing to put into your hands; it will keep a few years. And I was thinking what a great opportunity was lost when those twelve men brought in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Arthur Orton. I had almost counted on their bringing in a verdict that Arthur Orton was Roger Tichborne; but if that was too much to hope for, then, at least, I took it for granted that they would disagree. That single fact would have been of more use to you than a hundred arguments. Armed with it, you might have gone forward single-handed to hew down this monstrous institution.' And here Mr. Jewsbury aimed a blow at a mighty chestnut-tree with the cord of grass he had plaited. The chestnut-tree did not tremble.

'However, I see you are not interested,' the small clergyman continued. 'That is another fact you will learn. A man without money pays little heed to the English Constitution, unless he hopes to make something out of it. What is the immediate thing you mean to do?'

'I can do nothing at present,' Balfour said, absently. 'The lawyers will be let loose, of course. Then I have written to my wife requesting her—at least making the suggestion that she should give the money paid to her under the marriage settlement—'

'Stop a bit,' said Mr. Jewsbury. 'I won't say that you have been Quixotic; but didn't you think that, before taking such a step, you ought to have got to know what the—the custom is in such things—what commercial people do—what the creditors themselves would expect you to do?'

'I can not take any one's opinion on the point,' Balfour said, simply. 'But of course I only made the suggestion in informing her of the facts. She will do what she herself considers right.'

'I can not understand your talking about your wife in that tone,' said Jewsbury, looking at the impassive face.

'I think they mean to transfer——to the Lords,' said Balfour, abruptly; and so for a time they talked of Parliamentary matters, just as if nothing had happened since Balfour left Oxford. But Jewsbury could see that his companion was thinking neither of Lords nor of Commons.

And indeed it was he himself, despite all his resolve, who wandered back to the subtect; and he told Jewsbury the whole story over again, more amply and sympathetically than before; and he could not give sufficient expression to the gratitude he bore toward that kind and gracious and generous friend down there in Surrey who had lent him such swift counsel and succor in his great distress.

'And what do you think of it all, Jewsbury?' said he, with all the proud reserve gone from his manner and speech. 'What will she do? It was only a sort of probationary tour, you know—she admitted that; there was no definite separation—'

Mr. Jewsbury gave no direct answer.

'Much depends,' he said, slowly, 'on the sort of letter you wrote to her. From what you say, I should imagine it was very injudicious, a little bit cruel, and likely to make mischief.'

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE DISCLOSURE.

'LADY SYLVIA,' said Queen T——, going up to her friend, whom she

found seated alone in her room in this Omaha hotel, 'I am going to surprise you.'

'Indeed,' said the other, with a pleasant smile; for she did not notice the slightly trembling hands; and most of Queen T——'s surprises for her friends were merely presents.

'I—hope I shall not frighten you,' she continued, with some hesitation; 'you must prepare yourself for—for rather bad news—'

She caught sight of the newspaper. She sprang to her feet.

'My husband!' she cried, with a suddenly white face. But her friend caught her hands.

'He is quite well; don't be alarmed; it is only a—a—misfortune.'

And therewith she put the paper into her hand, with an indication as to where she should look, while she herself turned aside somewhat. There was silence for a second or two. Then she fancied she heard a low murmur—a moan of infinite tenderness and pity and longing—'*My husband! my husband!*' and then there was a slight touch on her arm. When she turned, Lady Sylvia was standing quite calmly there, with her eyes cast down. Her face was a little pale, that was all.

'I think I will go back to England now,' said she, gently.

And with that, of course, her friend began to cry a bit; and it was with a great deal of difficulty and of resolute will that she proceeded to speak at all. And then she bravely declared that if Lady Sylvia insisted on setting out at once, she would accompany her; and it needed equal bravery to admit what she had done—that she had written to Mr. Balfour, begging him to let us know what his plans were, and that she had told him where he might telegraph—

'The telegraph!' cried Lady Sylvia, with a quick light of joy leaping to her eyes. 'I can send him a message now! He will have it this very day! I will go at once!'

'Yes, there is the telegraph,' stammered her friend, 'and there is an office below in the hall of the hotel. But—don't you think—it might be awkward—sending a message that the clerks will read—'

Lady Sylvia seized her friend's hands, and kissed her on both cheeks, and hurried out of the room and down stairs. The elder woman was rather taken aback. Why should she be so warmly thanked for the existence of the telegraph, and for the fact that Mr. Balfour, M.P., was ruined?

Lady Sylvia went down stairs, and in the hall she found the telegraphic office. She was not afraid of any clerk of woman born. She got a pencil, and the proper form; and clearly and firmly, after she had put in the address, she wrote beneath—'*My darling husband, may I come to you?*' She handed the paper to the clerk, and calmly waited until he had read it through, and told her what to pay. Then she gave him the necessary dollars, and turned and walked through the hall, and came up the stairs, proud and erect—as proud, indeed, as if she had just won the battle of Waterloo.

And she was quite frank and fearless in speaking about this failure, and treated it as if it were an ordinary and trivial matter that could be put right in a few minutes. Her husband, she informed Mr. Von Rosen—who was greatly distressed by the news, and was consoling with her very sincerely—was quite capable of holding his own in the world without any help from his father's business. No doubt it would alter their plans of living, but Mr. Balfour was not at all the sort of man likely to let circumstances overpower him. And would it please us to set out at once on our inspection of Omaha? for she would like to get a glimpse of the Missouri, and there was the possibility that she might have to start off for England that night.

'*Nein!*' cried the lieutenant, in indignant protest. 'It is impossible. Now that you have only the few days more to go on—and then your friends to go back—'

Here one of the party intimated her wish—or rather her fixed intention—of accompanying Lady Sylvia.

'Oh no!' our guest said, with quite a cheerful smile. 'I am not at all afraid of travelling alone—not in the least. I have seen a great deal of how people have to help themselves since I left England. And that is not much hardship. I believe one can go right through from here to New York; and then I can go to the Brevoort House, which seemed the quietest of the hotels, and wait for the first steamer leaving for Liverpool. I am not in the least afraid.'

Our Bell looked at her husband. That look was enough; he knew his fate was sealed. If Lady Sylvia should set out that

evening, he knew he would have to accompany her as far as New York anyhow.

I think she quite charmed the hearts of the kind friends who had come to show us about the place. The truth was that the recent heavy rains had changed Omaha into a Slough of Despond, and the huge holes of mud in the unmade streets were bridged over by planks of wood that were of the most uncertain character: but she seemed rather to like this way of laying out streets. Then we climbed up to the heights above the town on which is built the High School—a handsome building of red brick; and she betrayed the greatest interest in the system of education followed here, and listened to the catechising of the children by the smartly dressed and self-composed young ladies who were their teachers, just as if she understood all about cosines and angles of reflection. And when we clambered up to the tower of this building, she was quite delighted with the spacious panorama spread out all around. Far over there was a mighty valley—a broad plain between two long lines of bluffs—which was, no doubt, in former times worn down by the Missouri; and now this plain, we could see, was scored along by various channels, one of them, a little darker in hue than the neighboring sand, being the yellow Missouri itself. We were rather disappointed with the mighty Missouri, which we expected to find rolling down in grandeur to the sea—or rather to the Mississippi, if the poet will allow us to make the correction. We considered that even the name they give it out here, the Big Muddy, was misapplied, for it did not seem broader than the Thames at Richmond, while the mud banks and sand banks on both sides of it were of the dreariest sort. But she would not hear a word said against the noble river. No doubt at other times of the year it had sufficient volume; and even now, was there not something mysterious in this almost indistinguishable river rolling down through that vast, lonely, and apparently uninhabited plain? As for Omaha, it looked as bright as blue skies and sunshine could make it. All around us were the wooden shanties and the occasional houses of stone dotted about in promiscuous fashion; out there on the green undulations where the prairie began; on the sides of the bluffs where the trees were; and along the level mud-bed of the river, where the railway works and smelting-works were sending up a cloud of smoke into the still, clear air. She listened with great interest to the explanations of the courteous officials, and struck up a warm friendship with a civil engineer at the railway works, doubtless because he spoke with a Scotch accent. But, after all, we could see she was becoming anxious and nervous, and rather before mid-day we proposed to return to the hotel for luncheon.

Four hours had elapsed.

'But you must not make sure of finding an answer awaiting you, my dear Lady Sylvia,' said her ever-thoughtful friend. 'There may be delays. And Mr. Balfour may be out of town.'

All the same she did make sure of an answer; and when, on arriving at the hotel, she was informed that no telegram had come for her, she suddenly went away to her own room, and we did not see her for some little time. When she did make her appearance at lunch, we did not look at her eyes.

She would not go out with us for our further explorations. She had a headache. She would lie down. And so she went away to her own room.

But the curious thing was that Queen T—— would not accompany us either. It was only afterward that we learned that she had kept fluttering about the hall, bothering the patient clerks with inquiries as to the time that a telegram took to reach London. At last it came, and it was given to her. We may suppose that she carried it up stairs quickly enough, and with a beating heart. What happened in the room she only revealed subsequently, bit by bit, for her voice was never quite steady about it.

She went into the room gently. Lady Sylvia was seated at a table, her hands on the table, her head resting on them, and she was sobbing bitterly. She was deserted, insulted, forsaken. He would not even acknowledge the appeal she had made to him. But she started up when she heard some one behind her, and would have pretended to conceal her tears but that she saw the telegram. With trembling fingers she opened it, threw a hasty glance at it, and then, with a strange, proud look, gave it back to her friend, who was so anxious

and excited that she could scarcely read the words—'*No. I am coming to you.*' And at the same moment all Lady Sylvia's fortitude broke down, and she gave way to a passion of hysterical joy, throwing her arms round her friend's neck, and crying over her, and murmuring close to her, 'Oh, my angel! my angel! my angel! you have saved to me all that was worth living for!' So much can imaginative people make out of a brief telegram.

The two women seemed quite mad when we returned.

'He is coming out! Mr. Balfour is coming to join us!' says Queen T——, with a wild fire of exultation in her face, as if the millennium were at hand; and Lady Sylvia was sitting there, proud enough too, but rosy-red in the face, and with averted eyes.

And here occurred a thing which has always been a memorable puzzle to us.

'Ha!' cried the lieutenant, in the midst of an excitement which the women in vain endeavored to conceal; 'that rifle! Does he remember that wonderful small rifle of his? It will be of such use to him in the Rocky Mountains. I think—yes, I think it is worth a telegram.'

And he went down stairs to squander his money in that fashion. But, we asked ourselves afterward, did he know? Had he and his wife suspected? Had they discussed the affairs of Lady Sylvia and her husband in those quiet conjugal talks of which the outsider can never guess the purport? And had this young man, with all his bluntness and good-natured common-sense and happy matter-of-factness, suddenly seized the dramatic situation, and called aloud about this twopenny-halfpenny business of a pea-shooter all to convince Lady Sylvia of the general ignorance, and put her at her ease? He came up a few moments afterward, whistling.

'There is antelope,' said he, seriously, 'and the mountain sheep, and the black-tailed deer, and the bear. Oh, he will have much amusement with us when he comes to Idaho.'

'You forget,' says Lady Sylvia, smiling, though her eyes were quite wet, 'that he will be thinking of other things. He has got to find out how he has got to live first.'

'How he has got to live?' said the lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders. 'That is simple. That is easy. Any man can settle that. He has got to live—happy, and let things take their chance. What harm in a holiday, if he comes with me to shoot one or two bears?'

'Indeed you will do nothing of the kind,' said his wife, severely; she had too much regard for her babes to let the father of them go off endangering his life in that fashion.

That was a pleasant evening. Our friends came to dine with us, and we settled all our plans for our expedition to the Indian reservations lying far up the Missouri Valley. And who was first down in the morning? and who was most delighted with the clear coolness of the air and the blue skies? and who was most cheerful and philosophical when we discovered, at the station, and when it was too late, that the carpet-bag we had stuffed with wine, beer, and brandy for our stay in these temperate climes had been left behind at the hotel!

The small branch line of railway took us only about forty miles on our way. We went up the immensely broad valley of the river, which was at this time only a rivulet. The valley was a plain of rich vegetation—long water-color washes of yellow and russet and olive green. The further side of it was bounded by a distant line of bluffs bright blue in color. Close by us were the corresponding bluffs, broken with ravines which were filled with cotton-trees, and which opened out into a thick underwood of sunflowers ten feet high and of deep-hued sumac. Overhead a pale blue sky and some white clouds. Then, as we are looking up into the light, we see an immense flock of wild-geese making up the stream, divided into two lines, representing the letter V placed horizontally, but more resembling a handful of dust flung high into the air.

About mid-day we reached the terminus of the line, Tekamah, a collection of wooden shanties and houses, with a few cotton-trees about. We had luncheon in a curious little inn which had originally been a block-house against the Indians, that is to say, it had been composed of sawn trees driven into the earth, with no windows on the ground-floor. By the time we had finished luncheon, our two carriages were ready—high springed vehicles with an awning, and each with a moderately good pair of horses. We set out for our halting-place, Decatur, sixteen miles off.

That drive up the bed of the Missouri we shall not soon forget. There was no made road at all, but only a worn track through the dense vegetation of this swampy plain, while ever and anon this track was barred across by ravines of rich, deep, black, succulent mud. It was no unusual thing for us to see first one horse and then its companion almost disappear into a hole, we looking down on them; then there would be a fierce struggle, a plunge on our part, and then we were looking up at the horses pawing the bank above us. How the springs held out we could not understand. But occasionally, to avoid these ruts, we made long detours through the adjacent prairie-land lying over the bluffs; and certainly this was much pleasanter. We went through a wilderness of flowers, and the scent of the trampled May-weed filled all the air around us. How English horses would have behaved in this wilderness was a problem. The sunflowers were higher than our animals' heads; they could not possibly see where they were going; but, all the same, they slowly ploughed their way through the forest of crackling stems. But before we reached Decatur we had to return to the mud swamp, which was here worse than ever; for now it appeared as if there were a series of rivers running at right angles to the broad black track, and our two vehicles kept plunging through the water and mud as if we were momentarily to be sucked down into a morass. The air was thick with insect life, and vast clouds of reed-birds rose, as we passed, from the sunflowers. There was a red fire all over the west as we finally drove into the valley of the Decatur.

It was a strange-looking place. The first objects that met our eyes were some Indian boys riding away home to the reservations on their ponies, and looking picturesque enough with their ragged and scarlet pantaloons, their open-breasted shirt, their swarthy face and shining black hair, and their arms swinging with the galloping of the ponies, though they stuck to the saddle like a leech. And these were strange-looking gentlemen, too, whom we met in the inn of Decatur—tall, swanking fellows, with big riding-boots and loose jackets, broad-shouldered, spare-built, unwashed, unshaven, but civil enough, though they set their broad-brimmed hats with a devil-may-care air on the side of their head. We had dinner with these gentlemen in the parlor of the inn. There were two dishes—from which each helped himself with his fingers—of some sort of dried flesh, which the lieutenant declared to be pelican of the wilderness, and there were prunes and tea. We feared our friends were shy, for they did not speak at all before our women-folk. In a few minutes they disposed of their meal, and went out to a bench in front of the house to smoke. Then the lieutenant—so as not to shock these temperate people—produced one of several bottles of Catawba which he had procured at some way-side station before we left the railway. In appearance, when poured out, it was rather like tea, though not at all so clear; and, in fact, the taste was so unlike anything we had ever met before that we unanimously pronounced in favor of the tea. But the lieutenant would try another bottle; and that being a trifle more palatable, we had much pleasure in drinking a toast. And the toast we drank was the safety of the gallant ship that was soon to carry Lady Sylvia's husband across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XLV.

LA CHILI.

NEXT morning, as we drove away from Decatur, a cold white fog lay all along the broad valley of the Missouri; but by-and-by the sun drank it up, and the warm light seemed to wake into activity all the abounding animal life of that broken and wooded country that skirts the prairie. There were clouds of reed-birds rising from the swamps as we approached; now and again a mourning-dove flew across; large hawks hovered high in air; and so abundant were the young quail that it seemed as if our horses were continually about to trample down a brood coolly crossing the road. We saw the gopher running into his hole, and the merry little chipmunk eying us as we passed; but at one point we gave a badger a bit of a chase, the animal quietly trotting down the road in front of us. The air was cool and pleasant. Dragon-flies flashed, and butterflies fluttered across in the sunlight; it was a beautiful morning.

And at last we were told that we were on the reservation lands, though nothing was visible but the broken bluffs and the open prairie beyond, and on our right the immense valley of the Missouri. But in time we came to a farm, and drove up to a very well built house, and here we made the acquaintance of H—— F——, who most courteously offered to act as our guide for the day. He took a seat in our vehicle; and though he was rather shy and silent at first, this constraint soon wore off. And Lady Sylvia regarded our new acquaintance with a great friendliness and interest, for had she not heard the heroic story of his brother, the last chief of the Omahas, 'Logan of the Fires?'—how, when his tribe was pursued by the savage Sioux, and when there seemed to be no escape from extermination, he himself, as night fell, went off and kindled fire after fire, so as to lead the enemy after him; and how he had the proud satisfaction of knowing, when he was taken and killed, that he had saved the life of every man, woman, and child of his followers. We did not wonder that the brother of the hero was regarded with much respect by the Omahas—in fact, there was a talk, at the time of our visit, of the smaller chiefs, or heads of families, electing him chief of the tribe. Indeed, the story reflected some romantic lustre on the peaceful Omahas themselves, and we began to cherish a proper contempt for their neighbors, the Winnebagoes—the broken remnant of the tribe which committed the horrible massacres in Minnesota some years ago, and which, after having been terribly punished and disarmed, was transferred by the government to the prairie land adjoining the Missouri.

But for the time being we kept driving on and on, without seeing Winnebago or Omaha, or any sign of human life or occupation. Nothing but the vast and endless billows of the prairie—a beautiful yellow-green in the sun—receding into the faint blue-white of the horizon; while all around us was a mass of flowers, the Michaelmas-daisy being especially abundant; while the air was every where scented with the aromatic fragrance of the May-weed. We had now quite lost sight of the Missouri Valley, and were pursuing a path over this open prairie which seemed to lead to no place in particular. But while this endless plain seemed quite unbroken, bare, and destitute of trees, it was not really so. It was intersected by deep and sharp gullies—the beds of small tributaries of the Missouri, and the sides of these gullies were lined with dense brush-wood and trees. It was certainly a country likely to charm the heart of a tribe of Indians, if only they were allowed to have weapons and to return to their former habits, for it offered every facility for concealment and ambuscade. But that is a thing of the past, so far as the Missouri Indians are concerned; their young have not even the chance—taken by the young men of apparently peaceable tribes living on other reservations—of stealing quietly away to the Sioux; for the Sioux and the Omahas have ever been deadly enemies.

The danger we encountered in descending into these gullies was not that of being surprised and having our hair removed, but of the vehicle to which we clung toppling over and going headlong to the bottom. These break-neck approaches to the rude wooden bridges, where there were bridges at all, were the occasion of much excitement; and our friendly guide, who seemed to treat the fact of the vehicle hovering in air, as if uncertain which way to fall, with much indifference, must have arrived at the opinion that Englishwomen were much given to screaming when their heads were bumped together. In fact, at one point they refused to descend in the carriage. They got out and scrambled down on foot; and the driver, with that rare smile one sees on the face of a man who has been hardened into gravity by the life of an early settler, admitted that, if the vehicle had been full, it would most assuredly have pitched over.

At length we descried, on the green slope of one of the far undulations, three teepees—tall, narrow, conical tents, with the tips of the poles on which the canvas was stretched appearing at the top, and forming a funnel for the smoke—and near them a herd of ponies. But there were no human beings visible, and our path did not approach these distant tents. The first of the Indians we encountered gave us rather a favorable impression of the physique of the Omahas. He was a stalwart young fellow; his long black hair plaited; a blue blanket thrown round his square shoulders. He stood aside to let the vehicle pass, and eyed us somewhat askance. The few words that F—— addressed to him, and which he

answered, were of course unintelligible to us. Then we overtook two or three more, men and women, in various attire; but, altogether, they were better in appearance and more independent in manner than the gipsy-looking Indians we had seen skulking around the confines of the towns, in more or less 'civilized' dress, and not without a side-glance for unconsidered trifles. These, we were told, were mostly Pawnees, though the Winnebagoes have in some measure taken to the neighborhood of the towns on the chance of getting a stray dollar by digging. After we passed these few stragglers we were apparently once more on the tenantless prairies; but doubtless the Indians who prefer to live in their teepees out on the plain, rather than accept the semi-civilization of the agency, had taken to the hollows, so that the country around us was not quite the desert that it seemed to be.

But a great honor was in store for us. When it was proposed that we should turn aside from our path and visit the wigwam of Fire Chief, one of the heads of the small communities into which the tribe is divided, some scruples were expressed, for we held that no human being, whether he was a poet laureate or a poor Indian, liked to have his privacy invaded from motives of mere curiosity. Then we had no presents to offer him as an excuse.

'No tobacco?' said our good-natured guide, with a smile. 'An Indian never refuses tobacco.'

The news of our approach to the wigwam was doubtless conveyed ahead, for we saw some dusky children scurry away and disappear like rabbits. The building was a large one; the base of it being a circular and substantial wall of mud and turf apparently about ten feet high; the conical roof sloping up from the wall being chiefly composed of the trunks of trees, leaving a hole at the summit for the escape of smoke. We descended from our vehicles, and, crouching down, pushed aside the buffalo-skin that served for door, and entered the single and spacious apartment which contained Fire Chief, his wives, children, and relatives. For a second or two we could scarcely see anything, so blinding was the smoke; but presently we made out that all round the circular wigwam, which was probably between thirty and forty feet in diameter, was a series of beds, toward which the squaws and children had retreated, while in the middle of the place, seated on a buffalo-skin in front of the fire, was the chief himself. He took no notice of our entrance. He stared into the fire as we seated ourselves on a bench; but one or two of the young women, from out the dusky recesses, gazed with obvious wonder on these strange people from a distant land. Fire Chief is a large and powerful-looking man, with a sad and worn face; obviously a person of importance, for he wore an armlet of silver, and ear-rings of the same material, and his moccasins of buffalo hide were very elaborately embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, while the dignity of his demeanor was quite appalling.

'Will you take a cigar, Sir?' said the lieutenant, who had vainly endeavored to get one of the children to come near him.

Fire Chief did not answer. He only stared into the smouldering wood before him. But when the cigar was presented to him, he took it, and lit it with a bit of burning stick, resuming his air of absolute indifference.

'Does he not speak English?' said Lady Sylvia, in an undertone, to our guide, who had been conversing with him in his own tongue.

'They don't know much English,' said F——, with a smile, 'and what they do know, they don't care to speak But he asks me to tell you that one of the young men is sick. That he is in the bed over there. And he says he has not been very well himself lately.'

'Will you tell him,' said Lady Sylvia, gently, 'that we have come about five thousand miles from our homes, and that we are greatly pleased to see him, and that we hope he and the young man will very soon be well again?'

When this message was conveyed to the chief, we rose and took our departure, and he took no more notice of our leaving than our coming. Shall we say that we felt, on getting outside, rather 'mean;' that the fact of our being a pack of inquisitive tourists was rather painful to us; that we mentally swore we should not 'interview' another human being, Indian or poet laureate, during the whole course of our miserable lives? Our self-consciousness in this respect was not at all shared by our good friend from Omaha, who was driving one of

the two vehicles, and who seemed to regard the Indian as a very peculiar sort of animal, decidedly less than human, but with his good points all the same. Was it not he who told us that story about his wife having been one day alone in her house—many years ago, when the early settlers found the Indians more dangerous neighbors than they are now—and engaged in baking, when two or three Indians came to the door and asked for bread? She offered them an old loaf; they would not have it; they insisted on having some of the newly baked bread, and they entered the house to seize it; whereupon this courageous house-mistress took up her rolling-pin and laid about her, driving her enemy forthwith out of the door. But the sequel of the story has to be told. Those very Indians, whenever they came that way, never passed the house without bringing her a present—a bit of venison, some quail, or what not—and the message they presented with the game was always this: 'Brave squaw! Brave squaw!' which shows that there is virtue in a rolling-pin, and that heroism, and the recognition of it, did not die out with the abandonment of chain armor.

We also heard a story which suggests that the Indian, if an inferior sort of animal, is distinctly a reasoning one. Some years ago a missionary arrived in these parts, and was greatly shocked to find on the first Sunday of his stay that these Indians who had taken to agriculture were busily planting maize. He went out and conjured them to cease, assuring them that the God whom he worshiped had commanded people to do no work on the Sabbath, and that nothing would come of their toil if they committed this sin. The Indians listened gravely, and having staked off the piece of ground they had already planted, desisted from work. After that they never worked on Sunday except within this inclosure; but then this inclosure got the extra day's hoeing and tending. When the harvest came, behold! the space that had been planted and tended on Sunday produced a far finer crop than any adjacent part, and no doubt the Indians came to their own conclusions about the predictions of the missionary. Anyhow, whether the legend be true or not, the Omahas retain their original faith.

At length we reached the agency—a small collection of houses scattered about among trees—and here there were some greater signs of life. Small groups of Indians, picturesque enough with their colored blankets and their leggings of buffalo hide, stood lounging about, pretending not to see the strangers, but taking furtive glances all the same, while now and again a still more picturesque figure in scarlet pants and with swinging arms would ride by on his pony, no doubt bound for his teepee out on the plain. Alas! the only welcome we received from any of the Indians was accorded us by a tall and bony idiot, who greeted us with a friendly 'How?' and a grin. We had our horses taken out, we were hospitably entertained by the agent, a sober and sedate Quaker, and then we went out for a stroll around the place, which included an inspection of the store, the blacksmith's shop, and other means for assisting the Indians to settle down to a peaceful agricultural life.

Our party unanimously came to the opinion—having conversed to the extent of 'How?' with one Indian, and that Indian an idiot—that the preference of the Indians for remaining paupers on the hands of the government rather than take to tilling the ground, is natural. The Indian, by tradition and instinct, is a gentleman. Of all the races of the world, he is the nearest approach one can get to the good old English squire. He loves horses; he gives up his life to hunting and shooting and fishing; he hasn't a notion in his head about 'boetry and bainting;' and he considers himself the most important person on the face of the earth. But the Indian is the more astute of the two. Long ago he evolved the ingenious theory that as his success in the chase depended on his nerves being in perfect order, it would never do for him to attack the ordinary rough work of existence; and hence he turned over to his wife or wives the tending of the horses, the building of the teepees, the procuring of fuel—in fact all the work that needed any exertion. This is one point on which the English country gentleman is at a disadvantage, although we have heard of one sensible man who invariably let his wife fill and screw up his cartridges for him.

And you expect this native gentleman to throw aside the sport that has been the oc-

cupation and passion of his life, and take to digging with a shovel for a dollar a day? How would your Yorkshire squire like that? He would not do it at all. He would expect the government that deprived him of his land to give him a pension, however inadequate, and the wherewithal to keep body and soul together. He would go lounging about in an apathetic fashion, trying to get as much for his money as possible at the government stores, smoking a good deal, and being the reverse of communicative with the impertinent persons who came a few thousand miles to stare at him. And if the government stopped his drink, and would not let him have even a glass of beer— But this is carrying the parallel to an impossibility: no existing government could so far reduce Yorkshire; there would be such an outburst of revolution as the world has never yet seen.

We set out on our return journey, taking another route over the high-lying prairie land. And at about the highest point we came to the burial-mound, or rather burial-house, of White Cow. When the old chief was dying, he said 'Bury me on a high place, where I can see the boats of the white men pass up and down the river.' Was his friendly ghost sitting there, then, in the warm light of the afternoon, amid the fragrant scent of the May-weed? Anyhow, if White Cow could see any boats on the Missouri, his spectral eyes must have been keener than ours, for we could not see a sign of any craft whatsoever on that distant line of silver.

Strangely enough, we had just driven away from this spot when an object suddenly presented itself to our startled gaze which might have been White Cow himself 'out for a dauner.' A more ghostly spectacle was never seen than this old and withered Indian—a tall man, almost naked, and so shrunken and shriveled that every bone in his body was visible, while the skin of the mummy-like face had been pulled back from his mouth, so that he grinned like a spectre. He was standing apart from the road, quite motionless, and he carried nothing in his hand; but all the same, both our horses at the same moment plunged aside so as nearly to leave the path, and were not quieted for some minutes afterward. We forgot to ask F—— if he knew this spectre, or whether it was really White Cow. Certainly horses don't often shy because of the ghastly appearance of a human being.

That night we reached Decatur again, and had some more pelican of the wilderness and prunes. Then the women went up stairs, doubtless to have a talk about the promised addition to our party, and we went outside to listen to the conversation of the tall, uncouth, unkempt fellows who were seated on a bench smoking. We heard a good deal about the Indian, and about the attempt to 'civilize' him. From some other things we had heard out there we had begun to wonder whether civilization was to be defined as the art of acquiring greenbacks without being too particular about the means. However, it appears that on one point the Indians have outstripped civilization. The Indian women, who had in bygone years sometimes to go on long marches with their tribe in time of war, are said to have discovered a secret which the fashionable women of Paris would give their ears to know. But they keep it a profound secret; so perhaps it is only a superstition.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SCHEMES.

SHALL we ever forget that sunrise over the vast plains through which the Missouri runs—the silence, and loneliness, and majesty of it? Far away—immeasurable leagues away it seemed—a bar of purple cloud appeared to rest on the earth, all along the flat horizon, while above that the broad expanse of sky began to glow with a pale lemon yellow, the grassy plain below being of a deep, intense olive green. No object in the distance was to be descried, except one narrow strip of forest; and the trees, just getting above the belt of purple, showed a serrated line of jet black on the pale yellow sky. Then a flush of rose-pink began to fill the east, and quite suddenly the wooden spire of the small church beside us—the first object to catch the new light of the dawn—shone a pale red above the cold green of the cotton-trees. There was no one abroad at this hour in the wide streets of Decatur, though we had seen two

Indians pass some little time before, with shovels over their shoulders. Our object in getting up so early was to try to get over the swampiest part of our journey before the heat of the day called up a plague of flies from the mud.

One thing or another, however, delayed our departure, and when at last we got into the swamps, we were simply enveloped in clouds of mosquitoes. If we could only have regarded these from behind a glass mask, we should have said that they formed a very beautiful sight, and so have discovered the spirit of good that lurks in that most evil thing. For we were in shadow —our vehicles having a top supported by slender iron poles arising from the sides— and, looking out from this shadow, the still air seemed filled with millions upon millions of luminous and transparent golden particles. Occasionally we got up on a higher bit of ground, and could send the horses forward, the current thus produced relieving us from these clouds; but ordinarily our slow plunging through the mire left us an easy prey to these insatiable myriads. Indeed, there were more mosquitoes within our vehicle—if that were possible—than in the same space without; for these creatures prefer to get into the shade when the blaze of the sun is fierce, though they do not show themselves grateful to those who afford it. The roof of our palankeen-phaeton was of blue cloth when we started. Before we had been gone an hour, it was gray; there was not any where the size of a pea visible of the blue cloth. But this temporary retirement of a few millions in no wise seemed to diminish the numbers of those who were around us in the air. At last even the patience of the lieutenant broke down.

'Lady Sylvia,' said he, 'I have now discovered why there is so much bad language in America. If ever we go up the Missouri again, you ladies must go in one carriage by yourselves, and we in another carriage; for the frightful thing is that we can not say what we think'—and here he slapped his cheek again, and slew another half dozen of his enemies.

'But why not speak?' his wife said.

'"It was an ancient privilege, my lords,
To fling whate'er we felt, not fearing, into words."'

Lady Sylvia was supposed to say something; but as she had tied a handkerchief tightly round her face, we could not quite make out what it was.

He continued to complain. We had delayed our return to Decatur on the previous day so that we should avoid driving on to Tekamah in the evening, when the plague is worse: he declared it could not be worse. He even complained that we had not suffered in this fashion a couple of days before, in driving over the same ground, forgetting that then we had a fresh and pleasant breeze. And we were soon to discover what a breeze could do. Our friendly guide and driver suddenly plunged his horses off the path into a thicket of tall reeds. We thought we should have been eaten up alive at this point. But presently we got through this wilderness, and began to ascend a slope leading up to the bluffs. We clambered higher and higher; we got among our old friends, the sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies; and at last, when we emerged on to the sun-lit and golden plain, the cool breeze, fragrant with May-weed, came sweeping along and through our vehicle, and behold! we were delivered from our enemies. We waxed valiant. We attacked their last stronghold on the roof; we flicked off these gray millions, and they, too, flew away and disappeared. We sent a victorious halloa to the vehicle behind us, which was joyfully answered. We fell in love with the 'rolling' prairies, and their beautiful flowers and fresh breezes.

But the cup of human happiness is always dashed with some bitterness or another. We began to think about that vast and grassy swamp from which we had emerged. Was not that, in effect, part of the very Mississippi Valley about which such splendid prophecies have been made? Our good friends out here, though they made light of their river by calling it the Big Muddy, nevertheless declared that it was the parent of the Mississippi, and that the Mississippi should be called the Missouri from St. Louis right down to New Orleans. Had we, then, just struggled upward from one branch of the great basin which is to contain the future civilization of the world? We had been assured by an eminent (American) authority that nothing could 'prevent the Mississippi Valley from becoming, in less than three generations, the centre of human power.' It was with

pain and anguish that we now recalled these prophetic words. Our hearts grew heavy when we thought of our children's children. O ye future denizens of Alligator City, do not think that your forefathers have not also suffered in getting through these mud flats on an August day!

At length we got back to Tekamah and its conspicuous tree, which latter, it is said, has done the state some good service in former days. We were much too early for the train, and so we had luncheon in the block-house inn (the lieutenat in vain offering a dollar for a single bottle of beer), and then went out to sit on a bench and watch the winged beetles that hovered in the sunshine and then darted about in a spasmodic fashion. That was all the amusement we could find in Tekamah. But they say that a newspaper exists there; and if only the government would open up a road to the Black Hills by way of the Elkhorn Valley, Tekamah might suddenly arise and flourish. In the end, we left the darting beetles and drove to the station. Here we saw two or three gangs of 'civilized' Indians, digging for the railway company. Whether Pawnees, Omahas, or Winnebagoes, they were, in their tattered shirt and trousers, not an attractive-looking lot of people, whereas the gentlemen-paupers of the reservations have at least the advantage of being picturesque in appearance. There were a few teepees on the slopes above, with some women and children. The whole very closely resembled a gipsy encampment.

And then in due course of time we made our way back to Omaha, the capital of the Plains, the future Chicago of the West, and we were once more jolted over the unmade roads and streets, which had now got dry and hard. And what was this?—another telegram?

Lady Sylvia took it calmly, and opened it with an air of pride.

'I thought so,' she said, with assumed indifference; and there was a certain superiority in her manner, almost bordering on triumph, as she handed the telegram to her friend. She seemed to say, 'Of course it is quite an ordinary occurrence for my husband to send me a telegram. There, you may all see on what terms we are. I am not a bit rejoiced that he has actually sailed and is on his way to join us.'

The word was passed round. Balfour's telegram was from Queenstown, giving the name of the vessel by which he had sailed. There was nothing for her to be proud of in that; she did well to assume indifference.

But when, that evening, we were talking about our further plans, she suddenly begged to be left out of the discussion.

'I mean to remain here until my husband arrives,' said she.

'In Omaha!' we all cried. But there was really no disparagement implied in this ejaculation, for it must be acknowledged that Omaha, after its first reception of us, had treated us with the greatest kindness.

'He can not be here for a fortnight at least,' it is pointed out to her. 'We could in that time go on to Idaho and be back here to meet him, if he does not wish, like the rest of us, to have a look at the Rocky Mountains.'

'I can not tell what his wishes may be,' said the young wife, thoughtfully, 'and there is no means of explaining to him where to find us if we move from here.'

'There is every means,' it is again pointed out. 'All you have to do is to address a letter to the New York office of the line, and it will be given to him even before he lands.'

This notion of sending a letter seemed to give her great delight. She spent the whole of the rest of the evening in her own room. No human being but him to whom they were addressed ever knew what were the outpourings of her soul on that occasion. Later on, she came in to bid us goodnight. She looked very happy, but her eyes were red.

Then two members of our small party went out into the cool night air to smoke a cigar. The broad streets of Omaha were dark and deserted; there were no roisterers going home, no lights showing that the gambling-houses were still open. The place was as quiet as a Surrey village on a Sunday morning when every body is at church.

'I have been thinking,' says one of them; and this is a startling statement, for he is not much given that way. 'And what these ladies talk about Balfour doing when he comes out here—oh, that is all stuff, that is all folly and nonsense. It is romantic—oh yes, it is very fine to think of; and for an ordinary poor man it is a great thing to have one hundred and sixty acres of freehold land—and very good land—from the

government; and if he knows any thing about farming, and if he and his family will work, that is very well. But it is only romantic folly to talk about that and Balfour together. His wife—it is very well for her to be brave, and say this thing and that thing; but it is folly: they can not do that. That is the nonsense a great many people in England think—that, when they have failed at every thing, they can farm. Oh yes; I would like to see Lady Sylvia help to build a house, or to milk a cow even. But the other thing, that is a little more sensible. They say the railway has beautiful grazing land—beautiful grazing land—that you can buy for a pound or thirty shillings an acre; and a man might have a large freehold estate for little. But the little is something; and there is the cost of the stock, and the taxes; and if Balfour had enough money for all that, how do you know that he will be able to make his fortune by stock-raising?'

'I don't know any thing about it.'

'No,' said the lieutenant, with decision; 'these things are only romantic folly. It is good for a laboring-man who has a little money to have a homestead from the government, and work away; and it is good for a farmer who knows about cattle to buy acres from the railway, and invest his money in cattle, and look after them. As for Balfour and his wife—'

A semicircular streak of fire in the darkness, a wave of the hand indicated by the glowing end of the cigar, showed how the lieutenant disposed of that suggestion.

'Do you think,' said he, after a time—'you have known him longer than I have—do you think he is a proud man?'

'As regards his taking to some occupation or other?'

'Yes.'

'He will have to put his pride in his pocket. He is a reasonable man.'

'There was one thing that my wife and I talked of last night,' said the lieutenant, with a little hesitation; 'but I am afraid to speak it, for it might be—impertinent. Still, to you I will speak it; you will say no more if you do not approve. You know, at the end of one year, my wife and I we find ourselves with all this large property on our hands. Then we have to decide what to do with it.'

'Sell every stick and stone of it, and take the proceeds back with you to England. You can not manage such a property five thousand miles away. Bell's uncle, mind you, trusted to nobody; he was his own overseer and manager, and a precious strict one, if all accounts be true. You carry that money back to England, buy a castle in the Highlands, and an immense shooting, and ask me each August to look in on you about the 12th. That is what a sensible man would do.'

'But wait a bit, my friend. This is what my wife says—yes, it is her notion; but she is very fearful not to offend. She says if this property is going on paying so well, and increasing every year, would it not be better for us to give some one a good salary to remain there and manage it for us? Do you see now? Do you see?'

'And that was your wife's notion? Well, it is a confoundedly clever one; but it was her abounding good-nature that led her to it. Unfortunately there is a serious drawback. You propose to offer this post to Balfour'?

'Gott bewahre!' exclaimed the lieutenant, almost angrily, for he was indeed 'fearful not to offend;' 'I only say to you what is a notion—what my wife and I were speaking about. I would not have it mentioned for worlds, until, at least, I knew something about—about—'

'About the light in which Balfour would regard the offer. Unless he is an ass, which I don't believe, he would jump at it. But there is the one objection, as I say: Balfour probably knows as much about the raising of cattle as he knows about mining—which is nothing at all. And you propose to put all these things into his hands?'

'My good friend,' said the lieutenant, 'he is a man; he has eyes; he is a good horseman; he can learn. When he comes out here, let him stay with us. He has a year to learn. And do you suppose that Bell's uncle he himself looked after the cattle, and drove them this way and that, and sold them? No, no; no more than he went down into the mines and watched them at the work. If Balfour will do this—and it is only a notion yet—he will have to keep the accounts, and he will judge by the results what is going on right. And so shall we too. If it does not answer, we can sell. I think he is a patient, steady man, who has

resolution. And if he is too proud, if he is offended, we could make it an interest rather than salary—a percentage on the year's profits—'

'Well, if you ask me what I think of it, I consider that he is very lucky to have such a chance offered. He will live in the healthiest and most delightful climate in the world; he and his wife, who are both excessively fond of riding, will pass their lives on horseback; he may make some money; and then he will be able to come up here and go in for a little speculation in real estate, just by way of amusement. But, my dear young friend, allow me to point out that when you talk of the women's schemes as romantic, and of your wife's and yours as a matter of business, you try to throw dust into the eyes of innocent folks. You are contemplating at present what is simply a magnificent act of charity.'

'Then,' said he, with real vexation, 'it is all over. No, we will make him no such offer unless it is a matter of business: he will only resent it if it is a kindness.'

'And are there many people, then, who are in such a wild rage to resent kindness? Where should we all be but for forbearance, and forgiveness, and charity? Is he a god, that he is superior to such things?'

'You know him better than I do,' is the gloomy response.

But the lieutenant, as we walked back to the hotel, was rather displeased that his proposal was not looked upon as a bit of smart commercial calculation.

(*To be continued.*)

TRANSUBSTANTIATION AND ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.

The question—*odium theologicum* or charity: which?—is among the most practically momentous that a Canadian can put to himself. Situated as the people of this Dominion are with regard to Ultramontanism and Protestantism, it is a matter of vital concern that nothing should be said or done which will tend to foster that spirit of sectarian bitterness which unfortunately prevails between the two principal religious elements of the population. 'Bear and forbear' should be the motto on both sides. Nor can a national magazine like the CANADIAN MONTHLY engage in a holier work than that of using whatever influence it may possess to disseminate the spirit inculcated by that maxim, and to discountenance its opposite.

This being so, perhaps I may be allowed to refer once more, and at some length, to the publication in this country of Gideon Ouseley's work on 'Old Christianity,'* and to the attitude which the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* and the *Christian Guardian* have thought fit to assume respecting its reproduction, and towards Catholics and their doctrine of transubstantiation generally. In the issue of the *Guardian* of the 7th of November there appeared an article headed, with customary politeness, 'Feeble and Fallacious,' replying to certain remarks made by me in this Magazine, 'Round the Table,' last month. The tone which the *Guardian* thinks proper to adopt towards myself is a matter of trifling moment,—no doubt of as much indifference to the general public as it is to me. But the language which it uses and the attitude which it assumes toward the religious faith of so large a body of our fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians as the Roman Catholics, is a matter of public concern. With the memory of riot and bloodshed in the not remote past, and the possibility of civil war looming in the future, the man who adds fuel to the lurid flame of religious passion which already burns amongst us, is a public enemy, and should be held up to reproba-

* Old Christianity against Papal Novelties. By Gideon Ouseley. Toronto: Samuel Rose, 1877.

tion as such. Protestant being a majority, should set an example of brotherly forbearance and Christian charity; a duty especially incumbent on religious journals and ministers of religion, to whom we all look for guidance.

In behalf of Ouseley himself something may be said in extenuation. He lived in an age and country where religious rancour and sectarian hatred ran riot; a spirit to which he himself was a victim, to the extent even of having one of his eyes knocked out with a stone while preaching in the open air. But, without wishing to speak ill of the dead, it must in all honesty be said that he himself did much to provoke the violence from which he suffered. In proof of this no other evidence is wanted than his own book. It absolutely reeks with *odium theologicum* of the most malignant type. Rich as the English language is in terms of invective, its vocabulary of polemical abuse is well-nigh exhausted by Ouseley in the adjectives and epithets which he applies to Roman Catholics and their doctrines. He sets it down as certain that the Pope is Antichrist, 'the eighth beast which rose from the bottomless pit,' 'the dreadful man of sin;' that the Roman Catholic religion is a 'most frightful apostasy, in its many doctrines, idolatries, deceptions, cruelties, and blasphemies, which no informed pope, prelate, or priest ever did believe;' that the Church of Rome 'can never be reformed' (why, then, did he write his book?); that 'no informed, honest man can be a priest' (so that John Henry Newman, for instance, must be either a rogue or a fool, possibly both); that Roman Catholic priests are guilty of blasphemy, fraud, falsehood, and imposture, and are not God's ministers; that the doctrine of purgatory comes from 'Satan and his school;' that the worship of the host is 'the most diabolical idolatry that ever appeared among men; and is, in fact, not less than an agreement with Satan to secure the ruin of body and soul in hell;' that any one who believes in a certain other Catholic doctrine must be 'either ignorant, or insane, or a wicked man and of the devil,' and that, 'as the way of Christ is the sure and narrow way to Heaven, so must this doctrine that opposes it be the certain, broad road to hell.' Language of this sort gives the prevailing tone to the book, the general character of which may be gathered from the titles at the head of the pages. Here are some of them:—'Antichristian,' 'Absurd and Idolatrous,' 'A grievous Sacrilege,' 'The Latter-day Apostasy,' 'Rise of the Apostate Chieftain,' 'The Place of the Man of Sin's Abode,' 'The Pride of the Man of Sin,' 'Man of Sin dressed in Scarlet,' 'Pollution encouraged,' 'Lying Wonders and Miracles,' 'The Beast destroys the Saints,' 'The Drunken Woman kills the Saints,' 'Number of the Beast's Name,' 'The Mock-God—Antichrist.' On page 358 the word 'lie' occurs thirteen times, in seven of them with the added emphasis of italics or capitals. Here is a sentence on that page: 'In a word, as every false doctrine is a lie, when all the dogmas combatted in these sheets are proved opposed to the gospel, and are notorious lies, of course, must not that creed that teaches them be therefore the greatest lie possible?' The work appropriately closes with the following unctuous invocation: 'And now, O my God, my God, hear for Christ's sake, hear my prayer, and pour out thy enriching blessing on this book, this little effort to promote thy glory, and bring those for whom it was written to thy gospel salvation, and to thy presence, thy glory, and thy kingdom for evermore. Amen, and Amen. GIDEON OUSELEY. Methodist Irish Missionary.'

In the September number of this Magazine this book was reviewed in terms befitting its character. The review was answered by the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, which justified the work and its republication, and said that, when the present edition is exhausted, no doubt a new one will be issued. The review was also replied to by the *Christian Guardian* in an article headed 'The Canadian Monthly on the War Path,' which also justified both the book and its republication. Hence the present controversy, which has run mainly into a side issue on the question of Transubstantiation and Idolatry. As the utility and value of Ouseley's style of controversy can be tested on that issue as well as any other, the discussion will be continued on the same line.

To avoid misapprehension, I may premise that the assertions or insinuations made by the *Guardian* respecting my identity and 'high-church logic' are incorrect. I did

not write either the review of Ouseley's work which appeared in the September number of this Magazine, or the 'Note' on p. 435 of the following number; nor am I a Catholic or a High-Churchman. My belief respecting the Last Supper is, I fancy, the same as that of the editor of the *Guardian*. It is that of Zwingli, namely, that Christ instituted the Sacrament simply as a memorial, and intended the bread and wine to be mere symbols. I give the opinion for what it is worth. I make no claim to infallibility, and freely acknowledge that my view may be wrong, and that of the Roman Catholic right. I acknowledge, also, that the Roman Catholic has as much right to his belief as I have to mine. I do not think it becoming or Christian-like to coarsely revile either him or his religion because it happens to differ from mine. Ultramontanism is another affair. If a Roman Catholic seeks to curtail the rights of others, or to meddle improperly in the secular sphere of politics, he must be stopped —by persuasion if possible, by force if need be. Happily, that question is not even touched by the subject under discussion.

On that subject the editor of the *Guardian* at last shows that he appreciates the point made by the reviewer in this Magazine. In his article of the 7th of November he admits that 'a person guilty of what another holds to be idolatry is not necessarily an idolater.' He even says, 'No one will controvert this. It was never disputed by us.' The fact is, that this discussion was brought about by his justification of Ouseley's language, including the word 'idolaters.' The controversy has at last resulted in the abandonment of an untenable position. The *Guardian* now admits that a person guilty of what *it* 'holds to be idolatry, is not necessarily an idolater.' It consequently implicitly admits that Ouseley was wrong in calling Catholics idolaters, and that itself was wrong in justifying his language. So far, good. But what the editor of the *Guardian* takes back in one sentence, he in effect reiterates in others. He repeatedly speaks of Catholics as worshipping 'a piece of dough.' He thinks it becoming in a minister of the Gospel of universal charity, and of peace and goodwill to all men, to outrage the feelings of the vast majority of his fellow-Christians by speaking of their faith in this truly elegant, refined, charitable, and Christianlike way.

Is such language justifiable? A brief sketch of the history of the doctrine thus described will help to answer that question. Last month, I said that 'the doctrines of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation may be traced back to Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and other Christian Fathers of the second century.' I did not wish to appear to overstate the facts, or I might have said that the doctrines in question are really traced back to the New Testament. The Christian literature of the first century is almost wholly lost, or they could no doubt be found there. Mr. Blunt says that 'no controversy on the subject arose in the early Church, and therefore, no exact statement as to the nature of the change effected by consecration is to be expected. But that a change does take place is asserted and taken for granted as admitting of no dispute *from the first*.'* The Bishop of Winchester (Dr. E. Harold Browne) says: 'Thus much we must premise as unquestionable. The *whole* primitive Church evidently believed in *a presence* of Christ in the Eucharist. *All* spoke of feeding there on Christ; eating His Body and drinking His Blood.'† Dr. Browne argues that 'the carnal doctrine of transubstantiation had not risen' in the time of the early Fathers; but his own citations are against him. Another Protestant authority says: 'Not only was the solemnity, in conformity with its original institution, repeated daily in conjunction with the so-called *Agapæ* (love-feasts), and retained as a separate rite when these feasts were set aside; but *from the very first* it was believed to possess a peculiar efficacy, and soon ideas of the wonderful and mystical became associated with it.'‡

A few citations will give an idea as to the doctrine held by the early Fathers.§ Justin Martyr (A.D. 147)‖ says: 'We receive

* Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 759.

† Thirty-nine Articles, 10th ed., p. 679.

‡ Chambers's Encyclopædia, Revised ed., vol. 6, p. 101.

§ The evidence is collected in Browne's 'Thirty-nine Articles,' 10th ed., pp. 677-725, and Blunt's 'Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology,' pp. 759-792.

‖ The figures within the brackets are the approximate dates when the authors cited wrote or flourished.

not the Lord's Supper as common bread, or common drink; but as our Saviour Jesus Christ was incarnate by the Word of God, and for our salvation had both flesh and blood; so we have learnt, that this food which hath been blessed by the prayer of the word proceeding from Him, *and by which our flesh and blood are by transmutation nourished,* is the flesh and blood of that incarnate Jesus.'* Irenæus (A.D. 180) says: 'The bread which is from the earth, after the divine invocation upon it, is no longer common bread, but the eucharist, consisting of two things; the one earthly, the other heavenly.'† Mr. Blunt says: 'The Liturgies and Fathers *universally* indicate the belief of the Church that by consecration the substances of the bread and wine become, or are made, the Body and Blood of the Lord. Thus Irenæus says that it (the broken bread and mingled cup) becometh the Eucharist of the body of the Lord; St. Ambrose [A.D. 374] that the bread is made the Flesh of Christ; and St. Chrysostom [A.D. 393], that the oblations become the Body and Blood of Christ. But the Fathers also declare under varied forms of expression, that the bread and wine are changed into the Body and Blood of Christ. Thus St. Ambrose says, "Shall not Christ's word avail to change *(mutet)* the elements—to change that which was into what it was not." He also compares the sacramental mutation to the change of Moses' rod into a serpent, to the change of the water of the Nile into Blood; and St. Cyril of Jerusalem [A.D. 350], to the change of water into wine in the miracle of Cana.'‡ St. Cyril also says, 'that what seems bread is not bread though the sense will have it so,' and that wine 'is changed into blood.'‡

The early Liturgies are equally explicit. That of Jerusalem says that 'the Holy Ghost may sanctify and make the bread the Holy Body of Christ.'‡ The Mozarabic, or Old Spanish, which was earlier than A.D. 636, says that 'bread is changed into flesh and wine transformed into blood.' The old Gallican, that the elements are 'transformed into the Sacrament of His Body and Blood,' that the Holy Spirit 'converts wine into blood,' and that 'wine is changed into the Blood and bread into the Body of Christ.'* Mr. Blunt further says: 'The doctrine of the Real Presence was *unanimously* taught; other questions were regarded as unimportant, and, however decided, as not trenching upon this fundamental verity. Thus Theodoret [A.D. 423], who states most expressly the existence of the outward symbols, yet adds, they are believed to be what they are called, Christ's Body and Blood, *and are worshipped.*'† And again: 'We have ample proof that a gross and material view of the Real Presence was taught in the 8th and 9th centuries, in the Middle Ages, and at the period of the Reformation.'† The rationalistic or symbolical view had a few adherents at different times, such as Origen and Scotus Erigena, but it seems never to have been general.

The attitude of the mediæval Church will be referred to later on. Even after the Reformation the belief in the Real Presence was practically universal. All were agreed as to Christ being present in the elements; the sole dispute was as to the mode. Only Zwingli and his followers held the symbolical view, and their opinion was 'regarded with general abhorrence.'‡ 'Luther bitterly opposed the symbolical view, especially towards the latter part of his career; Zwingli's doctrine was more repugnant to him than the deeper and more mystic Catholic doctrine.'§ His own view was that 'the body and blood of Christ were present in, or along with, the elements of bread and wine; in a manner analogous to that in which the divinity of Christ co-exists in the same person with his human nature. Hence, by an analogy with the word incarnation, he devised for the Eucharistic union the term impanation.'‖ The word *panis* (bread) took the place of *caro*, gen. *carnis* (flesh). Instead of God manifest in the flesh, we have God manifest in the bread. This is

* Apol. I. c. 66, cited in Welchman's Thirty-nine Articles, p. 67, ed. 1848.

† Adv. Hær. l. 4, c. 18 (c. 35, Oxf. ed.) Welchman, *ubi supra.*

‡ Blunt, Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 761.

* *Ibid*, p. 761.

† *Ibid*, p. 762.

‡ Baxter's Church History, 2nd ed., p. 369.

§ Chambers's Encyclopædia, ed. 1876, vol. 6, p. 192.

‖ *Ibid*, vol. 5, p. 525-6. It is not strictly accurate to say that the word 'impanation' was *devised* by Luther. It occurs at least as early as John of Paris, A. D. 1300.

the orthodox doctrine of the Lutheran Church to this day. A question here suggests itself which, simple as it is, seems never to have occurred to Luther. If he worshipped God when present in the flesh, why not when present in the bread?—a problem by no means easy of solution. Lord Cobham's belief was similar to Luther's. He expressed it thus: 'I believe that in the sacrament of the altar is Christ's very body in form of bread; that it is Christ's body *and* bread, the former being concealed under the latter, as the invisible Godhead was veiled under the visible Manhood.'* In England, in 1417, this did not go far enough in the direction of transubstantiation, and under the Statute *De Hæretico Comburendo*, Cobham was found guilty of heresy, and roasted alive over a slow fire—tolerably conclusive evidence as to what the doctrine of the church of England was in those days.

As I said last month, Luther's doctrine was 'embodied, with little or no variation, in the Augsburg, Westminister, and other Protestant Confessions, as well as in the Thirty-nine Articles, a document accepted with certain limitations by Methodists themselves.' It will be sufficient to cite the Anglican view, On this subject Mr. Blunt says: 'As far as the formularies and expressed belief of the churches of England and Rome are concerned, they are entirely at one in believing that our Lord's Body and Blood are truly present in the Eucharist, and under such circumstances a philosophical definition as to the mode of the Presence should never have had any influence in interrupting their external communion.'† The twenty-eighth Article, while repudiating transubstantiation, says: 'The Bread which we break is a partaking of the Body of Christ; and likewise the Cup of Blessing is a partaking of the Blood of Christ. . . . . The Body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is Faith.' This doctrine was held and subscribed to by Wesley as a clergyman of the Church of England.

The belief in Transubstantiation, then, and the worship founded on it, can be traced from the earliest dawn of Christianity to the present day. During that time it has been held by thousands of millions of men and women calling themselves Christians, including many of the best and wisest that ever lived; and from A. D. 1050, at least, till the Reformation, it was the official creed of the Christian Church universal, non-belief involving the penalty of excommunication. It is of a doctrine and worship with such a history as this that shining lights of Methodism can find nothing more charitable to say than to call it 'worshipping a piece of dough,' and 'the most diabolical idolatry that ever appeared among men'. Was ever Catholic converted to Protestantism by such language?

The logic of the *Guardian* would convict Wesley himself of theoretical idolatry, for believing that God could be present in dough, or that dough could contain God. Nay, by pushing his logic to its ultimate conclusion, the same label of idolatry can be fastened on the back of the editor of that paper himself. As thus: a Mohammedan and an Unitarian appear on the scene, and turning to him, say:

'Your language, in calling Catholics idolaters, and worshippers of a piece of dough, besides being coarse, vulgar, and abusive, is utterly inconsistent. By your own shewing you also must be an idolater, for you worship Christ, a man composed of flesh and blood and bones like yourself.'

Here a Roman Catholic steps forward, and the following 'imaginary conversation' takes place. (The quoted passages put into the mouth of the editor, are extracts from the *Guardian* of the 7th Nov.)

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—What have you to say to that?

EDITOR GUARDIAN.—Simply this. 'All depends upon whether the charge is just or not.' Because they call 'white black' must I 'not dare to call black black'? Because they call my worship idolatry, am I not to call your idolatry idolatry. Now my faith tells me that Christ was more than man; he was God. To worship him, then, is not idolatry.

R. C.—Well, my faith tells me that the 'dough' is more than 'dough'; it is God. To worship it, then, is not idolatry. If flesh and blood may be God, why not 'dough'? Both are only matter. Will you

* Baxter's Church History, 2nd ed., p. 320.

† Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 763.

dictate to Omnipotence the mode in which he shall manifest himself to his creatures?

Ed. G. (*looking down upon his presumptuous interlocutor with that ineffable air of lofty spiritual pride which sits so easily on certain sel.-sufficient preachers of the gospel of humility*).—You poor deluded creature, why do you 'mix up things that essentially differ, as if truth and falsehood, right and wrong, had the same claim to belief and respect?' *I* am the arbiter in this business. *I* am the infallible judge of truth and falsehood, right and wrong. The difference between us is as between white and black. My faith is true, your's is false. Mine is right, your's is wrong. My doxy is orthodoxy, your doxy is heterodoxy. My faith is the infallibly true gospel according to the infallible John Wesley (infallible, that is, except as to his idolatrous 'Popish doctrine' of the Real Presence,—a mere spot on the sun, a mark to shew that he was human), and leads straight to heaven; your's, you poor benighted creature, is ignorant credulity, vile superstition, and debasing idolatry, which leads straight to hell. Ouseley says so.

R. C.—It is all very well to treat my faith in this cavalier fashion; but in so doing you commit moral suicide. You cannot impugn *my* faith without impugning faith in the abstract, your own included. We are seated-side by side on the same bough of the tree of religious life, and if you saw it off you will be landed on the earth as well as I. And will not the scoffing infidel, with his gibes, and the rationalist then tell us that our vain attempt to soar into the cloudland of faith has only resulted in an ignominious descent on to the hard and solid ground of fact and reason; and recommend us to get up and walk on our feet like men?

Ed. G.—Wrong again! We are *not* seated on the same bough. Your bough is credulity and superstition; mine is true faith.

R. C.—Well then, show me that your faith that Christ is God is true.

Ed. G.—The Bible says so.

R. C.—I agree with you there. But I also believe the Bible when it tells us what Christ said.

Ed. G.—And what did He say?

R. C.—Many things. These among others: 'This is my body'; 'I am the bread of life'; 'if any man eat of this bread he shall live forever'; 'the bread that I will give is my flesh'; 'except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you . . for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed'.

Ed. G.—True; but all spoken in a figurative sense.

R. C.—So you say; but to my mind the words were intended literally. Who am I that I should dare to give any other meaning to God's word than that which it naturally bears? Beyond question Christ's hearers understood his language literally, and were not corrected by Him for so doing. Witness their question: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?'

Ed. G.—But I say it is figurative.

R. C.—Well, who is to decide between us? If you put the question to the vote you will find yourself among a small minority; the literal interpretation is held by three-fourths of the Christian world.

Ed. G.—Poor ignorant creatures, whose opinions go for nothing.

R. C.—Well, at least you will have some respect for the opinion of Luther, your 'great reformer,' as you call him. On this very question of the Real Presence he 'taught, as one of the most central truths of Christianity, that nothing but the literal acceptation of our Saviour's language was admissible. Without defining accurately the manner of the Eucharistic Presence, he contended that the Body of the Lord was truly *there*, and absolutely refused to hold communion with all persons who insisted on resolving the words of institution into *figures*, or who construed them as nothing more than symbolical expressions pointing to the barely commemorative aspect of the Lord's Supper.' If you doubt my word on this point, turn to p. 51 of Archdeacon Hardwick's 'History of the Church during the Reformation,' 5th ed., revised by Prof. Stubbs, the greatest living historian, as Mr. Freeman calls him.

Ed. G.—I don't doubt your word. But you don't suppose that Protestants pin their faith to everything that Luther said.

R. C.—Did the great Luther, then, sit alongside of us Catholics on the bough of 'credulity and superstition'?

Ed. G.—On this point, certainly. Haven't

I already told you that *I* am the arbiter here—the infallible interpreter of biblical truth. When I say the language of the Bible is literal, it *is* literal, and when I say it is figurative, figurative it is.

R. C.—But are you quite sure as to the validity of your claim to infallibility. If I mistake not, Ouseley devotes one whole 'Letter' (the second), of fifty-seven pages, to proving that infallibility is an impossibility, and that the Church of Rome is overturned.

Ed. G.—That is Romish infallibility. If you will look at his appendix, p. 393, you will see that he demonstrates with equal conclusiveness that the Protestant rule of faith 'is strictly infallible.'

R. C.—True, I had forgotten. But to turn to another argument in my favour. I refer to the cloud, or shechinah, between the cherubim in the Holy of Holies, which there is no doubt the Jewish high-priest worshipped as 'the visible presence of God.' Apart from faith, where is the difference between worshipping a cloud and worshipping 'a piece of dough'?

Ed. G.—Assuming that the high-priest did worship the shechinah, which I deny, there would be no real analogy. Haven't I already told you that faith is a question of right and wrong, truth and falsehood? The high-priest's faith was true, your's is false. Consequently his act was worship, while your's is idolatry.

R. C.—I suppose then that the high-priest was seated like yourself on the bough of true faith.

Ed. G.—Certainly.

R. C.—Was he seated on that bough when he rent his garments and condemned Christ to death?

Ed. G.—Of course not. How stupid you are. What has the condemnation of Christ got to do with your worshipping a piece of dough? You seem almost as muddled as Dr. Holland.

R. C.—Dr. Holland; who is he?

Ed. G.—The editor of Scribner; a 'clever and clear-headed man,' whom I demolished in my paper of the 7th November. I settled him with the epithet 'muddled.' A happy one, was it not?

R. C.—Yes, and quite characteristic and in keeping with the vigorous tone of your paper. It must be a pleasure to your subscribers to see that the language of their organ is losing none of that peculiar and precious quality for which it has always been famous, and which your friend the editor of the *Methodist Magazine* so happily describes as 'earnestness.'

Ed. G. (*his face beaming with pleasure*).—You flatter me. But I am glad to see that you are a man of taste; I don't know but that I may be able to do something with you yet.

R. C.—You have put things to me very clearly; still I am not quite convinced. Moreover, though you may be right in saying that I am on the broad road to hell, still I can take comfort in the thought that I am not alone in my belief. There is the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province, for instance, and his daughters, whom you, as a loyal subject, no doubt pray for every Sunday. As your prayers seem to have been of no avail, suppose you go to one of their 'at Homes,' and read them a few chapters out of Ouseley's genial book; or one or two of those beautiful articles which recently appeared in your paper, on the evils of besotted ignorance, gross superstition, and debased idolatry. They are so meek, so gentle, so full of charity, of the milk of human kindness, of sweetness and light, of truly Christian humility. They would do them a world of good. That one, particularly, where you ring the changes on that fine, sonorous phrase, 'worshipping a piece of dough,' would, I am sure, give them especial delight. Who knows? You might even convert them to Methodism.

Ed. G.—Happy thought! Now that you have suggested it I really don't see why I should not take an early opportunity of acting on your well meant hint.

R. C.—Do, and take my blessing with you. But, to return to what I was saying about not being alone in my 'idolatry,' let me remind you that while there are only about 100,000,000 Protestants in the world, who are divided among themselves on questions of Consubstantiation, Impanation, the Real Presence, the Symbolic interpretation, and half a dozen others, there are some 275,000,000 members of the Roman Catholic and Greek Churches, who believe in Transubstantiation as I do.

Ed. G.—And all of whom are as ignorant, as credulous, as superstitious, and as idolatrous as yourself; and, as Ouseley says, on the broad road to hell.

R. C. (*stung at last, and turning like the worm*).—Not so. You calumniate them. Among them are men who would scorn to use the language and resort to the arts of controversy which you adopt towards them; men who intellectually and morally are as high above you as Heaven is above the earth—Cardinal Manning, for instance, the sainted John Henry Newman,—

Ed. G. (*with an aspect of thunder and the voice of a Boanerges*).—Oh, this is monstrous! This is sacrilege! Have you forgotten who I am? Manning me no Mannings and Newman me no Newmans. A fig for both of them! A fig for all the others you were going to name! What are they to ME, the duly accredited (self-constituted) guardian of Christian truth, the infallible Pope of Methodism, the only infallibly true religion under Heaven? Wretch, begone!

R. C. (*abashed and quaking with awe*).—I—I—had forgotten. *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*

The wretched culprit retires, crossing himself, utterly vanquished and humbled; while the exultant victor looks proudly around at his constituents, with the air of a conqueror waiting for the applause to come in. It comes in accordingly. It always does. His constituents read little besides Methodist literature, and consequently hear nothing on the other side save what he pleases to tell them in his own way. What that way is I shall presently show. But first let us investigate his claims to infallibility a little more closely than did his imaginary opponent; who, though so easily overawed by the overbearing style of his antagonist, is a rather favourable specimen of the Roman Catholic man of straw which journals of the calibre of the *Guardian* set up in order to enjoy the agreeable pastime of knocking down again. Whether the assertive method would be equally successful with a real flesh-and-blood Catholic is doubtful, or rather, not at all doubtful. Be this as it may, the question of the *Guardian's* infallibility, at least, can be settled. The following extract from the article of the 7th Nov. is sufficient for the purpose:

'This writer' [meaning myself], 'who was indignant at having his Protestantism impugned, claims that, before the Reformation, universal Christendom worshipped the consecrated elements as God! This is a slander on Christendom. It was Innocent III., at the fourth Lateran Council, in 1215, that imposed on the Church the dogma of transubstantiation. Before that time even the term was unknown; and it was centuries later before it was received by the Greek Church.'

This extract is a tissue of inaccuracies. First, it was not I who was 'indignant,' but the writer of the 'note' on p. 435 of the October number of this Magazine. Next, my words are incorrectly given. What I said was this: 'During several centuries, universal Christendom believed, as an integral and vital part of its religion, that the bread in the mass was God, or that God was present in it;' and a little further on I asked: 'The whole Christian world, then, being given over to "idolatry" for several centuries previous to the year 1500 or thereabouts, will the editor of the *Guardian* be kind enough to tell us what, during those centuries, had become of the Christian religion.' Is it any answer to say that Innocent III. imposed the dogma on the Church in 1215? That is the very date I had in my mind when writing. The men referred to by me—Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, Aquinas, Chaucer, Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Copernicus, Savonarola, Sir Thomas More, and St. Xavier—all lived between 1215 and the the Reformation (1517). And I now emphatically repeat that, during the three centuries between those two dates, the Christian Church *universal* did believe in the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and that even the exceedingly small and isolated minority who repudiated it, and who were looked upon as heretics in every country in Europe, all believed that Christ was actually present in some shape or another, in the consecrated bread and wine. Of Wiclif's belief a leading authority says: 'His view of the Eucharist is singularly consistent, as much so as may be on so abtruse a subject. He is throughout labouring to reconcile a Real Presence with the rejection of the grosser Transubstantiation. The Eucharist is Christ's Body and Blood spiritually, sacramentally; but the bread and wine are not annihilated by transubstantiation. *They co-exist*, though to the mind of the believer *the elements are virtually the veritable Body and Blood of the Redeemer.*'* And this was heresy, 'into the domain of

* Milman's Latin Christianity, 3rd ed., vol. 8, p. 194.

which his most influential supporters declined to follow him!'* Huss 'averred Transubstantiation to be a perpetual miracle.'†

Our infallible guide continues: 'It was Innocent III., at the fourth Lateran Council, in 1215, that imposed on the Church the dogma of transubstantiation.' This is another error. There was no need to impose on the Church what it already believed. As it happens, the view of Innocent III. was more spiritual than that of the Church, as may be seen from Neander's account of it.‡ The doctrine, though not formally promulgated, was held officially *by the Church* for at least a hundred and fifty years before 1215. Milner, a strong opponent of transubstantiation, admits that it was established by the Council of Placentia in 1095;§ and that about A. D. 1160, the Court of Rome required it to be acknowledged by all men.‖ In 1050 Berengar was excommunicated by the Synod of Rome for disbelief in it. Is there a better test of church doctrine than excommunication? Berengar proved recalcitrant, and, in 1054, was cited by Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., before the Council of Tours, when he gave in his adhesion to the dogma. He afterwards retracted this and gave forth his real opinion. And what was that? 'He repeatedly declares that the elements are "converted" by consecration into the body and blood of the Saviour; that the bread, from having before been something common, becomes the beatific body of Christ. . It is not a portion of Christ's body that is present in each fragment, but He is fully present throughout.'¶ Can any one, at this time of day, see any material difference between this doctrine and Transubstantiation? And yet it was heresy then, and Berengar was again cited, this time in 1078-9, before the Council at Rome. There he signed 'a confession that the elements are "*substantially*" changed into the real, proper, and life-giving body and blood of Christ;' and he prostrated himself before Gregory in token of unreserved submission, owning that he had sinned in denying a *substantial* change. Berengar again relapsed, and in 1080 was cited before the Council of Bordeaux.* It is in the face of such facts as these that we are told, with an air of authority, that it was Innocent III., in 1215, who 'imposed' the dogma on the Church. Truly there are blind leaders of the blind.

Our trustworthy guide next informs that, before 1215, 'even the term' transubstantiation 'was unknown.' Another error. Bishop Browne says, 'It is said to have been invented by Stephen, Bishop of Augustodunum, about the year 1100;'† but Mr. Blunt asserts that it occurs in a work written by Peter Damian before 1072, and that his words show 'that the term was not altogether unknown when it was thus used.'‡ But, after all, 'what's in a name?' If the belief in Transubstantiation existed, does it matter what it was called? Are the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation 'Papal novelties' because the words do not occur in the Bible? The word 'Trinity' was not invented till A.D. 180. The logic of the *Guardian* would wipe out of existence the very sect of which it is an organ. For, copying its language, it might be said, 'It was John Wesley, who, more than five hundred years after A.D. 1215, imposed Methodism on the Church. Before that time even the term was unknown!' Alas! then, for Methodism!

The last clause of the monumental extract which I have quoted asserts that it was centuries after 1215 before transubstantiation 'was received by the Greek Church.' The allusion here, of course, is to the formal promulgation of the doctrine by the Synod of Jerusalem in 1672. But what has the formal promulgation of a doctrine to do with the actual belief of the Church? The doctrine of the Trinity was not formally promulgated till the Council of Nice, A.D. 325; and, as I have already shewn, Transubstantiation was the official and orthodox doctrine of the Church of Rome at least a century and a half before it was formally promulgated. As a matter of fact, the belief was quite as early and as general in the Greek Church as in the Roman. In

* Baxter's Church History, 2nd ed., p. 310.
† Milman, *ubi supra*, p. 285.
‡ Church History, vol. 7, p. 471.
§ Church History, vol. 3, p. 285, ed. 1827.
‖ *Ibid*, p. 438.
¶ Robertson's Church History, vol. 2, p. 685, marginal p. 662.

* *Ibid*, p. 687, marginal p. 664.
† Thirty-nine Articles, p. 099.
‡ Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 759.

1274, under Gregory X., at the second Council of Lyons, the two Churches were actually reunited, and remained so during seven years, 1274-81. As to agreement in doctrine, Archdeacon Hardwick says: 'A later session of the prelates, on July 6 [1274], beheld the representatives of Michael Palæologus [the Emperor at Constantinople] abjure the ancient schism, and recognize the papal primacy, *as well as the distinctive tenets* of the Roman Church.'* This does not imply that Transubstantiation was then a distinctive tenet of Rome, but it does imply that no difference of doctrine existed after the union. The two churches were in union when Berengar was excommunicated in 1050: and, at the schism in 1054, transubstantiation was not a cause of difference, the only question respecting the Eucharist being as to the use of leavened or unleavened bread. As to the belief of the Eastern Church in earlier ages, Mr. Blunt says: 'St. John Damascene sums up the teachings of the Greek Fathers, that the elements are supernaturally transmuted (ὑπερφυῶς μεταποιοῦνται) into the body and blood of Christ.'† The old Jerusalem Liturgy quoted above (p. 630), affords additional proof as to the belief of the Greek Church. And, of course, before the first schism, in A.D. 734, the doctrine of the two Churches was identical. Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Cyril of Jerusalem, and Chrysostom were Greek Fathers, and what their views were has been already shewn.

The *Guardian's* pretensions to set itself up as an infallible judge of 'truth and falsehood, right and wrong,' are now, I fancy, pretty effectually disposed of. The result suggests a not uninstructive antithesis.

There is something which appeals to the historic imagination, something imposing in its grandeur, in the claim to infallibility by a Church hoar with antiquity and hallowed by the stirring memories of nearly two thousand years; a Church which during that time has been the solace in this life, and the guide to that beyond the grave, to thousands of millions of human souls. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step. A dramatist, one who knew his fellow-man tolerably well, has told us that,

'Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.
. . . . . Man, proud man!
Dress'd in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep.'

There is, I repeat, something respectable in the claim of the Roman Catholic Church to infallibility. But for a mushroom religious journal,—the weekly organ of a church, or rather a Provincial section of a church, which is but a thing of yesterday, a little over a hundred years old, itself a creation of dissent, of the right of private judgment, and which to-day numbers as adherents the world over, only ten or twelve millions all told,—for a journal such as this to be putting on *ex cathedra* infallible airs, setting itself up as an infallible judge of divine truth and an infallible interpreter of divine revelation, and dealing round cheap imitation thunder stolen from the Vatican, when all the while it is merely shewing its own ignorance of the commonest facts of ecclesiastical history, is a spectacle for the mirth of the gods—one to make the angels expire in peals of laughter. It is too supremely ridiculous.

Once upon a time a frog tried to swell itself out to the size of an ox. The frog burst.

But there are worse things than even Ignorance aping Infallibility. To falsify the language of an opponent is one of them.

The *Guardian* leads its readers to infer that I said, or undertook to prove, that the Jewish high-priest 'worshipped the incense as God.' The word 'incense' was not once used by me. The word I used, and used twice, was 'cloud,' referring of course to the shechinah between the cherubim in the Holy of Holies, which the high-priest *did* worship as 'the visible presence of God.' The *Guardian* substitutes 'incense' for 'cloud.' That is, the guardian of truth garbles.

In another place the *Guardian* says, 'It is alleged,' meaning by me, 'that the whole Christian Church . . . . held transubstantiation from the time of Irenæus and

* Church History, Middle Age, 4th ed., p. 281.
† Dictionary of Doctrinal and Historical Theology, p. 761.—John of Damascus wrote about A.D. 470.

Justin Martyr down till the Protestant Reformation!' What I said was that 'the doctrines of the Real Presence and Transubstantiation may be traced back to Irenæus, Justin Martyr, and other Christian Fathers of the second century.' Is there any resemblance between my statement and the *Guardian's* version of it? Not more than there is between 'white' and 'black.' My statement is true, the *Guardian's* version of it is untrue. The guardian of truth falsifies.

Again, the *Guardian* leads its readers to infer that I said that 'universal Christendom for centuries worshipped a piece of dough as God.' What I said was that 'during several centuries universal Christendom believed, as an integral and vital part of its religion, that the bread in the mass was God, *or that God was present in it.*' The *Guardian* leaves out the important portion which I have now italicised. The guardian of truth suppresses the truth.

The *suggestio falsi* and the *suppressio veri* —yes, both are there. But enough of the *Christian Guardian.* I here take leave of it, not without joy. Its editor will no doubt reply to what I have written. He is welcome to all the advantage which having the last word will give him. For myself, I shall notice him no more. The spectacle is not an edifying one of a religious journal, claiming by its title to be in an especial sense a guardian of Christian truth, misquoting, garbling, and falsifying the language of an opponent, in order to make a bad cause appear a good one; nor is a controversialist who resorts to such tactics one with whom a discussion can be profitably continued. And so I bid him farewell.

Having done so, I can return to my starting-point. It was there acknowledged that something might be said for Gideon Ouseley in extenuation of his having, sixty-five years ago, and in Ireland, written such a work as 'Old Christianity.' But is there any adequate plea to be urged in justification of the wrong done by the Methodist publisher who has disinterred that work from the limbo of obsolete rubbish where it was buried, and brought it to light in this country, where of all places it is calculated, by inflaming the sectarian hatred which perennially smoulders amongst us, to do most harm? To whom is the work addressed? To Protestants? Can it do aught but evil to them? The liberal minded and charitable among them will read it with unmitigated disgust; the intolerant and the uncharitable will have their bigotry fanned by it to a white heat. Is it addressed to Catholics? To them the harm will be even greater. Does any one wish to confirm a Romanist in his faith, to render it forever impossible that he shall embrace the religion of the man who wrote such a work, to make him hate his Protestant brother with an undying hatred,—then let him place this book in his hands and bid him read it. Valid excuse for its publication there is none. Let the publisher, then, frankly confess that its reissue was an error in judgment, an anachronism; and that the best thing that remains for him to do is to withdraw it from circulation.

Of the population of this Dominion over a million and a half, or not far from a moiety, are Catholics. Is there any prospect that even a moderate proportion of these will be converted to Protestantism within a generation or two? Not the remotest. The census returns shew a steady increase in the numbers of Catholics from one decennium to another. Is it not, then, the plain duty of Protestants to make terms with the inevitable, to recognize the existence of the Roman Catholic religion in this country as a fact,—fixed, at the very least, for many a long year to come? Let Protestant and Catholic alike respect, both in word and deed, the sacred right of each to worship God in his own way. If propagandism or conversion is attempted, let it be in a kindly, courteous, and Christian spirit. In other things let them sink their religious differences; let them remember only that they are brothers, co-dwellers in a common land, joint-owners of a fair and ample domain; and putting shoulder to shoulder, let them unite their efforts to make the noble heritage which has been entrusted to their keeping, a worthy legacy for those who may come after them; and do what in them lies to help their common country on the road to that glorious destiny which they hope and believe the future has in store for her.

SORDELLO.

TROY.

The Trinity College, Toronto, Prize Poem, for 1877.

All the sweet day the fav'ring Zephyr sped
Our white-sailed pinnace o'er the wavy main,
And now, at eve, we watching from her head
Saw the dark outline of the Trojan plain,
Misty and dim, as things at distance seem
Through the fast-waning light of summer eve,
When waking from their sultry, sad day-dream,
The wan-faced stars grow bright and cease to grieve.
And nearer yet and nearer grew the shore,
Which eve was tinting sober-grey and pale;
And louder swell'd the long, low, broken roar
Of surges climbing o'er the loose-heaped shale.
No voices chid the silence of the air,
That seem'd to sink and die among the cords,
Scarce helping the loose-hanging sail to bear
Us all-expectant to those hoped-for swards,
Save when a sailor cheerily call'd his mate,
Or shrill-tongued halcyon pass'd in landward flight,
On wide-spread pinion home returning late,
And shedding from him brine-drops silv'ry bright.
Full soon we grated on the shingly beach;
Soon disembarked upon that storied shore,
Whose very rocks are eloquent to teach
A world of legend and forgotten lore.
Then parted; and I musing went along,
Half-fearing it might prove delusion strange,
Or sweet enchantment of a magic song,
Which loud-spoke word might dissipate or change.
Still on; while overhead the moon alway
Kept on its course across the sea of sky,
Fathomless-blue, save for some cloudy spray,
And those bright isles, the stars that never die;
Until I reach'd a barrow long and low,
Which the tall grass clothed o'er and wild vines free,
That still, whenever any breeze did blow,
Waved shadowy like the falling of the sea;
And gazing thence upon the moon-lit plain,
The voiceful silence of the saddening scene
Call'd up a city's phantom to my brain,
And caused me muse of what Troy once had been.

How doth the mem'ry of heroic deeds,
Wrought by the heroes of the elder time,
Clothe o'er thy site more than the mantling weeds,
And round thy brows a deathless laurel twine.
Just as those fires which lit the midnight sky,
Changing so many watchful tears to smiles,
Wafted to Hellas the exultant cry,
'Troja is fallen,' o'er the Grecian isles;
So doth thy story, 'mid the rocks of time,
Echo along th' unending cycles through,
Pealing thy name in most melodious chime,
Ne'er growing fainter, nor its notes more few.
All to the magic of that world-sung song,
That god-breath'd legend dost thou owe thy fame;
The golden weft the blind man wove so long,
Hath linked to immortality thy name.
His tale to many another's lyre hath given
Its stirring echoes; and in every age
What story more than of thy woes hath riven
Their hearts who dream upon the poet's page.
And though for long thou in the dust hast lain,
Still, still the visions of the mighty past,
The mem'ry of thy struggle, and thy pain,
Thy god-built turrets,—these forever last.

We call to mind thine ancient royal state,
Thy gold-starr'd ceilings, heaven-reaching towers,
Thine ivory sceptre, and thy Scæan gate,
Thine altars garlanded with sunny flowers:
And, mournful hero, Hector o'er the field
Bearing his targe that smites his steps behind;
Most mighty Hector knowing not to yield,
The best and noblest of a noble kind:
And sad Achilles sitting by the shore,
The shore whereon the violet waves do sigh,
Praying the Gods who live forever more,
Pleading for glory, or to quickly die:
And silver-footed Thetis from the wave
Rising when Phœbus had the snow-peaks kist,
Such grace for him from mighty Jove to crave,
Obscurely fair—most like a morning mist:
And gold-hair'd Paris, beautiful and base;
And her, the Spartan's glorious erring bride,
All for the witch'ry of whose goddess face,
So many Greeks, so many Trojans died:
And many a hero else whom death befell,

And in the zenith of his fame subdued,
And now in meads of gleaming asphodel,
The phantom pleasures of his life delude.

Yet still 'twixt thee and Tenedos there pours
Just as of old the trough of angry sea,
And on the oozy sand still breaks and roars,
As when the black keels lined the yellow lea.
And still the pines of Ida wave aloft
Their tuneful, scented, dove-embow'ring shade;
And 'neath them twilight broods as grey and soft,
As when of yore the shepherd Paris stray'd
With glad Œnone; while their bleating flocks
Grazed the wild thyme bright with ambrosial dew;
And lovers piping 'neath th' o'ershadowing rocks
Laded with love the breezes as they flew.
Still Simois wanders 'mid his voiceful reeds,
And Xanthus rolls his slender length along,
Telling the story of thy mighty deeds,
In lagging accents of a tearful song.
All these, O Troy,—thy streams and woody hill,
Thy barren beach whereon the long ships lay,
Thy famous isle—th' invaders haunt—are still;
But Priam's Ilion hath pass'd away.
Hath pass'd, I said; thy mem'ry ne'er can fade!
The muse hath won thee from the dead again;
A golden glory crowns for aye thy shade;
Thou livest, O Troy, forever unto men!

R. T. NICHOLL.

ROUND THE TABLE.

FRIENDS, countrymen, and alms-givers —especialy alms-givers!—I beseech you to procure forthwith, read, mark, and inwardly digest, a gem of a book, entitled 'The Confessions of an Old Alms-giver, or Three Cheers for the Charity Organization Society.' Published by William Hunt, London. It is a gem of a book, in the first place for its excellent common-sense and practical suggestions, some of which, indeed, will make the ordinary soft-hearted but thoughtless alms-giver stare. If they will only lead him to think, in future, before acting incontinently on the motto '*bis dat qui cito dat*,' they will do a real service, both to him and the objects of his misplaced charity. It is a gem of a book, too, because of the genuine, unadulterated humour which runs through it, from beginning to end, playing like iridescent light around otherwise dry prosaic details, and making the little volume so entertaining that he or she who takes it up is not likely to leave any of it unread, from the preface to the conclusion. The unaffected quaintness and unforced humour, reminding one of the old English humourists, is a refreshing contrast to the mingling of flippancy, irreverence, and coarseness which, in the main, passes for humour among our near neighbours, and infects our own newspapers.

But I am digressing as much as it is this author's habit to do, who, as he says, can 'no more write straight than a crab can crawl straight,' and who, as he also says, 'contracted a curvature of the mental spine,' from having, 'as early as his seventh year or thereabouts, got hold of that rambling, shambling, slanting-dicularly constructed volume, that crab among books, "Tristram Shandy."' And, partly in consequence of this 'mental curvature,' and of the odd and unexpected turns of thought to which it leads, the reader will, notwithstanding the gloomy views of human nature which it opens up, be beguiled into not a few hearty laughs as he listens to the naive 'confessions.' 'Well! and what about the author's practical suggestions?' enquires some utilitarian friend at the Table, who doesn't want amusement so much as information. Let me premise, before mentioning some of them, that the author can claim some reasonable right to speak with

confidence on the subject, seeing that, being a retired officer of some fortune and leisure, he, some twenty years ago, 'determined,' as he tells us, to 'devote myself systematically to efforts among the poor, in the way, not of a mere amiable relaxation to be used like a flute or a novel, but of a downright vocation, whereunto I should give myself as unreservedly as though I were bound by a contract and in receipt of salary.' Such a man may claim a hearing with some grace, when he boldly asserts that 'without organization, alms-givers, whether banded together or acting apart, may soon grow to be more wholesale corrupters of their species than they which be evil-doers by profession.' He comes down with all the force of his sledge-hammer of a pen, on alms-giving without thorough investigation, of the lamentable effects of which he gives many illustrative instances; on yoking together—for the promotion of hypocrisy and imposture—of spiritual and temporal relief; and, in general, on all 'unorganized charity.' Canada is, no doubt, not yet nearly so corrupted as London by this amiable but mischievous influence, yet there are few benevolent souls among ourselves who will not be the better for reading the chapter on 'Overlapping,' and that on 'Alms-giving as an Inoculator.' As to the latter, the author says—and would that lazy-benevolent people would take it to heart!—'Few alms-givers have probably the least suspicion how rapidly they may, with the matter of the disease of pauperism, inoculate whole circles as yet non-pauperized, by a single act of bounty indiscriminately performed, or, if not indiscrimately, at least, without a sufficiently accurate knowledge of all the facts.' And the following will appeal to the experience of many who have shared the thankless task of connexion, officially, with any organized charity. 'I would that those who are so wonderfully *au fait* at pitying the sorrows of 'poor old men,' would reserve a little compassion for poorer committee men, at least when connected with a Charity Organization District Board. For example, some generous person gives us—say ten shillings, and thereupon sends a whole shoal of cases, not for enquiry merely, that were sensible enough, but for 'relief,'—yea, and if the whole be not forthwith relieved, probably at the rate of a pound a head on an average, aye, and relieved according to the subscriber's own notions of the form relief should take, which are ofttimes identically those which the Society was founded to discourage, lo! such generous subscriber is at once brought to the conclusion that the Society is a "swindle," and that he or she cannot conscientiously—what a many-coloured chameleon is conscientiousness!—subscribe to it any longer.' And those who know something of the suffering caused to the deserving poor by careless or dishonest rich employers, in keeping back, for their own convenience, hard-earned wages, will thoroughly enjoy the castigation which the author administers 'to those my blameworthy fellow-countrymen and women who pay not on the spot for what the poor, whether as laundresses, needlewomen, shoemakers, jobbing-tailors, or otherwise, do for them.' In the concluding, or rather the penultimate chapter, 'Unorganized Charity is earnestly entreated to make her will and die,' and a form of bequest is obligingly supplied to her, modelled on the celebrated one of Don Quixote, to whom the said Unorganized Charity is not inaptly compared.

In conclusion, let all our friends at the Table possess themselves of this book, and when they have read it themselves, let them lend it to all their charitable friends. They will find in it many more pearls than in so brief a space I have been at all able to indicate. Let me, in parting, commend the following to the friend who lately discoursed so pathetically on the 'vested interests' of liquor-sellers:—

'But lo, the drink-party have a vested interest, to meddle with which were confiscation! But are there no vested interests save theirs? Have their customers none in their own social and everlasting well-being? Which are of the longer duration? The interests of the drink-merchants? Surely not—they are but life-interests at longest. But, and if the Legislature say, "Ah, but if people like to drink and be damned they must have the opportunity,—'tis one of the prerogatives of civil liberty with which we may not interfere": be it so. But how about the *jus tertii*? I am no teetotaller any more than the Bible. But neither am I a drink-totaller, and I cannot, for my life, see why the latter class are to have it all their own way, and claim a vest-

ed right to demoralize in this world (to say nothing of damning in the next) whole masses of their fellow-countrymen *at my expens*. I say at my expense, for who, in the long run have to pay the piper but the ratepayer and the charitable? Why the Bungs of England any more than the Thugs of India should be thus favoured I cannot divine. If either have the better claim, surely the Thug has it, for the Thug only kills the body and seizes the watch and purse, and after that hath no more that he can do; but the Bung, in hosts of cases, is a murderer of soul, body, and estate.'

—The little village of G—— is a very peculiar place. In default of anything better to chat about, let me tell you of two of its local celebrities. I was trying to catch the train there one evening, and missed it by three minutes, and being a stranger to the place, I enquired at the station if that was the last train. The station-master, regarding me with an air of sorrow not unmixed with pity at my ignorance, informed me that it was. I ventured to persist and ask if a freight train wouldn't come along soon. He allowed that it was possible, but. with an evidently growing opinion that my ignorance was waxing criminal in its proportions, added that I couldn't go on it without an order from the traffic manager. He then appeared to dismiss me from his mind, and positively started when I ventured to ask him what inn I had better go to. Little did I know my man; little did I guess the amount of Spartan firmness, of Rhadamanthine impartiality locked up in his manly breast! Oracularly he spoke, as though the whole well-being of the X Railway Company depended on his conduct on this trying occasion. 'There are four inns in the village,' quoth he, 'but we *never* recommend one more than the others.' Admire with me that regal 'we,' indicative at once of superiority to the petty grades of innkeepers, and a just desire to preserve the suffrages of all four hosts! He now regarded me as extinguished, and closed his wicket, as much as to say, the exhibition of the great and good is over for the evening; depart, oh sinful wayfarer, in peace! I could not, however, resist the temptation to see his manly countenance again, and once more applying my knuckles, asked, out of pure deviltry, which was the way to the village? I fancied I could detect a slightly snappish tone in his voice as he pointed to the door, but perhaps I was mistaken.

I saw this model station-master next morning. He had put on, as it were, an extra coat of holiness during the night. His conduct with regard to giving change filled me with admiration. He evidently regarded his small drawerful of silver as sacred, a trust fund not to be broken into to satisfy the carnal necessities of would-be passengers wishing to break a two dollar bill. The more energetic travellers were driven to make fearful and complicated calculations and exchanges between themselves, getting into inextricable confusion over them and finally retiring to glower at each other in silence from opposite corners, each with the firm conviction that the others had cheated him out of fifteen cents. A large and simple-minded party of country folks evidently believed they would never get off at all. Their forlorn hope, a fat old dame, had gone up smiling in the innocence of her heart, and returned crushed. Every two minutes thereafter another of the party returned to the charge, after much pressing,no one person daring the deadly breach twice. At last, just as the train was whistling outside,the last man succeeded in convincing Rhadamanthus that he *must* have got change enough by this time, and got his tickets and the hatred of the official at the same time.

But this is forestalling matters. I walked through the peculiarly winding ways of G——, and finally picked out my hostelry. It was a corner house; the rooms were all lop-sided and angular, the bar being an irregular pentagon, and the little back room where I washed my hands before tea (with a watering-pot for water-jug) was an acute angled triangle. But if the house was peculiar, so was its landlord, so were its guests. They sat dumb and mumchance, smoking round a huge coffin-like stove. Once the landlord ventured the remark that Pat had gone to ——, and that he and his 'delicate' team would find the roads pretty bad. This did not lead to conversation, being apparently considered to trench too narrowly on sarcasm to be a safe subject. Suddenly, however, the springs of the landlord's tongue were unloosed. A respectable looking man came in and was immediately assailed by mine host. The

new comer was a Grit, mine host an ardent admirer of Sir John A. Their arguments were decidedly amusing. The innkeeper's style of persuasion was as follows: 'You lie. I tell you so to your face. When a man lies, I always do.' To whom the liar, 'No, John: I don't think you would call me a liar; I may be mistaken, but—' 'Ah! but I *do* say you *are* a liar!' and so on. The Grit certainly had the best of the argument, both in reasoning and in temper, but it was evident that the rest of the audience considered the landlord, with his knock-down blow of 'you lie,' clinched the victory at each stage of the battle. After ranging all over the fertile fields of scandal, and making a brilliant excursus into British Constitutional History, which would have astonished the text-writers, the visitor knocked the ashes out of his pipe and retired, pursued by a closing asseveration of his mendacity, which in this case appeared to be the landlord's mode of construing the old adage as to the manner in which to

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'

Sombre silence fell again upon the scene. I am inclined to believe that that controversy goes on every evening, and that when one of the combatants dies, the other will go and smoke his pipe over the grave, and not survive him long.

—The other day there was a gathering of lawyers and lawyers in embryo in one of our cities, to hear a lecture from a shining light in their profession, the title of which might have led many of them to expect that he would grapple fairly and earnestly with some of the knotty questions of legal morality, and to hope for some real and practical advice that would go down into the details of their every-day work. They listened reverently to vague generalities and irreproachable truisms, which, although they occupied some three columns in the newspaper report, may be summed up as inculcating that it is good to be honest, industrious, and careful in the practice of law, as in other branches of life, and, on the whole, profitable. It is instructive to outsiders, if not altogether flattering to the profession, to see so much amiable eloquence expended to meet the assumed necessity of impressing this upon them. Besides these moral maxims with a slight legal flavour, which I am glad to accept as I formerly accepted my parents' *dicta* that story-telling and profanity are undesirable, there was a great deal in the lecture about the nobility of the Law, and the elevating influence of its study, which, although fully 'borne out by the authorities,' sticks in my perverse throat, as it has always done. Circumstances have made it my fate, or privilege, to hear and read much in eulogy of the Law, its study and its practice. At the feet of a professional Gamaliel, from professional works, and from professional friends I have sought to imbibe a spirit of due reverence for it all, and to lay the flattering unction to my discontented soul, that, if not over palatable, legal lore is at any rate mentally profitable and morally improving. I have failed. Avowedly, I am not impartial. But the reasons of my failure must take their chances on their merits.

Let me premise that I am not here looking at the Law as a matter of business. It is a very fine business; if I doubted that I should not look at the Law at all. It is upon the plea that its study is noble, elevating, or intrinsically beneficial to a man, as a rational (over and above a bread-winning and dollar-accumulating) being, that unhesitatingly I join issue.

Here it can only be asserted, but proof abounds, that the Law of England—and, consequently, the great body of Canadian law—ranks as the most backward branch of English intelligence. It is a system built up of the errors and patchings of centuries, unwieldy, incoherent, unequal, and obscure. The law of real property, improved as it has been, is acknowledged by all but those who profit by its intricacies, to be an anachronism, a survival from the days of Feudalism so utterly unfitted to our times that it is a burden on our shoulders instead of a light to our feet. A recent writer in the *Nineteenth Century* says: 'Every one is aware that the law relating to landed property is the standing disgrace of English Law. After many attempts to simplify it, it remains as complicated as ever. . . The reason of this is that the law relating to land is irrational in itself." Yet the Real Property Commission nibbles off an excrescence here, and smooths a difficulty there, without once going to the root of the matter. These are truisms as regards England. Improvements have

been made in some particulars in this country. How much they have left undone that should be done has been ably pointed out, last month and on previous occasions, by a contributor to the *Monthly*. But, allowing the utmost benefits that can accrue from these improvements in their practical application, Canadian real property law, founded as it is on that of England, and necessitating for its comprehension an intimate acquaintance with that of England, stands or falls with it as a 'noble study.' Our Common Law procedure is full of dead bones of details that should be buried with things put away as nationally childish; ghosts of ancient fictions that should be laid, for once and for all. Why is it that this condition of things is being changed so slowly? Because subtleties, countless *minutiæ* of detail, hair-splitting distinctions, reservations, contradictions, utterly exasperating to the lay understanding, make up *arcana*, by keeping jealous watch and ward over which a profession believes it is maintained and waxes great. It is not less than a right, and it is now not beyond hope, that Englishmen should have the law of England simplified, codified, and written down in plain English, that he who runs may read; instead of jumbled into a patchwork puzzle, tangled, twisted, and wrapped up in barbarous jargon. But this is 'not in the interest of the profession!' or, as downright Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, says, speaking of a former generation, of 'the oligarchy of lawyers, who strangle the rights of the present with the fictions of the past.' Consequently law is studied empirically and unintelligently; walled up for professional profit, as much as possible out of the reach of the tide of progress which is carrying all else before it. Nevertheless it must soon yield to the influence and become a progressive science, instead of remaining a fossilized mystification. Already we have giants clearing away the rubbish: Sir Henry Maine, Sir James F. Stephen, Sheldon Amos, and others, following out the work well begun by Bentham and Austin. The mediæval monstrosity will die hard; but die it must. This is the study in which I fail to see nobility. If the names I have just mentioned be quoted against me, and it be argued that there *is* nobility in it, when entered upon with the determination of aiding in its reform, I can only say that to me the nobility appears to be in the reformer and not in the thing he reforms.

Leaving the study, let me glance at its 'elevating influence' on the student. The 'industrious apprentice,' putting aside as trivial or as a disturbing element, nearly all interest in the great problems of our day, resolutely expends the best of his energy and time at the important stage of his life generally covered by his studentship—when his mind is still malleable, but taking its final 'set'—in the acquirement of a mass of undigested and lifeless facts, facts almost valueless in any broader connection than their mere professional use. He devotes himself to learning which has been eloquently described as 'of a character calculated to narrow the compass of one's mind, to direct it to the consideration of mere technicalities, to entangle it in the meshes of minute verbal distinctions and mathematical preciseness; and, generally, to contract its sphere of sympathy with animate and inanimate Nature.' The mind has to go through a course of subjection to authority, the very essence of law-study, just at a period when it should wrench the sceptre from authority, and 'prove all things' that are provable. The spirit of our age is scientific; it requires us to have a better foundation for our convictions than any high-handed 'judgment;' stronger proof than any oath or affidavit. The discipline of legal study runs in the very teeth of the spirit of verification; and, while studies mould the mind, even *nolens volens*, the consistent law-student delivers himself up unreservedly to the effects of that discipline. It leaves him time for little else; scarcely a breath of the mighty *Zeit-Geist* can penetrate to his intellectual prison; and he must indeed be firm of will and warm at heart if he be not left behind the age, with a fatal warp in his mind, and his sympathy with progress choked amid the dust of 'ancient precedents.' He has sworn fealty to dingy paper instead of to never-fading Nature; he stores up painfully details of Man's errors, self-doctoring, and self-quackery, rather than details of Nature's majestic and unswerving laws. The only branch of Law which goes out and takes its place in the advancing line of scientific thought, that is, philosophical jurisprudence, finds no place in the regular Canadian course. It is regarded by the majority of Canadian lawyers much as

they would regard Heraldry, or the Language of Flowers; being considered an amiable, harmless, but unprofitable amusement for leisure hours. A leading barrister in one of our cities was asked for Maine's 'Ancient Law.' 'Maine? Maine?' he replied, 'Do you mean the Liquor Law?' This tells its own tale. That sort of thing does not pay in our practical country, and there is the ultimate consideration.

As preparation for a money-making business, then, let the study pass. But when there is claimed for it a cultivating or ennobling influence, candour must protest. It is narrowing, deadening, and inducive of at least these mental vices,—the tendencies to exalt the letter and word over the spirit and very thing, to join hands with precedent and tradition against even moderate and rational progress, and to accept in all matters the *dicta* of authority without verification.

As a result, we see minds cultivated to a marvellous degree of acuteness and fairness on points of law; but in general questions utterly at sea, capable only of half-views, and holding to those with a bigoted tenacity that is seldom amenable to counter-conviction. We see in many conspicuous instances how mere neglect of general culture has culminated in positive enmity to it; in a Philistinism which advanced years have rendered hopelessly irremediable, and which a frequently high and influential position in society makes an active evil. When this social influence becomes political, when with minds trained to narrowness, filled with deep-rooted love of precedent, with inalienable faith in the Statute-book as the universal panacea, and with views of the complicated and delicate social organism acquired in the restricted arena of professional practice, lawyers become our representatives and play the statesman before high Heaven, it is discouraging to contemplate the almost inevitable results.

—When a boy at school, and somewhat of an *enfant terrible*, a great many things in the ordering of that miniature world struck me as not 'right side up,'—which being interpreted, is, not in accordance with the eternal fitness of things. One of these anomalies, less painful personally, but more to my present purpose than some of the others, always forced itself upon my notice on that day of days in schoolboy life, —'Speech-day.' During term and in the class-rooms, each and every master, in his views of our mental capacities and moral worth, was a desperate pessimist. Never had there been, and never would there be again, such individual and collective stupidity and remissness as he saw in the class before him. But on 'Speech-day,' when, in the decorated school-room, ladies from their eyes rained influence, and mothers, fathers, friends, and patrons were assembled, there came a sudden Millennium. In eloquent and genial speeches, each and every master expressed himself regarding the same mental capacities and moral worth, an irrestrainable optimist. Never had there been, and never would or could there be again, such individual and collective brightness and exemplariness as he saw in the school around him. I was comparatively innocent in those days; and it puzzled me.

Mutatis mutandis, the same phenomenon has struck me in the great world; as there is traceable many an analogy between school and society. In the working-day routine of every special occupation, the insiders—if I may use the word—are brought face to face with its seams and ugliness rather than with its attractiveness. They are pretty well aware that it is not a path of roses, and that it is trodden roughly and with a good deal of stumbling and blundering. As a child I was convinced that the life of a confectioner or pastry-cook was one long dream of saccharine bliss; but I am sceptical about it now. In those days clergymen were saints to me; writers were geniuses; actors were heroes. But clergymen know that clerical work is not exactly saintship, and that brother ministers are not in all respects as seraphic as they appear in their pulpits; authors have their own opinions of the amenities of literature, and of one another; actors, of the high-souled carelessness and gaiety of Bohemian life. Even politicians have been known to unbosom themselves of doubts as to the monopoly of virtue and intelligence by their party.

But whenever 'Speech-day' comes—and it comes very frequently in this land of cheap eloquence—on Convocations, anniversaries, society-meetings, dinners, pic-nics, and 'auspicious occasions' generally, there is a sudden and unanimous vote for the donning of rose-coloured spectacles. Pro-

fessorial Latin declares *this* to have been an *annus mirabilis* in the gratifying results of industry and regularity such and such a University has beheld on the part of its students, which is generally a remarkably free rendering of the professorial English during the year. 'The encouraging progress that our cause has made since our last anniversary,' whatever that cause may be, is demonstrated to the sympathetic accompaniment of 'hear! hear!' though unheeded echo answers, 'where?' Untrammelled rhetoric enlarges on the conspicuous merits and advantages, the incalculable influence of the party, society, profession, or trade there and then assembled; and on the distinguished virtues and talents of the brotherhood in general and certain shining lights in particular. It is all reported,—printed in *extenso* or boiled down to a genial paragraph in the newspapers. Few are so filled to overflowing with good-natured innocence as to take it all in. But silence is politely kept by all except envious and despicable rivals; and a great many good souls are vastly pleased. The question remains, does this kind of thing do good? or does it do harm?

Good it certainly does not seem to me to do. It is not encouraging. On the contrary, for (let us hope) the majority who are sensible enough to look at the facts while their orator airs his fancies, it is apt to be discouraging. They are forced to recognize that the goal is yet far ahead which he congratulates them on having touched; that there are full many errors, follies, and shortcomings in both the work and the workers he eulogizes as so near perfection. On the other hand, for the few (let us hope again) who are foolish enough to forget all this in the glow of self-gratulation, the pill of reality will taste bitter when the sugaring of fine speeches has melted. Instead of being aided to cope more cheerfully and successfully with the 'iron facts of life,' they will go away disposed to overlook and disregard them. The banishment of the spirit of criticism may add to the festivity and enjoyment of these occasions; but it robs them of the usefulness they might have. To say things which he himself does not believe is bad for any man; to be encouraged in saying things that neither he nor his audience believe, cannot be good for him or for his audience.

If these gatherings, in all their varieties, were devoted to an honest review of actual progress, colored brightly, perhaps, but checked throughout by a remembrance of actual facts; if they gave rise to some unfaltering discussion of difficulties, and so elicited practical suggestions that would be as trusty staves in the hand instead of as rhetorical rocket-sticks in the air;—'Speech-days' of every kind might be pleasant, valuable, and really 'auspicious occasions,' instead of empty, useless, and often pitiable farces.

—'We praised the man of common sense,
His judgment's good,' we said,
But now they say 'Well, that old plum
Has got a level head.'

Thus soliloquises an 'Old Man' in some verses which I read in the corner of a newspaper the other day. They were jocular verses, but they were well calculated to make one lament the fact that low slang, by force of its indisputable expressiveness and ludicrousness, is not only becoming the habitual language of most of our young men, but making dangerous headway in our newspapers, and gaining more permanent footing in a certain class of very popular books. I regard it—probably all the guests here do—as a very serious matter if we are to remain an English-speaking people; and I have been moved in consequence to write some verses which I will now read to the company, if they will allow me:

The well of English is defiled!
Its waters turned to muddy slang!
The good old English Chaucer sang,
Has borne a vicious modern child.

A child of low and lawless birth,
Of ugly features, without grace,
With tricks picked up from every race,
In uncouth and discordant mirth.

Born here, among our hybrid throng
Of men from many lands, and nursed
Amid rough scenes by them, ill-versed
In how to do it right or wrong.

Small blame to them; great blame to those
Who read the book and held the pen,
Yet took this brat of backwoodsmen,
Of miners,—emigrants,—who knows?—

And for the laughter of the crowd
Set it upon the printed page,
That moulds the language of the age
And let its voice grow strong and loud;

Until it caught the foolish ear
Of all alert for 'some new thing,'
And careless that the sterling ring
Of mother-English grew less clear;

Until the glib and hireling scribe
Made profit of its grotesque fun;
Until the evil has been done
And now a jargon of the gibe,

The silly jest, the phrases wrung
From coarsest metaphors—a batch
Of every street and playhouse 'catch'—
Have passed into our daily tongue!

Shame on the pens that do not seek
The pages they let fall to strip
Of aught of this;—shame on the lip
That aught of this will deign to speak!

Unworthy offspring, base-born child
Of our old sturdy, simple tongue!
Henceforward, written, spoken, sung,
Let us keep 'English undefiled'!

—Are we sufficiently impressed with the importance and benefits of *education?* I feel that the answer cannot be other than no; and therefore since we have not a right conception of the need and advantage of cultivating the mind, we must be wanting in that desire, determination, and love for learning, which have characterized all the great minds of the past and present ages. Once looking in upon the social circles of the wealthier classes, all doubt as to the accuracy of the above assertion is dispelled; for, speaking in general of these social gatherings, it would be impossible for a person holding education at any value to enter one of them without having strongly impressed upon his mind the idea, that there is but little attention shown to the necessity or need of intellectual advancement; and not only is this the case with the larger social gatherings, but there is altogether too little thought within the home circle, of mental improvement. Since there is nothing like sufficient attention, within the walls of our houses, paid to the intellectual acquirements of those advancing around us into life and activity, cannot a deeper interest be diffused in some way throughout these homes? I by no means consider it advisable to dispense altogether with the many happy means of recreation and amusement generally participated in at parties and social gatherings. But why allow such entertainments to take away from us so much valuable time as they usually do? We may, and certainly it is quite necessary to have these meetings, but instead of allowing frivolity to prevail, let us introduce something that will be improving and enlightening to our minds, though we may at the same time make them a means of enjoyment and recreation. Too many of us are possessed with the idea that our education is finished as soon as we leave school; and thus those young minds around us are neglected through our not showing them a good example, or inspiring them with diligence and a love of study, by neglect of interest on our part in their progress. A beautiful writer remarks: 'Talk of your education as being completed in the dawn of manhood!—it is a process which is never completed this side the grave! It is never completed so long as there is anything to learn! No; when the doors of the school-house or the university shut upon you, you have only just entered the outer portals of education.'

Of course any change within these social circles could not be expected, unless there were created a greater desire than at present prevails, for intellectual advancement; and, undoubtedly, the home is the place where the desire and the love for learning should originate. But all are not acquainted with the heavenly advantages of such a place, therefore it falls upon the teachers of our high and common schools—indeed it is one of their greatest duties—to put forth strenuous efforts to create and increase that desire and love for learning among their pupils. Frequently our attention has been drawn to the fact that there is altogether too little heed taken by teachers, generally, of the necessity of impressing upon the pupils the value and importance of increasing the sphere of their mind's activity. Indeed, very few pupils attending school, study with the earnestness necessary to make a marked success at all probable; nor can we altogether find fault with them on account of this, for the reason that few of them are sufficiently conscious, if at all, of the value a thorough education would be to them, since they think only of the present, and do not realize the momentous necessity of penetrating into the future, and viewing themselves as they then would be. Could they all look back from the life they are yet to enter upon, and glance over their present, their intellectual activity would be greatly

increased; they would enter upon their studies with redoubled energy. But, although knowing that this is impossible, knowing that they are prevented from viewing their present life from a future standpoint, it should not be a hindrance to their marking out for themselves a line of action in that life yet before them; and in spite of all the powerful influence which circumstance sways over a man's intended line of action, if they but lay out their course and keep the ship's head continually pointing towards that haven into which they have determined upon entering, reach it they will, though their vessel may be worn and weather-beaten. If all displayed as much uninterestedness and apathy on reaching their manhood, in relation to the accumulation of the necessaries of life, as the average schoolboy does in reference to his studies, we should never advance in civilization. There are so many attractions for a young mind, drawing it by a powerful magnetic influence to pleasing allurement, but away from thoughtful study, that it loses sight of the importance and necessity of a deep earnestness, or anything but a passive endeavour in accumulating mental wealth. It is impossible to arrest the young mind on its course towards something of little importance, but pleasing and attractive, or substitute interest for apathy, unless there can be created within that mind concern for intellectual advancement, which would be as fascininating as the allurements which are unprofitable. But a person ever wishing to occupy a high standing in any branch of learning must have more than a longing and unsatisfied desire to know; he must feel *determined* to penetrate far into the unexplored fields and mountains of knowledge; nay, it will not suffice to have created within him a desire to acquire what great minds have taken years of study to simplify for his use and benefit; he must possess determination and application, which always go hand in hand with the accomplishment of any true and good purpose; without persistence none need expect success. With it, a field wide in its brightness and splendour spreads out before us. No one undertaking a project can make so marked or distinct an advance in it without a love for his plan, without a love for the work itself, as can the one who is inspired with that love. Nor can he who exerts himself for his own interest compete with one who has some greater aim than self-advancement. There is always an interest created within the person who puts forth an effort, the direct benefit of which is felt outside of himself, that is alone confined to those who unselfishly work for others. A love for the learning and the study themselves must glow within the breast of him who desires success in any great mental object. Undoubtedly there are a great many, who, immediately after their minds commence to act, and after the mist which has hidden from their gaze the mountains of thought, lifts its foggy darkness, naturally have springing up within them an *unquenchable desire* and *determination* to know. These are sure to clamber high up upon the rugged mountain top, and there to find kindred minds with which to associate. But all are not thus blessed; some have the desire without the determination or the love; others the desire and the love without the determination; others again the desire and the determination but not the love. We can easily understand the last of these three as being the only one really sure of success; and since he has the determination and the desire, the love will not be found long wanting. The majority of us are in need of these qualities, which alone secure the attainment of any proposed object; and if something could only be done within the home circle to stimulate these desires, instead of wasting time by carrying social amusements to an unhealthy excess, greatly should we be surprised and pleased with the rapid intellectual growth of our country. 'There is gold and a multi tude of rubies: but the lips of knowledge are a precious jewel.'

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE moral deducible from the canvass in Quebec East should be obvious enough; yet we doubt whether those who need the lesson most, will read it aright. Both the militant parties affect a horror of invoking selfish prejudices or appealing to selfish interests; nevertheless both do, each in its own fashion, what they pretend to condemn. The Hon. Mr. Laurier is ostensibly a man of principle. His Address last summer was avowedly a reconstruction of his party 'platform.' He, and those who act with him, had agreed to abandon the excesses of the Rouges of *L'Avenir*, and to assume the position of a constitutional party, conscious of its responsibilities and proud of its position as the organized exponent of Liberal principles. Notwithstanding this, however, it can hardly be contended that the struggle in Quebec turns upon aught that deserves the name of a principle. So little have our factions to do with anything of that sort, that it may be laid down as the established strategy of both, to keep in the foreground local needs, real or imaginary, and to conceal any honest and substantial difference of opinion between them. There are two Governments at war in the constituency—the Local, battling for M. Tourangeau, and the Ottawa Administration for Mr. Laurier. Each strives to outbid the other in its corrupt offers. Do the people of Quebec desire a graving-dock, a military school, a repeal of French differential duties, or anything else up to a new citadel, they must support the new Minister. On the other hand, if they wish for any of the good things Messrs. Chapleau and Angers have in their gift, they will vote for Tourangeau, with the additional guarantee of having everything made smooth for them in another world. Experience has taught the clerical party to be more wary in exposing the cloven foot, than they used to be, and the recent hint from Rome seems to have led them not indeed 'to leave undone,' but 'to keep unknown.' Here it must be admitted that a principle is at stake; but it is not the fashion now-a-days to parade principles where the pocket can be confidently appealed to. The so-called 'Liberty of the Church,' set up as a rival to the liberty of the people, would be worth encountering in an electoral contest even if it were sure to win. It is probable that in Quebec East, where the number of Protestant voters is insignificant, the hierarchy is certain of its ground, and does not care to provoke another struggle with the Supreme Court of the Dominion. At the same time, it must be remembered that urban constituencies are not so easily kept in line by the 'drum ecclesiastic' as their rural brethren of the orthodox faith. The struggle for existence is too keen in our cities to make the merchant or artizan unheedful of the main chance, and thus it sometimes happens, even where the sacerdotalists have the best machinery at hand, that the Church is lost sight of in the zeal of worshippers at the shrine of mammon.

Whichever view may be the correct one, it is certain that ecclesiasticism does not play so prominent a part in the city of Laval as might have been expected. There is a national appeal to the Irish Catholics regarding O'Donoghue, which is certainly the feeblest clap-trap. Into the disputed facts of this case it is unnecessary to enter, but it seems quite clear that Ministers, cognizant of the real circumstances, are the best judges of the degree of indulgence to be extended to the exile. If it be true, as they allege, that O'Donohue was guilty of two separate and distinct acts of rebellion; if, not content with aiding the abortive movement of Riel and Lepine, he also incited invaders from a foreign land to repeat the experiment which cost us so much expense and so much of our best blood, there seems valid reason for the distinction made by the Government. Riel and Lepine, however misguided they may have been, distinctly refused any countenance to the Fenian marauders. That they were highly culpable in resisting a government whose purposes and intentions they misconstrued, is unquestionable, and they were

guilty of a crime as well as a blunder, when they imbrued their hands in the blood of the unfortunate Scott, Yet considering the ignorance of the men, and the hot-blooded panic of the time, much might be urged for indulgence in their case. When the brief insurrection was over, Riel acknowledged his error in opposing the new *régime*, and in proof of his new loyalty, volunteered to oppose the Fenian raiders. O'Donoghue, on the other hand, without any such excuses as may pass muster for the *Métis*, for he well knew the character and heinousness of his crime, had hardly done with one act of treason, when he was found conspiring with a horde of ruffians to perpetrate another. No one can say that the sentence pronounced against him was ill-deserved; at the worst he was left with those whose policy of robbery and murder he admired, and if he has not been treated by them as he anticipated, he ought at least to be contented with so harmless a variety of martyrdom as he still suffers.

It is now stated that any distinction between O'Donoghue and the half-breeds in the matter of punishment had been removed long before an election in Quebec East was anticipated. We observe that the truth of this announcement is disputed by the Montreal *Gazette*, on the ground that on the 20th of September there was no quorum of Ministers present at Ottawa. This would furnish a curious addition to the proofs already furnished by experience of the chastising effects our pleasant sins bring in their wake. Whether Ministers were holiday-keeping, or engaged in the pic-nic line of business, it is unnecessary to enquire too strictly; according to our contemporary, they were not at Ottawa, and that is enough. The question of fact is not of much importance, except so far as it has influenced the vote of St. Roch's, and may be easily set at rest, when everybody has ceased to care anything about it. If it should turn out that the Order in Council was dated when His Excellency was in the North-West, and a majority of the Privy Council temporarily absent, what difference does it make? Lord Dufferin left behind him an adequate substitute in the person of Chief Justice Richards, and we live in days when the telegraph serves as many purposes as the telephone may some day answer, when that invention is perfected.

At all events, whether Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Laflamme—and the matter is constitutionally vested in the Ministry of Justice—recommended the order, is of no consequence. The hero of St. Roch's stands now upon the same footing as his brother culprits. They were not, by any means, so culpable as he, for they wanted what he had in superabundance, intelligence, education, and the guile of a practised adventurer. The 'Professor,' whether of letters, music, or the barber's art, was at least a sharp man, after graduating in that great University—the United States of America. After all, it is the zeal with which those of superloyalty in the Dominion take up the cudgels on behalf of rebels that surprises one most. It is something new in Conservatism—at least it was until last Session—to plead for rebels or to expect a patient audience when pleading for them. The ghost of Castlereagh, and many milder spectres who passed their hour on this earthly stage in his footsteps, would pause in their midnight round and turn paler for the nonce, on hearing that the apostles of loyalty have been transformed into advocates of mercy to rebels. The fact is that the O'Donoghue agitation is, from first to last, a miserable piece of 'buncombe', as our neighbours would term it, and would never have been begun, if the intelligent electors of St. Roch and St. Sauveur had been accessible by any other argument. The assumption that the Crown is liable to be called to account in the exercise of its undoubted prerogative by any section of the population—that it should yield to the clamour raised in the interests of party politicians—is untenable on every constitutional principle. It is not contended, we believe, that O'Donoghue was free from guilt as a rebel on two occasions. He was in fact a rebel of the most dangerous class, having the will, if not the power, of again embroiling the Dominion into conflict with the worst and most unscrupulous class of the American population. To demand for such an offender against the peace of this country, complete immunity from the legal consequences of his crime, is in fact to represent him as a martyr, whose cause is defensible for its own sake, and whose punishment was from the first an outrage on the Irish Catholic people of the Dominion. To take such a position, whether it be done through sympathy with the offender, or for

the ephemeral party purposes of a contested election, is virtually to extend sympathy to Fenian lawlessness, rapine, and murder.

The attitude of both sides during the Quebec canvass, not only on this question, but generally, ought to convince every impartial Canadian that principles have ceased to carry weight in our party politics. The Ministerial party hastened to issue a proclamation on the amnesty question, as a sop to the Celtic Cerberus, which they would not otherwise have been in any hurry about. That such a step was contemplated some time since may perhaps turn out to be true; yet it may also prove that it was devised for quite another purpose. The general election is not so far distant as to be out of the ministerial calculations; but the defeat of Mr. Laurier in his own constituency has compelled the premature unmasking of one battery, intended to dislodge opponents from an important position. The launching of the proclamation, at a time when the passions and prejudices of a class were being appealed to, was at once undignified and a confession of weakness. If it be wrong, and we believe it is, in the Opposition to pander to these passions and prejudices, it was not the true policy of ministers to confess that they had been entirely wrong heretofore, and to throw the name and dignity of the Crown into the arena as a make-weight for party purposes. The imputation of insincerity has been reasonably incurred on both sides, for neither Mr. Mackenzie nor Sir John Macdonald can affect any sympathy with O'Donoghue or the base cause of which he is the chosen representative. If the term 'clap-trap' was ever applicable to political strategy, it is surely so to an agitation commenced to embarrass a Ministry, without the pretence of a regard to principle, yet sanctioned in fact by Ministers themselves when they stooped to an ignominious concession in order to checkmate their foes and conciliate a clamorous section of the electorate in Quebec East.

Throughout the contest, selfish class interests have alone been appealed to. The Dominion and Local Governments, which are at variance, have made it a struggle of local desires to profit by political differences at the expense of the Ottawa and Quebec treasuries—a struggle in which each Ministry has endeavoured to outbid the other. Notwithstanding the zeal both factions profess for purity of election, their open and avowed policy has been all along to bribe the masses *en bloc* or class after class. In one of his Scottish speeches recently, the Marquis of Hartington accused Lord Beaconsfield of striving to consolidate his power by pandering to the tastes and complying with the demands of trades and professions at the expense of the national interests. It is unnecessary to inquire here how far the imputation is a just one; but in Canada, it is indubitably the case that both our so-called parties have contracted a similar taint, which is gradually permeating the life-blood of this Dominion, and poisoning the vitality of the body politic. The degree of responsibility which should be borne by both it may be difficult to apportion accurately; but the fact remains that in default of any substantial programme of party principle, or any just claim to public confidence, Ministerials and Conservatives have both employed the same unworthy tactics. On the one side, there is the appeal based upon Mr. Laurier's position as a Minister,—one who will be more likely to give the local interests of Quebec what they demand than his opponent in the 'cold shades' can possibly do, even with the best intentions. On the other, the reaction is pointed to as an evidence that the Government tenure of office is precarious, and that if the electors hope to obtain what they want by bowing to the setting sun, they will speedily discover their mistake. Meanwhile, there is the Local Government in the field, abounding in promises, ready to spend and be spent, in the service of the city, if the East division will but return Mr. Tourangeau. Canadian politics have too often been unsavoury from the vindictive personal elements intermingled with them. Now, however, we have sounded the depths of degradation by the bold avowal on both hands that political principle, in the worthy sense of that abused term, has no existence, and that party success or failure depends upon a nice calculation of probabilities, in which the balance is held by the selfish local interests of a constituency.

The formation of a National Society in Montreal is a hopeful sign that the more intelligent of the community are awakening to a sense of the essential pettiness of our

existing political system. There is no reason why men of different parties, creeds, and origins should not unite in one common effort against both partisan stratagems and sectional aims, and the movement inaugurated at the meeting presided over by Ald. Stephen, has its best justification in the present deplorable condition of affairs. That the new Association will attain its objects completely we are not so sanguine as to imagine. The canker of partyism and sectionalism has eaten so deeply into our politics that it cannot be eradicated by mere wishes and resolutions, however sincerely uttered or sagaciously framed. Aspirations are in themselves good only so far as they lead to practical effort in a right direction, and it is by no means clear that a national movement is sustainable whose foundation is aspiration merely. The purposes of the Canadian National Society are certainly laudable in themselves—if only they can be attained. 'To promote a spirit of harmony and mutual confidence' is unquestionably a good aim to keep in view; but how is it to be secured? Party men are not subject to instantaneous conversion, either in reference to principles, habits of thought, or modes of action, at will—save perhaps where the hope of office clears the vision and opens to the eye a prospect tempting personally to the individual, but of little value to the nationality. It is much to be feared that, after the first spasm of hopeful enthusiasm, our party Nationalists will return to the old familiar practices, like the dog and the sow in the book of Solomon. 'The sentiment of Canadian patriotism among all classes of our people—irrespective of their political associations, their national origin, or their religious belief,' sounds well, and yet it may, when put to the test, prove a mere conventional platitude, as other sentiments have done before. Patriotism, like loyalty, can only possess substantial value when it is based upon principle; and to believe 'in country before party,' is virtually to ignore party altogether. In Canada, allegiance to country is incompatible with any but the loosest attachment to party, and therefore the surest method of securing the one is by utterly abandoning the other. There is no reason certainly why a party man should not be a patriot, in the abstract; the misfortune is that patriotic and party aims are so inextricably confounded in Canada, that i will prove impossible to distinguish the one from the other, where they conflict. In which event, the nebulous claims of country are sure to succumb to the more appreciable merits of party. The danger indicated is merely an obstacle in the way of the new Society, and not an insuperable one, on condition that party men enter this political Rine movement, resolved to reform their tactics, to remodel their conventional language towards opponents, and to act honestly and ingenuously when they are called on to deal with principles. Otherwise the spirit of 'harmony and confidence' will resemble the mining and countermining of the belligerents at Plevna, where, if there is on common purpose existing, there is certainly a mutual understanding.

There is yet another point to be noticed, and it can hardly have escaped the attention of the leaders in the movement. The third purpose of the Society is declared to be 'the vigorous development of our internal resources,' and so on. Here a rock of offence meets us at the threshold. Are our internal resources to be developed by a 'national policy' or on the cosmopolitan system of Mr. Cartwright? If this question 'affecting the interest of Canada' is to be discussed 'from the standpoint of country before party,' one or two results is possible. Either the needs of the Dominion will be found to coincide with the party platform, in which case there will be no purpose in deciding which is 'before or after the other;' or parties must be destroyed in the national interests, and what umpire is to decide whether one or other or both shall be offered as a holocaust? 'Religious belief,' again, ought not to be a cause of dissension in a free country like this; and yet it is unhappily so, in a marked and anomalous degree. If we are to have 'justice in the enactment and administration of laws,' what will become of Ultramontanism, in the struggle for existence? It is, or ought to be, clear enough that the hierarchical assumptions of Quebec sacerdotalism are inconsistent with the first principles of nationalism, and that, notwithstanding the temporary truce, the battle must be fought to the end. Will the Montreal Society do battle for the supremacy of law, as it is bound by its principles to do, whenever the hierarchy shall determine to precipitate the

conflict between Church and State? These are some of the difficulties in the way of the new movement, not insisted on with any hostile purpose—for we strongly approve of it—but because it seems to us that its attempt at conciliation, where there can be no concord, is a mistake which may sooner or later prove fatal to a very laudable conception. In any case, its originators will justly claim the merit of having made an earnest attempt to elevate the tone of our political system, and whether the movement succeed or fail, its promoters deserve full credit for the new element they have introduced into the dull and degraded level to which our public life has fallen.

The death of Chief Justice Draper, at a mature age, reopened for the moment a completed and well-nigh forgotten chapter of our political past. It recalled the struggles of party when the foundations of our existing system were laid; when the complexion of our nationality was set, so to speak, in grooves never since departed from; and when politicians had tangible objects, for and against which they could contend. It is easy now to indicate the weak position Mr. Draper occupied in that transition time; yet perhaps the warmest advocates of parliamentary government will be the readiest to do him justice. Sir Francis Hincks, one of the few surviving gladiators in that momentous conflict, has done good service, in his somewhat discursive lecture on the subject. Nothing so soon escapes public notice, after it has served its temporary purpose, than the basis of fact, on either side, underlying every period of strong political convulsion. There are the methods of ignorance which misunderstands, and the method of perversion misrepresenting events. In both instances, without designed unfairness, the leaders of the blind, as well as the blind themselves, fall into the ditch. The struggle for Responsible Government did not begin with party, although it ended in subserviency to party interests. Perhaps the worst enemies to that system were members of its own household. Those who have read attentively those portions of English history, especially relating to Canada, will not fail to have observed that, from the debates on the Quebec Act of 1774 to the final triumph of the British principle of parliamentary government, the enemies of equitable rule were pre-eminently the Whigs. Burke, Fox, and Barré, succeeded by Earl Russell and the Whig aristocracy, were always the enemies of fair play to Frenchmen, and not over friendly to free government elsewhere than in the urban constituencies they desired to treat as pocket boroughs. Anyone who wishes a complete justification of Marshal McMahon, and his forerunner Lord Metcalfe, may find it in the great Whig principle laid down by Lord John Russell in his resolution, 'That while it is expedient to improve the constitution of the Executive Council, it is unadvisable to subject it to the responsibility demanded by the House of Assembly.' No one could possibly define the principle more clearly, and act on it with greater alacrity than Earl Russell, that Canada should be governed for the people and not by them; and until Mr. Gladstone infused something like a conscience into the English Liberal party, it never acted otherwise.

Mr. Draper's course, during the conflict, was perfectly consistent, and there is no reason to believe that it was ever dishonest or tortuous. He was, above all things, an Englishman, and a loyalist who accepted, without questioning them, the dicta of the Whig Minister. He could not understand, and certainly no crassness of intellect prevented him from understanding, the sort of double responsibility our Colonial system implied. Either the Governor was responsible to the Crown or he was not; if he were, then 'the well-understood wishes and interests of the people,' as expressed by their representatives, ought not to bind him, when they conflicted with the views of the Imperial Government of the day. If he was not responsible in that sense, then he became an independent Sovereign, with Lords and Commons of his own. Mr. Baldwin, with clearer moral vision, was as forcibly convinced that the two responsibilities were perfectly compatible, so long as the Imperial Government desisted from their purpose of ruling the colony from Downing Street, and Canadian Governors selected their advisers from those who possessed the confidence of the Canadian people. Under the circumstances of the colony at that time, it is unfair to judge Mr. Draper in the light of to-day. The Union came upon the British population as a great triumph. They had been secured an equality

in the representation, to which they were not entitled, and which brought ultimately its own nemesis after it. In all that they did, however, they were not merely sustained but prompted by the *soi-disant* Liberals of England. Lord Durham, whose luminous Report is now justly appealed to as the charter of our nationality, was still the victim of national prejudice. Lord Sydenham, a man in many respects illustrious, seems to have entertained but an inadequate conception of responsible Government as we understand it. Sir Charles Bagot appeared for too brief a period, as a light in a dark place, and gave way to Lord Metcalfe, in whom the old system found its chief supporter. As Sir Frances Hincks wrote in the *Pilot*, 'the honest tyranny of Sydenham' gave way to 'the paternal despotism of Sir Charles Metcalfe,' and the tactics of the Imperial Government, whether Whig or Tory, went out of fashion in 1845. The brief controversy during Earl Cathcart's vice-royalty need not occupy our attention, farther than to quote the *dictum* of M. Caron, which, in a year or two, was proved true, that with Lord Metcalfe's departure, a new era had arisen, and thus the struggle virtually ended.

Now Mr. Draper's part in the entire controversy may be summed up in brief thus. He was passionately attached to British connection, by birth, culture, and personal bias. When he entered upon his political life and during the greater part of it, the public officers were admittedly the best persons to administer the Government; and, in the earlier days of colonization, that sort of Government, *au défaut de mieux*, was perhaps as good as any other, and certainly more effective. If Reformers, like Messrs. Baldwin and Lafontaine, who had something to reform, claimed that the period set for the reign of paternal despotism had come to an end, there were also Conservatives, like Mr. Draper, who believed the proposed innovations to be premature, and thought that there was something worth conserving. The fitful years of the Rebellion, the unsettled and dark future which seemed in store for the Union, until Lord Elgin took the reins, may well have confirmed minds of a conservative bias in their views. Time has proved that Mr. Baldwin and his far-seeing coadjutors were right, and we, the first inheritors of the free institutions they secured us, should be proud of them and their bequest. At the same time, we owe a debt the impartial chronicler to come will cheerfully pay to the late Chief Justice and those who thought and acted with him. The present generation is not so much unjust as oblivious of the struggle of thirty or forty years ago. When it comes to occupy its proper place in Canadian annals, a due meed of praise will be awarded to those who checked, as well as to those who urged on, our national chariot in its somewhat heady and unequal progress. As a judge, it is unnecessary to speak of the late Chief Justice. It may have surprised many that a man identified with what the popular mind regards as despotic Government, should have been so tenderly solicitous in the honest and fearless administration of justice. The mystery will disappear if one considers that the statesman and the judge were the same conscientious man, as earnest in what we now regard as mistaken political views, as, for thirty years, he proved himself upon the bench a faithful dispenser of right between man and man, 'without fear, favour, or affection.' Chief Justice Draper may be said to have been the last Canadian embodiment of a type of character fast disappearing from among us. His intellect was acute, subtle, and many-sided rather than profound; yet finely-tempered and always on the alert, well-burnished and ready for use. In manner, suave and self-possessed, as became a cultured man, he could boast a keen and caustic humour which appeared to flash forth at times almost involuntarily, with a dulcet smile and a merry twinkle of the eye. His weapon, as fitted one of the old school, was the rapier rather than the bludgeon, and whether on the bench or off it, he had the reputation of using the stiletto under the fifth rib, without drawing too much blood, but always with effect and in a gentlemanly way. Fox once adduced as proof of the Chancellor's disingenuousness that 'no man ever was so wise as Thurlow looked;' but he was not responsible for his looks. And in the same way Chief Justice Draper was rather fond of fence, not because there was any lack of kindliness in his nature, but because his quickness of intellect burst out spontaneously in characteristic flashes of polished satire. In short he often 'looked' mischief, when he was not meaning it. Of his legal acumen

and attainments this is not the place to speak; it is sufficient to note that, during a judicial career of thirty years, he possessed the entire confidence of the legal profession —a sure criterion of a judge's probity, knowledge, and sound judgment. During a long public career, he was the centre of political strife, or at times, after he had left the arena, the victim of party suspicion and prejudice; yet although, in moments of passion, hard things were said of him, we do not believe that his honesty of purpose or perfect freedom from bias was ever called in question. He was made to be a judge, and the judicial character of his mind overpowered any tendency, conscious or otherwise, which an honest impartiality and love of justice could, or ought to, condemn. With him departed the last of our old school of judges—not of our great judges, for happily we can boast of some yet living and in mature vigour of mind and body who would adorn any bench in the civilized world—but judges of that earlier type which, whether it be desirable or not, can never be reproduced. He was also one of the few great party gladiators at a momentous crisis in our constitutional history, who witnessed in its beginnings the old régime which preceded Confederation. Greater men have trodden the stage of public life; men of less contracted views and of keener political prevision than William Henry Draper—but upon no public man has the grave closed with more genuine respect and unfeigned regret than upon him.

The award by the Fisheries Commission of five millions and a half of dollars has come upon the public as a surprise—a god-send, as it were, from the sea. The fate of the other arbitrations had appeared to predetermine the result of this, which was peculiarly our own. Deprived of compensation for the Fenian raids, on good technical grounds we admit, nobody expected success from a controversy in which American cajolery and finesse essayed a supreme effort. When it was announced that the Commission had, by an unanimous vote, rejected the Canadian claim, so far as the fishing for bait and the other necessary accompaniments were concerned, people generally appear to have regarded our case as lost. They forgot that that claim was ruled out simply because it was not referred to the Commission, and it seems likely now that this decision will be of benefit. The matters ruled out were in fact not decided upon, instead of being decided against; in other words, the Commission did not rule that the privileges were not valuable, and therefore not appraisable, but that it was *ultra vires* to rule upon them at all.

Now we are far from desiring to urge any course which will impede the amicable and speedy adjustment of this vexed question for all time, provided it can be equitably adjusted; still it may not be amiss to point out, when dealing with the United States, that an important claim has not been adjudicated upon, simply because it was not contemplated in the Treaty, and this is a matter for reciprocal legislation on the part of the Dominion and the States. Not much stress is to be laid upon the retiring shot on the part of Mr. Kellogg; he probably knew that his countrymen would expect something melodramatic from him in the shape of blue fire, and the result was his inane and untenable protest. No public man of any sense would contend for an instant that, in an international arbitration, where each nation chooses a representative, and both agree upon a third as umpire, either may disavow the reference because its representative refuses to concur. Let us suppose Sir Alexander Galt and Mr. Kellogg as the contestants to have paired off; there yet remains M. Delfosse, Belgian Minister at Washington, who was specially agreed upon by both parties as referee, and his decision is in our favour. It is unnecessary, however, to enter into the question. Our neighbours are rather proud of being sharp at a bargain, and their reputation for 'sharpness' is dearer to them than their credit for honesty and good faith. But both the press and the people appear to be agreed that it is quite possible to be too sharp for success, and that any attempt to repudiate the award would reflect indelible disgrace and dishonour upon them for all time to come. The more so, after receiving a larger amount from Great Britain than was required by the Geneva award, and quietly pocketing the balance.

Sir Alexander Galt deserves the greatest credit for his part in this result. Not because he adhered to his country, 'right or

wrong,' which would be the moving cause for gratitude across the border, but because throughout he acted in a purely judicial spirit, rejecting a Canadian claim which appeared to him untenable, and firmly deciding in our favour when he was convinced we were right. The amount awarded comes far short of our just expectations; but such as it is, we feel more satisfied, because the credit remains with our representative of having acted in concert with a gentleman who has no earthly reason for doing us that measure of justice, but has probably injured his position as a diplomat by so doing Unlike previous foreign referees—and we say this without impugning their good faith—he had no state reasons for coquetting with the Washington Government, and was at liberty to pronounce an impartial verdict. At any rate he dared to do right, whilst the American Commissioner could not have done so, if he would. To the Canadian counsel we also owe much for the exhaustive work they performed. No one, perhaps, outside the circle of parties and witnesses actually engaged, can conceive the amount of earnest labour Messrs. Doutre and Wilson were compelled to undergo. If we single out Sir Alexander Galt as especially entitled to gratitude, it is because he represents the true National feeling of Canada. Tied to neither party, he now occupies the unique position of being the representative of Canadian aspirations, Canadian interests and expectations. Without being a bigot, he has had the manliness to protest against clerical assumptions in the Province where he resides, and by doing so, has severed the bond which long united him with men he personally respects. He is an avowed champion of a national, in preference to a cosmopolitan, fiscal system, not on party grounds or with a view to party successes, but from sincere and profound conviction. His judgment in matters of finance is unimpeachable, and his honesty and conscientiousness are far above the reach of slander or calumny. Above all, he is peculiarly the statesman demanded at the present juncture of affairs, to interpose in the tempest of party combat, and to give audible expression and forcible effect to the needs of the time.

Within the past few months, the National movement has assumed an importance which places it beyond the reach of vulgar abuse and ridicule—if not of misunderstanding and, we fear we must add, of misrepresentation. The attention of the British public has been directed to the subsisting relations between England and the Colonies with good effect. Of the statesmen belonging to the Liberal party, only two appear to cling to the anti-Colonial notion of former years—Lord Blachford and Mr. Lowe. The former may be termed a statesman of the past, inheriting the traditional opinions and still tempered by the modes of thought prevalent during his term of active service. Of his long and vigorous Colonial administration as Sir Frederick Rogers, we desire to speak with unfeigned respect, and he has lately developed strength in polemical literature of the highest order. But his views now are merely a survival of that spasm—or tetanus, perhaps, it might more properly be termed—which shook the frame of the Liberal party some years ago. As for Mr. Lowe, nobody expects much good now from his great abilities. He is the Ishmael of politicians, and to the Liberal party, as the *Spectator* lately observed, he appears 'not only provoking, but perverse,' and peevish also, with that sort of puerile peevishness we learn to tolerate in a clever child. The exponents of Liberal opinion in England are extremely anxious that views like those of Lord Blachford and Mr. Lowe should be kept in the background, if they must be entertained at all. No possible 'plank' in the Liberal platform, supposing the party fatuous enough to adopt it, could be more dangerous or more suicidal than the disintegration of the Empire. England has survived the fever of doctrinairism which afflicted her after the fiscal revolution of 1846, and the party of progress has learned in adversity that it must cease to be the party of suicide. When Lord Beaconsfield menaced his opponents with the magic words, 'Federation of the Empire,' he probably did so as a mere *ruse de guerre;* yet it served to show the direction of that popular breeze of which the English Premier has approved himself a skilled observer. Whatever strength the anti-Colonial theory may have had in the mother-country, ten or fifteen years ago, it hardly exists as a factor in the political account now, save so far as it is useful as a Conservative taunt.

Colonial connection, however, is one thing and the National principle of Federation is another; and it is observable that the strongest friends, at present, of the one, are, to all appearance, the bitterest foes of the other. There is no danger of any party arising either in England or here—at least during the present generation—which will have the temerity to hoist the flag of disintegration. *Cela va sans dire.* The London *Civil Service Review* is indignant that Lord Blachford, who so long occupied the position of permanent head of the Colonial Office, should now turn out to have been the advocate of an anti-Colonial policy. The indignation is natural, but vented in the wrong direction. Lord Blachford has always been consistent, so far as appears; and if his chiefs or those of them attached to his political school, have altered their opinions, that certainly is no reason for being angry with him. He merely accepted the traditions of the office and is faithful to them; *they* are not, either because, in the face of public opinion, they dare not, or else because they have conscientiously changed their opinions. If there be any virtue in consistency—and it is but a mulish sort of virtue after all—Lord Blachford has a right to the credit of it, in addition to the reasons, satisfactory to him, for being of the same opinion still. Surely the survival of opinions is no greater offence to society than the survival of men capable of holding such opinions, and certainly Lord Blachford, whatever we may think of his views on this particular question, is too able a man and wields too powerful a pen to be readily dispensed with for some years to come.

In the noble Lord's *Nineteenth Century* article, he had one bogey, increased expenditure, increased responsibility—in short, a drain of England's wealth and an increased draft on the official intellect and inventive resource. It is perhaps a national—by which we do not mean a Canadian—failing, always to meet a proposal like that of Imperial Federation with the query, 'What will it cost!' To us it is as susceptible of proof as that the sun will shine to-morrow—the highest degree of probability short of empirical evidence—that a Federation of the Empire would cost both the Imperial and Colonial treasuries considerably less than they now expend, with the advantages of closer unity in the Empire, only partially calculable in money value, additional securities for defence, and a proportional advance of trade, and all that mass of agencies which together make up what we are accustomed to term civilization. In the *Journal of Commerce*, an able financial and mercantile paper published in Montreal, there is an apparition, *mutatis mutandis*, of the same bogey. It is not guarantee or an increase in Imperial army and navy estimates which alarms our contemporary, but the apprehension that Canada would be compelled 'to assume a share of the Imperial burthens,' in which event the writer believes that separation and consequent annexation to the United States would inevitably follow. Now, as appears to us, the Canadian bogey is every whit as much a creature of the imagination as the Blachford bogey. It will scarcely be disputed that so long as we form a part of the Empire, we must inevitably bear 'a share of the burthens' of that Empire. The *Journal* may think that we ought not to bear any more than we are compelled, or bound in honour, to bear; but supposing that the United States were to go to war with the mother-country to-morrow, say on the Fishery award; what would be our obvious duty? To strike hands with the enemy or bear the lion's share of the Imperial burdens? Federation certainly would not make the danger of war less, nor would it increase it; and as for the cost, supposing it distributed *per capita* throughout the Empire, what would Canada's share in the matter of defence amount to? In a European imbroglio, which appears to be our contemporary's strong point, the liability of Canada might be practically *nil*, if, for example, England were to go to war to prop up the rottenness of Turkey. But suppose that Russia, in such a war, as might have been the case when she had a fleet in the North Atlantic or Pacific last year, were to strike a blow at the Dominion either in British Columbia or the Maritime Provinces on the east coast, on which side would lie the preponderating advantage for Canada, with isolation or federation? Nations are not so far apart, for belligerent purposes, as they used to be, and every year draws them into closer promixity. The fear of a Russian raid alarmed Australia into a panic only to be allayed by iron-clads, and the

same danger in a more substantial guise may threaten us to-morrow. Either, therefore, we must cease to be a part of the Empire, and instead of being the heir of the lion become the prey of the eagle, or the Empire must be consolidated, by placing a directing force at head-quarters, which is at once the brain force and the sensory and motor system of the entire body politic. An Empire which has no head to think, no heart to feel, and no arm to strike for its remotest outlying member; which cannot see until seeing is of no use, and never thinks of defending until the invader's back is turned, should at once abdicate Imperial functions, and propagate itself by the fissiparous method of generation Lord Blachford recommends.

Nationalists favour Federation because it is really the only solution of the problem intelligent men of all parties admit we must meet—the other alternative being the extinction of our nationality altogether. Of the two bogeys the English one, so unsubstantial that any one may see through it, is as granite compared with the pale and unreal mockery of our contemporary, which might stand for the shadow of a sprite—the photograph of a phantom seen in fever. Certainly, if any one has even plausible ground for apprehension, it is the wary and economical John Bull, who, lavish and liberal as he always is; never ceases to grumble when he fears demands upon his pocket. England has Imperial duties which she must perform on the penalty, solemnly and inexorably to be exacted, of being shorn of her prestige and her renown. We, her rising offspring, sprung into a lusty manhood, may bring her aid, no less than counsel, she wots not of —and the time may come when both may be required at the hands of every nationality she has reared. To make the family one, in fact, and not in name merely, the ties which unite it must be contracted, and the family council, at which the needs and duties of each and all the members may be discussed and defined, can only be held around the old home fireside. As for the difficulties in the way of a federated Empire, if they are all as superficial as those already advanced, they may be easily overcome. The only way to do so is to encounter them boldly, with the determination to remove them out of the way, instead of making shadowy mountains in the cloudland of the imagination. Certainly there would be little reason to boast of the elasticity of our constitutional system, or the indomitable skill and energy of the English speaking race, if our people should yield to the call to lay down their oars, fold their arms, and float helplessly down the stream of time. Not thus have great Empires been produced. Only in periods of despair or decadence have such counsels been heeded—and then they are the premonitory symptoms of dissolution.

Being, therefore, unswervingly attached to British connection, and regarding Imperial Federation as the only sure method of preventing separation and placing our future beyond a peradventure, we earnestly advocate the principle. But, in order that Canada may worthily occupy her place as a member of that Imperial association, she must cherish and cultivate a spirit of Canadian nationality. In again referring to this subject, it is necessary to note two misconceptions, which so frequently appear in the utterances of public men. The first is, that the idea of a Canadian nationality is opposed to anything like a loyal attachment to the Empire; and 'the second is like unto it,' that in desiring to extinguish sectionalism and party spirit, and unite the entire Dominion by the bond of common feelings and interests, and in the hope of a common future, we are, in some unexplained sense, reflecting upon those who by birth or relationship are connected with other sections of the Empire. Nothing is needed to show the inane feebleness of the party plea—and it is nothing else—against our position than the crass pertinacity with which the changes are rung on these baseless imputations. Regarding the one, enough has already been said; yet we cannot avoid referring to the fresh evidence of its indestructible vitality as a fallacy, afforded in the proceedings of the new Canadian National Society in Montreal. The difficulties in the way of that movement were suggested before the rather warm discussion of the 27th ult., had taken place. Mr. Thomas White, Jr., of the *Gazette*, of whom, as well on more substantial grounds as because he is the 'best abused' man of his party in Quebec, we desire to speak with all respect, appears to take an unreasonably sensitive view of the subject. Why the insertion of the word 'National' in

the title should be regarded as 'a hint at independence or a menace to British connection,' passes comprehension. Now that adjectives of so neutral a tint have suddenly acquired importance, even the term 'Canadian' which Mr. White is content to endure, may be liable to a similar animadversion. Why not strike *it* out also, and call this nondescript, 'The Society'; though even then, the very fact of association might, as in France, be the mask of some treasonable battery. In short, why should the thing be called by any title at all, or, for that matter, have any tangible existence at all? Why not leave it *in nubibus*, *x* representing the loyalty and *y* the Canadian spirit—two unknown and unknowable quantities in a crotchetty quadratic?

No one ever heard a suspicion raised against the loyalty of other 'national' societies; why should Canada alone be denied one, ten years after the existence of her 'nationality' was solemnly proclaimed in a Speech from the Throne? Why in short should this logomachy be persisted in when the real purpose of the movement is so plain and obvious? We are not aware against whom the insinuation of disloyalty is directed; it is sufficient to observe that in the mouths of those who hint at it—and we are not referring specially to Mr. White and the party of which he is an able and energetic member—it simply means a party war-cry, and proves with admirable conclusiveness that the existence of parties, as they are now, is incompatible with any effort in the 'national' direction. Upon this branch of the subject, it is unnecessary to enlarge. The able paper of Mr. G. A. Mackenzie in another part of this number of the MONTHLY, occupies the breach with great force and vigour. It appears to us, however, that the writer takes Sir John Macdonald's words on a festive occasion, rather too much *au sérieux*. The leader of the Opposition, as he shows, may not be remarkably consistent in his utterances, and, on the 1st of July next, it is not unlikely that he may, to all appearance, unsay all that he uttered as a Caledonian on Halloween. Sir John's mind is exceedingly flexible, and, with a warm nature and great susceptibility to external impressions, he is apt to yield to the *genius loci* or the topic of the hour. So far from finding fault with the ex-Premier on that account, we believe it to be a most fortunate circumstance that all our statesmen are not conscious automata, whose movements may be predicted when once we know the inherited bent of their minds or the crooks received in the course of training. Intelligent people know the real worth of Sir John Macdonald; with all his faults—and they are chiefly faults of temperament—he is and will long remain, should he be spared, a political power in Canadian politics which the country can ill afford to lose.

With Mr. Mackenzie's criticism, however, we entirely agree, and cannot but admire the warm and glowing diction in which it is clothed. But when touching upon the Hon. Mr. Macdougall, he seems to us as unfair. That hon. gentleman has perhaps received less justice than any Ontario public man; and Mr. Mackenzie only follows the very bad example of Mr. Brown and his journal, when he adds his voice to the hue and cry. The Local member for Simcoe was a colleague—and a most efficient one—of Mr. Brown in the Confederation debates; but unfortunately he had a mind of his own, which he was unwilling to make over to the Dictator. The latter, not waiting, like Jonah, to be cast overboard by the sailors, abandoned the ship of State, and has since floated about in a whale, imaginative as that of Polonius,—a 'Reformer with nothing to reform.' The sole reason of the vulgar abuse heaped upon Mr. Macdougall is that he did not also throw himself into the sea. Our contributor has unhappily been drawn into the party rut, and has committed, in addition, the capital mistake of first claiming that our loyalty is founded on 'mutual interest and mutual necessity,' and then turning in eloquent rage upon Mr. Macdougall for saying precisely the same thing.

National politics are opposed to *party* politics as we now find them. The *Globe* confesses that party distinctions are now effaced and obliterated. There is no sound principle at issue between them; therefore, we should infer that neither has any *raison d'être*. Not so the party journal—his moral being that Sir John's party is neither Liberal nor Conservative, and that its own is both. The inimitable humour o this new attitude cannot be too much admired; and a political Schopenhauer would

have little difficulty in proving that there are no parties at all, from the premises laid down in the party organ. The *Journal of Commerce*, to which we have already alluded, by an 'admirable derangement of epitaphs,' as Mrs. Malaprop would say, falls into an amusing pit which it dug for us and has fallen into itself. 'If the author of these remarks'—that is the present writer—fully 'comprehended the system of government under which he is living, he would know that the Nationalists have not the most remote chance of changing the fiscal policy of the Dominion except through the instrumentality of party.' Now there is an evident paronomasia here in the case of the word 'party,' as compared with the same term further on. If by 'party' our contemporary means one or other of the existing parties, we repeat that a change in the fiscal policy is not a 'party question,' as we need not stop to prove. So long as these parties exist, neither the fiscal, nor any other 'national' question will be freely discussed or satisfactorily settled. If, on the other hand, a party is merely an organized movement in a given direction, say a reform in our fiscal system, then we have only to deny that it ever entered into our heads to obtain a solution otherwise than by 'the instrumentality of party.' So soon as the *Journal of Commerce* informs us, and we have no doubt it will at once do so, what 'the really party questions' may be, over which Canadians are to contend, it will at once be admitted that existing parties have some right to be, or at least some pretence for cumbering the ground. Our contemporary tumbles into the pit when he admits that without manufactures we can not escape the fall into 'decrepitude and decay;' secondly, that the change in our fiscal policy can only be obtained through party, the word being used in an esoteric and not in the popular sense; and finally, that at the next election it (the non-party question) will probably be the great bone of contention, and will probably cause 'a disruption of the present political parties.' That is exactly the position we started out with, instead of floundering in a Serbonian bog, and we have learned to state further, that the best time to break up parties, tried and found wanting, is the present. In short, the people should spring out of the traces, and take care that they do not wait so long as to be strangled at the polls. There is, therefore, not so much difference between the *Journal* and us as it supposed; and it has only to take the proffered hand, to be welcomed as a 'Nationalist' whenever it plants its foot on the solid ground just pointed out, a step or two out of the mire.

To those who regard the political destiny of Canada as gradually converging to that of the United States—the vanishing-point being in the near future—the present condition of the great Republic must be of absorbing interest; yet it is scarcely reassuring. Those who hope that a better prospect is in store for the Dominion, whilst they can afford to admire the wonderful energy, fertility of resource, and splendid recuperative power of the United States, cannot fail to be pained by the events which are passing across the border. As a near relative of Brother Jonathan, Canada can sympathize with him in his struggles, his failures, and successes; but the parties are too near akin for political matrimony—and such an alliance would come within the prohibited degrees. Our tastes and sympathies, our views of Government, and, above all, our notions of international, as well as intranational morality are entirely different from, and in many respects diametrically opposed to, his. In Canada, for example, no reputable organ of a political party could venture to utter with impunity, a deliberate proposal to tamper with the national good faith, as the New York *Times* has done. The idea of paying a sum of money, found to be due by the United States, or of withholding it, according as Canada will or will not consent to accept it in discharge of other claims not the subject of arbitration, seems to us monstrous and almost inconceivable. There are three points: first, the claim for twelve years' liberty to fish in Canadian waters, the decision upon which—after a lapse of five years frittered away on various pretexts by the Americans—has been decided in our favour; the second, regarding bait, the curing of fish, &c., which was ruled out as not referred to the Commission at all; and thirdly, the dispute concerning the headlands of bays and gulfs, which Canada has always contended to include the waters within, no

matter how wide they may be. This did not, under the circumstances, require adjudication. Now, the contention of the *Times* is, that the United States Government shall refuse to pay the amount found to be due unless this country agrees to grant the fisheries in perpetuity, to surrender the second issue, and declare herself wrong upon the third. One has only to illustrate for himself the morality of such a demand, by translating it into ordinary commercial language as between man and man, to be shocked by its unblushing audacity. Another proposal is to pay this debt as the price of a Reciprocity treaty by which both parties will profit equally. In domestic policy the aspect of affairs in the States is not more creditable. Not to speak of the outrageous caballing in the Senate on the Butler and Kellogg cases, where the success or failure of party tactics may depend on the arrest and carrying off a Senator to prevent his vote being cast, look at the trifling with the public credit and reputation manifested in the Silver Bill and its financial congeners. A great deal of party recrimination is indulged in here about political corruption; but would any Canadian member dare to propose such a measure as the remonetization bill, by which every creditor, public or private, would be robbed of eight cents on the dollar? And yet it passed the House of Representatives by more than a two-thirds vote, and may yet reach the President, and be adopted over his veto. Even the Indian policy of the United States is honesty and justice itself compared with public dishonour and degradation like this.

But little space remains to speak of events in Europe; and they are in the making, rather than rounded and complete, while we write. At this moment, before perhaps these lines reach the reader's eye, Plevna may have fallen, and Marshal MacMahon may have struck the fatal blow at peace and free government in France. In both cases, the beginning of the end appears to be at hand; but where shall its issue be? The Marshal having once taken the bit into his teeth, appears determined never to relax his hold even if he be compelled to swallow it. The exemplary patience and endurance of the Left is admirably sustained; but, after all, it is French patience, and that cannot be more than human. The Russian triumph —which is also the victory of humanity over barbarism and brutality—is now assured. Neither the attempt to raise new levies, nor the sympathetic plaudits of Semitic visionaries in Guildhall, nor the mendacity of Pashas, can much longer avail the Turk. He has been tried in the balances and found wanting; time only will disclose how his kingdom shall be divided, or unto whom the wasted inheritance is to be given.

November 29th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE IRISHMAN IN CANADA. By Nicholas Flood Davin. London: Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. Toronto: Maclear & Co. 1877.

This handsome volume forms the first of a series to which the publishers have given the distinctive name of 'National.' Its purpose is to describe in succession each of what may be called the national units in that aggregate sum, sooner or later to become homogeneous, which we call the Canadian people. It is not intended to describe these nationalities as, in any way, antagonistic one to another, or to exalt any one of them at the expense of the rest. They are, at farthest, only friendly rivals, each bringing with it its native characteristic aptitudes and its peculiar talents and tendencies, and enlisting them in the cause of Canadian progress. The Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman does not cease to be what he is by descent and early training; he cannot divest himself of his national peculiarities of mind, temper, and general disposition if he would, and these must have their due weight in the formation of that new national character now in the making on this side of the great deep. Certainly if we believed that a work like the one before us would tend to retard the formation of a Canadian spirit, it would receive no words

of commendation in these pages. But even if it were possible to divest the new settler of home memories and attachments—and it is not—few would pronounce it desirable. Each of these national tributaries flows into the national river whose volume and power it materially increases; but it had a course and a career of its own before it reached the meeting of the waters. Moreover, it is profitable to take our complex nationality to pieces, as it were, and to examine each section by itself, study its structure, and endeavour to ascertain its precise value and its probable influence on the entire framework. And then again, as Mr. Davin remarks in his preface, there is an obvious advantage in grouping such records of early settlement as yet remain, about a national nucleus. In the United States there are large volumes of valuable material stored up in the libraries; in Canada, on the other hand, and especially in Ontario, facts which would be invaluable to the future historian are perishing before our eyes for want of a little industry and enterprise amongst our rulers and our literary men. 'The Irishman in Canada' is thus an attempt to reap the harvest in one part of the field and store it up safely for all time to come.

The work reflects great credit both upon the author and the publishers. It shows the results of an amount of patient industry which cannot be commended too highly. If it has a fault in this regard, it errs by excess rather than defect; for there are not a few names recorded which posterity will not be altogether unwilling to forget. In this connection it may be remarked that Mr. Davin has exhibited great skill in the manipulation and digestion of his somewhat unwieldy material, and he has managed to make the book almost uniformly interesting throughout. The style is easy and flowing, though here and there much too florid and rhetorical. That, however, is not a very grave fault in a work designedly popular in tone as well as subject. The space at our command will not admit of anything like a detailed account of the volume; and it is therefore our purpose merely to glance at some of its salient features. Passing over the ethnological and purely Irish chapters, with which, by the way, we do not altogether agree, we reach, in the fourth chapter, the foundation of Canada. Here Mr. Davin's *pièce de résistance*, if we may apply that phrase without disrespect to a Governor-General, is of course, Sir Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester. In the details of his career, our author fairly revels with honest patriotic pride; and justly so. Gen. Murray, the first English Governor of Canada, was an exceedingly upright, able, and high-minded man; it was his desire to act justly and even generously to the king's new subjects; but he wanted that natural suppleness and adaptability of temper which no amount of training in library, camp, or cabinet can bestow. Mr. Davin very neatly and concisely sums up the character of Carleton, his successor, thus:—'In 1768 he was already popular because of his humanity, and the people with a true instinct turned towards him as a protector. His demeanour has been variously judged, some attributing the wisdom and generosity of his rule to the native goodness of his heart, others to a far-seeing policy. According to one view he was a friend of the French Canadians because he took the trouble to know them. He wished to redress their grievances, because he had diligently inquired into their situation. Being a virtuous man, he sought with activity and constancy to do right on behalf of those to whom he stood in the light of a shepherd. According to another view, he foresaw the rupture of the thirteen colonies with the mother-country, and determined to conciliate the favour of the people of Canada. We shall not detract from the claims of Carleton on our admiration, nor be untrue to the probabilities of the case, if we say we think both views are necessary to give the complete truth, as blending stars make one light' (p. 71). And this is no doubt a just conception of his character. He was sagacious and far-seeing, but he was also just, humane, and conciliatory. The English inhabitants assumed the airs and much of the insolence commonly to be found in a conquering race. Carleton stood between the victors and the brave race which had been vanquished, and he received the usual reward of a mediator in abuse and misrepresentation. The Quebec Act of 1774 was mainly his work—the result of his experience and the natural fruit of his wisdom and sense of justice. The liberties of the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec, of which we are so often reminded, were not, as some French Canadian journals constantly assert, guaranteed either by the articles of capitulation or by the treaty of 1763, but by this very Act, which as we have said, is mainly to be attributed to Carleton. The Whig Opposition, including Chatham, Burke, Barré, and, if we mistake not, Fox, opposed the Bill with all the oratorical resources at their command, but in vain. The report of the debates on the Bill as published by Cavendish, will give some idea of the value of Sir Guy Carleton's services to the French Canadians, the zeal he displayed, and the difficulties he had to overcome. His conciliatory policy towards the French Canadians ensured their fidelity in the hour of trial which was so soon to come upon the Colony. Mr. Davin tells the story of the invasion of Canada by the American rebels, the attempt to take Quebec by Arnold and Montgomery, and the heroic death of the latter. Sir Guy Carleton's share in the defence of Canada was in the highest degree noble and praiseworthy. Our author quotes these words from a Ca-

nadian *litterateur*, Mr. Lemoine, and they are by no means too eulogistic :—'Had the fate of Canada on that occasion been confided to a Governor less wise, less conciliatory than Guy Carleton, doubtless the "brightest gem in the colonial crown of Britain" would have been one of the stars on Columbia's banner ; the star-spangled streamer would now be floating on the summit of Cape Diamond.'

Interspersed with the history, which is continuously sketched so far as it bears upon the subject, and introduced in their proper places, are graphic descriptions of early and more recent Irish settlements, the growth of the various Churches, the successive waves of immigration from the Green Isle, and indeed, under every possible head, local, general, or individual, there is information of interest not merely to Irishmen, but to all who take an interest in the early history of this their native or adopted country. For all this elaborate mass of fact in detail we must refer the reader to the work itself. The current of the history meanwhile glides easily and smoothly on. The Constitutional Act of 1791, and the war of 1812, are followed at some distance by what may be called the heart of Mr. Davin's work—his sketch of the rise of Responsible Government, extending over four chapters —about one hundred and eighty pages. It is here that the writer is seen at his best, whether in stating principles, portraying character, or following the march of events. It may be remarked here that Mr. Davin's three Irish Canadian heroes, the men to whom he is specially attached and most cordially admires, are Guy Carleton, Robert Baldwin, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee; and the pages devoted to them and to their labours are, beyond all question, the best in the volume. In sketching the struggle for Responsible Government, Mr. Davin found a group of Irishmen ready to his hand—Dr. Baldwin, and his more distinguished son, Robert, Sir Francis Hincks, who alone of them is happily yet with us, Robert B. Sullivan, and Ogle R. Gowan, who, although a Conservative, was an advocate of constitutional government. The Hon. Dominic Daly was unfortnnately a trimmer, or his name might be added. Full justice is given to the agitation set on foot by two Scots, Gourlay and Mackenzie, at least so far as our author has probed the subject—and, no doubt, it is to some extent beyond his bounds. His conception of Mackenzie's aims and conduct is partial and inadequate. He declares that to Gourlay and Mackenzie belongs 'some of the credit of responsible government. But neither of them conceived the idea of responsible government as we enjoy it. Mackenzie advocated making the Legislative Council elective. This, he thought, would remedy all existing evils.' That appears to us a very unsatisfactory, and we should add, if we did not believe the error to be purely unintentional, an exceedingly unfair account of William Lyon Mackenzie's services in the cause of constitutional government. With Mr. Davin's glowing eulogy on Robert Baldwin's character and career we fully agree. To every true-hearted Canadian of whatever origin, he is *facile princeps* among the great public men who have passed and repassed upon the stage, and for the most part passed away from it for ever. But we are free to confess that there was more than a grain of truth in what the present Premier is reported to have said of Baldwin—'he was a pure and honest, but timid politician.' It is not at all detracting from his reputation as an able and high-minded statesman to say that rougher hands than his were needed to shake up the dry bones of Downing Street and the Family Compact. The Rebellion, absurd as it was in conception, and still more ridiculous in execution, effected what Mr. Baldwin might have moved for and memorialized about until his dying day. The guns of Gallows Hill and Navy Island, though they did very little material work, summoned Lord Durham, inspired his report, and ushered in the new era. We have no further space to follow Mr. Davin in his excellent sketch of the history down to the present time. Mr. McGee justly and naturally fills a prominent niche in the Irish Canadian Pantheon, and there are others of less note, Foley and Connor, with judges, editors, clergymen, and professional men generally, all of whom belong to the same gifted and generous race. Only one of our statesmen of Irish origin is inadequately described we refer to the Hon. Edward Blake, and it is a matter of general surprise that this should be the case. To conclude, we can sincerely say that 'The Irishman in Canada' has afforded us much pleasure, and we are exceedingly glad to commend it to the reader as an ably written, interesting, and instructive work.

THE POLITICAL HISTORY OF CANADA, between 1840 and 1845. A Lecture delivered on the 17th October, 1877, at the request of the St. Patrick's National Association, with copious additions. By Sir Francis Hincks, P.C., K.C.M.G., C.B. Montreal : Dawson Brothers, 1877, Publishers.

A pamphlet like this, from the pen of one of the ablest of those links which still bind us to an old *régime*, will probably strike the finder as flotsam from an unknown sea. It is characteristic of our age, that with enlarged powers of perception, and improved modes of co-ordinating our perceptions, we are in great danger of losing our national memory. If Comtism were worth a rush, we ought now

to be in the full fruition of some advantages which have accrued from the religion of humanity. It may be all well to feed us with visions of things we can never see; but why not endow us now with some faculty of apprehending what our ancestors did for us. We cannot—and the greater part of us do not care whether we can or not—secure the glorious millennium, when everybody shall be embodied in nothing, somebody, or everything; and where is our own individual inheritance at this Barmecide feast?

In other words, leaving the nightmare of the 'modern symposium' aside, we desire to know a little more as 'Nationalists,' of what we owe to our forbears, and a little less of the nebulæ. Sir Francis Hincks is, politically speaking, one of the notables in the development of our Canadian nationality, and we are proud to think that he is yet one of its best exponents. We have spoken of 'links;' alas! how many of them are missing? The other day only, Mr. Draper, a supple and powerful opponent of Sir Francis, was taken away; and but a handful of the old stock militant remains. It is much to the credit of Sir Francis Hincks, indeed it furnishes the noblest vindication of his character from the manifold calumnies which followed him through a long, useful, and energetic public life, that such an historic, as well as autobiographic, fragment could appear unchallenged. Tempers, as well as times, change, and in the evening of life, our most violent of partisans perhaps content themselves with perverting the present, tired of disputes in the irreparable past.

Although we have read with great care and attention the whole of this interesting brochure, and can sincerely commend it to all historical students, especially those who contemplate an essay in rivalry with Mr. McMullen or Mr. Withrow, there is neither space nor favouring opportunity to review it here at length. That it is worthy of careful attention, and forms an admirable addition to our *memoires à servir*, is certain. Summarizing in brief the scope of the lecture, with its additions, we note the following as salient points of value, and with these we must be content. In the first place, Sir Francis Hincks nobly vindicates the name and worth of Robert Baldwin, the noblest and purest of our Upper Canadian statesmen, and his testimony to his character is all the more valuable, because they did not always agree, but for a brief time entertained different views of their duty, under trying circumstances. Secondly, the author shows most distinctly that M. Laurier has endeavoured to relieve his Rouge confrères of some of the odium they justly incurred, by crediting them with the Seignioral Tenure Reform, whereas they are entitled to no such relief. Most intelligent Ontario politicians know better than that, but some indulgence is shown to the penitent successor of an apostle of confiscation. Thirdly, the true animus of Lord Metcalfe's assault on responsible government is shown, as well as the source of its inspiration—the late Earl Derby. Fourthly, we learn, more vividly than ever before, the true history of the period which immediately preceded the advent of Gritism—the inner history of the Clergy Reserve question, and its immediate connections. Fifthly, we have an account of the rise of Brownism, and its utter unwisdom, and the ambitions which flow from demagoguery, and a splendid vindication of William Hume Blake from the charges so indignantly repelled by his son at Teesdale. And, finally, a letter showing that Robert Baldwin, the father of Reform, approved of the coalition of 1854, as a necessity under the circumstances of the time. This meagre summary of this little pamphlet's contents can give but a faint idea of its historic value. The justification of Messrs. Baldwin and Hincks on the Clergy Reserve question, based as it is on public documents, is of itself a permanent addition to our political literature. We only wish we could confidently express the hope that Sir Francis Hincks will yet contribute, or it may be, bequeath to his adopted county, some more elaborate account of a period in our history, which he could illustrate so well, and describe, we believe, with singular fairness and judgment.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT. By George Sand. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

M. Chantabel, the 'I' of this story, is a clever sensible middle-aged French *avocat*, who has united to his professional duties that sneaking fondness for the farm life so typical of the French man of means. At the opening of the scene, his wishes are nearly accomplished, and, with an income of 30,000 fr., he is ready to sink into the unadulterated *propriétaire*. A lucky purchase has enabled him to do this with considerable éclat, for the old Baron Coras de Percemont having died childless, his ancestral manor and half-ruined tower, perched on a conical hill of volcanic formation, have come into the market at a low rate, thus enabling the Chantabels to buy out the only property which prevented them from encircling their lands with a ring fence. The accession of dignity caused by this new possession threatens to have a bad effect upon Madame Chantabel, who is a well meaning person enough, but of a much commoner and lower type than her husband. Viewed as it were from the owl-haunted battlements of the old ruin, she sees her horizon considerably extended, and looks down on old friends and relations as though she is no longer of the same

race as they. Luckily she is not allowed much latitude of mischief-making, and is properly chaffed by her worthy spouse, who dubs himself 'baron of thistles and lord of screech-owls,' though all the while a little elated in secret over his acquisition.

Then we have their son Henri, a man who could not be produced under any other style or method of bringing up, than that of the French. He has committed follies while studying at Paris, not on account of any excess of passion or emotion in his nature, but because it is the fashion to do so. Returning home to see his old love Miette, to whom he has been half bethrothed for years, without seeing her while he was away, he is much agitated—at what? Lest he should 'find her no longer as charming as she had appeared at eighteen.' We rejoice to say that this insufferable young prig is properly served out, for he finds her more beautiful than ever, but not nearly so kind, and he is moreover plunged into pangs of jealousy over a mysterious person who is concealed in Miette's house. Now Miette is an orphan, and lives alone on her own property, her brother Jacques being away at *his* property of Champgousse. How then can a stranger be in the house without such a shock to the moral perceptions of this extremely proper young lady as could never be endured with safety? This is the problem of which master Henri chews the cud, and arrives at no conclusion. Miette is described as 'calm, pure, decided, and sincere, the personification of integrity, goodness, and courage;' and our general impression of her at the end of the book is, that though we can't find fault with a single thing she has done, said, or thought, we should have loved her much more if she had not been *quite* so angelic and proper. She is admirably adapted for the cool and sagacious Henri, and their reconciliation in the last chapter, when he puts on a white apron and helps her cook the dinner on a sudden emergency ('he, so aristocratic!' as his mother exclaims, in dire alarm on hearing of it) is prophetic of a long humdrum provincial life, full of prosaic respectability, and capable of instilling the extract of all the (French) virtues into the next generation.

Jacques is a pleasanter study. He is more of an animal, but withal more lovable than the calculating Henri. Although not thirty, 'he was growing very stout, his complexion once as fair as a girl's, had taken a purplish lustre in contrast with his silver blonde hair. *He had one of those faces that one sees afar off.*' Henri said of him, and in Henri's mouth the expression depicts both the describer and the person he describes, 'He is a buffoon, still young and good.' The author portrays Jacques and his lady-love with great power, but as the mystery of the tale centres round them it would be unfair to tell it in advance. If the reader is interested, let him consult M. Chantabel, who will unravel the whole secret to him; for with the slightly overdrawn cleverness of the stage-detective, he contrives to make himself the master of every one's hidden clue of action.

Two very unpleasant persons complete the list of actors. The Countess de Nives, M. Chantabel's last client, is a peculiarly objectionable woman, of really villianous character, At the grand dinner, cooked by Miette, when all the family are gathered after the *dénouement*, the author contrives to find means, even in the mode of their eating, to delineate their varying traits of disposition. Mde de Nives, with her extreme thinnesss and her pock-marked complexion, has the robust appetite of avaricious persons who dine at other people's expense. The great Jacques swallows everything cheerfully, with a sincere and hearty flow of spirits; but this angular person, with her closed mouth and handsome, straight nose, too flat underneath, appeared to be carefully storing a supply of provisions in her stomach, as certain animals do in their nests at the approach of winter.

Several annoying slips in grammar occur in the translation, but not enough to disfigure the work, which is a very pleasing and powerful specimen of the style of the author, who, next to George Elliot, has done most to redeem the modern novel from decaying along with the modern drama.

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ERRATUM.—Page 636, first column, last two lines of footnotes.—Strike out 'A.D. 470' and insert 'A.D. 740' instead.

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